

Full Circle

This is the LAST story I plan for the "Jan" series; I think you'll find it **very** helpful to read the previous stories before starting on this one. It's your call, of course, but don't say I didn't warn you! :-)

Paul had been my best friend for twenty years, and along the way, we helped each other out with different things. For example, whenever he had to go out of town on business, I would keep an eye on his kids for him. It was while I was doing that for him one time that I accidentally interrupted his daughter, Jan, while she was masturbating. Afterwards, I helped her start teaching herself Sex Education (something not highly thought of at the Catholic school she and her brothers went to). From that simple beginning, I went on to experience a number of *significant* changes in my life: deflowering Jan's best friend Kelly, then Jan (with Paul's knowledge and permission!), having Kelly move in with me, and ultimately deflowering several of their friends.

Kelly and I went on to get married, and after she graduated from college, she started working for me. It was during a business trip to the Philippines for one of my business clients that we met Marlyn and her niece Marilyn. By the time **that** little adventure was over, I'd deflowered the 30-something Marlyn, too.

Some time after that, Kelly had reminded me of a promise I'd made: that we would start a family together; I gladly kept that promise, and our twins Daniel Paul and Janet Kelly had started life out with no less than SIX mothers: Kelly, Jan, Sandra, Susan, Robyn, and Candice.

When Marilyn, Marlyn's niece and Kelly's and my 'adopted' niece, got ready to go to college, she was accepted to a school near us. We happily provided her a home while she was going to school - and, along the way, granting her wish that *I* be her first ever lover - with Kelly becoming her second. Kelly and I were also talked into teaching classes at the Catholic high school she'd graduated from as Valedictorian.

It was coming toward the end of the first school year that Kelly and I were teaching our classes - "Philosophical Discussions" for Kelly, and "Problem Analysis" for me. Kelly's class was actually a means for her to teach the kids how to identify that ephemeral concept 'love', while mine was geared toward teaching them how to *think* - that is, to analyze and solve problems.

Marilyn was nearly finished with her sophomore year at college, and doing **extremely** well in school - all of us were VERY proud of her. As soon as she finished Finals, she would be heading back to the Philippines to spend the summer with her family; in the mean time, she was helping Kelly and I take care of our kids - and sharing our bed every so often, too.

Kelly's and my classes were held only one day a week each, and on different days, so I was in the office of my engineering company (I'm an Instrumentation and Control engineer) when Kelly got back from teaching her class. She stopped in my office and told me "Dan, after class today, Jan told me that there are some kids that want to talk to me about my class. She told me who they are, and I remember them from last semester; but I don't know what it is that they could want. They asked if I could meet with them after I finish my class next week, so I'll probably be a little late getting back."

I grinned at her and said "Okay. You know the company rules - I'll have to dock you an hour's pay if you're late."

She laughed, and moved behind me before leaning over and whispering in my ear "Do you have to do that? I think I can make it up to you - say, tonight, after the kids are asleep?"

I turned my head and gave her a kiss before saying "I *guess* I could do that. But we'll have to be careful not to get caught; you know the company rules about fraternizing between employees!"

She nuzzled my ear and murmured "Well, I guess I'll just have to make it worth the risk, then, won't I?" There wasn't any rule about fraternization, any more than there was about docking her pay if she was late to work. The whole company consisted of me, her, and my secretary Sarah; I was just teasing her, which she knew full well.

About that time, Sarah came in with some papers for me, grinning when she saw Kelly and me. She and Kelly got along famously, and it always amused her to see us acting like we still loved each other - which wasn't hard, since we did.

Kelly stood up and started toward her office and I gave her a soft slap on the butt as she went by, telling her "Okay, that's enough lollygagging around - back to work!" - making her and Sarah BOTH laugh.



All that evening, Kelly made it a point of teasing me - giving me flashes of her breasts, playing with my penis where the kids couldn't see, and so on. Marilyn saw what was happening, and just grinned at us.

When we finally got to bed that night, Kelly had me almost as worked up as she'd gotten herself - she'd barely gotten into bed with me before I grabbed her and pulled her over on top of me.

Laughing, she looked down at me and asked "And what's *this* all about?", even as she raised her body up a little and began dragging her nipples across my chest.

"This", I said, "is about you teasing me all night!"

She laughed again and said "Who? **Me?**" with a look of feigned innocence on her face.

"Yes, *you!* The only thing you *didn't* do was strip and try to jump my bones right there in the living room! Marilyn saw what you were doing, and it was all she could do not to laugh!"

As the kids were growing up, neither Kelly nor I did or said anything to make them think that there was anything inherently 'wrong' about nudity, their bodies, or anything like that: both of them had seen us, and each other, naked on more than one occasion. Kelly and I kept our necking and lovemaking out of sight and hearing of the kids only so that they wouldn't get too curious about what was going on, and come in to see what we were doing - and possibly interrupting us.

Kelly grinned down at me, and said "Well, I **told** you in the office that I was going to make it up to you for probably being late getting back to the office next week. And I'll remind you that I **also** said that I was going to make sure that it was worth the risk of violating company rules, too!"

"Yes, I recall both of those promises quite well, thank you." I answered. Smiling back up at her, I asked "Okay, you've got your chance. So what are you going to do? I warn you, it better be good, or we're BOTH going to be in *big* trouble at the office!"

Kelly giggled - she still did that, sometimes, and I loved her for it - and said "Well, how about *this...*" - and lowered herself to give me a kiss that made it **more** than clear she was just getting started. When we finally had to come up for air, I took a deep breath and answered "Okay, it's a start...", making her laugh.

"There's more, too", she informed me, before lowering her head to kiss me on the lips again - then expanding her efforts to include my neck (which she bit gently). From there, she slowly started kissing her way down my body, detouring long enough to lick and suck on my nipples, just as I'd done to hers so many times. Still, it wasn't long before she had eeled herself down my body far enough that she could take my semi-erect penis in her hand, and with a lecherous grin up at me, wrap her lips around the head of it. Over the years, she'd learned what kinds of things got me going quickly, and which ones took longer but had more of an effect on me. What she started doing to me told me that she was in a take-our-time-and-make-it-*great* frame of mind.

Holding the head of my penis in her mouth, she started using her lips to slowly caress the shaft with an almost butterfly-light touch - something that never failed to get me hard, but in a way that made the process even more pleasurable than the end result. Even as I continued to watch her lips softly dancing along my manhood, I could feel myself starting to respond to the delightful sensation of her tongue caressing the underside of the head and the light suction of her mouth. The thing about what she was doing wasn't so much the feelings she created in my penis - nice as they were! - but the sheer eroticism of

watching her doing it, and the anticipation of what lay ahead of us.

By the time she had me fully erect, I wanted to return the favor. Kelly looked up at me, and smiled at me around my erection when I told her "I want to do you, too..."

Without letting me slip from between her lips, she managed to turn herself around, letting me guide her leg so that she was straddling my head. I took a few moments to look at the center of her womanhood - the thin labia that framed her opening, her erect clitoris peeking out at me, the dark cloud of her pubic hair - and found the sight as lovely and erotic as it had been the first time I'd ever seen it. Lifting my head, I slowly slid my tongue between her vaginal lips, my taste buds once again delighted by the taste of her woman's oils. Accompanied by her soft moans of pleasure, I slowly and gently lapped up the supply of them that was immediately available; then moved on to her clitoris. Taking the nubbin of it between my lips, I softly stroked it with my tongue and earning myself a deep groan of pleasure for my efforts. In short order, her clit was fully erect and subject to my tender ministrations - accompanied by a freshening of the glistening lubrication at her opening and on her labia.

Over the next several minutes, the two of us pleased each other - slowly, gently, and lovingly.

Finally, Kelly had a small orgasm, pushing a small flood of her juices out to where I could happily and eagerly lap them up. When I was done, I wasn't the slightest bit surprised when she lifted herself up and moved so that she was kneeling next to my head. As she looked down at me, I could see the love she felt for me and how happy she was that she was my wife. And I knew that she could see in me that I felt the same way about her. It wasn't necessary for either one of us to say anything; she simply moved down so that she could position herself across my hips, take my erect and saliva-slick manhood in her hand, and raise up so she could position it at her entrance. Our eyes locked, and each of us knew the pleasure the other was feeling as she slowly impaled herself on my penis - stopping only when the dark vee of her pubic hair had merged with mine.

As long as we'd been married and as many times as we'd made love, it never did fail to amaze and delight me at how hot and tight she felt around me.

She held herself there for a few moments as both of us again took pleasure in our union. After a bit, she leaned forward, putting her hands on the bed next to my head before slowly raising herself up and letting nearly my entire length slip from her intimate grasp. When only the head of my penis was pressing against her, she lowered herself again, releasing a soft moan as my manhood filled her again. With the delightful orbs of her breasts available to me like that, I didn't wait any longer before cupping them in my hands. With her pregnancy and the birth of our children, they'd gotten a little larger - but were still as soft, yet firm, as they'd been the first time I'd been granted the honor of holding them. I softly ran my thumbs over her erect nipples and watched them grow a little longer and harder in response. I felt her deliberately clench her vaginal muscles, and

couldn't help but release my own small groan at the pleasure of it. Smiling down at me, she began to slowly raise and lower herself above me: up until only my glans was inside her, then back down to take my entire length inside.

For my part, I continued playing with her breasts - softly caressing them from where they joined her body to her nipples, which grew even harder under my fingertips. We continued like that for many minutes; making love slowly, each of us pleasuring the other as we shared our love and our bodies.

After a while, Kelly lowered her head so the two of us could share a long, gentle kiss. When she raised up again, I lifted my head and began using my mouth and lips and tongue on her breasts so that my hands could move on to better things: gently caressing any part of her body that I could reach. From the slender delicacy of her shoulders to the firm globes of her clenching ass, I marveled at the warm, velvety smoothness of her skin - and thought still again how lucky I was to have her as part of my life.

We continued like that for some time; when Kelly began to get a little tired, it wasn't necessary for her to say anything - we knew each other well enough that when she lowered herself to lie on top of me, I simply bundled her in my arms and after a little rearrangement of our legs, rolled us over so that I was on top of her. Holding myself on my elbows above her, I could feel the hard pebbles of her nipples dragging slightly on my chest as I began moving inside her. As I did, I also lowered my head so the two of us could kiss - our tongues dancing in each other's mouths. We finally had to come up for air, and after we'd each caught our breath, we went back to kissing each other again - but on the face, the shoulders, the lips, and elsewhere.

Though our lovemaking was slow and languorous, it was still lovemaking - with each kiss, with each motion of my manhood in her, our pleasure was increasing. Somehow, somewhere along the line, I felt myself "disconnect" from what I was doing. It was as though I had stepped outside myself - I could feel the pleasure I got from my hard cock sliding in and out of her hot and wet vagina, but it was as though the pleasures of my body and my mind had become separate entities. Looking down at her, I looked into her eyes - and suddenly *knew* - without knowing HOW I knew - that she was experiencing the same thing.

With that knowledge, I tried to see if that part of me that was **me** could find the same thing in her - and did.

To this day, I've never been able to figure out what happened, or why, really. All I know is that we **connected**. Not just our bodies or our hearts or our minds, but our *selves*. It wasn't like we could read each others minds or anything like that. It was more like we simply KNEW each other: I knew what her reaction would be if I did something. I knew that if I moved a certain way, it would pleasure her more; I knew what she wanted me to do without her having to say or do anything to let me know. And I knew that she knew the same things about ME. It was as though our two "souls" had each become half of a

single, unified whole.

It was the damndest thing I'd ever experienced. It happened that one time, and never again - but that one time was *enough*.

I don't know how long we made love like that. How many grains of sand does it take to make a beach? How many snowflakes in an avalanche? What we had was something like that. Slowly at first, then more and more quickly, we got "synchronized" - and as we did, the love and happiness and pleasure we felt became somehow deeper and more intense. Each thrust of my penis into her felt like that last one each man feels before he cums - but it wasn't. And from the way Kelly's vagina felt around me, I knew that she was feeling the same thing, in the same way.

As I said, I don't know how long we went on like that. What I do know is that when we finally did climax, it was the most incredible, most powerful experience in my life. It was like my whole body was feeling the same intense pleasure that I'd always felt in my cock - squared. Because on top of what my body was feeling, it was as though all the things I felt in my heart and mind and soul about Kelly were having their own climaxes, too - and I could somehow *feel* Kelly experiencing the same things.

Whatever happened between us during that Universal Orgasm could have lasted a few seconds or a few minutes. Hell, it could conceivably have gone on for an hour: when we finally checked the time afterwards, it was a couple of hours since we'd gone to bed.

However long it really lasted, though, it certainly had an impact on us: when neither of us thought that we could stand it a moment longer, it ended as abruptly as it had started. One moment, Kelly and I were One; the next, I was laying on top of her, both of us stunned and panting as we continued to twitch and spasm in after shocks at the sheer **intensity** of it.

A lot of minutes went by before either one of us was able to make any kind of deliberate move; the first thing I did was to roll off of her so that I wasn't crushing her. When the two of us had finally managed to get our breath and our senses, I heard her whispered "What the hell was *that*?"

I was barely able to croak out "Damned if I know!"

Kelly considered that for a moment before replying "Well, whatever it was, I don't think I want to do it again any time soon, you know?"

I managed a small laugh before I answered "No, I don't think I do, either.", then a few moments later added "Uh, was it just me, or did something really strange just happen?"

She turned her head to look at me and answered "No, it wasn't just you. It was like I was you and you were me and we were... the same person. That's what you're talking about?"

"Yeah, that's it." I answered, looking into her eyes. I could see that she was as shaken by what had just happened between us as I was. But I could also see that she found it as

strangely comforting and reassuring as I did, too.

Hesitantly, she told me "Dan, I always knew that you loved me. I mean, there was never any doubt in my mind, you know? But after... **that**..."

"I know", I answered, "I loved you, too, and knew you loved me. But now... its like I know our love is there the same way gravity is, or something. Kind of like its a force of *nature*, or something."

"Yeah, me, too. Two plus two equals four. I love you, you love me. Same thing - its like it just *can't* be any other way". She was as shocked and awed by what we'd just gone through as I was - and just as clearly, she felt as I did: that our love for each other was so much greater and more powerful than anything else that nothing could have much of an impact on it. Still, it was kind of scary - for BOTH of us.

I reached over and gave her hand a soft squeeze, then continued to hold it as the two of us got our energy and wits back. But while that was happening, I was more aware of her - and somehow knew that she was experiencing the same thing about me.

Finally, though, both of us felt the need to get cleaned up and go to bed, since we still had to get up and go to work the next morning. It wasn't until afterwards that I realized we must have been experiencing a little bit of the Oneness we'd had - without speaking, both of us managed to sit, then stand. Again, without a word between us, I let Kelly head for our bathroom so she could clean up a little while I changed the sheets on our bed before we showered together. After I got into the shower with her, neither one of us had to say anything as we helped each other clean up, as we usually did. Even afterwards, back in bed, I was unusually aware of the feeling of her body next to mine as we spooned in bed - and knew that she was as sensitive to MY presence. But the *knowing* we shared made it okay. I don't think either one of us had any trouble dropping off to sleep.



The following week, Kelly was a little late getting to the office, just as she'd warned me. When she came in, I asked her how it had gone, and she told me that she still needed to think about it a little before she could talk to me. I was surprised, but accepted it since I knew that she **would** let me know what was going on when she was ready.

It wasn't until later that night, after the kids had gone to be, that I found out what was up.

We were sitting on the couch cuddling when Kelly sat up and moved to sit at the other end from me. I knew the signs, of course, and shut the TV off; Marilyn was in her room studying for school.

"Dan, I'm sorry I had to put you off, but the things the girls wanted to talk to me about

this afternoon kind of threw me, a little", she told me. I nodded, and she went on "In a way, it's actually kind of funny", with a small laugh.

"How's that?", I asked.

She gave me a bemused smile and answered "They're having the same kinds of problems that Jan and the rest of us were having when we met *you*"

Okay, it had been a while, so it took me a few moments to remember. Surprised, I asked "You mean about sex and all that?"

She managed a grin, and answered "Oh, yeah. The changes happening in their bodies, insecurity, guys, sex, the whole thing."

Then, like an idiot, I had to go and ask her "So what was it that you had to think about until now?"

She quickly sobered up and told me "I think we should do it."

Somewhat baffled, I asked "Do what?"

"Teach them. The same way you taught Jan, and me, and the others."

Needless to say, I was a bit thrown by that. My involvement with Jan had happened completely by accident; what had happened with Kelly and the others had been an unintended consequence of what had happened between me and Jan.

Kelly could see the doubt on my face, and quickly started to explain.

"Dan, I know what they're going through. It's the same damn thing that I and Robyn and Susan and Sandra and Candice were all having problems with. We weren't getting any help at home, the school either couldn't or wouldn't do enough because of it being a Catholic school, and we didn't know anybody we could trust to give us answers - never mind actually having someone TO ask. If it hadn't been for the information we got from Jan, *all* of us would have been pretty much up the creek - not to mention all the help that YOU gave us. Only I think it's even worse for these girls: I don't think they **have** a Jan to help them. When I saw them, I remembered who they were better; last semester, the five of them sat in a group and asked me some of the best questions of anybody in any of the classes I taught. They're *smart*, Dan - from the things they asked, there isn't a doubt in my mind that it wouldn't take much to get their heads on straight. But as it stands right now, there's nobody for them to turn to. In fact, that's what they wanted to ask me: if I knew of anyone that would be willing to talk to them, and help them figure things out. I told them I'd check, and get back to them. It was on the way to the office that I realized that what they **really** need is the kind of help you gave us. Jan says that she's willing to help us, if we want - she knows they need help, too."

I could only laugh quietly to myself - the last time Jan and Kelly had decided that someone needed help, I'd deflowered four of their friends and ended up with my own

small 'harem' of teenage girls. Even now, it was a rare week that one of them didn't stop by for a little fun and frolic with me, Kelly, or both.

"FIVE of them, you said?", I asked. Kelly nodded, and I went on "Dearest, you know what kind of chances I took before - and what could have happened if any of you had decided you didn't like what I was doing. And that was with all of you being friends, and having Jan vouch for you! Why would I want to take that risk again? Or an even greater chance, since none of us *really* knows what's going in their heads? What happens to us if they suddenly decide that they not only don't like, but actually object to, what we have to teach them? What about our kids? And Jan? The lot of us could easily find ourselves the subjects of some pretty nasty legal action. How about that?"

"Dan, that's just *exactly* what I've been thinking about. But it isn't an all-or-nothing deal, is it? I mean, even if all we do is TALK to them, it'll have **some** positive impact, won't it? I think if we just start out talking to them, and getting to understand them, then we'll know how much of a risk it would be to take it all the way to the end."

From what she said, and how she said it, I suspected that she already had an idea of what she wanted to do, so I asked her "What is it you've got in mind?"

She got a little bit of a guilty look on her face, and answered "I'd like to invite them over here one Saturday, so we - you and I - can talk to them. That way, we can get an idea of what it is that they're thinking, and what they want, and all that. Then we'll know better whether or not there's anything we can - or should - do about them; and maybe how much. When we had the sleep over here, and after you and Sandra had made love and she finally understood about everything, you told her that she should try to help other people understand, instead of trying to pay you back for what you'd done. Dan, have **you** decided not to help people any more? Should Jan and the rest stop? What are you and I doing at that school, if not trying to HELP these kids? Am I supposed to think that we only help all of them a little bit, and let the special ones fend for themselves? Or are we going to help the special ones because they ARE special?"

Put that way, she was giving me a lot to think about. And she knew it, because she promptly shut up and left me to do just that: think.

I was still mulling things over when we went to bed that night, and picked it up again the next morning. It wasn't until we took a break for some lunch that I told her "Okay, Kelly - you're right. We DO need to help the special ones, precisely because they ARE special. Invite them over, and we can start getting to know them. But we take it only as far as is safe, right?"

"Right. I don't want to put our kids and our lives in jeopardy any more than you do - less even, I think", she replied, then continued by telling me "I can call Jan and have her tell them to meet me after my next class, and set things up with them then. I'll tell them that if any of their parents have any questions or anything, they can call us, okay?"

I smiled and answered "Of course. Kelly, I'm sorry if I made you think that I didn't want to help them. It's just that we have a family, now, and I don't want to risk that life any more than is absolutely necessary."

Kelly smiled back at me and said "I know, Dan. I'm not willing to put our family in danger, either - but that doesn't mean that we have to stop helping these kids."

With that out of the way, both of us leaned forward to share a kiss before finishing our lunch. When we got back to the office, Kelly made the phone call to Jan and got an assurance that the girls would be there after Kelly's next class.

The next week, Kelly got back to the office and told me that she'd gotten things scheduled with the girls - they would be at our place around 5:00 the following Saturday. At our house, Saturday mornings were devoted to cartoons, with early afternoons dedicated to a few hours at a nearby park for the whole family. That left the late afternoon and evening free for other things.



That Saturday, Marilyn took the kids to see a movie so that Kelly and I would be able to devote our time and attention to our visitors, without having to worry about the kids interrupting things.

It was just a minute or so before the scheduled time when Mabel, my home automation and control system, let us know we had visitors - a quick check of the video camera at the front door let us know that it was our guests. Kelly went to let them in, and then led them into the den where I was sitting. I stood up to greet them as Kelly introduced us:

First off were Crissy and Sheri Rigney - identical (or appearing so, at first meeting) redheaded twins. Both were probably 5-8, medium-framed, and nicely curved.

They were followed by Evelyn Galvan - a slender black girl, 5 feet 6 inches tall.

After her was Bonita Delgado - Hispanic, she was the tallest of the bunch at 5-10 and noticeably more buxom than the others.

Last, and certainly not least, was Claire Li - Chinese, slender, and no more than 5-6, with a smallish - but still noticeable - bust.

Since my class at the school was more popular with the boys - just as Kelly's was a favorite of the girls - I didn't recognize any of the names or the girls. But I was politely friendly with all of them, and asked them to have a seat. All of them seemed exceptionally nervous - the feeling I got was that they were all more than a little in awe of me. I was still (in)famous at the school as the person that had gotten the previous administrator fired AFTER involving the Bishop and threatening to sue the church.

Nobody at the school knew quite what to make of the fact that the Bishop and I had gone on to become friendly, or that Kelly and I were teaching classes there.

When they were seated, Kelly went to get some drinks for all of us - sodas for the girls, coffee for me and her - as I chatted with them, trying to get them relaxed. When they realized that the rumors they'd heard about me just *might* be a trifle exaggerated, they settle down considerably. By the time Kelly got back, I'd even managed to draw a laugh from them.

Once everybody had something to drink available, Kelly was the first one to speak up by telling them "I know the five of you are probably a little nervous about being here" - getting nods from all of them - "but there's nothing for you to worry about. I know Dan has a little bit of a reputation at the school as some kind of big, mean monster - but you've probably already figured out that he's not like that. And you already know what I'm like."

The five of them shared a look before Evelyn told us "We were a little scared about being here - I mean, we've heard about what Mister Marshall is like in classes, but we also heard about him and the Bishop and everything, so we didn't know **what** to believe." She graced me with a smile and added "I think I believe the things I hear from the kids in his classes more than I do the rumors - I think he's pretty nice."

Kelly smiled and told them "That's right, he is. That's why he's here - because he agreed when I asked him if WE could be the ones that you talk to about all the things that you told me about last week."

I added something to the conversation by telling them "You don't have to call me 'Mr. Marshall' either. None of you is in any of my or Kelly's classes, so you can just call us Dan and Kelly. I think that would be easier on all of us, if we're going to have the kind of talks that I expect we'll be having."

Bonita spoke up then, telling me "I don't mean to sound ungrateful or anything, Mr... I mean, Dan, but the things that we wanted to talk to... Kelly about were, uh, pretty much girl kinds of stuff."

Kelly answered for me by telling them "You don't have to be afraid of talking with Dan. In fact, I think you'll find out that he's one of the best people you CAN talk to - about *anything*. In fact, he's the one that I went to, to help ME learn about the same kinds of things that you were asking me."

Seeing the looks of doubt on their faces, she told them "Really, its true. When I was your age - and going to the same school! - there were several of us that were having the same problems and same questions you do. It was because Dan was the adopted uncle of one of those girls that the rest of us were able to meet him. Before that, though, he helped that girl start learning things - and she began telling US. So by the time we met Dan, we already had a pretty good idea of who he was and what he was like." Kelly laughed, and continued "It wasn't a good ENOUGH idea, though - he still surprised the hell out of us

by the things that he said; and more importantly, by the things that he did. ALL of us started thinking about what he'd said, and finally decided that he was right. Once that happened, all of us were willing to ask him all kinds of things because we **knew** that he wasn't going to laugh at us, make us feel stupid, or anything like that. If you think that I'm smart, and really *understand* what's happening with you now, its only because DAN helped me get this way. So you most certainly shouldn't be afraid or embarrassed about having him here. Besides, from what you said to me, a lot of what you want to know is about boy-girl stuff; can you think of anybody better to ask about what a guy thinks than a guy?" That last part made all of them smile a little bit.

I followed what Kelly had told them by adding "The **ONLY** rule about what happens here between all of us is that it **STAYS** between all of us. Kelly and I aren't going to talk to anyone else about what anyone here says or does, and we expect you to keep that trust, too. You can talk about it with each other, but no one else. If you can't do that, or don't think you can, or you don't think that's fair, then Kelly and I will ask you not to come back again."

Again, the five of them looked at each other before Crissy (Sheri?) spoke up, telling us "I don't have any problem with that, Dan and Kelly. If you're willing and able to talk to me, and answer questions and such, then I'm not going to do or say anything about it to anyone else. Besides..."

"if you're not going to talk to anyone else about us, we shouldn't be talking about you to other people - that's only **right**", the other twin finished. Right then, I had a suspicion that having the two of them there for any period of time was going to prove to be "interesting" For their parts, the other three simply nodded their agreement. Well, it was a start, anyway.

Kelly told them "I know that it's going to take a little while before you're really comfortable enough to feel like you can ask the kinds of things that are on your mind. So what I was thinking was that this first time, why don't you tell us a little bit about how all of you got together?"

The five of them all laughed before Claire spoke, telling us "It actually kind of got started in grade school with Evelyn and me. She was the only Black girl, and I was the only Oriental, in our whole school - so it seemed pretty natural for us to become friends, way back in third grade."

Bonita chimed in then, telling us "My family moved here from Louisiana when I was in sixth grade. With my accent and everything, the other kids didn't seem to know what to make of me, so I kind of got folded in with Evelyn and Claire. Then when we got to middle school, we met Crissy and Sheri."

The twins looked at us before one of them said "Me and my sister, we've always been real close. We even"

"finish each other's sentences, a lot of times.", the other said. They looked at each other, and the first one said "That kind of scares a lot of people, I think."

"But it shouldn't, because we've heard that a lot of twins do that." the other said, then added "And people always seem to get us confused, even though WE know who we are"

"they shouldn't be confused because we don't look **exactly** the same. But it still" the first told us before the second finished "seems to bother people."

Bonita saw the expressions on Kelly's and my faces, and laughed before telling us "And that's why they got hooked up with us. Other people couldn't handle them, while it didn't bother *us*, what with the three of us being so different already, anyway."

I smiled at the twins and asked "Okay, I'll play - how DO I tell you apart, then?"

A little surprised that I'd just come out and ask like that - and that I wasn't visibly bothered by the stereo effect they must have known they had on people - I was told "I'm Crissy - if you look at my nose, you can see that my freckles come up a little higher than Sheri's."

Taking that as permission to move closer and really *look* at them, I did just that: sure enough, there was a difference - of what appeared to me to be about 3 freckles that added up to maybe a sixteenth of an inch. But it was there, and they waited patiently as I obviously memorized the way each of them looked. When I sat back again, Kelly moved in to see for herself. Both girls seemed mildly surprised, then appreciative, that we would take the time.

From there, it didn't take much for Kelly and I to get the five of them talking - about themselves individually, and as a group - and learning what kinds of things they thought about. We learned what kinds of careers they wanted, what they liked in music, school subjects, and so on. For our part, Kelly and I told them about ourselves, and how it came that we were teaching at the school. The girls were suitably impressed, then amused, then impressed again when they heard the real story of how I'd come to Kelly's 'rescue' when she'd been chosen Valedictorian of her class, only to have her speech disapproved - and the resultant changes that had happened at the school. Then they learned that not only were Kelly and I married, but actually worked at the same place: my engineering company. Shortly after that, it was necessary to give them a tour of the house, showing them the different things that Mabel, my home control system, could do.

When it finally started to get a little bit late, it was Evelyn that told us they had to be leaving - that none of their parents wanted them to stay too long and become nuisances. Kelly and I assured them that they weren't any bother, and would tell their parents so if they wanted to call. On the heels of that, Evelyn called her father who said that he would be there shortly to collect them and take them to their respective homes in his van.

When he showed up, I invited him in. He expressed pleasure at finally meeting the teacher that the kids had always spoken so highly of, and Kelly thanked him for the

compliment. When the girls got up to leave, Kelly gave each of them a small hug, and told them that it had been nice talking to them, and asked if they'd like to come again the following Saturday. All agreed, and Evelyn's father said that he'd be glad to bring them. I assured him that they hadn't been any trouble, and that if they wanted to stay a little longer next time, I'd be delighted to provide supper. He seemed a little uncertain at first, but between Kelly's assurances and the girls pleading, he let himself be talked into it with the proviso that it was still up to the other parents - but that he would let them know of his approval.

When they were gone, Kelly and I sat down again and talked about what we thought of the five of them - and other than the mild whiplash caused by the tag-team speaking pattern of the twins, decided that they were all good kids.

We also decided that sending the kids out to a movie every time the girls came over wasn't something we wanted to do. After a little discussion, we settled on an alternative.

The next day, Jan, Robyn, Sandra, and Susan all agreed that each of them would take the kids at different times. Between how much they loved Daniel and Janet, and wanted to help Kelly and me help the kids, they were *more* than happy to do it.



The following Saturday saw the girls show up a bit ahead of time again - accompanied not only by Evelyn's father, but Claire's as well. When I met them, I invited both inside - and greeted Mr. Li using a large fraction of the little bit of Chinese that I speak. He replied in kind, and gave me a small smile before asking how much more of that language I spoke. I didn't hesitate to admit that I'd used up a good portion of what I knew, and the two of us got into a brief conversation where I learned that he'd immigrated from Twan a number of years before. It didn't take long for the two of us to discover that we knew many of the same places, and shared a number of opinions. I offered to show the two of them around my home, and both accepted - and judging from the expressions on their faces, were impressed. Both seemed to find comfort in the fact that not only was I married, but had children of my own. By the time I was done, I felt that both of them were considerably more relaxed about having their daughters visiting than when they'd arrived. As they were leaving, I told them that they were more than welcome to stop by any time, or call whenever they wished.

By the time I got back to the den, Kelly had already brought in the drinks for everyone, along with a small selection of snacks. I sat down in "my" chair, and we picked up pretty much where we'd left off the week before.

It wasn't until after we'd had supper - delivered pizza, at Kelly's suggestion and the girls unanimous approval - that any of them dared to bring up something resembling a boy-girl

kind of question.

As it turned out, it was Sheri that asked Kelly "Kelly, do you think there's anything wrong with girls kissing each other?"

The rest of them got quiet to listen as Kelly answered "No, I don't think there's anything wrong with it - as long as they're kissing because they want to."

"Even if its on the lips?", her sister asked.

Kelly just smiled, and said "Even if its on the lips. Why shouldn't girls kiss each other on the lips if they want to? It's okay for girls to kiss boys like that, isn't it?"

After that, the rest of the questions and conversation were pretty routine - but after the girls went home, Kelly and I decided that that question had been something of a toe dipping into the pool, checking the temperature.

A week later, and the girls were back again - and that time, the conversation ranged far and wide. There still wasn't any overt discussion of anything intimate, but the things that they did ask and want to talk about made it pretty clear to Kelly and me that they were getting comfortable with us.

It was the week after that that they finally felt brave enough to begin asking the kinds of questions that we knew they were *really* interested in the answers to. It began with Claire asking Kelly if she'd ever had, you know, **feelings**. Despite Claire's visible embarrassment at my presence, Kelly asked a few questions to make sure of what she was asking - which, not surprisingly, was whether or not Kelly ever felt horny.

At different times, all five girls looked over to see that I was utterly indifferent to the subject matter as Kelly assured them that she most certainly did have 'feelings' - and that if a girl didn't have someone else to help her with those feelings, then taking care of them yourself was perfectly acceptable. That prompted Bonita to ask if Kelly didn't mean that the girl should have a GUY to help her. Kelly's response was that no, it didn't have to be a guy - if the girl had a friend that was willing, she didn't see anything wrong with two girls helping each other that way.

That seemed to surprise the hell out of all of them, and it was the twins that brought up the Church's position about such things. I could see from the expression on their faces that Kelly was surprising them when she said that she didn't think that the Church had quite the right attitude: that she didn't think it was right, reasonable, or responsible to punish people for giving in to the very desires that God had given them.

From there, it was Evelyn that questioned whether such a girl was a lesbian; I offered the opinion that as long as the girl was willing to at least **consider** being with a guy, then she couldn't be lesbian - that she simply didn't KNOW if she was interested ONLY in girls which was what the definition of lesbian required. Besides, I asked them, what's wrong with lesbians? As long as they weren't forcing anyone, who was being hurt?

Crissy and Sheri tried to argue religion with me, and I reminded them of a number of Bible stories that shed a little different light on the idea of a kind and benevolent God. That seemed to give them something to think about for later; it was Evelyn that suggested sex - whether between a girl and a guy, or two people of the same sex - was dirty, anyway. Kelly and I took turns explaining to them that sex, in and of itself, was neither good NOR bad - it was the reason why the two people were having sex that mattered.

A bit later, Bonita changed the subject to boy-girl problems, and specifically, problems she'd had with different boyfriends. On that subject, I was able to explain what was likely going on in the kids empty head - with Kelly adding to the conversation by explaining to them about love and values and the like.

By the time the evening ended for us, we'd covered a lot of different subjects and expressed a wide variety of views and opinions. But the girls all seemed to be willing to consider the things that Kelly and I had told them. That both of us had encouraged them to think about what we'd said, and then make up their own minds, appeared to have a lot of impact on them.

When Kelly came back from teaching her class the following week, she came into my office and told me "I asked Jan to do something on Sunday, and I found out the results of it today."

"What was that?", I asked.

She gave me a big grin and said "I asked her to talk to a couple of the girls and see if they would say anything about what we've been talking about. She did, and there wasn't a one of them that would say anything. The most they'd do was admit that they were asking questions, and listening to the answers - but not a single word about *what* it was they were asking, even in general terms. When she came right out and asked Claire what we were talking about, Claire told her that she probably needed to talk to us - that she didn't think that she was able to answer that."

I smiled back at her and said "Sneaky little thing, aren't you? But that gives us a pretty good idea that they're trustworthy, doesn't it?"

"I think it does. From what they were asking last time, I don't think its going to be too long before they get down to the nitty-gritty. When that happens, I want to test them, and see how serious and sincere they are about wanting to learn."

I raised an eyebrow, and she told me "No, I'm not going to grab one of them by the tits or anything - but I plan to draw a pretty clear line, and see if they're willing to cross it."

I just shrugged my shoulders and told her "You know the chance you're figuring to take. I'll leave it up to you to decide if it's worth it, or not."

Kelly stood up and came over to give me a kiss on the cheek and tell me "I think it will be", before leaving to her office.

It was a couple of weeks before the girls were able to come over again - but when they did, they'd barely sat down before Crissy and Sheri were telling us that Jan had been asking them about our talks. Kelly and I looked suitably surprised, then reassured, when all of them informed us that they hadn't admitted to *anything*. Once that was out of the way, we were back to talking about the kinds of things that were on their minds.

Kelly and the girls had somehow gotten onto the subject of whether or not there was any difference between a girl being seen in her bra and panties, and a bikini, when Kelly told them "Oh, poo! It doesn't even matter if your *naked* when you're with other people, never mind whether you're wearing a bra and panties or a bikini! What *matters* is the kind of PEOPLE around you - and I can prove it!"

"How?" Crissy (I'd gotten pretty good at telling the twins apart) asked.

"Easy!" Kelly told them - then stood up, unzipped the sun dress she was wearing, and let it drop to the floor, revealing that she didn't have a thing on under it. Looking at them, she said "I'll bet that if any of you have the courage to wear just your panties and bra - while I'm naked! - that it doesn't make the slightest bit of difference to me - OR Dan!" - and with that reminder, all of them looked over at me. I didn't have to pretend to be disinterested whether Kelly was naked or not: I'd simply seen her dressed, undressed, and everything in between too many times. And when I looked at each of them, I looked them directly in the eyes - making it clear to them that it didn't matter to me either way, whether they wanted to do as Kelly challenged, or not. When they turned back to her, Kelly sat down again, a smile on her face.

Initially, none of them was ready to do much of anything except stare at her. To get things off of dead stop, I asked them how they were doing in school - the incongruity of it made all of them smile, but they answered, even though Kelly continued to get the occasional look. After a bit, the conversation was in full swing again.

As we continued to talk, though, I was discretely watching them to see what kind of reaction they would have to what Kelly had done (which HAD surprised me). After a bit, I noticed Crissy and Sheri having one of the silent conversations with each other that Kelly and I had grown used to witnessing. A bit later, both of them stood up, and to the surprise of the rest, proceeded to strip down to panties and bras before sitting down again and rejoining the conversation. A couple minutes later, after a quick glance at me, Claire followed their example; shortly after that, Evelyn did. Last to go was Bonita. The whole time, though, Kelly and I kept the rest in conversation, totally ignoring whoever was engaged in taking their outer clothing off.

By the time half an hour had passed, the girls had all stopped looking over at me, checking to see if I was ogling them or not - it didn't take them long to figure out that I was treating them the same way, whether they had all their clothes on, or not. Another half hour went by, and Kelly told them "See? It's been an hour since I stood up. In that time, all of you have gone to just your panties and bras - and it hasn't made the *slightest*

bit of difference to any of the rest of us. I know that all of you were pretty nervous about it at first; and it took you a little while to relax. But once you got used to it, it didn't matter any more, did it?"

Claire blushed a little, and glanced over at me, before telling her "Well, I was kind of nervous about Dan; but when I realized that he was talking to me the same way after as he was before, and he wasn't, you know, *looking* at me, it just kind of slipped out of my mind after a while."

"The point I'm trying to make with all of this" Kelly told them, "is that there are people who will respect you for what's in your heart and in your mind before they think about what your body looks like. People like that are very, **very** rare - Dan is one of them. In fact, I, and several of my friends, learned what it really means when someone cares more about your head and your heart FROM Dan. Do any of you think that Dan was - as Claire put it - *looking* at you?"

All of them shook their heads, then turned to look at me, suddenly curious about it.

Kelly told them "There isn't a doubt in my mind that Dan doesn't think that all of you are attractive - not because you're only wearing your underwear, but because he's had the chance to really TALK to all of you." Kelly laughed, and continued "The first time I met Dan, it was when there were **eight** of us having a sleep over at a friends house. Our friend kept telling us what Dan was like, and we couldn't believe it - so we decided to test him by making him the judge for a fashion show we put on. Except that we were all wearing our night gowns!"

All of the girls looked at her in disbelief, and Kelly nodded that it was true, telling them "Believe me, were we ever surprised when he not only didn't do anything to make us uncomfortable, but he actually judged the nightgowns, just the way we'd asked him to. Then, afterwards, we got him to tell us what kinds of stuff would look good on each of us. THEN we asked him what kinds of things HE liked in a girl - and the whole time, he just talked to us as though we were as grown up as we liked to pretend we were. He didn't try to touch us, he didn't say anything to us about what we were wearing, or anything like that. The whole time, he was a perfect gentleman, acting as though a bunch of seventeen-year-old girls in nighties was something he saw every day. You know what the last thing he told us before we left to go to our friend's room was? That what mattered to him was what was in a girl's heart and in her mind - that what she looked like on the outside wasn't anywhere near as important to him. I think we spent the rest of that night trying to figure out what kind of guy he is - we just didn't have anything we could compare him to!"

The girls and I watched as Kelly stood up again and moved to stand in front of them. When all of them were looking at her, she did a slow pirouette in front of them, letting them look at her. At the end of it, she told them "I know that I'm attractive - because I know it, not because someone tells me I am. But what really matters to me is that I'm attractive to **Dan** - and what makes me attractive to HIM is that I love him as much as I

do, and that I try to do the very best I can for him. And I love him and do what I can for him because of how much he loves me, and how he does HIS best for ME. Remember what I told you in class about trading values?" The five of them nodded, and Kelly went on "THAT is how and why Dan and I love each other so much. And because we have confidence in ourselves, we're able to trust ourselves to know each other's actions and ideas and thoughts. That's why I said that there isn't a doubt in my mind that Dan finds all of you attractive - because I trust myself to know what Dan likes. And because I want to try and help you with the questions and problems you have, I also know that DAN is willing to help you, too - *if* you're willing to let him. It's getting close to time for all of you to go home, and there's something I want you all to think about: while you were sitting there in your bras and panties, all of us were still talking with each other - *including Dan*. Now, if it doesn't matter to Dan whether you're wearing all of your clothes, or not, do you **really** think that it will matter to him to hear to you talk about what's *really* on your mind? I want you to think about that question, and decide for yourselves if you're ready to open up and TALK to us and let us help you."

With that, Kelly went back to where her dress was puddled on the floor, picked it up and put it on before turning and telling them "I think you'd better get dressed again. Your ride will be here before long, and I don't think you want to ride home the way you are now, do you?"

That made them all smile, and they quickly moved to do as Kelly suggested. I made no pretense of not watching them. But because I didn't leer at them or do anything else to make them uncomfortable, they didn't pay me much attention - except for Bonita, who was a trifle embarrassed at having to wiggle around to get her skirt up over her hips. When they were all dressed again, they sat down on the couch, and Kelly and I made small talk with them until Crissy and Sheri's father came to get all of them. As they left, each of them gave me a somewhat speculative look before waving goodbye.

When they were gone, Kelly turned to me and asked "Well? Was it too big of a chance?" I could only tell her "I guess we'll find out soon enough."



Crissy and Sheri were waiting for her after Kelly's next class at the school. They let her know that all of them HAD thought about what she'd said, and decided that they WERE ready to start talking about what they really wanted to know. With that out of the way, Kelly settled with them on when their next visit would be.



When they showed up, it was Bonita's dad that had brought them - and he wanted to talk to me. We went back into my home office and sat down. I simply waited until he was ready to tell me "Mister Marshall, I have to tell you that I, and a couple of the other parents, are wondering why it is that you're willing to have our daughters visiting you like this. I think you'll admit that it is a bit unusual."

"I suppose that it is, Mister Delgado. But as you probably know, my wife and I each teach a course at the school. Mine is geared toward trying to teach the kids to *think* - to figure out problems, and solve them. In my wife's class, she tries to teach the kids how to recognize and deal with the emotions and all that they're experiencing. My wife was the Valedictorian of her class at that school, and she had a bit of a rough time before she was able to make her speech; it was in the process of resolving that that she and I first came in contact with the Bishop. Some time later, we were able to meet with him, and provide him with some assistance in getting the school headed back toward where it stands today. As part of that, he asked us to teach the kids some of what they needed to know so that they were a bit more prepared to face the world when they graduated."

He nodded, and I went on "Every so often, one or the other of us finds a kid or two that really stands out from the rest. When we do, we try to help them - whether its an introduction to someone that has a job or something else the kid needs, or simply providing the extra encouragement and attention that motivates someone to start moving in the right direction. As it happens, this time it was five of them, from my wife's class. What we're doing these evenings is trying to give these girls some... I suppose you could call it advanced instruction or tutoring. Its something that I was able to do for my wife and some of her friends before THEY graduated, and now she's simply continuing the process."

"And who are these friends of your wife's? What has happened to them?"

I smiled, and answered "One of them is another teacher at the school. Another is a police officer with a college degree in criminology, in charge of the sex crimes unit. A third is a lawyer that represents abused women. The fourth is a child psychologist. The last is a newspaper reporter."

He gave me a strange look, and asked "What are their names?"

As I told him each name, he nodded - all of them, if not famous, were at least well-known in our city. Knowing what he did, then, he told me "I hope that you won't take offense at this, but I and the others have been a little worried that perhaps you were using our daughters to form some kind of cult, or commune. It was a difficult idea, though - my own daughter speaks so highly of your wife, and I, myself, have spoken to a number of

people that hold you in very high regard. When I expressed my worries to the Bishop, he laughed, and told me what you had done to help him with the school. But still, it is a difficult thing to understand."

I laughed and told him "I take no offense, Mister Delgado. I have children of my own, and if I were in the same situation, I would have worries, too. Come, and you can hear for yourself some of the things that they talk about here."

I knew that even if the girls didn't have the sense to, Kelly would make sure the conversation stayed more-or-less neutral; I wasn't worried in the slightest about him hearing his daughter asking some of the things that I had. Sure enough, when we got to the doorway to the den, we could hear them talking about how the girls could make the best of college after they'd graduated high school. Kelly was giving them the benefit of her own experience, as well as warning them about some of the things that she'd seen other kids - particularly girls - doing. We listened for a couple of minutes before he touched my arm and gestured we should leave. We did, and I let him lead us to the front door where he took my hand and said "I hear for myself that you and your wife are trying to do the right things by our daughters. I think that we will be quite safe trusting them to you and your wife, and I would like to apologize again for our unfounded suspicions."

I assured him that no apologies were necessary, and thanked him for his trust. He hesitated a moment, then told me "I am not from this country, Mister Marshall. I was born and raised in Colombia and came here when I was still a young man. I was lucky enough to find my wife while I was working in Louisiana, and have been blessed with my daughter, who makes me proud. What you do, it is a very special thing, even in this country; I know of no one in Colombia that would do such a thing. I will tell the other parents that you are an honorable man, and that they do not have to fear while their children are with you."

"Thank you, Mister Delgado. Not only for your trust, but for your honesty. I am pleased to have been able to meet you."

"And I, you" he replied before opening the door. We shook hands, and he left for the SUV I saw parked at the curb.

Back in the den, I smiled and nodded at Kelly from where the girls couldn't see me - her eyes twinkled in reply, but she continued to explain to Sheri that college was *nothing* like high school.

It was a little while later that Crissy spoke up to say "Kelly, I was *really* surprised when you took off your clothes last time we were here. We" - she gestured to include the others - "talked about it and we decided that we need to ask you something."

"What's that?", Kelly asked.

With a pointed look at me, she said "I don't think any of us is really sure that we're not different. You know, our, uh, bodies, I mean. When you took off your clothes, I couldn't

help, you know, *looking* at you, and you don't look like the rest of us - just like none of us looks alike; well, except for me and Sheri."

Kelly smiled and asked "You didn't see the other girls when you were taking showers after gym class?"

To my amusement, all of them blushed before Claire spoke up to say "Um, yeah, I did - but all of us were always in classes with the same girls, and its kind of hard to figure out where the 'normal' line is, you know?"

After a pointed look at me, Bonita told her "We've had sleep overs at each others houses, and we've kind of compared, but we're all friends and we already know each other. And those of us that have computers at home, our parents have that monitoring software on them so they'll know if we try to find anything out on the Internet."

It was Evelyn that finally came out and said "What we're trying to say is that none of us is really sure that we're not, you know, *weird* or something. Not just our tops, but, um, between our legs, too."

Kelly looked at them for a moment before answering "I noticed that you kept looking at Dan while you were talking about this. Why?"

The lot of them fidgeted for a little bit before Sheri answered "Well, he's a **guy**, and I don't know what he's going to say or do - and its kind of embarrassing to be talking about our bodies, you know, our breasts and between our legs, in front of him.", followed by the others nodding their agreement.

Kelly nodded her understanding, then told them "Okay, I can understand that. But what you have to understand is that Dan is here just because he **is** a guy. He can answer and explain things from a perspective that none of US, as a female, has. Do you think he could have *any* idea of what its like to have a period?" They all shook their heads, and Kelly went on "for the same reason, none of us can really know what a guys perspective is about some of the questions you've asked, and things that you might want to talk about." All of them nodded their heads in understanding before Kelly told them "When I and my friends had the *same* questions you girls do, it was DAN that got the first of us started by suggesting what we called an 'anatomy lesson' - where we not only learned about our own bodies, but got to find out how they compared to others. Not just our breasts, but between our legs - on the outside, at least. And as you can see, Dan is older than the rest of us - he has a lot more experience and knows a lot more than we do, too; so he was also able to talk to us and explain how we 'fit in' with other girls. All of us were pretty nervous about it at first, but *not once* did Dan do or say anything to make us embarrassed or ashamed, even though we were all naked. In fact, a couple of us kind of had to push him a little bit because he was reluctant to do or say something that he THOUGHT might bother us. So what I'm going to do is offer YOU the chance to have one of these 'anatomy lessons' - but I have to tell you right now that it isn't going to be with each of you one at a time. If you want one, you're going to have it at the same time

as anyone else that does. You also have to know that Dan will be here, too - for the same reasons he was there for the lessons I and my friends had: because of what he knows, and to give you his 'guy' opinion. He will **not** touch you in any way that YOU don't approve of, and he will NOT say anything to any of you that would make you hurt or angry. If it helps any, I'll be naked right along with anyone else that wants the lesson. If you don't want to join in the lesson, then all you have to do is say so and you'll be excused. So what I want all of you to do is sit there and decide if you want the lesson, or not. And while you're doing that, I want you to remember how Dan acted last time, when all of you were only wearing your underwear, and decide if you *really* think that you have to be worried about what he'll say or do. If you decide you don't want the lesson, Dan and I will be in the kitchen; just come in there."

With that, Kelly and I got up; I picked up the tray that had the drinks on it, and the two of us went into the kitchen. Once we were there, I got some more drinks for the kids while Kelly started a fresh pot of coffee for us. By the time the coffee was done, none of the girls had joined us; we waited a while longer before we heard Crissy call out to us "Kelly? Dan? You can come back in, now."

Kelly and I gave each other a look, and headed back for the den, with me carrying the tray. When we got there, we saw that all of them had opted to take Kelly up on the 'anatomy lesson' - all five were sitting there stark naked. Visibly nervous, but naked.

When Kelly saw them, she didn't say a word - she simply stopped where she was, took off the blouse and slacks she was wearing and set them aside, so that she was nude, too. She turned to me and took the tray before telling me "We'll need some diagrams and a hand mirror." I nodded, and headed to my office to get a couple of female drawings off the Internet; while those were printing out, I got the large hand mirror Kelly had. With everything in hand, I went back into the den where Kelly was explaining to them what was going to happen.

When she saw me, Kelly told them "I'm going to start, so that all of you can see that there's nothing to be ashamed about, and so that you can see for yourselves how *I* compare to the drawings that Dan has. Dan is going to hold that mirror for me, so I can see things between my legs better while I point to things and explain them. He'll also be holding the mirror for each of you. Dan is going to keep *his* clothes on so that you don't get... 'distracted', and so you know that you don't have to worry about him 'doing' anything. Is everybody ready, then?"

All of them said they were, so Kelly got them all seated on the floor, then took a position across from them. I handed the youngsters the female diagrams, then sat off to the side, figuring Kelly would start with the most obvious stuff to try and help them relax. For my part, I kept my attention on Kelly for the same reason.

The first part of it went by easily enough - between the drawings and being able to really LOOK at Kelly as she unashamedly explained about breasts and areolas and nipples, it

didn't really take very long. When she got to the bit about a woman's genitals, I could see the girls start to get nervous again - but Kelly ignored it as she got me, and particularly the mirror, situated the way she wanted: Kelly could see her own sex in the mirror which was far enough away that it didn't keep the girls from seeing her, too. That part of the lesson took a little longer - the girls were initially hesitant to ask exactly what it was they wanted to know, but with Kelly's encouragement, they eventually settled down and began asking what they meant. It seemed to help that I didn't have any visible reaction to anything they asked or anything Kelly did or said - I just lay there on the floor, holding the mirror to Kelly's specifications as impassively as could be.

When she was done, Kelly asked for a volunteer to replace her, explaining that she wanted each of them to have a turn so that all of them could not only have a little bit of individual instruction, but so that the others could have another 'reference point'. After a bit, Claire said that she was willing to go first; Kelly scooted to the side a bit and Claire hesitantly sat down in her place. After a nervous glance at me, Claire did as Kelly asked and positioned herself as Kelly had been: feet well apart and legs bent and open, exposing herself completely to the others. Kelly had Claire talk me into getting the mirror positioned properly; I kept my eyes locked on hers, which calmed her considerably. After a few minutes of comparison and instruction, it was time for the next girl. Crissy stood up, and Claire moved to resume her previous position.

Crissy wasn't anywhere as nervous as Claire had been, and didn't delay in directing me to how the mirror should be positioned. Following her were Sheri, then Evelyn, and finally, Bonita - none of whom showed the slightest hesitation or nervousness. When they were done, Kelly had all of them return to their seats, still nude, while she and I did the same. When everyone was situated, Kelly told them "Okay, now you should have a pretty good idea of what your 'stuff' is, and what it does. I hope that you realize that all of you are as 'normal' between your legs as any other woman is, and that there really isn't any reason for you to be ashamed or embarrassed about yourselves."

It was Crissy that said "I'm glad we did this. I mean, I was kind of worried that I was *weird* or something there. But when I got to look at you and the others, I realized that there's really nothing different about me."

Kelly smiled and said "And that's exactly what I was trying to teach you."

Bonita spoke up then, saying "I have to admit that when you first came back in here, I was pretty nervous. But when you did what you said you would, and I got to really SEE, I wasn't any more." She looked over at me, then back to Kelly, and asked "I was surprised at how Dan acted, though. I know you said he wouldn't say or do anything, but it still surprised me. How could he act like that?"

Kelly laughed and answered "Don't ask me - ask him! I'll bet you'll be surprised at the answer you get!"

So Bonita DID ask me: "How could you just lay there like that and hold the mirror? All I

ever saw you looking at was my *face*, even though I was sitting there right in front of you and you could see everything?"

I smiled and told her "A couple of reasons. First, you don't have anything that I haven't seen before at *least* once." - which made all of them smile - before I went on to say "The second part is that I could see how nervous some of you were, and I didn't want to make it any worse for you. Remember, I was there for the first 'anatomy lessons' for Kelly and her friends, and I already **know** what it means to you, so I didn't want to say or do anything that would get in the way of that."

That seemed to surprise all of them, and Evelyn asked "Didn't you even *look*?"

I laughed, and answered "Of COURSE I *looked*! I was just polite and careful enough about it not to let you catch me at it." Hearing that obviously bothered them, and I went on to explain "Look, there's something that you need to understand about guys, and the sooner you do, the better off you'll be."

That got their attention again, and I continued "The thing about us guys is that there are some things that we simply *can't* control, any more than girls can control some things about them - it's just the way our brains are wired. Think about the way you act when you get close to a baby, for example. Do you *really* think that you could stop feeling the way you do when that happens? Of course not. That's just the way your brains are set. With us guys, we can't help but LOOK. Any guy that says he doesn't is either lying - probably - or gay - maybe. What should really matter to you is *how* a guy does it, and what he does afterwards. Now think about it: I admitted to looking at you - but I was careful and polite enough that none of you noticed me doing it. The other thing to think about is how I acted - now that you know I DID look."

They thought about that for a little bit before Claire told me "I guess if we didn't know you were looking, then you WERE being polite. And since you didn't say or do anything while we were there in front of you, I don't think that there's anything for us to be upset about. But how can you do that? Be so polite, I mean? All the boys I know at school, they're *nothing* like you were!"

"Thank you. No, I'm not like them for a couple of reasons. First, I think enough about you that I want to be nice about it. Second, the part that controls me isn't between my legs - its between my **ears**. Most of the boys you know at school probably haven't grown up that much, yet."

"Didn't you think we're pretty?" Sheri asked.

Surprised, I answered "I think each of you is quite pretty, in your own way."

It was Claire that caught the last part, asking "You said in our own way. You see each of us differently? Even Crissy and Sheri?"

Here, Kelly jumped in by telling them "If Dan says he sees each of you differently, he

does. But I want to warn you that if you ask him HOW he sees you differently, I think you're going to start something that you might not be comfortable with, yet."

Evelyn couldn't let it go at that, even though the others appeared ready to. She asked me "Okay, I can understand how you see me and Claire and Bonita differently; but how about the twins?"

I surprised her by telling her "No, I think you're wrong - you **don't** understand how I see you and Claire and Bonita differently. I'll bet YOU think it's because you're Black, Claire's Oriental, and Bonita is Hispanic. But that's not what I see."

Skeptically, Evelyn said "I don't think I believe that."

Kelly smirked as I stood up, then asked Evelyn to do so, too. She did, hesitantly. I moved next to her, and then gently guided her to face the others. Standing a little to the side, I told her "Yes, you're Black. But this is what *I* see: I see a young woman, about sixteen years old. She's slender, but not skinny. She's got lovely long legs, and a cute, small butt. She has a trim waist and a flat belly. Her breasts are nicely shaped cones, with small areolas and delightfully long nipples. She has thin shoulders that hold up a thin, graceful neck. Her face is nicely symmetrical, and she has a beautiful profile. She has dark skin, so dark that the light just gets absorbed by it - and it's fascinating. She doesn't have any blemishes or scars; but even if she did, she would still be very pretty. She keeps her hair short, probably to make it easier to keep clean and keep it out of her way, but it has a color and texture that compliments her skin tones. The same with the hair between her legs - except that THAT hair is a little longer, and it's shaped like an arrowhead, pointing toward something that can't be seen."

I gently nudged Evelyn to sit down, and indicated that I wanted Claire to stand up next. She did, and stood the same way Evelyn had. "Here's another pretty young girl. She has trim, muscular legs that just *flow* from her feet to her cute little heart-shaped butt. She's a little more slender than most, but she's still *very* nicely curved. Her waist just begs a guy to put his arm around it. Her skin is absolutely flawless, and it has a BEAUTIFUL golden almond color. Her breasts aren't as large as some, but they have a nice shape to them; her nipples are small and dark, and simply BEG for a guy's attention. She has graceful shoulders, and a neck that makes nibbling on it a *must*. She has a clear complexion, and what has got to be the cutest little button nose on the planet. Her lips are full, and the guy that gets to kiss them whenever he wants is going to be *very* lucky. She has beautiful long black hair that looks like a black silk waterfall - I think I could spend HOURS just holding it in my hands. Lower down, she has a narrow strip of long, dark hair - not too much of it, and I'll bet that it would feel soft and silky, like the fur on a cat's belly."

Realizing I was done, Claire gave me a speculative look before moving to sit down; Bonita correctly figured that she was next and stood up to take her place without prompting.

"Bonita doesn't leave any doubt that she's female. She's a little bit larger than the rest of

you - but she's so well proportioned that she doesn't LOOK 'big'. Her legs are a little more muscular, but still nicely shaped; her waist and hips make it clear that she's female - trim, but still nicely curved. She has a flat belly, so you know she's fit, but she has a full bust to let you know she's a woman, too. Her nipples are a little larger, and they'll make a guy want to touch them. She has strong shoulders and a graceful neck. If I was a vampire, a neck like that would be my favorite! She has a strong, full face. Her beautiful dark eyes shine; you know there's a PERSON in there. Her clear complexion and full lips invite any guys attentions. Her dark, curly hair make me want to just stick my face in it and breathe in its beauty. On her belly, she has a lovely dark wedge of obviously thick and luxurious hair; anybody that she ever lets touch it is going to be glad of the chance."

Bonita took her seat; the twins looked up at me as though they thought I was done. I looked at them and said "Please?", they first looked at each other, then me, not certain which one I wanted. I told them "Both of you, if you will." Surprised, they both stood up, and let me guide them so that they were standing next to each other.

"You might think that once you've seen one of the twins, you've seen both of them. And to a limited extent, that's true: both have long, nicely shaped legs, firm, cute butts, nicely sized and shaped breasts with those beautiful pink nipples. Both of them are cute as they could be, and guys are going to want to play connect-the-dots with their freckles - using their tongues! And of course they both share that lovely dark curly red hair - not just on their heads, but lower down, too. But there are differences between them. Sheri's breasts are just a TINY bit larger and shaped a little bit different than Crissy's - but Crissy has a little more pubic hair than her sister. If you look, you'll see that their nipples aren't exactly the same size, and that they aren't in exactly the same position on both girls, either. There's also a small difference in the actual curves of their hips and waists; its hardly noticeable, but still there. You're probably used to it by now, but when they're standing up, they don't stand the same way, either; and I've noticed that they walk a little different, too.

Finished, I gestured to the twins that they could sit down again, then went back to where I'd been sitting.

The five of them were looking at me with something akin to awe; they didn't turn away from me until Kelly told them "In case you're wondering, yes, that really **is** how Dan sees each of you. Something he told me and my friends once - and it has been something that NONE of us has forgotten - is that for each and every one of you, there is a guy out there that thinks you're absolutely *beautiful*. There are a whole lot **more** guys that think you look just fine, because of the size or shape of your breasts or butt or some other part of your body."

Sheri asked "Are you saying that we should wait for a guy that thinks we're beautiful all over, then?"

Kelly smiled and said "Yes - but not in the way you're thinking."

"How, then?", Crissy asked.

"What part of yourselves have we **not** talked about yet?", I asked them.

They all sat there, thinking - until, after several minutes had gone by, Evelyn suggested "Our hearts? I mean, we've talked about school and all that, and tonight we learned about our bodies, but I don't think we've said anything about our hearts - you know, our emotions and all that."

"That's right", Kelly told them, then adding "And that's going to be the hardest - and simplest - part of the whole thing."

"Why hardest AND simplest? Isn't that a contradiction?" Bonita wanted to know.

I answered "No, it isn't a contradiction. Sometimes, you have to learn things the hard way before you can understand the simple way."

They looked at me doubtfully, and I explained "I'll bet that for every one of you, your parents told you not to play with fire, didn't they? But I'll bet that every one of you really didn't listen; at least, not until you'd actually gotten burned by something hot. Am I right?"

They all got sheepish looks on their faces - and understood the point that I was making.

Kelly ended the conversation by telling them "It's close enough to time for you to go home that you can go ahead and get dressed. I want to wait a little while before you come here again because there's something I want all of you to do."

All of them started moving, but were listening closely as Kelly said "All of you were in my class last semester, so what I want you to do is start thinking about what I said then, and what you learned, and start trying to see if any of it applies to what you've learned here the last couple of times, and what you *want* to learn, okay?"

They voiced their understanding and agreement, and finished dressing in silence. I happened to glance over a couple of times, but none of them seemed to be paying me the slightest bit of attention. When they were clothed again, they took their seats and all of us chatted about a couple of things before Bonita's father came to get them.



As Kelly warned them, it was three weeks - and about halfway through the school year - before they found themselves sitting in our den again. When they were settled in, Kelly asked them "Okay, you've had plenty of time to talk to each other, and think about the things I asked you to last time. Now, are there any questions in particular you want to ask, or anything special you want to talk about?"

They all shared a nervous look with each other, but Crissy finally spoke up and said "We figured out a few things. Like we've learned about girls, but not about *guys*. And we know that **we** haven't asked or said anything about... feelings."

"And?" Kelly prodded.

"And that last semester, you taught us a lot about what love is and how we can figure out what it is and all that. We all took what you were telling us then, and figured out how it worked with people we already knew, like our families and friends, but that we only know *little bit* about how to use it with people that we don't really know." Sheri finished for her sister.

Kelly asked them "Anything else?"

Claire was visibly nervous when she said "We also decided that we don't really know what the difference is between love, like you were teaching us, and, um, sex."

Smiling, Kelly told them "Those are just exactly the things that I wanted you to figure out for yourselves; and I was hoping that you would have the courage, and trust in me and Dan, to be able to tell us about them when you got here. I'm **very** pleased with all of you."

I knew that her students held Kelly in pretty high regard, but when I saw the looks of pleasure and pride on the girls' faces, I knew just how good of a teacher she was, and how much she must be helping the kids in her class.

The girls were looking at her expectantly, and she told them "Now, here's where things start changing for you. From here on, you're going to *really* start learning things. Some of them may seem pretty small, but later, I think you'll find out just how important they were. So you need to pay attention to *everything* here, okay?" - getting nods from all of them.

Next, she told them "There are a couple of things that we're going to do tonight. First, you're going to get the chance to learn that there is *absolutely* NO reason that you need to feel ashamed or embarrassed or anything else about Dan. The second is that you're going to learn about a guy's parts, just like you learned about yours. Okay?"

All five of them were visibly confused when Crissy asked "How are we going to learn about guy stuff? The only guy here is *Dan*." Kelly just smiled, which got me Looks from all of them when they realized that I was, in fact, going to be the 'model'.

What Kelly did next was to stand up, and come over to where I was sitting in my chair - a little to the side from, but still convenient to - where she and the girls had been generally facing each other. She sat down in my lap and pulled my arms around her waist before telling them "Like I said, the first thing you're going to get to learn tonight is that there is NO reason you have to worry about Dan. The way you're going to get to do that is that I am going to **ask** each of you to come over here and sit in his lap. And while you're in his lap, I *hope* that you will move his hands and arms around you so that you can learn that

he isn't going to just start *doing* stuff. You really do need to learn that Dan is most definitely **not** like any kind of guy that you've EVER met before. That's why I'm going to tell you that you are free to have his hands and arms on or around you any way you like: it isn't going to bother me - or him! - in the slightest even if you want to be naked, and have his hands on your breasts - or anyplace else."

With that, Kelly started to stand up again, and I let my hands slip from around her waist. Standing in front of me and the girls, she calmly took her clothes off, then sat down on my lap again - legs outside of mine as she faced me - and pulled my hands up to cover her breasts. When she was situated, she told them "If you want to sit on his lap like THIS, you're welcome to - because I know and trust Dan, and I know that he isn't going to start doing anything with you. I know, and what I hope you'll have the courage to learn, is that he's just going to sit there, not doing a *darn thing*."

Kelly sat there a couple of minutes longer before standing up again, and going over to sit in the chair she'd been in - still naked.

The girls were looking at me, a little apprehensively, and I decided to break the tension (which was likely thick enough to cut with a knife) by making a comically leering face at them and twisting my arms around and in a funny voice telling them "Hello, little girls!"

For a second, they were all shocked - then started laughing, along with Kelly. When they'd stopped, Evelyn stood up and said "If what you see is a girl who happens to be a Black person, instead of a Black person that happens to be a girl, I think I can trust you." She then proceeded to take her clothes off and come over to where I was sitting. I could see that she was still a little nervous, but I didn't do or say anything as she sat on my lap - sideways - and held my hands in hers. She was looking at me closely, and I simply looked back at her, waiting to see what she wanted to do next. A couple of minutes went by, and she moved my hands so that they were encircling her waist. Again, all I did was hold myself as she'd positioned me. A bit later, she turned to look at me, and with a mischievous glint in her eye, turned so she was facing away from me - then pulled my hands up to cup her breasts. I felt her nipples hardening slightly in my palms, but simply kept my hands steady where they were - as I quietly delighted in the warm firmness of her breasts, and the velvety feel of her skin. She stayed like that for several minutes before moving my hands down. Then she stood up and turned around so she could climb onto my lap again, her legs outside of mine as Kelly's had been. Then she took my hands and moved them around so that they were cupping the cheeks of her firm ass. I kept my eyes on hers, though, and simply sat there passively. I thought I detected a faint aroma of aroused girl, but I wasn't going to screw up Kelly's "lesson" by looking to see if I was right.

Finally, after a few minutes, Evelyn looked down at me and softly said "Damn if you ain't some kind of gentleman!" before sliding herself off of me. Standing again, she turned to the others and said "He don't move - not even a little bit. He didn't try to cop a feel or

look at me or *anything*. He just **sits** there." before going back to where she'd been sitting, without bothering to get dressed again.

Bonita got up next, and stripped down to her panties and bra before coming over. She sat facing me first, pulling my arms around her waist so that I was holding her. When she was satisfied that I was as harmless as Evelyn had said, she twisted around so that she was facing away from me, then leaned back against my chest before pulling my arms around her again, her hands over mine, so that she looked like a little girl sitting in her Daddy's lap. That lasted a few minutes before she moved to stand up. She quickly shed her bra and panties, then sat down again as she had been before - except that she pulled my hands up so they were on her breasts. They filled my hands a little more, and were a trifle softer than Evelyn's, but I still didn't have any trouble feeling her nipples erecting. There wasn't any doubt in my mind that I could detect the faint scent of excited female. When she was satisfied, she simply stood up; I let my hands fall to the arms of my chair. She gave me a strange look before going back to her seat.

The other three followed - all of them opted to go nude before settling into my lap, and each of them had my arms around them in different ways, and my hands on their breasts. Sheri was the only other one to sit facing me; she had my hands on her hips as she looked deep into my eyes - while I kept my eyes on hers.

When they were done, Kelly came over and sat on my lap again. When she was settled - facing them, my arms around her waist - I used one hand to softly and slowly caress the soft skin of her lower belly; from where my hand was, I could easily have reached her mons, but I was enjoying the feel of her skin under my hand. Looking at them, she said "I think all of you realize that you can trust Dan to 'behave himself'. I heard what you said, Evelyn, about him being some kind of gentleman - and that's *exactly* right: he **is** SOME KIND of gentleman. Now, some of you might have gotten a little excited when his hands were on your breasts" - all of them had, which I expected Kelly knew - "and I don't mind, really." She gave a small laugh, and told them "He does the same thing to me. For those of you that did, though, I want you to remember that Dan didn't do or say *anything* to make you uncomfortable, or feel bad. Any of you want to tell me what he DID do?"

They considered it for a few moments, and Sheri offered "Uh, all he did, really, is just what we wanted him to. I mean, even after I put his hands on my boobs, he didn't try to squeeze them or play with them or anything like that - even after I could, uh, feel my nipples get hard."

The other four nodded, and Kelly told them "That's it, exactly - and that's what I want you to remember about him: he would **never** do anything that you don't want him to. And the opposite is true, too: if there's something that you **DO** want him to do, he will *usually* be willing to do it - IF he's sure that you understand what it is you're asking him, and what the consequences of it will be. The one thing that Dan expects from anybody is that they are willing to accept the responsibility for what they do - whether they have made the

effort to think things through, or not. Dan is the man that I gave myself to when I was about your age" - that surprised all of them - "but before I could get him to do that, though, I had to convince him that I really knew what I was asking him, and that I truly was ready."

She gave me a loving look before turning back to them and telling them "To this day, I'm both happy and grateful that he did - both taking the time to make sure I was ready, and being my first. When he was with me, he was kind, and gentle, and patient, and everything else I could have wanted; and he made me feel **so** happy and **so** loved. I wasn't even a *little bit* afraid, and because of that, I was able to enjoy making love with him - because that was what we did: make LOVE."

She went on "The reason I'm telling you this is so that you know a couple of things about him. First, as you've learned, is that you don't have to worry about him. The second is so that you know that when you're ready to start talking about your bodies, and your feelings and all the other things that *I* know are going through your minds, you don't have to be ashamed to talk about them in front of him. And the reason you don't have to be embarrassed or ashamed to say what you're feeling and thinking is because Dan already heard about all of that stuff from me - and five of my friends."

That last part certainly got their attention; it was Crissy that asked "You mean that all of you were talking to him about that kind of stuff?"

Kelly smiled and answered "Not only were we talking to him about that kind of stuff, but once he was sure that we were ready for it, he was actually *helping* us with it!"

That stunned them even more than the previous revelation had. They sat there, silently staring - mostly at Kelly, but me, too - for a few minutes before Claire asked "Are you telling us that he was THEIR first, too?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm telling you. This man that I am **so** lucky to be married to taught not just me, but my five best friends in the world, what it really means to *love* somebody. But the thing that you have to understand is that it wasn't the physical part of it that was important. It was what he taught us - and I tried to teach you - about love and relationships and all the rest of it that was what *really* mattered. And that's the part of all of this that I - and Dan! - are trying to teach YOU now: the important part, the stuff that really matters. If you're willing, we can teach you how to be more comfortable with yourselves, and how to find physical pleasure. But what *really* matters to us is whether or not we can teach you the rest of it."

"Uh, who are your friends? I mean, if you don't mind telling us?"

I spoke up then, giving them the names of Robyn, Sandra, Susan, and Candice. All five of them recognized the names, and looked at me and Kelly in curiosity. It was Evelyn that pointed out I'd only given them four names. I answered by telling her "The fourth person is someone you already know. I'm not going to tell you who she is; what I want you to do

is think about what you know about the other four, and see if you can figure out who we're talking about - and more, if you can tell us what it is that makes you think that's her."

Laughing at the expression on their faces, Kelly told them "Okay, I think that's enough of a challenge for your detective powers for tonight. Are you ready to learn about guys?"

All five of them tried to play it cool, but there wasn't any mistaking their interest and nervousness. Kelly got up off my lap, and then I stood up so that I could begin taking off my clothes. The girls tried to pretend that they were sophisticated enough not to watch, but they did, anyway - much to my and Kelly's quiet amusement. After I'd slipped my briefs off, I stood up again, and five pairs of eyes immediately locked on an area just a bit south of where my belt buckle had been. When I started to move to where I could lay down on the floor, all five of them looked up at my face and immediately blushed furiously with the realization that I knew where they'd been looking. I just smiled at them and shook my head, letting them know that it wasn't any big deal.

When I was prone on the floor, Kelly got down next to me, then called them down as well. Using a couple of diagrams that she'd printed out earlier, she explained to them the various parts and their workings, giving them the correct medical terms along with the more common ones. At first, they were all a little shy about looking at me, but when I just laid there and didn't say anything, they eventually got over it.

When Kelly was done, she told them "Last time, you all got a chance to see and touch me - and now you can touch Dan, too, if you want to. The only thing I - and particularly Dan! - want to remind you is that his stuff is a little more sensitive than ours - particularly his testicles. So if you want to touch, you can; just be *gentle*, okay?"

All of them nodded solemnly; the first one to reach out was Evelyn, who gingerly lifted up my penis. Kelly told her - and the rest - "If you want to move so you can look closer, that's okay."

With that permission, Evelyn leaned over to give me an up-close inspection as she carefully - and gently - lifted and moved and generally got familiar with the male workings. The others moved closer as she was doing it, and it wasn't long before all five of them were taking turns. While I didn't get a full erection, I didn't miss it by much, either. Kelly simply took the opportunity to tell them "When a guy gets hard like that, it's not something that he's *entirely* in control over. What he CAN be responsible for, though, is what he does. You'll notice that Dan is just laying there - as in, he ISN'T trying to tell any of you that because of it, there's any reason that you should, nor need, to have sex with him. That's what he meant when he told you that the part that controls him is between his ears, not his legs."

A man's penis and testicles simply aren't that complicated, at least from the outside, and it didn't take them long to realize that. When all of them had the opportunity to have their curiosity sated, they sat back, waiting to see what was next.

Kelly suggested that all of us sit down again; when we got up, I didn't bother putting my clothes back on - I just moved over to sit in my chair. Kelly and I had talked about it, and decided that having me available to look at after the 'guy stuff' lesson would help them realize the things that she was going to tell them.

When we were all seated again, Kelly told them "I want you to think about what happened just now, and compare it to earlier."

It didn't take long before Crissy said "Before, when we were sitting on Dan's lap, he didn't, uh, react - at least, not with me. If he had, I think I would have been able to feel it.", followed with a slight blush.

Kelly asked them "Did any of the rest of you notice Dan reacting to having you on his lap?" None of them had, they admitted, and Kelly went on to say "I knew that he wouldn't - that's part of why I wanted you to do it. I wanted you to learn that while you're around Dan, he is **always** going to be in control of himself."

They all looked at me, and I told them "It's not that I didn't think you were pretty - I do! - or that I don't think that you're sexy, or anything like that. The ONE THING that was on my mind was trying to help you understand the things that Kelly and I are trying to teach you. When each of you was on my lap, the most important thing to me then was to show you that you can trust me. I expect that all of you have had a boyfriend at some point in time that just *couldn't* or WOULDN'T control himself." - each of them nodded - "Just now, when I started to get hard, the only reason that happened was simply because it was all of you at the same time. If it had been just one of you, it simply wouldn't have happened."

Sheri asked me "Uh, Dan? Why was having all of us touching you doing it, when just one of us wouldn't?"

I grinned at her and answered "It all goes back to that how our brains are wired thing I told you about. Me, I was able to control myself when it was just one or two of you. When it got to be all of you, it made things a lot tougher for me. You probably couldn't tell, but even with all five of you, I was still able to keep myself from getting *completely* hard."

Kelly grinned, too, and assured them "I can promise you - he wasn't. I know.", followed by giggles from all of them.

Crissy asked me "So you probably would have gone all the way if there had been more of us?" - I said that I probably would have, and she went on to ask "How many more? And is it the same for every guy?"

"I don't know how many more of you it would have taken. As far as I know, if you had taken any longer, the five of you might have been enough; it's not something that I've ever really tested, you know?", getting myself smiles from all of them. I finished up by telling them "As for whether or not it's the same for every guy, I wouldn't think so. There's as

much difference between guys, as far as how much of what it takes to make them excited, as there is among girls. I'll bet that even you and Sheri don't always agree on whether or not a particular guy is sexy, or not."

Surprised, Crissy admitted "No, we don't."

"That's another part of what we're hoping to teach you: that it's as much - or more! - of what you have between your ears as between your legs that makes up a loving relationship." I informed them.

"What do you mean?" Bonita asked.

I smiled, and answered "The last few minutes, all of you have been listening to what Kelly and I have been saying to you. You've been using your minds - what's between your ears. And while you've been doing that, NOT ONE of you has let what you have between your legs make you look at what's between MY legs, the way you were when we first sat down again."

As I expected they would, every one of them looked down to where my penis was laying against my thigh, and then back up to my face before blushing furiously.

I laughed, and told them "I know that none of you could resist looking, once I mentioned it. And that's okay. Understand: I don't *care* if you look or not, because whether you look or not, you're still learning something - that it isn't necessary for a guy to get all hot and bothered just because he can see a little or a lot of your body. Kelly has told you that what I have isn't that much different than what any other guy has, just like what you have isn't all that different than what other girls have. And by the same token, just as there are girls that have really large or really small breasts, there are guys that have really large or really small penises. In fact, for everything you can think of where there is a difference between girls, there's something that can be different between guys. The same way that there are girls that will go to bed with any guy, there are guys that will go to bed with any girl; and just like there are girls that are 'picky' about the kind of guy they'll go out with, guys can be 'picky', too - for pretty much the same reasons. For what should be pretty obvious reasons, Kelly couldn't talk about THIS kind of stuff when she's teaching at school - but it's THIS kind of stuff where what she teaches actually matters the most."

A little perplexed, Claire asked "What do you mean, it matters most for this stuff?"

"You've already let me and Kelly know that you've had problems with guys that you've had as boyfriends. Now, if you were having problems with a guy just being boyfriend and girlfriend, how much more trouble do you think you might have had if there had actually been any sex happening between you? Do you think it would be easier or harder if you were *married* to someone, and was actually living with them, and didn't know and understand what we're telling and showing you?"

Kelly and I gave them some time to think that one over for a bit before she told them "Remember what I talked about the most in class?"

They said they did, with Bonita saying "Sure. What you talked about most was love."

"And do you remember that I explained to you how you could figure out what it was, and how much of it there was between you and another person?" The five of them nodded, and Kelly told them "Do you remember, too, that I told you it was up to YOU to decide whether you loved someone, and decide for yourself whether or not they loved you?" More nods.

I followed Kelly by telling them "So you remember what Kelly told you about love, and how you could know what it was, and all the rest of that. And tonight, I've explained to you that a person - me, as a guy - can exercise control and choice about what I think, and what I do, and how I react to things. It's getting close to time for all of you to go home, so I've got something else for you to think about between now and next time."

Evelyn gave me a wry grin and asked "And what's that?"

I grinned back and said "I want all of you to see if you can figure out **why** Kelly has reminded you about what she taught you in her class, why we've made a point of showing you that a person can be in control of what they do, and what reason we could have for making sure you understand that we're actively trying to teach you something without telling you what it is. Bonus points if you can figure out what it is that we want to teach you, too."

Bonita rolled her eyes and said "Oh, *sure* - no problem!" making the others laugh, along with Kelly and me.

With the reminder that our time was about over, all of us stood up and started getting dressed.

Kelly and I weren't particularly surprised when the girls wanted to put off our next session for an extra week. Both of us knew that we'd given them a lot to think about - which was exactly what we were trying to get them to do.



When they did show up, though, they were pretty well ready for us. They'd barely taken their seats when Sheri told us "We *think* we know who the other girl was, like Dan asked us."

Kelly and I both smiled before I said "Okay. Tell us who you *think* it is - and why."

She looked a little nervous, but answered "We think its one of our teachers - Jan Hanson. We went back and read everything we could find about the other ones, trying to get an idea of what they were like so we could see if we could decide what it was that made them similar. You told us - particularly you, Dan - that all of them had pretty much the

same experience and everything that you did, Kelly; so we were trying to find a way to separate what they did in their jobs, which we figured was related to their personality, from what they were like as people. We thought that if we could get the part that made them the **same** right, then we could use that to try and find out who the fifth person was. We thought about what the other girls - women! - must be like to have the jobs they do, and then started thinking about what would make someone you said we already knew stand out."

They had the right idea, and Kelly and I both encouraged her to continue.

"Once we had that part figured out, we had to start really paying *attention* to people, to try and see if they were anything like what we were looking for. It took a little while, but we finally decided that Ms. Hanson was our best candidate. After that, it was just a question of really *listening* to her, and watching how she acted. When we started doing that, it didn't take us long to realize that she has this kind of, I don't know, *serenity*. It's like **nothing** really bothers her: She doesn't get all upset and everything like the rest of the teachers do when some of the kids start acting up; she just gets everyone settled down, and goes on with what she was teaching. If a kid is having trouble with something, she does everything she can to help them, but if a kid acts like they don't want to bother, then she leaves them alone - she pretty much lets us have everything we show her WE want out of the class."

Bonita picked it up then, telling us "When she teaches us, she seems to know when there's something she needs to explain, and when she can go along a little faster. Anybody can ask her any kind of question and time, and she'll answer it. If she's not sure, she says so - which is WAY different than the other teachers! - and then finds out so she can tell us. She doesn't talk to us like we're a bunch of kids, either. I mean, she talks to us like we have a brain, too - and she expects us to use it. Her class isn't *hard* or anything, but you still learn a lot, you know? I've watched her when she's talking to other people - teachers, and adults, like - and she's always friendly and polite, even when she doesn't agree with something they're saying. And she's **always** honest when you ask her something; whether it involves her or not, she'll always give you the best answer she has, no matter what it's about. If you ask her something where it's just somebody's opinion, she'll tell you what HER answer is, but tell you that you need to check around and make up your own mind. I heard that when she was trying to help this guy last year, the other teachers were telling her that she couldn't do it, but she wouldn't let them change her mind - and once she got started, she just kept going; it was like nothing could stop her, either."

Kelly and I both knew the situation Bonita was talking about. Jan had come to us to ask for advice on how to deal with a kid that was having problems at home. I'd suggested that she should help him, if she could, as had Kelly. It took a little while for her to figure out HOW to help him, even as the other teachers had been telling her to let it go; once she knew what to do, though, she hadn't hesitated to do everything she could. As it turned out, the kid was living with an alcoholic father and no mother. He was basically taking care of

all the housework, cooking, and everything else - on top of trying to go to school. It was finally getting to be too much for him, what with the beatings he'd get from his dad, and his schoolwork was suffering. Once she'd found someone that was able to put him on a list to get him into a foster home, she'd gotten Robyn to go with her to the kids house and 'talk' to the father. Between the two of them, they'd managed to convince him to let the boy leave, and to stop abusing him until it was time for him to go. Once in the new environment, the kid had taken off like a rocket - near the top in all his classes, well-behaved, and a social leader. There wasn't anybody that doubted he was going to do well after that. Jan even got Sandra to talk to him a few times, just to make sure that what he'd had to go through hadn't hurt him.

I smiled at them and said "You got it exactly right. Jan is the fifth of our special friends"

The five of them fairly beamed in pleasure at not only having worked through the problem on their own, but getting the right person.

I let them enjoy their success for a little while before I asked them "And what have you come up with for the *other* challenge we had for you last time?"

That sobered them up pretty quickly, but Crissy didn't hesitate to tell us "Actually, that part was even harder than the other one. The first part of it, Kelly reminding us what it was she taught, wasn't too hard. We figured that we're supposed to remember to think for ourselves, and really make sure about what we want, and why. As for the part about a person being in control of themselves and everything, we think that's another way of reminding us that we have to be responsible for ourselves; that we have to really *think* about what we're doing and how it can affect other people."

Claire picked it up there, saying "The really hard part was trying to decide why you were so interested in helping us learn something, even though we didn't know what that something was. We kept going around and around in circles because we just couldn't think of anything, until we realized that you were doing all this just because you care about what happens to us."

Evelyn finished it for them by admitting "What we couldn't figure out was what it was you were trying to teach us, though. I mean, you've answered so many of our questions, and talked to us about so much stuff, and all that; but we just couldn't see what it is that you're trying to teach us." - the last part apologetically.

"Stop looking at the trees, and see the forest", Kelly told them. Seeing the perplexed looks on their faces, she looked to me and said "Dan?"

I looked at each of them in turn before asking them "Okay, let's go through it, then. What was it that you said about a person being in control of themselves?"

"That we have to be responsible for ourselves.", Sheri answered, promptly.

I nodded, and went on "Close enough. Now, what was the reason you gave us about why

we're doing what we are?"

Claire piped up with "Because you care about us."

"Correct. And you said that you were supposed to remember what she taught you about thinking for yourselves. What kinds of examples did she use when she was explaining things in class?"

That one stumped them for a bit, until Crissy said "She almost always used our emotions and everything to make a point. Most of the time, she used love as an example."

I smiled, and then sat there as they waited to see what I would say next. Then they started thinking about what I *had* said.

Several minutes went by before Bonita tentatively asked "Caring? You're teaching us about caring?"

"Try again", Kelly told them. "You're still thinking 'tree' instead of 'forest'. Remember what I taught you in class, and what you've learned here."

I couldn't see that any of them felt reprimanded or disappointed by Kelly's comment - only determined to puzzle it out.

A few more minutes went by before Evelyn suddenly perked up and exclaimed "Love! What you're trying to teach us is *love*!"

That got the light bulb lit for the rest of them, too - it was Sheri who asked "But you said we were right when we told you that we thought you were doing this because you cared! Caring and loving aren't the same thing, are they?"

Kelly looked at me, silently telling me that she wanted me to explain it to them.

"Sheri, wouldn't I be right if I said that you love your sister?"

"Of course."

"And because you love her, you'd do anything you could to help her, wouldn't you?"

"Sure I would!"

"Now, would you say that Evelyn is your friend?"

"She is."

"If Evelyn needed your help with something, wouldn't you do it, if you could?"

"Yeah."

"But because she's only your friend, and not your sister, you wouldn't do *anything* to help her, would you?"

Sheri admitted "No.", with an apologetic look to Evelyn, who didn't seem to mind the answer.

"So we can say that you definitely love your sister, because you would do anything to help her?"

"Sure, I said that, already."

"But because you wouldn't do *anything* to help Evelyn, we can probably say that you only **care** for her - because you **WOULD** help her, if you could, just not as much."

"Yeah, that sounds okay."

"Just to make sure, then - what you feel for your sister is *definitely* love."

She nodded, and I went on "And you agree that what you feel for Evelyn is *definitely* caring."

Another nod, and I asked "Then if being willing to do **anything** for your sister means that you definitely love her, couldn't we also say that because you're willing to help Evelyn at least a little bit, that what you feel for her is love, too - at least a little bit? That how much you're willing to help someone is an indication of how much you care for them - or love them?"

I glanced over and saw Kelly grinning at me, as the five of them sat there thinking about what I'd just asked.

Sheri was the first to get it, quickly followed by her sister. Evelyn was next, followed by Claire, and right after her, Bonita. I could *see* their faces lighting up as they started to put the pieces together.

Over the next little while, all of them had a variety of questions for us - usually wanting to know how what we'd told them applied in this situation, or that. A few times, it was also necessary for one or the other of us to confirm (and a couple of times, deny) a connection or supposition they had about different things.

Kelly and I just sat there, pleased and amused to watch as each of them made the connections to all the things that Kelly had taught them in school, and that both of us had shown and told them in our home. After a while, all five of them had finished their thoughts, and were looking at us - eagerly waiting to find out what was next.

They all turned to look at her when Kelly told them "Yes, we're doing this because we care for you; which is the same as saying that we love you - at least a little bit. Now, if you want to keep learning what we have to teach you - which is love - then this is where things are going to start getting hard for you. But if you can do it, I can promise you that for each and every one of you, there will come a time and a place where you'll suddenly realize that what we're teaching you isn't hard - its actually pretty darn *easy*, in fact. And when that happens, you'll also understand **WHY** it had to be hard before it could be easy."

Crissy asked "What do we have to do, if we want to keep learning from you?"

"Between where you are now, and where you'll be when you're finished, there are some

things that you'll have to learn - kind of like you had to learn to add and subtract and multiply and divide before you knew enough to learn algebra."

"Such as?" Sheri asked.

"Such as learning to be *absolutely* honest - not just with us, but more importantly, with yourself. Such as learning to let us love you, so you can love us - and no, I don't mean that the other way around. Such as learning to take full responsibility, *by yourself*, for what you think and do or don't do." Kelly answered.

They turned to look at me, as if for confirmation, and I told them "You might, or even probably, think that you do those things already. But you don't - not the way Kelly and I and the other girls do. I'm not saying that the way you do those things now is *wrong*; what I'm saying is that you aren't doing them as **right** as you could; and that's what you'll be learning at first, is how to do them better."

Kelly told them "You might not think that Dan would have anything to teach you, with him being a guy and you being girls. But I, and my friends, learned from him - what he, and I, and even they, have to teach you isn't about being a guy or a girl - it's about being a *person*. I and the others, we had it pretty easy - we could learn from Dan. It's **DAN** that had to learn all this in the first place, all by himself. And he's been doing it, for a lot longer than any of the rest of us; I can promise you that as much as I and my friends know about it, Dan knows more. When any of the rest of us have a problem or a question, it's **Dan** that we go to for help; and I'll bet that you'll find out that he's the best one to go to, too."

"The first time you were here" I said to them, "I said that we all had to trust each other - that Kelly and I weren't going to say anything to anyone else, and that we were going to trust you to do the same. I think you've kept that trust, just as Kelly and I have. I think all of you know that being able to trust each other is even more important now than it was before. Even though **YOU** know that nothing happened, and you said you're glad you got the chance, do you *really* think that any of your parents would really understand about last week when you got to learn about a guy's 'parts'?"

All of them smiled, and shook their heads before Bonita said "No. I'm glad I had the chance to learn about that. But if my father or mother ever learned about it, I expect that I would be grounded for the rest of my life - if I was lucky!" making the others laugh, and voice their agreement.

Kelly told them "Just so you know, if you were to tell the wrong person about what has happened here - about you being nude, and touching Dan the way you have - it is *entirely* possible that he - and I! - could get into trouble. **Legal** trouble - as in one or both of us ending up in jail or prison. If we were *really* lucky, all that would happen is that we would lose our house and everything we own, and our children would be taken away from us and given to someone else."

"*Really?*" Sheri asked, in disbelief.

"Really", Kelly assured her, before adding "So as you can tell, as much as you think you've had to trust me and Dan, it has really been us trusting YOU more. And if you keep coming here to learn from us, we're going to have to keep trusting you."

From the expressions on their faces, I could tell that all five of them took the matter as seriously as they should.

"Kelly and I have both trusted you, and all of you have shown us that you deserve that trust. The only reason that Kelly told you what risks we're taking, is so that you know and understand just how much we're willing to do to help you learn what we have to teach. That's why we're asking you to think about what you've learned so far, and decide for yourselves if you really want to keep going. If you're not sure that you can, or want, to keep what happens here private and just among us, then it's better if you don't come back. But if you do, then both of us would be delighted to see you. Kelly has already given you some idea of what you'll learn if you come back; we're going to figure that you're willing to learn those things if we see you again." I told them.

With that to occupy their minds, they were all pretty well absorbed in their own thoughts until it was time for them to go home.



The next time they were to come over, Kelly and I were both pleased to see that all five of them had decided that they wanted what we had to offer.

Over the few meetings after that, we slowly got the girls used to the ideas that we had warned them they would have to start applying. To help things along, Robyn and Susan each joined us for a single session to not only give the girls an additional perspective, but to reassure them that what they were learning really *did* apply to living a "real life". There seemed to be something about Robyn sitting there with a badge on her belt and a gun on her hip as she told them how Kelly - and particularly I - had helped her so much; and how what she'd learned from me made her so much more effective as a police officer.

Similarly, Susan - who had recently made the front pages in getting a man who was physically abusing his wife and sexually molesting his three daughters put in prison - telling them how her friendship with the others, and what she'd learned from me, helped her so much in being able to help the people that *she* worked with had a definite impact on them. In both cases, the parent that brought the girls over had the chance to meet Robyn or Susan, and got the chance to learn for themselves that Kelly and I were trying to help.

It was just a couple of weeks before the end of school when we got a call at home one

night - from Candice, who was on her way to another part of the country to do a story. Naturally, she was politely informed that she would be staying with us. Whenever she had a few days to spare, she would come to town and stay - usually with Kelly and me, but sometimes with one of the others. Kelly and I quickly made arrangements to pick her up at the airport.

She arrived early on a Wednesday afternoon; Kelly and I were both working on a project for one of my clients, and were only able to take enough time off from work to pick her up at the airport and take her home - where Marilyn was eagerly awaiting her arrival. For some reason, the two of them had a particular fondness for each other - when the two of them would cuddle on the couch, I found the contrast between Candice's fair-skinned, platinum-haired appearance and Marilyn's dusky, dark-haired form quite erotic. In any event, Kelly and I knew that Candice would be well taken care of while the two of us finished up at the office.

When we got home, we didn't have any trouble finding out for ourselves that such had been the case: the door to Marilyn's room was closed, but after we knocked and heard a soft "Come in!", we could see the two of them naked, their arms and legs intertwined as they held each other - each of their faces glistening with the other's juices. Kelly and I smiled at them, and Kelly asked Candice if she had any preferences for supper - we could see that she'd had her 'dessert' already! Both of them laughed, and she told us that she'd been eating in so many restaurants of late that something simple and home-cooked would be *wonderful*. Closing the door again, Kelly and I quickly decided that grilling some burgers would be just the ticket.

The kids got home from visiting their friends on the way home from school, and were delighted to discover that their Momma Candice was visiting. By that time, they knew that Candice wasn't their mother, of course; but they'd called her - and the others - their "Momma ----" since they'd been old enough to talk.

Supper that night was a particularly noisy affair: Candice had to tell us what she had been doing between bouts of telling the kids stories about the places she'd been and the things she'd done. When we were done, we four adults went into the den to talk; one of the unpaid chores the kids had was to clean up after supper. Kelly, Marilyn, and I had worked out a system that one of us would cook, and another would serve while the third took a break before rotating the duties the next day. The kids were always charged with cleaning up after meals, along with a few other unpaid regular chores. Each of them received an allowance for any *extra* duties that they did without being told. So as Daniel and Janet cleaned up, the rest of us had a chance to talk (quietly) amongst ourselves.

When the kids were done, they joined us; Candice excused herself to go and get the presents she'd brought for them. She *always* brought them **something**, but Kelly and I had taught them to be too polite to just ASK for gifts. When she came back into the room, it turned out that during a recent trip to Japan, she'd pick up a Japanese scroll for each of them. Daniel's was of a rather fierce-looking samurai waving a sword around (delighting

him), while Janet's was a more delicate cloud and mountains scene. Both of them thanked her without prompting (something that didn't *always* happen), and let Marilyn take them back to their rooms so she could help them figure out where to hang the scrolls.

When they were gone, Candice looked at Kelly and me and said "Every time I come here, it seems that they've gotten so much bigger, and so much more beautiful, and so much smarter. I think I must be almost as proud of them as you are!"

Kelly and I laughed before Kelly told her "*Almost!*", and getting a laugh in return.

After a moment, Kelly told Candice about the girls that we were 'tutoring', and when she was done, Candice said "So when do I get to see them?" Kelly and I both knew that if Candice was there when the girls came over, she'd want to talk to them, too; I told her that they would be over the following Saturday. Satisfied that she'd have her time with them, Candice smiled at us and said "I've missed you - both of you." That was all the excuse Kelly and I needed to go over and give her the kind of welcome home kiss that we hadn't dared give her in public.

Kelly was still kissing her when Marilyn and the kids got back; seeing Kelly or I kissing one of their Mommas wasn't anything new for them - we'd explained to them that all of us were *very* special friends, and that special friends like us did things like that. Both kids knew that all of us loved them - they should, since we told them so often enough - so seeing Kelly and Candice kissing like that really wasn't any big deal for them. Marilyn told Kelly and me one time that she'd asked the kids about it, and had been surprised to find out that they actually thought it was nice: seeing us all kissing because we loved each other reassured them that we loved THEM, too.

The six of us spent the evening watching television, of all things. Daniel and Janet took turns between sitting with Marilyn (whom they simply adored) and their Momma Candice. They even spent a few minutes with Kelly and me, telling us that they wanted to make sure that we didn't feel left out.

When it came time for them to go to bed, neither one made any fuss; Kelly and I had agreed early on that no matter how much we loved them, it was still necessary for them to understand that we were going to be firm with them, too. Both kids knew what the "ground rules" were, and that none of us adults was going to let them break them. They'd also learned early on that a command from any of us was a command from *all* of us; it had taken getting caught trying to play us off against each other just **once** for them to be cured of trying it again. Basically, we provided them with a loving, safe, stable environment with clearly defined boundaries, and they thrived in it. They were free to make mistakes, but encouraged to ask us questions and talk to us so that they didn't have to **MAKE** those mistakes. They were praised when they did well, and punished when they did something wrong - and they *always* knew that we loved them, no matter what. Throughout it all, though, they were free to just be **kids**.

When they were gone, Candice got up and came over to sit on my lap. She'd waited until

the kids were gone simply so they could take turns sitting with her, because she knew how much it meant to them. Settling into my lap, she told me "I want to sit here for the rest of the evening - but I want to spend the night with Kelly, if its okay."

I put my arms around her and gave her a hug before answering "Of course its okay."

Kelly, who had been sitting next to me, heard her of course and simply smiled at her - then scooted over on the couch a bit, so we'd have a little more room. As the rest of the evening went by, Candice or I would each give the other a gentle hug or soft kiss every so often. When it got late enough, she moved off my lap and said to Kelly "I'm ready for bed, now, if you are."

"I'm ready to go to bed with you *any* time!" Kelly answered, with a grin. Candice took her by the hand, and the two of them headed down the hall toward the bedroom.

With a mischievous grin on her face, Marilyn told me "Tito (Tagalog for uncle) Dan, if you want to give them some time together, you are welcome to stay with me tonight."

I grinned back at her and answered "I think that would be nice - for *all* of us!"

I turned off the TV, and Marilyn and I stood up to go back to her room, her with her arm around my waist. After we got inside, she released me to close the door behind us. When she turned around again, I took her into my arms and gave her a hug and kiss on the top of her head (she only came up to about nipple-high on me). She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me in return before moving to step back from me. Without saying a word, she reached up and began unbuttoning my shirt; when she was done, she helped me slip it off before she set it off to the side. Next she got my shoes and socks off, then my pants. I could see the excitement on her face as she stepped toward me so she could slip my underwear off. When I was naked in front of her, she gently pushed me back until I was able to sit on the edge of her bed. Standing in front of me, she asked me "You and Tita (aunt) Kelly, you don't mind that I was the first one with Candice, today?" Though her face was calm and composed, I still knew from her question that she was worried that she had somehow usurped some kind of authority SHE thought we had over her - an authority that neither Kelly nor I had *ever* sought or considered. Smiling at her, I answered "No, of course not, Marilyn. Candice is as much your friend as she is ours. We had to stay at the office, and you were here. Why should we be upset that you were able to give her the kind of welcome and pleasure that WE would give her, too?" With Kelly and I as her "adopted" Aunt and Uncle, she was almost always deferential to us; it was something that Kelly and I were both aware of, and steadily trying to break her of - with limited success. Most of the time, she simply called us Kelly and Dan; but when she was feeling subservient, she would invariably call us Tito or Tita.

With Marilyn reassured that she hadn't done anything wrong, the next thing for me to do was to see about getting her into the same state of dress that I was - that is, not. I reached out and put my hands on her hips, and she eagerly cooperated in letting me pull her a little closer, so that I could softly kiss the tips of her breasts, her nipples easily visible behind

the thin cloth of the blouse she was wearing. It didn't take me long to unbutton her blouse, and once I'd opened it, I leaned forward to begin sucking on her small, dark nipples and areolas while my hands moved to cup the firm globes of her cute ass. Her hands went to my head as I heard her gasp her pleasure at the feeling of my lips and mouth on her. My tongue was kept busy caressing her erecting nipples as I gently squeezed her firm little ass. When I had both of her nipples hard and glistening with my saliva, I reached up and slid her blouse off her shoulders; once it was clear of her arms, she casually tossed it over to where my clothes were laying. Returning my mouth to her breasts, the only problem I had in unfastening the skirt she was wearing was that she kept pressing her pelvis against me, making the catch and zipper on it something of a moving target. Still, I managed; and it wasn't a minute later that her skirt was a puddle of cloth around her bare feet. The last impediment to having her nude was her delicate panties; with no fastenings of any kind on them, they joined her skirt much more quickly - leaving me with an unimpeded view of her delectable little body.

Since I could smell the unique and delightful scent of Eau de Marilyn, I wasn't surprised in the least when she finally decided to become a more active partner. Gently pushing my shoulders, she got me laying back on the bed before scooting back far enough to take my semi-erect penis in her mouth. In just a couple of minutes, her talent and enthusiasm had me completely hard; once she was satisfied that *I* was ready, it was only a few moments more before she was straddling my waist, my manhood standing tall and glistening with her saliva. Raising herself up, she quickly got the head positioned between her labia and against the entrance to her vagina. I could feel the heat and wetness of her, and enjoyed every moment of it as she slowly impaled herself on my shaft. Once she had me completely inside her, she leaned forward a little to put her hands on my chest before she started sliding herself up and down my erection. Through the small, sparse thatch of her amazingly soft pubic hair, I could see the nubbin of her clitoris peeking out at me as her thin, glistening labia moved along my length.

With her arms positioned the way they were, it was difficult to give her jiggling breasts the attention they deserved. But through determination and perseverance, I managed - accompanied by her soft moans of pleasure, and a mixture of English and Tagalog encouragement.

Even as young as she was, there was a limit to her strength and stamina. After about her third orgasm, I could see that she was starting to get a little tired. I managed to pull her down into my arms and roll the two of us over so that I was on top of her. She looked up at me in happiness: the first time we'd made love that way, she'd told me that having me over her like that made her feel loved and protected. As I started to move in her, she spread her legs even more, opening herself to me as much as she could, before locking her ankles at the small of my back so that I could enter her as deeply as possible. Each time the end of my penis touched the deepest part of her and my pelvis bumped against her exposed clitoris, she would gasp in pleasure. We continued to make love like that for

several more minutes, the liquid sounds of our union filling the room as completely as the scent of her arousal. She had another orgasm not long after we changed positions; I was starting to feel my own release approaching when she slid into another. The feeling of her hot, wet, tight sheath clenching around my manhood was enough to push me over the edge. Thrusting myself into her a couple more times, I held myself deep inside her as I felt my inert seed flooding her insides. I knew she could feel it, too, when her eyes flew open in response, and the spasming of her vagina intensified again.

When I'd emptied myself in her, I lowered myself to my elbows, holding myself over her. Given the difference in our sizes, if I hadn't, I'd likely have crushed her. With her youth and vigor, she was the first of us to completely recover; as I continued to pant slightly, she began kissing my shoulders and face and neck while murmuring endearments to me.

After my shrinking penis pulled free of her, I moved off of her to lay on my back; she turned to lay on her side and put her arm on my chest and her leg across mine. Resting her head on my shoulder, she gave me brief half-hug (only one arm to do it with, so it must only have been half, right?) before telling me "Thank you, Dan. That was **very** nice!" before snuggling a little closer.

We stayed like that for several minutes, until the feeling of my cum slowly leaking out of her prompted her to do something about it. She got up and headed into her bathroom, reappearing a couple minutes later with a damp washcloth which she used to clean me up. I'd long since given up on trying to convince her that I was quite capable of care of it myself; she was convinced that because my making love with her made her feel so good, it was up to her to clean me up afterwards.

She took the washcloth back to the bathroom, and I could hear her rinsing it out (she was almost fanatical about keeping things clean) before she came out and rejoined me in her bed. I turned on my side to rest on my elbow, and she happily moved to lie on her back so that I could cup her breast in my hand. Looking up at me, she surprised me by asking "Tito Dan, you and Kelly are talking to those girls so that you can help them, the same way that you helped Jan and the others?"

"Yes, we are. Why?"

She smiled at me and said "Good. I think that it is right for you to do like that. I think they are nice girls, and if what you say to them can help them be like you and Tita Kelly and the others, then it is a good thing."

I gave her a soft kiss on the tip of her nose - which she knew was one of my ways of telling her that I loved her - and said "Thank you, Marilyn, for helping us do that."

I could see the confusion on her face, and explained "When you are watching and taking care of the children, then Kelly and I are able to help those girls. If we did not know that it was *you* with our children, we would be too worried about them, and not be able to help those girls as much as we can."

Marilyn was embarrassed by what I said to her, but I could also see that she was honored by the trust that Kelly and I had in her, too. I went on to tell her "I think sometimes Kelly and I forget to tell you how much it means to us to have you here. Not just because you share your love with us, but because of all the things that you do to help us here. You do so many things for us, and I sometimes think that we do not do enough for you."

She immediately started to get upset, telling me "No, Tito Dan! It is *you* helping *me*! All of the things that you do for me - this nice home to stay in, and the driving lessons, and the way that you love me, and like that. For me, it is nothing to help with your children; I love them, too, and it makes me happy that you trust me to take care of them properly. You give me food and this nice room, all to myself, and you have been so kind to give me things to make it pretty. And you help me so much with my school by paying me for what I do here so that I can buy books and everything. What is it to me, to clean here, when you and Kelly have been so kind to me, and to my momma Marilyn? And the children in the orphanages at home? You make me a part of your family, and I am so happy about that. It was you that made me a woman, and let me know what love and pleasure could be - the things I do, they are so small compared to what you and Tita Kelly have done!"

I quickly move my hand from her breast to cup her face, and used my thumb to wipe away the tears I saw forming in her eyes before telling her "Don't be upset, Marilyn, please. Maybe if Kelly and I worry that what WE do isn't enough, and you worry that YOU do isn't enough, then it means that ALL of us are wrong - and that what you and we are giving and receiving is enough. Will you accept that?"

She looked at me a little dubiously, but seemed willing to be convinced - particularly after the two of us had just given each other so much pleasure. I smiled at her, and continued to caress her face with my thumb; after a bit, she managed to blink her tears away and smile back up at me before saying "I know that you would not lie to me, Tito Dan. If you say that what I do is enough, then I will believe you, and be happy. And I will tell you that what you and Tita Kelly do for me is enough, too."

With her settled down again, and reassured that Kelly and I weren't taking advantage of her, I lowered my head to give her a soft, loving kiss on the lips - one that she eagerly and happily returned.

I lowered myself to lay on my side, and she moved her legs so that they were draped over mine - leaving us situated as though she were sitting on my lap. I moved my hand back to her belly, and she promptly moved it back up to her breast - then gently squeezed it to let me know she wanted me to caress her. I did, and after a bit she turned her head toward me and moved it so that she could kiss me. We lay there like that until both of us had drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up to find a cup of fresh coffee waiting for me on the night stand next to her bed. I managed to get myself sitting up, and gladly picked it up to take a sip - and promptly felt better. A few moments later, Marilyn came in with a croissant for

me and said "It is a little bit late, and I think that you are not going to be in the office on time. But Kelly said that if you will wait a few minutes, she will be able to go with you."

I took another hit of coffee, accepted the croissant, and answered "Thank you, Marilyn. Yes, I'll wait for Kelly - for a *little* while!" - making Marilyn laugh. A moment later, she left - almost certainly to tell Kelly what I'd said - and I took a bite of my 'breakfast'. By the time I was finished with it, and my coffee, I was ready to take a shower. Getting up, I went into my and Kelly's bedroom, where I saw that Candice was still sound asleep. I couldn't resist stopping off to give her a kiss on the cheek before heading into the bathroom where I found Kelly already in the shower. I joined her, and the two of us teased each other about where we'd spent the night as we helped each other clean up. As we were drying off, I told Kelly about the brief conversation I'd had with Marilyn the night before. Kelly admitted that she sometimes felt like we were 'dumping' things on Marilyn, too; but when she heard what Marilyn had to say, and what I'd told her, Kelly said that she figured I might be right: that it was pretty much balancing out.

Back in our bedroom, we were a little surprised to see that Candice had woken up and was laying on her back with the bedclothes off to the side. Kelly and I both wished and kissed her a good morning before getting dressed. As we started to leave, Candice told me "I'll be looking for *you* tonight, Dan!" - followed by Kelly's laugh.

It was a full, but not frantic, day at the office. It passed quickly enough, and it didn't seem long before Kelly and I were getting back home again. We discovered that Candice had decided that it was up to her to make supper, over Marilyn's protest that that was *her* job that night. As lovely and intelligent and loving as Candice was, the sad truth of the matter was that she didn't have all **that** much talent in the kitchen. But she knew that, so supper was spaghetti and meat sauce, garlic toast, and salads. As Candice laughingly told us "Even *I* can't mess **THIS** up!"

Once we were done eating, the rest of the evening passed pretty much the same as the one before. When bedtime for the grown-ups came, there wasn't any need for any discussion: Candice and I held each other as we went back to the master bedroom while Kelly and Marilyn did the same on their way to Marilyn's room.

Once the door was closed behind us, Candice and I hugged each other for a long time, her head resting on my shoulder. When we finally pulled apart, she told me "I'm always so glad to come back to town and visit, Dan. As much as I have to travel, even my HOME doesn't feel like home. But when I'm here with you and Kelly and all the rest, I feel like *this* is home, and I'm back with my family." Then, with a grin, she added "Except I don't think most families have as much fun as we do, or have that fun in quite the same ways!"

I laughed, and said "I'm glad you feel like this is home, Candice. It **is** your home, any time you want to make it that way, for whatever reason makes you happy."

Leering at me, she said "What would make me *happy* is if we could get naked so I could show you how much I've missed you - and maybe let you show me how much you've

missed ME."

"We can do that!" I agreed, and added "And I'd be **delighted** to show you how much I've missed you!"

With that, we moved close again, kissing each other gently and lovingly. When our lips parted, I reached up to begin unbuttoning my shirt, but Candice took my hands in hers, saying "I want to do that. I've missed you **so** much, Dan!"

I let my hands fall to my sides, and let her do as she wanted. It wasn't long before she had me completely naked. When she was done, she started to unfasten her own clothing, then stopped to ask me "Unless you want to?"

I smiled and said "No, I think I'd rather watch you do it."

As I knew she would, she understood what I was asking: that she undress herself for ME. She didn't do it anything like a strip tease. Rather, she took her clothes off in front of me *slowly*, and sensually - revealing herself to me in a way that I could see was exciting to her as it was to me: when she finally bared her breasts to me, I could see that her dark pink areolas were tight and puckered and her nipples were erect. By the time she slipped the slacks she was wearing down her legs, I could see the slight difference in color of her panties that told me her woman's oils had escaped her, coloring them a little darker between her thighs. After she slid them down her legs, too, the delicious aroma of Aroused Candice quickly filled the air. With both of us naked, we hugged each other again, each of us delighting in the feel of the way our bodies touched. For me, the sensation of her warm, full breasts and erect nipples pressing into my chest was supplemented by the feel of her soft pubic thatch tickling my lower belly. I knew that she could feel my semi-erect penis pressing against her mons because *I* could feel the wetness that had leaked onto her panties slowly coating it.

After a bit, we separated, holding each other at arms length so we could just look at each other. Looking into her face, the first thing I noticed - as always - was her beautiful gray eyes, set in an oval face that also sported a pert little nose and a pair of full, moist lips. With the coloration of her skin and the incredible platinum blonde hair she had, she was beautiful enough to make any man's guts ache. More than one bad or crooked politician had gotten lost in those eyes, or distracted by her looks, and failed to protect himself from the razor-sharp mind behind them.

When she was ready, Candice's soft touches were enough to let her guide me to the bed where I arranged myself to her satisfaction. With a smile to me, she moved to bracket my head with her knees before leaning forward and taking the head of my penis in her mouth. That left me with a clear and unimpeded view of her that I knew few men got: the gray cloud of her pubis surrounding the entrance to her womanhood, her dark pink labia long and thin, glistening with her wetness as they flowed under her clitoral hood. At the apex of her mons, her slightly large clitoris was easily visible. Lifting my head slightly, I extended my tongue to draw it between the folds of her sex, coating it with her tangy yet

sweet essence. That earned me a soft moan from her, letting me know that she liked what I was doing, so I did it again. And again, and again, and again.

Before long, I'd lapped up the immediate supply of her nectar, and moved on to begin seeing if I couldn't get her to provide me with some more. I happily wrapped my lips around her clitoris and began softly sucking on it as I fluttered the tip of my tongue across its surface. She released a deep groan of pleasure - the vibrations it on my penis pleasuring ME - which only encouraged me to keep going. It didn't take long of me doing that to bring her to a climax which brought forth a fresh supply of her juices. I used the flat of my tongue to slowly and sensuously lap up the nectar that she was producing, licking at her labia and vaginal opening as though they were a particularly tasty ice cream cone. Each pass of my tongue began by running across her clitoris, then continuing up and between her vaginal lips to end with a soft flutter across her perineum. By the time I'd 'cleaned' her again, she was moaning continuously, arching her back as she unconsciously tried to draw my tongue deeper into her. The feeling of her clenching lips and talented tongue on my penis was steadily moving me toward emptying my balls into her warm mouth. But I wanted to bring her as much pleasure as she was giving me, and I switched over to taking her vaginal lips into my mouth and softly sucking and chewing on them. From there, I moved on to fastening my mouth over her opening, and rhythmically sucking on her, trying to draw out what I could of her delicious oils. After that, I stiffened my tongue and tried to see how far I could penetrate her with it as she helped by pressing back against me, the tempo of her actions telling me that she was getting close to another climax.

Finally, with a squeal around my manhood, it happened for her - as I felt her lips pull free of my erection and heard her deep groan of release, she came. I kept my tongue pressed as far into her as I could, moving it around her in time with the spasms I could feel going through her body; as I knew they would, my actions only served to intensify and draw out the orgasm she was experiencing.

She could only climax for so long, though, and the waves of release coursing through her body slowly eased and tapered off. Even as she was gasping for air, I felt her moving her head so that she could take me between her lips again. With an eagerness and desire that surprised me, she proceeded to begin bobbing her head up and down, almost literally fucking me with her mouth while her tongue danced on the head of my penis. It didn't take much of that before I felt myself trip over into my own release, flooding her mouth with my jism. She started sucking on me, trying to draw every drop she could out of me even as she was eagerly swallowing what I'd already given her.

There was a limit to how much release I could find, too; and when she realized that she'd gotten everything from me she could, she stopped her actions and began using her lips and tongue to make sure that not a drop of my semen escaped as she cleaned my rapidly deflating penis.

When she had 'cleaned' me to her satisfaction, she sat up again and carefully moved so

that she was kneeling on one side of my head. From there, she knee-walked until she was by my waist before moving to lie down next to me, letting me put my arm around her as she fitted herself into my side. I turned my head so the two of us could kiss before she lowered her head to rest on my shoulder. She had one leg thrown across mine (I could feel the long hairs of her bush brushing my hip), and one arm on my chest. I took her hand in mine and lifted it to my lips and kissing it before putting it back - but continuing to hold it.

Using my nipple as a microphone, she told me "Dan, whenever I'm with you, you make me feel **so** much better than I do with any other guy. I know that it's because of how much you love me, and I love you, but its still there."

I gave her a gentle hug and answered "Candice, I don't doubt for a moment that you're picky about who you share yourself with. But if you're having problems really 'connecting' with a guy, where do you think the problem is?"

She considered it for a moment, then I could feel her blush slightly before she replied "With me, of course. I told you that I was going to take what I've learned from you and pass it along, but I guess - no, I *know* - that I haven't been doing a very good job of it. It just seems like I'm always so **busy**, though!"

"So the problem you're having is that you're so busy with your life that you don't have the time to 'teach' a guy you like what you know he needs to learn - and then feeling lonely because none of the guys you know knows what you do."

"Yeah, that's it", she answered - before blushing again when she realized the circularity of it.

She tilted her head back to look at me and said "I forgot some of what you taught me, didn't I?"

"Don't feel bad. At first, sometimes *I* forgot the things that I was learning, too. Then something would happen that would remind me and it would be okay again. Just like it did with me, and Kelly, and Jan, and all the rest, you're going to make mistakes. But you'll learn from them, and get into the habit of reminding yourself every so often until it's just a part of you that you don't have to spend much time thinking about. The difference is that all the rest of us are here, and you're always running around all over the place, so it isn't as easy for you."

"Then I think I'm just going to have to make it a point TO keep reminding myself, just because I can't come to you or any of the others for 'refreshers'."

"Don't make it too hard on yourself, either, Candice", I cautioned. "This isn't something that you have to do by yourself. They have these nifty things called 'telephones' now, and you can use them to talk to people that aren't actually with you. Any of us is here for you any time you want or need it; we're *all* here to help each other, right?"

With the reminder that any of us was just a phone call away, she gave me a happy, beautiful smile and acknowledged "Right" before laying her head on my shoulder again.

With that little problem out of the way, the two of us laid there for a while, catching each other up on what was happening in our lives - most of it Candice telling me about the different things that she'd been involved in, and the stories that had been *behind* what got into the articles she wrote for her newspaper. I found myself amazed to learn some of the things that she hadn't wanted, or been able, to publish. From the way she was talking, and acting, I could tell that simply telling me about all of it was a way for her to exorcise some of the demons of what she'd seen. As I continued to listen to her, I realized that it would undoubtedly help *all* of us if we could use each other as a 'confessional' of sorts every so often; and quietly resolved to share the idea with the others.

After she'd told me the things that had been on her mind, she fell silent and the two of us just laid there holding each other for a while.

I was slowly caressing her side and back as she absently play with my penis while she had been talking; we continued our touches through the silence that followed - at least, until she noticed me starting to respond to the way her fingernails were dragging across my scrotum. She continued to do it a little longer, as though making sure that what she was doing was causing it, before sitting up long enough to pivot around and lie down again so that her head was down by my hip. Once she was in the position she wanted, she reached out and picked up where she'd left off - softly dragging her fingernails across my balls, and watching as my penis slowly began to respond. I wasn't about to let her have ALL the fun, and slid my hand between her slightly parted thighs. When she felt my touch, she shifted her attention from my manhood long enough to grin at me before going back to watching my penis slowly erecting, and opening her legs to me even more.

Positioned as she was, I could clearly see her mons and the area between her thighs - and watched as her vaginal lips slowly darkened and extended as she became aroused. Extending my hand a little farther, I was able to slowly draw a fingertip between her labia, and saw that it was damp with her moisture when it reappeared. Doing it again, I dipped a little deeper, and saw and felt as she arched her back in acceptance and encouragement of my touch. I repeated my actions a few more times, and with each iteration her labia stayed a little farther apart and glistened a bit more. Finally, I pressed the tip of my finger against her opening and felt her press herself against it, trying to get it inside. She couldn't quite manage it, and when I heard her frustrated moan, did it for her: sliding my extended digit into her hot, wet channel accompanied by her soft groan of pleasure. I slid my finger in and out of her a few times before burying it in her as far as I could, watching as her clitoral hood gradually began to pull back to expose its treasure. Even though I knew she'd been with other men, she was still snug inside, which told me just how selective she was about her partners. I managed to curl my finger slightly - earning myself a deep moan of arousal from her - and started rubbing against the spot in her vagina that I knew was most pleasurable for her. If there is such a thing as the "G-

spot", I suppose that's what it was on her; all I knew was that it was a sure way of pleasing and arousing her.

It didn't take long of my doing that before I could feel how wet she was inside, and see from her clitoris and labia how excited she had become. And knowing the effect that I was having on her only served to stimulate me more, too - which only prompted her to begin doing things that *she* knew had a similar impact on ME. A couple more minutes, and both of us were as aroused and ready as we could be. Releasing her hold on my manhood, she reached down and eased my hand from between her thighs before sitting up and facing me. Her desire was clear in her voice as she shakily told me "Sit up and lean back against the headboard."

I quickly did as she commanded. When I was ready, she got to her feet and moved to stand with one leg on each side of me, facing away from me. From there, she quickly knelt down so that she was positioned over my penis. She took it in her hand and ran the head of it back and forth between her vaginal lips, wetting it with her lubrication before positioning it against her opening. Steadying herself with one hand on my leg, she held me in place as she slowly lowered herself onto my manhood, raising up slightly a couple of times to spread her oils before pressing herself farther down on me. It wasn't long before I saw and felt the smooth cheeks of her ass resting against my lower belly, and her hot, wet sheath surrounding my erection. Satisfied that I was completely in her, she leaned back against my chest and pulled my arms around her so that my hands were cupping her breasts. When I started gently pinching and pulling on her erect nipples, she responded by slowly moving herself up and down my shaft.

She had been "snug" around my finger; with my erection in her, she was most definitely tight inside. That, coupled with how hot and wet she was, made me glad that she was moving slowly - the sensations she was creating were *very* exciting. Between the way her vagina was clasped around my manhood and the warm firmness of her breasts in my hands and her smooth skin against my body, I wanted for the two of us to continue making love that way for as long as possible. I was *very* glad that I'd already had a climax with her; that meant that I could enjoy our lovemaking for even longer before there was any chance that I would cum again.

The two of us made love like that for quite a while. Sometimes Candice would use her legs to raise and lower herself on me; other times, she'd hold her body still and simply move her hips and pelvis to keep me moving inside her. Whenever she got tired, I would thrust up into her while she rested. No matter what one or the other of us was doing to keep me moving in her, I continued to caress and squeeze her breasts, gently pinching and pulling her nipples, and softly kissing and biting her shoulders and neck and ears. Though we started by moving slowly, the pleasure we were giving each other was increasing our arousal. As the seconds and minutes passed, the pace of our movements gradually increased to stay even with our intensifying passion. Along the way, Candice had another orgasm; some time later, another, stronger one overtook her. I could feel her getting

closer and closer to a third release when I felt myself enter a kind of "transition zone", where I knew that I was going to climax again, but before I hit the point of it actually happening. By that time, our lovemaking had sped up to the point where we were in constant motion, the liquid sounds of our joining loud and rapid. Both of us were perspiring freely, and Candice's moans and groans and gasps of pleasure were constant. I managed to nibble on her earlobe a little bit before murmuring to her "I'm going to cum with you" - and hearing her gasped response of "Oh, god, yes!"

Knowing that her next orgasm would result in having me filling her with my semen seemed to be all she needed to increase her efforts toward finding her release. And as her efforts had their effect on us, I could feel the muscles in her vagina tightening as she got closer and closer; the sensations of it stimulated ME, bringing me along with her.

Finally, it happened: with a sudden gasp, Candice all but slammed herself down onto me, grinding her pelvis into mine as she tried to get as much of me as possible inside her. Her vagina began a rhythmic clenching around me, from the base of my penis to the tip; the second time it happened, it was enough to trip me into my own release. I wrapped my arms around her hips and arched my back in an effort to get every bit of myself inside her as I could manage as the first jet of my semen exploded out the end of my penis. She felt it, and knowing what was happening only intensified her orgasm - which caused her to tighten around me even more, making MY climax stronger.

I don't know how long the two of us stayed coupled like that, gasping and groaning with the power of our pleasure. However time it took, it was too long - and too short. Eventually, the intensity of it began to fade, ultimately leaving us sitting there sweaty and panting. Candice's body stayed with mine as I leaned back against the headboard again so I could rest. She let her head fall back to rest on my shoulder, and I turned my head a little to give her a soft kiss on the throat - and felt her shudder in response before she managed to gasp out "Oh, god, don't do that again! I'm sensitive **everywhere**, I think. That was some kind of mini orgasm!"

Thus chastised, I kept my arms around her waist and contented myself with holding her as the two of us tried to recover from what we'd just been through.

As was to be expected, my penis finally shrank enough to pull free of her - releasing a small flood of our combined juices to cascade down the cleft of her ass, across my balls, and onto the bed.

When it happened, she told me "We're making a mess on your bed."

I managed to pull myself together enough to answer "I don't *care*. If it bothers you that much, YOU get up and do something about it!"

She gave a small laugh and told me "I was hoping YOU had enough energy to get up - I sure as hell don't!" - making me laugh, too.

After a while, in addition to being wet, it got cold and sticky, too. That was enough to

convince us that we'd rested long enough. With a groan, Candice climbed off of me and moved to sit on the edge of the bed. I matched her noises as I managed to get myself situated next to her. We gave each other a wry grin before I said "I think we **need** to clean up together. If you feel anything like I do, we need someone with us to make sure we don't drown in the shower!"

She gave me a smile and said "I think so, too. But I'm too damn worn out to clean up before we shower, so you're just going to have to live with the sight of me cleaning the rest of your *stuff* out of me."

"Actually, I think that would be pretty fun to watch - but I'm too damn tired to do anything about it, either, so we'll just have to save it for next time, okay?"

Laughing, she answered "You're disgusting, is what you are - but I agree. Next time. Now let's get in there before I lose what little energy I DO have!"

Holding on to - and supporting - each other, we managed to get into the bathroom and get the shower started. Once inside and with the hot water stimulating us, we managed to find enough energy to help clean each other up. When Candice wasn't looking, I reached around her and turned off the hot water, leaving her standing between me and the showerhead. When the cold water hit her, she shrieked and tried to climb over me to get away from it - but I had a firm hold on her and held her under the spray. After she'd gotten over the shock of it, I steeled myself, and swapped places with her.

Once my heart started beating again, the cold water was actually kind of invigorating - much the same way that having someone in a monster mask jump out at you from a dark alley can be called 'stimulating'.

Cleaned up again, we shut the shower off and got out. As we dried each other off, she let me know what she thought of what I'd done. I was surprised to learn that she knew those words, and doubt that my ancestry is as diverse and convoluted as she described. And truth be told, I've *never* done even **half** the things she accused me of. Still, once she was done, she admitted that it *did* have the effect of making sure she was fully awake for a little while.

Back in the bedroom, we teamed up to replace the sheets before lying down again. With her spooning against my back, the two of us didn't have *any* trouble falling asleep.

The next day, it was patently obvious to *anybody* that I wasn't in any condition to be doing much of anything - other than, say, going to the bathroom by myself. That night, Kelly joined Candice and me when we went to bed early. Its possible the two of them may have made love, but I wouldn't know. I think I was out of it before my head hit the pillow.



When the girls showed up that Saturday, it was the twin's dad that brought all of them. Candice had come to the door with me, and I introduced her to all of them. The twins father told her "I'm quite a fan of yours, Ms. Towers. I make it a point to read your stories whenever they appear."

Candice smiled at him and answered "Thank you, Mister Rigney - but please, call me Candice."

Smiling, he said "I don't always appreciate your stories about politicians, since some of them are of the same party as I am, but I *never* have reason to believe that you're telling anything but the truth."

"I'm glad you appreciate the distinction between the message, and the messenger. Not everyone does - partly because so many of my fellow journalists aren't able to separate themselves from their stories", she answered.

"That's entirely too true", he said. "How is it that you are able to maintain your objectivity, then?"

"Why don't you come in and hear for yourself?" she invited.

He voiced his agreement, and let Candice and I lead him into the den where the girls were already arranged to face Kelly and the spot where Candice would be sitting. Mister Rigney and I took seats where we would be out of the way; tonight was going to be Candice's show, with as little input from me and Kelly as could be managed.

All five of the girls were visibly somewhat in awe of Candice - not just because they knew she was a "famous" newspaper reporter, but because of her obvious beauty and poise.

She started out by telling them how she'd been going to the same school they were - along with some of her friends, whom they'd heard about. From there, it was on to how she'd met me - in general terms, out of deference for the twin's father being there - and how I had helped her by explaining to her about some things that she had wondered about, but not understood. She also told them that I had done a lot to answer many of the questions she'd had, and taught her how to find ways to get the answers to the rest. They also heard her explain that she'd been pretty indifferent to the idea of going to college - until she'd met me; once she understood the things that I'd taught her, she knew that she wanted to take her passion for writing and use it to help other people by becoming a reporter. When asked, she admitted that she'd been at the top of her class of journalism students, and sixth in the entire school. She'd been hired by a major newspaper right out of college, but hadn't been foolish enough to think that she was really a Reporter - with the capital 'R'.

Initially, she'd been sent out on trivial assignments - "fluff" pieces, she called them. But she'd done the best she could on every one of them, and tried to learn something from each experience. As she learned the ins and outs of being a newspaper person, the importance of her assignments increased until she'd finally gotten the chance to show them what she was capable of on one particular story. Her bosses had been impressed with the work she'd done, and the response she'd gotten from the readers, and moved her into the job she currently had. With each story, they became more confident in her, and began giving her more and more freedom to pursue stories on her own, with little or no oversight until she actually submitted her work.

As she was talking to them, all of the girls asked her questions at different times, and all of them listened to the answers she gave. Her talk to them took up nearly all of the time for our meetings, and the twin's dad finally interrupted things to ask her again how she was able to avoid biasing her stories with her own opinions.

She looked at him, first, but addressed her answer to the girls when she said "One of the things that Dan helped me learn was that a **fact** is neither good, nor bad." She took one of the small pillows on the couch and held it out - then let go of it so that it fell to the floor. Looking at each of them, she asked "The cushion fell to the floor because of gravity. If I wanted to make that a story, should I say that it was good, or bad? Or should I just report that it happened, and let people decide for themselves which it is?"

Even Mister Rigney nodded his head in understanding before she went on "If I tell people that a politician is accepting money from some people, AND that he does special favors for those same people, it isn't up to me to say what they should think about it. He is supposed to represent them, so it's up to THEM to decide if those two facts add up to something good or bad, not me. Dan helped me understand that it's up to ME to think about what I'm doing, and why - and to be *absolutely honest* about my reasons. What I learned from Dan is that each of us has to make our own choices, for our own reasons, and then live with the consequences of those choices. As a reporter, I've written stories about people that were doing things that weren't fair and honest, and politicians that weren't doing the things that they said they were or would do. But I've also written stories about people that WERE being honest and truthful, and helping other people - and the people that read my stories decided that those good people deserved to have good things happen to them, just as they decided that the bad people deserved to be punished. And when I say 'good' and 'bad' and 'honest' and all of that, yes, those are my opinions; but what I **reported** were the *facts* - so that the people reading my stories could make up their own minds without me influencing them, even by accident. There are too many people out there that will try to MAKE you believe what they do by the way they tell you something. People like that aren't being honest, with themselves, or with you - and more, they aren't showing you the respect that you deserve, because if they *respected* you, they wouldn't have to try and MAKE you believe something. An HONEST person will show you something, tell you why they think it is true, and then let you decide for yourself. A

dishonest person thinks that you have to be TOLD what to think, or tricked into believing something. And since I want to respect *myself*, I have to be honest with myself, too - and if I am honest with myself, then I have to be honest with other people, and to be honest with them, I have to show them respect. So in my stories I show people what the facts are, tell them why I think those facts are true, and then show them the respect of letting them decide for themselves what those facts mean. And I do things that way for each and every one of my stories, no matter who or what I'm writing about - because the people that read my stories are the ones paying my salary; and they deserve the best, and most honest, work I can do."

When she was done, all of them sat there, as though she was still talking and they were still listening. But what they were doing was actually thinking about what she'd said - Kelly and I could both see it on all of their faces.

After a bit, they all got up, and Kelly and the girls headed for the door. When they were gone, the twin's dad approached Candice and said "That was really something to listen to, Candice. Where on earth did you learn all of that?"

She looked him squarely in the eyes - it didn't escape her that she'd already given all of them the answer to the question he'd just asked - and replied "When I was their age, I only kinda-sorta knew the things I was just talking about - until I met Dan. Then I started talking to him, and asking him questions, and *listening* to the answers he gave me - with him always telling me to check them for myself. **That** was when I really LEARNED it so that it stayed with me. Mister Rigney, I don't think that it is accident or coincidence that of the six of us that met Dan and learned from him, ALL of us have not only graduated college at or near the top of our classes, but gone on to become successful in our chosen careers."

With that, she excused herself and went to chat with the girls a little more before they left. Rigney stood there for a bit before turning to me and saying "I have to admit that I came here tonight hoping to find out a little bit about whatever the hell it is that you and your wife have been telling our kids. José Delgado told us what he heard your wife telling the kids, and that sounded okay; but these last couple of weeks, I've started to see some kind of change in Crissy and Sheri, and it worried me a little. But if what you're telling them is the same thing as what you told Candice" - "It is", I assured him - "then I don't have *any* problem with them being here, any time or any day, no matter how long it is. That young lady is just the kind of person that I'd want MY girls to grow up like, and I know the other parents would, too. The only thing I'm going to ask is that if you or your wife get tired of having them around that you let them down easy, okay?"

I smiled, and said "IF that happens, we will. But I don't think it will come to that."

"Good deal, then. Mister Marshall, this is one of the times that I'm actually glad to say that it's been a pleasure meeting someone. Thank you for letting me stay and meet Candice. After I heard what she had to say tonight, I respect her even more than I did

before" he told me, before sticking his hand out for me to shake. I shook hands with him, and it seemed that he was actually pleased that I did.

The two of us went to where the girls were waiting by the front door, and Kelly opened it so they could leave. As each girl went by, Candice gave her a hug, and told her that she was happy to have met them. Rigney followed them out, and Kelly waited until we'd seen all of them get into his station wagon before closing the door.

Once we were back in the living room, I told Kelly and Candice what he'd said to me about him and the other parents not having any worries about the girls coming over. Kelly and I both smiled when Candice said "Dan, that's going to make it a lot easier and simpler for you than when WE were coming over, won't it?"

I agreed that it would before I gestured that I wanted her to come over and sit on my lap. She didn't hesitate to do so; and when I had my arms around her, I told her "Thanks, Candice. I knew that you talking to the girls would help, but what I didn't expect was that Rigney would be here, too - and be so impressed by you."

Candice gave me the Goober look (as if telling me "You are SUCH a Goober!"), and said "Dan, after all you've done for me, and all the love you and Kelly have shown me, do you *really* think that I wouldn't be happy to do **anything** I could to help? Or that there's any reason on earth that you HAVE to thank me?"

I smiled at her and answered "No, of course not. I just wanted you to know that I - we! - recognize and appreciate that help."

Mollified, she leaned close to me; and the two of us shared a loving kiss. She got back off my lap and went over to kiss Kelly, too, before sitting down so the two of them could snuggle. I turned the TV on and passed them the remote so they could find something to watch - while I watched THEM and thought about how lucky I was.



It was a couple of weeks before the girls were able to come over again. When they did, Kelly and I knew from the way they acted that what they'd heard from Candice had sunk in for them. When all of us were in the den, Bonita told us "Dan, Kelly, there's something that we need to tell you."

Kelly nodded for her to continue, and she did by saying "Until last week, when we met Candice, none of us was really paying all *that* much attention to what you've been telling us. I mean, sure, we were listening and everything, but we weren't always **paying attention** - at least, not the way that we know we SHOULD have."

Claire spoke up, adding "When we had the, uh, anatomy lessens and stuff like that - yeah,

we were doing what we should have. But when you were talking to us about other stuff, like being honest with ourselves, and things like that, we weren't. It was when we were listening to Candice last week that we all realized that you were trying to teach us the same things that you taught HER. She's **so** smart and strong inside and all that - and we knew from listening to her that she got that way because of you. And we realized that unless WE started really paying attention, like she did, that we probably weren't going to be *anything* like her."

Next was Sheri, who said "We all talked about it, and we realize that even though you've been honest and everything with us, we haven't been that way with you - at least, not the way you have. So we decided that the first thing we did tonight, we had to be as honest with you as you have with us; and tell you that we haven't been honest with *ourselves* because we haven't been doing what we knew we SHOULD have been."

Evelyn finished it up for them by saying "What we have to tell you is that we're sorry. We know we've let you down, and all of us feel **really** bad about it; and we want to ask you if you would still be willing to teach us, even though we've been slacking off the way we have. We know its a lot to ask, and that after the way we've been there really isn't any reason you should agree - but we *have* learned our lesson, and we really DO want to learn from you."

Kelly and I had already talked a little about the absence of some topics from their conversations with us. We shared a look before she told them "Both of us noticed that even though you were asking us questions and talking to us, you *weren't* saying anything to **us** about the kinds of things that we know you talk to each other. Remember what I - and the others - have all told you that WE talked to Dan about *everything* - not just about dating, and why guys do what they do, but about our bodies and what we were feeling, too. You've had your anatomy lesson, and you've learned about a guy's stuff, too. Don't you think that we didn't notice when after all that, you didn't seem to have *any* more questions, or anything else to say?"

Hearing that we'd already noticed the very things that they thought they were confessing to hit them pretty hard - all five of them looked sheepish, ashamed, and fearful by turns. I cleared my throat to get their attention, and I could see that all five were listening closely, even if they couldn't look me in the eye as I told them "What you're finding out - in the same way most people do, which is to say the hard way - is that no matter how clever and smart you are, there's a pretty darn good chance that there's still somebody that knows more than you."

All of them looked pretty miserable as I went on "The difference is that you made that mistake with Kelly and me, and we care enough about you to not hold it against you. In fact, *because* you've learned it the way you have - AFTER you had the courage and honesty to admit what you had been doing - we know that its pretty safe bet that you'll do an even better job of actually listening to us now."

It took a couple of seconds for the last part of that to sink in; and even then, Crissy looked up at me and asked "You... you mean you're still going to let us come over, even after what we did?"

I gave her a smile and answered "Yes, that's what I mean."

On hearing that, the five of them started to quietly cry, which prompted Kelly to have to get up and go over and comfort and reassure them that everything really was okay. It was while she was doing that that I saw her and Bonita get into a whispered discussion before I heard Kelly softly tell her "No, go on, its okay. Really."

After giving Kelly a somewhat doubtful look, Bonita got up and came over to me and said "Dan, I'm really sorry about the way I've acted. I'd really feel better if... if I could hug you."

Of all of them, Bonita had always been the one that had been the most physically 'shy' with me, so when she asked me that, I didn't hesitate to answer "Of course you can.". What surprised me, though, was rather than waiting for me to get up, she quickly moved to sit on my lap before wrapping her arms around me and hugging me fiercely as she whispered "I'm sorry, Dan. You and Kelly have been so *nice*, and I just took it without thinking about how much you were giving me."

I put my arms around her and hugged her back; that seemed to be the trigger for her to start quietly crying on my shoulder, so I softly stroked her back as I murmured words of comfort and reassurance to her until she'd gotten herself back together. When she sat up again, she looked into my eyes for a few moments, then leaned forward again - to give me a kiss on the cheek before scrambling off my lap and rejoining the others.

Once Bonita had done it, there was nothing to do but for the rest of them to follow her example. Over the next few minutes, each of them came over to sit on my lap for a hug and a whispered apology, accompanied by a tear or ten. For the rest of them, I didn't hesitate to hug them in return, and caress them as I had Bonita.

When they were all settled down again, Kelly went back to where she had been sitting - and after a few false starts, the five of them finally started talking about the things that were *really* on their minds.

I had to call Bonita's father to let him know that things were going to run longer than usual, once the girls got started actually *talking* to us. He thanked me, and I told him that I'd let him know when they were ready to leave. As it turned out, it was a good thing I did - it was over five hours before we decided that it was time to call it a night.



The girls didn't get a chance to come over for another visit until the first Saturday after school let out. When they came in, the first thing they did was to apologize for staying as long as they had the time before. Kelly and I assured them that it wasn't a problem; after a little prodding, they finally admitted that each set of parents had a little perturbed by it - only because they'd been worried that the girls had stayed longer than Kelly and I were willing to have them. Kelly's solution to that was to ask the girls if they wanted to have a sleep over, so they could talk pretty much for as long as they wanted. All of them thought it was a *great* idea, of course - until Evelyn pointed out that their folks would likely think it was the **girls** idea and shut the whole idea down. Kelly simply told them "Pooh. *I'll* call **them**, and tell them we're inviting you". They weren't sure it would work, but Kelly just smiled at them. When she wanted to, Kelly could be *almost* as stubborn and persistent as I could.

With that out of the way, we all headed for the den and another session of the girls talking from their hearts - as well as any other body parts that spoke to them. When it was time for them to go, they and Kelly worked out just when the sleep over would be: starting the second Friday from then, about 6:00, and lasting until sometime Sunday; most likely early Sunday afternoon.

The following week, Kelly called all of their parents and made the invitation; Claire's father and Evelyn's mother were fairly adamant about denying their permission until Kelly convinced them to call **me** for confirmation that it really had been Kelly's idea, and that the girls really *were* welcome. It didn't take much talking for me to settle their minds on both counts.

The week also saw Marilyn head back to the Philippines for the summer, and the kids getting ready to head out for their first ever experiences at summer camps: two weeks at a 'generic' summer camp, where they'd get to do all the regular camp stuff: hiking, camping out in tents, horses, swimming, and all the rest. Both were eagerly looking forward to it. Kelly and I were looking forward to a couple of weeks - to ourselves - as well.



The girls showed up in a couple of bunches: Claire and Evelyn had each gotten their driver's licenses (much to the envy of the other three); Claire brought Bonita, while Evelyn provided transportation for Crissy and Sheri. Each of them brought in a small bag with whatever clothing and other things she'd need, which we had them put in Marilyn's room. All of them were surprised when they saw that Jan had joined us, too. As she explained to them "While any of you were in one of my classes, it wouldn't have been ethical for me to be here like this. However much I like you - and I do! - while you were in my classes, I had to grade you **solely** on the work you did, not on what I knew about you *outside* of class. But now that that's over, I want you to know that I'm MORE than

happy to be here. You already know that I'm one of the people that Dan helped when I was your age, and I'm here to help you the same way Kelly and Dan are."

Once everyone was settled in, it was time for supper - ordered barbecue by unanimous consent. Cat made an appearance immediately after the food arrived, and managed to wheedle the girls out of the odd bit of pork or beef. The damn animal had learned to 'sit up and beg' like a dog would, which worked more often than not in separating people from tidbits of food. Once she had a full belly, it was back under the couch to rest up so she'd have the energy to come trolling for attention later.

When everybody had cleaned up from the barbecue, it didn't take long for the girls to start talking, and asking questions. One of the first was Crissy asking Jan "You said it wouldn't have been ethical for you to be here like this, before. What did you mean?"

"I mean just that, the way I explained it to you. As long as one of you was in one of my classes, it was up to me to judge the work you turned in by how good that work was, and not let myself be influenced by anything else that I knew about you - such as something I might have learned if I'd been here before. I don't expect that anyone else would have minded or cared, but I would have; so I didn't take any chance of it happening."

Bonita asked "Why *are* you willing to be here, then?"

Jan gave me a loving look before replying "Because after I learned what Dan had to teach me, I realized that I could never pay him back for everything that he'd done to help me; what he told all of us was that what we should do, then, was to take what we'd learned and pass it along to other people. And that's what I try to do. I have a boyfriend that is starting to understand, for example."

Bonita followed up with "How DO you try to 'pass it along'?"

Kelly told her "I think you'll learn that going out and trying to **tell** people something doesn't always work very well; what you usually have to do is try and give it to them a little bit at a time. With what all of us - I, and Kelly, and the rest - know is that with what we've learned, the best thing is if we do it the same way Dan does: by example, with the way we live our lives, and then being ready to explain to anyone that wants to know how."

Evelyn wanted to know "Why do you wait for someone to ask you about it?"

Kelly answered by saying "You've all probably noticed that there are people that seem to go around without having any idea of what's happening around them, right?"

They laughed, and she went on "What you may not have noticed is that there are people that simply *don't care* - they just want to live their lives, without **having** to think about things like that. I'll bet that you five aren't all that much different than any of your other friends, right? I mean, you like the same kinds of clothes, music, and all that kind of stuff?"

They agreed that that was pretty much the case, and I asked them "Then what is the difference between YOU girls, and your friends?" Seeing them start to wonder at the problem, I couldn't help suggesting "The answer is sitting right in front of you" - to the amusement of Kelly and Jan.

It took them a couple of minutes before Sheri brightened up and exclaimed "WE wanted to find somebody with the questions and problems we had, so we talked to Kelly, and started coming over here. The answer is YOU, Dan, and Kelly and Miss Hardin: YOU'RE sitting right here in front of us! We want to know if there isn't something better than just wandering around not knowing anything."

Hearing that, the others nodded their heads in understanding as Jan answered "You can call me Jan, now, if you want. Yes, that's it.. Now you also know the reason that we wait for people to show us that they're interested before we try to tell them about the things we've learned."

It took the girls only a moment to figure it out. "Somebody that *wants* to learn will listen to you better; if you just start **talking** to people, they just blow you off", Crissy suggested.

Jan smiled before answering "Exactly."

All of them looked more than a little uncomfortable as Crissy replied "Yeah - that's pretty much what **we** were doing, at first. I mean, we were talking and all that, but we weren't really paying *attention* - not the way we should have. But we realized that Kelly and Dan were taking the time, and showing us that they cared enough, to keep doing it; so we figured we needed to start doing better." She glanced over at me, and added "Once we did that, we realized that the whole reason we went to Kelly in the first place was BECAUSE she was showing us that she was the kind of person that we wanted to be like; and we should be listening to her and Dan so we could learn what *they* know."

"Don't feel too bad", Kelly told them. "When I and the others - except Jan - first met Dan, we didn't always really appreciate all the things that he was telling us, either. But like you said, after a bit, we realized he was somebody we wanted to be like, so we DID start really *listening* to him." Kelly told them.

That seemed to comfort them somewhat, and Evelyn changed the subject to ask about something else. From there, it wasn't long until the conversation was in full swing.

After a while, the girls decided that it was late enough that they wanted to change into their nightclothes. Kelly and Jan both agreed that that sounded like a *great* idea. Bonita hesitantly asked "Um, what about Dan?"

I got them all laughing when I answered "Sorry - I don't wear nightgowns!"

Still smiling, Bonita said "I didn't think you did. No, what I meant was, are you going to be getting ready for bed, too?"

Kelly smiled and told them "Dan sleeps naked, so he'll probably stay dressed until he's

actually ready for bed."

That bit of information got me a few appraising looks before all of them trooped out to get ready.

The girls were more than little surprised when they got back into the den and saw that Kelly and Jan were both naked. Seeing the looks on their faces, Kelly told them "I told you that Dan sleeps naked. I didn't tell you that I do, too. So does Jan, as you can see", with a smile.

For their parts, the girls had apparently decided that after the "lessons" on male and female anatomy there wasn't any reason not to bring the kinds of outfits that they'd normally wear to each other's homes for a sleep over. Claire was wearing a sheer white baby doll outfit with French cut panties. Bonita was in something that looked like a harem girl outfit in pale yellow, while Evelyn sported a red teddy and pant set. The twins were in identical pale green bra-and-panty sets that just *barely* covered the essentials - but didn't do much to conceal their charms, since the material was sheer enough to easily make out their nipples and pubic thatches. All of them looked over at me, and I didn't make any pretense of not checking them out, followed by a look in the eyes and smile to let them know I found them attractive (!!).

When they were seated again, Crissy asked "Kelly, don't you mind that Miss... Jan is sitting there naked?"

Kelly laughed, and answered "Remember what you know about Dan. He isn't going to start humping the furniture just because there's another naked girl in the room with him."

Reminded about how I'd behaved when THEY had been naked after the anatomy lessons, the girls nodded. Crissy then asked "How do you know that Jan sleeps naked, too?"

Jan calmly told them "Because Kelly and I have slept together - just as both of us have slept with Dan."

Shocked, Bonita asked "Slept? As in sleeping, or...", in parallel with Sheri's "BOTH of you? With *Dan*?"

Kelly fielded Sheri's question first by answering "Yes, both of us. You already know that Dan is the one that each of us gave our virginity to. Do you really think that after both of us have shared him *that* way, we'd worry about just sharing his **bed**?"

Then it was Jan's turn to answer Bonita by saying "Yes, as in sleeping. AND making love with each other - which is the 'or' part you didn't finish", prompting Bonita to blush as the others just stared at the two of them.

Finally, it was Sheri that asked "You two have... made love, you said? How do you do that?" - with a furious blush, which was really something to see - "And doesn't Dan mind?"

Jan answered "Yes, I said we make love together. We've known each other since we were in kindergarten; I was the one that introduced Kelly and Dan. Dan doesn't mind at all, as far as I know - you'll have to ask him if anything has changed since the last time we - Kelly and I - were together."

All five looked over at me, and I just told them "They don't mind when I make love with each of them, so why should I mind if they want to make love together? I love both of them, dearly; and it's not like either of them is *forcing* the other, or they're hurting anyone."

When they turned back to Jan and Kelly, Kelly told them "As for how" - another blush from Sheri - "The only thing we don't have that Dan does is a penis; otherwise, its pretty much the same."

I could see Bonita getting worked up, and wasn't surprised when she declared "But... but... you're both **girls!**"

Jan grinned at her, and answered "Yes, we are, thank you for noticing. So what's your point?"

A mildly outraged Bonita answered "But it's *wrong!*"

Kelly and Jan both looked at me in amusement. It hadn't been so long ago that we'd had a similar conversation with another person in our group.

Standing, I went over to where the girls were scattered across the couch and floor and asked Bonita to stand up. She did, with a nervous look at me, and I asked "Would you let me hold you, please?"

Her curiosity finally got the better of her, and she let me take her into my arms. I then asked "Does it feel good to you for me to hold you like this?"

"Yeah."

"If something was bothering you, do you think it would feel even better?"

"Sure!"

"Now, if something was bothering you, and I wasn't here, would you let Kelly or Jan hold you, if you felt you needed it?"

"I guess. Yeah, I would."

Releasing her, I said "If you would let me or Kelly or Jan hold you when you felt like you needed it, would you say that was a way that each of us was showing you that we care about you?"

Looking at me, she answered "Of course."

"Then you don't think that there would be any problem with Jan and Kelly holding each other if they felt they needed it, because they care for each other?"

Puzzled, she answered ";No, of course not."

"So why is it *wrong* for them to be able to make love with each other, if they care for each other, and want to? Isn't it like holding each other when they feel they need it, only more so?"

She sat down again as she thought that over, then told me "But that's different! Just holding is one thing; they're doing *stuff* with each other!"

As I went to sit down again, Kelly answered "Okay, let's leave out the 'doing stuff' part. Do you think it would be wrong for me and Jan to kiss, then?"

That was something for all of them to think about for a few minutes. Finally, Bonita answered "Yeah, I think so. I mean, it just can't be the **same** as with a guy!"

Jan smiled at her and asked "You said it CAN'T be the same as with a guy? What if you're wrong? What if you couldn't tell the difference? Would it be wrong then?"

"It HAS to be different!" Bonita declared. "I don't think girls and guys CAN kiss the same!"

"Do you really believe that? Would you be willing to have a test to see if you're right?" Kelly asked.

An adamant Bonita said "Yeah, I do. How could you test it?"

Kelly said "You put on a blindfold, and let me, Jan, and Dan kiss you. If you're right, you can tell whether it was a girl - me or Jan - or Dan. Does that sound fair?"

Bonita realized that she'd let her opinions get her into a situation - and she had enough pride not to want to back down. She agreed to the test, saying "Okay. And Evelyn and Claire and Crissy and Sheri are the witnesses, right?" Clearly, she was sure she was going to win; but her confidence was shaken when Kelly just smiled and said "Of course!"

As Kelly went back to get one of my bandanas, Jan got Bonita, herself, and me situated so that the others could watch. When Kelly got back, she tied the bandana around Bonita's eyes so the youngster couldn't see. With the other girls watching, Jan leaned forward and kissed her softly on the lips. Then it was Kelly's turn, and finally mine. After a few seconds, I asked "What do you think, Bonita?"

Her discomfiture was plain - it took only a few moments for the other girls to realize that Bonita really didn't have any idea of what order we'd kissed her in. Finally, she said "I think it was Dan, girl, girl" before removing her blindfold. She looked over at the twins who shook their heads before Crissy told her "Jan, Kelly, then Dan", accompanied by nods of confirmation from the others.

Kelly looked at the others and suggested "Why don't all of you try it? Then you can actually find out for yourselves."

After a few moments, Evelyn moved to take Bonita's place as Bonita went back to where

she'd been sitting. Blindfolded, Evelyn waited until I, then Jan, then Kelly kissed her. After a minute or so, she hesitantly asked "girl, boy, girl?" before taking the bandana off. Sheri told her what had happened - then took her place. That time, I kissed twice, then Kelly. Her guess was boy, girl, girl; and she had a thoughtful look on her face when she was replaced by Claire. For Claire, we repeated what we'd done for Bonita: Jan, Kelly, then me; she thought it was girl, boy, girl. Finally was Crissy, who didn't fare any better than the others, suggesting that it was girl, girl, boy when it had actually been Kelly, me, then Jan.

With that question settled, it was Evelyn that asked "Okay, so we can't tell when its a kiss. But can it really feel as good when its another girl, and not a guy?"

It was at that point that Kelly told them "We can talk about this kind of stuff - touching and kissing and sex and all that - all night, and it won't really *mean* anything unless you're willing to actually find out, for yourselves by actually *trying* it."

"You mean actually *touching*?" Claire asked.

"Yes, that's what I mean. You already know that Dan and I don't mind you touching us - and I can tell you that Jan won't mind you touching her, either. But for you to **know** what we're talking about, you have to be willing to let us touch you, too. And because we ARE talking about sex and making love, then I'm sure you understand that some of that touching is going to be intimate - you might even feel yourself getting excited. It has to be up to YOU to decide if you're willing to go that far; none of us - Jan, me, or Dan - is going to say or do anything you don't let us know is okay. If you don't want to do some or all of it, that's okay. And if you DO decide you want to do it, you can stop us at *any* time just by telling us 'no'."

Kelly told them "You know that Dan is the one that I gave my virginity to, just like Kelly did. You also know that he did that for some of our friends. Even when we were with him to make love the first time, Dan was STILL willing to stop for *any* of us. In fact, he wanted to know if he should stop with one of us even after she had just lost her cherry to him. Now think about that: even after he was all the way inside her for the first time, he was ready to quit if she wanted him to! Now, we're not saying that anything like that will, or should, happen with any of you - but it **does** tell you that you don't have to be afraid that something you don't want is going to happen."

"You mean we could all... touch and kiss and stuff? Even Dan?" Sheri asked.

"Yes, if that's what **you** wanted", Kelly answered.

All of them thought it over for a while, then got together in a huddle to talk it over. When they finally separated, Evelyn said "All of us would like that. But we want to know about Dan. You're naked, and we're in our outfits - what about *him*?"

"What about him? If there's something you want to know about Dan, HE'S the one you need to ask, not me."

Evelyn turned to me, and after a false start, managed to ask "Uh, Dan? Are you going to be naked, too?"

I smiled at her to try and reassure her before answering "That depends. What do you *want* me to wear? I can keep all my clothes on, I can get naked like Jan and Kelly, or I can just wear my underwear. It's up to you girls."

That sent them back into a huddle for a minute or two before they separated again so Bonita could tell me "Uh, we decided that we want you to be naked to" - with a blush.

I told them "That's fine. I can do that whenever you want me to."

The five of them shared a Look, and Crissy told me "We, uh, decided that we want you to take your clothes off now."

Rather than say anything, I simply got out of the chair I was in and began stripping. I didn't make a big deal out of it; they wanted me naked, so I got naked. When I'd set my clothes aside, I calmly sat back down in my chair to see what would happen next.

The five of them sat there for a bit before they realized that Kelly, Jan, and I were simply waiting for them to decide what was next - that we were literally letting them make the first move.

That move came when Evelyn got up and came over to me. Saying "If I'm gonna do this, I'm gonna do it *right*", she quickly shed herself of the teddy and pant set she had on. Planting her cute butt firmly in my lap, she leaned forward so that her nipples were brushing against my chest and asked "Will you kiss me?"

"I'd be delighted!" I answered before doing just that - softly and gently and chastely. When our lips parted, she pulled away from me a little and asked "You really *aren't* going to push it, are you? I mean, I'm sitting here on your lap naked, and you haven't even put your **hands** on me. And when I asked you to kiss me, that's all you did - kiss me!"

"Evelyn, one of the very first things I tried to teach Jan and Kelly and the others is that it is **never** right to try and push someone into doing something that they don't want to do. *I* don't do it, and I don't like people that **DO** do it. Whatever happens, IF ANYTHING, between me and any of you tonight will happen because *you* wanted it to, not me. Remember what Kelly and I have told all of you about being honest with yourself, and knowing what you want and why you want it; if there's something you want us to do, it's up to **YOU** to let me, or them, know."

The other girls heard me - as I'd meant for them to - and as Evelyn was looking into my eyes, Bonita and Sheri got up. Following Evelyn's example, both got nude, and then went over to where Jan and Kelly were; Bonita to Kelly, Sheri to Jan. At gestures from the youngsters, Jan and Kelly stood up and let themselves be drawn into an embrace.

On my lap, Evelyn finally asked me "*It really* doesn't matter to you that I'm Black, does it?", her surprise clear in her voice.

"Which is more important to *you*, Evelyn: that I'm White, or that I'm a guy?" I asked, in return.

She nodded her understanding, and leaned forward again after telling me "This time, kiss me like you mean it - hands and all."

I put my arms around her and kissed her again - and as I did, I softly and slowly ran my hands up and down her back. I felt her nipples harden against my chest, and a few moments later her tongue tentatively touched my lips. I opened my mouth to her, and her tongue came into my mouth to introduce itself to mine. It took only a few seconds before we were trying to check out each other's tonsils. When that happened, I slowly slid my hands around her body, giving her plenty of time to object before I cupped her breasts in my hands and ran my thumbs over her nipples. That elicited a soft moan from her, and increased the passion of her kissing.

When we broke apart, she was panting softly and I could distinctly smell what I knew must be the scent of her arousal - slightly musky, but light and fresh. Looking at me, she said "I've felt like this, before - but *never* this much or this fast! How can you do that to me?"

I grinned and answered "It's not me, it's you." - getting myself a reproachful look from her before I went on "What I'm doing is showing you that I care - that I *love* you, remember?"

She nodded, and leaned forward to lay against my chest with her head on my shoulder. I put my arms around her and just HELD her for a bit. As I did, I could see that Crissy and Claire had decided they didn't want to be left out, and had decided to shuck their clothing before they started learning from each other: they were involved in what was clearly a passionate kiss, with both sets of nipples visibly erect. The others were pretty much mirroring them - except that Bonita and Sheri each had a hand on her partner's breast, and one of theirs on hers. Again, in each case, both sets of nipples were clearly hard.

After a bit, the others finally came up for air. Crissy and Claire saw me looking at them and blushed slightly; Sheri and Bonita simply didn't *care*. Hearing Sheri say "I think I could learn to like this!", Evelyn sat up and turned to see what had been happening while her attentions had been on me. Seeing how the others were situated, she realized what must have happened. She gave me a kiss and said "Thank you, Dan. I'll be back for more!" before getting off my lap and telling the others "If kissing a girl is *anything* like kissing Dan, I have **got** to give it a try!" - and getting soft laughs from her friends and smiles from Kelly and Jan. Crissy answered "And if kissing Dan is anything like kissing Claire, I want to know." The two of them smiled at each other, and moved to trade places - just as Sheri and Bonita did.

As Crissy moved onto my lap, I saw the others start up again. Crissy didn't hesitate to lean forward and kiss me - and I kissed her back, opening my mouth when she did. As our tongues danced in each others mouths, she pulled my hands up to hold her breasts, squeezing them to let me know that she wanted me to do more than just touch them. I did

as she wanted, softly squeezing their firmness and letting my fingers investigate their warm smoothness. With her firm ass resting in my lap, I could feel the outside of her sex brushing against my penis; I was surprised when I began to feel her young woman's oils begin to leak onto me. She pulled her lips away from mine to tell me "Touch me, Dan - *everywhere!*" before pressing her lips against mine again.

I let my hands wander across her body, marveling at the warm smoothness of her skin, how her body was soft in some places and firm in others. Cupping her delightful ass cheeks in my hands, I gently kneaded them as she pressed her breasts into my chest; slowly, so that she could say something if she wanted, I slid one hand farther down so that I could touch her sex. I discovered that her clitoris was almost completely erect, and the area between her vaginal lips almost soaked with her secretions. I gently drew a finger between her labia, and she moaned into my mouth as she arched her back to try and draw my finger farther inside. I did it again a couple more times, each with an identical response from her as she buried her tongue in my mouth.

Rather than keep after her that way, though, I moved my hands back up to her waist so I could return to caressing her young body - hips to shoulders to buns to hips again. After a bit, she pulled away from me again, and with a distinctly lustful tone told me "*I really* liked that."

"I kinda figured" I answered, getting a soft laugh from her. Looking over her shoulder, I could see that the others had already stopped, and had apparently been watching us - Jan and Kelly with amused smiles on their faces. Crissy turned her head to see what I was looking at, and I saw her ears darken as she blushed before she said "Oh, yeah. Kissing Dan is *real* nice." to the smiles of her sister and friends.

Crissy and Bonita exchanged a look, and a few moments later, places. Then Evelyn and Sheri did the same.

The tallest of the bunch, Bonita made a tidy bundle as she sat on my lap, her legs outside of mine as she faced me. Quietly, she told me "LOOK at me, Dan. All of me."

With that invitation, I did just as she asked - from the dark smudge between her thighs and the cleft visible within it to her full breasts capped with dark quarter-sized areolas and erect pencil-diameter nipples to her long straight hair and all the tawny expanse of skin in between. When I was looking into her flashing dark eyes, I told her "Yes, you're *very* pretty. But what really **matters** to me is what you have here" - tapping her chest over her heart - "and here" - her temple.

She looked at me in curiosity, and I explained "You're not always going to be young and firm and smooth. Do you want to marry a guy that loves you for what you look like when you're young, and then lose that love when you don't look like that any more? Or do you want someone that loves you for what is in your heart and your mind, so that he'll love you as long as you're alive?"

"But Kelly and Jan and the others - they're all so pretty!" she tried to argue.

"And I'm grateful for that. But it isn't the outside that I love them for."

She looked deep into my face, and finally realized that I was telling her the truth. Leaning forward slightly, she whispered to me "Then I hope that I'm lucky enough to find a guy like you, too. But since I *am* the way I am now, it seems a shame not to enjoy it, doesn't it?"

I grinned at her and answered "Yeah, that WOULD be a shame!" - and getting a grin in return.

A few moments later, we were kissing - deeply and passionately as Bonita's full bust pressed against my chest and my hands softly explored her body. I was pleasantly surprised to discover that her ass was apparently made up of a thin layer of foam rubber over steel: the skin was soft and smooth while the muscles underneath were firm. As we kissed, I could feel Bonita's body start to respond to my touch; she was pressing herself against me as she softly moaned into my mouth while our tongues danced in hers.

Finally, oxygen deprivation got to us, and our lips parted so we could start breathing again. Bonita's eyes were smoky with desire as she told me "I think I'd better stop here, for now."

"For now", I agreed, making her smile.

As chance would have it, all of us were finishing up about then; no words were necessary for Sheri to come over to me as Claire went to Kelly, and Evelyn and Crissy exchanged places.

Sheri didn't delay in planting her lips on mine, even as she was moving my hands to her hips. After a few moments, she pulled back and quietly told me "I'm not surprised Crissy acted the way she did. She and I, we've, uh, practised with each other, a little." - with a look of concern at me. I just told her "Good. Then you have some idea of what feels good for you."

Surprised at my reaction, she asked "You don't mind? That it was two girls? Or that we're sisters?"

"Why should it?" I asked in return. "I don't think either of you could MAKE the other one do something she didn't want, so that's not a problem. And being sisters, I expect you knew you could trust each other, which was the important part. So no, I don't mind."

With that out of the way, she didn't seem to think that there was anything else to worry about - she just leaned in and started kissing me again. She didn't have any more objection to having me explore her body than her sister did - I got to the same places and got pretty much the same responses. I couldn't help but envy the man that they decided to share themselves with. The idea of having both of them at the same time got into my head, and I couldn't help but start to respond to the mental images. Sheri felt it, and didn't

hesitate to begin rubbing herself against me.

As had happened with Crissy, the others finished before we did; to her credit, Sheri didn't blush *quite* as much as her sister had.

Another change of partners got me the delectable little Claire. The smallest, she made a nice package on my lap - particularly when she leaned forward to rest her head on my shoulders with my arms around her. As I simply held her, she whispered to me "I'm really nervous about this. I've never really sat on a guy's lap before - 'specially with both of us with no clothes on."

As though smelling her hair, I put my mouth next to her ear and answered "Its okay, Claire. I meant what I said - we only go as fast or as far as YOU say we do."

Sitting up, she looked down at me and said "Thank you, Dan. But I DO want to kiss you!" - the last with a cute smile.

"I'd like that" I answered, and she eagerly leaned forward to bring our lips together. The first kiss was soft and chaste; the second not so much. The third, even less so. As we continued exchanging kisses, I carefully let my hands wander her body. Whenever I felt her begin to tighten up under my touch, I guided my hands in a different direction and felt her relax again.

When she was satisfied that she'd gone as far with me as she wanted to, she slowly sat up again. I could hear the gratitude in her voice as she quietly told me "Thank you for not... pushing."

I was smiling - for the benefit of the others - as I solemnly answered "I'm not a taker, Claire. I only want what you're willing to *give* to me. Okay?"

She gave me a small, happy smile before easing herself off my lap to go sit on the couch where the others were.

Once everyone was ready, Jan got the conversation going again by asking them what they thought about what had just happened. All of them admitted that it had been a "learning experience" - but a nice one. From there, the conversation ranged far and wide for the next couple of hours.

Seemingly out of the blue, Sheri told us "While we were kissing and touching and everything, it felt *really* nice. I mean, I could, um, feel myself getting, you know, excited. Uh, between my legs, I mean. I kinda wanted to **do** something about it" - accompanied by a blush - "but I didn't know *what*." She shared a look with the others and went on "None of us knows anything about that - sex, I mean. None of us has parents that have any kind of sex books or magazines, and they don't teach *anything* about it at school, and nobody we're friends with has anything like a, um, adult movie or anything. So none of us actually **knows** what to do when we get excited. We've all touched ourselves, you know, masturbated; but that's all. So when I was kissing and touching you guys, and I got

excited, I didn't do anything about it because I didn't know what TO do."

Crissy and Bonita both quietly nodded their heads in agreement.

Jan and Kelly shared a Look, then turned to me before Kelly asked "Dan?"

I knew what they were asking, and simply answered "Its up to you. I expect you know how it works."

Both of them voiced their understanding before Kelly told the girls "We *can* help you learn about that stuff. But there's a problem."

Hearing that, the girls perked up and listened as Kelly explained "What we've all done so far hasn't really been **sexual** - not like what would probably happen if we do what you seem to be asking. The thing is, if we DO help you that way, then what the LAW says we'd be doing would be having sex with minors - none of you has reached what is called the 'age of consent'. The law says that until that magical day, you can't *possibly* know whether or not you want to experience anything about sex. So if any of us helps you that way, then we would be breaking that law; and a few more like it. The reason I'm telling you about this is because Dan and I have a business and a family, and Jan is a teacher at your school. If **any** of you said anything to anyone about us doing that for you, then all three of us would be in a WHOLE lot of trouble - trouble that none of us needs or wants. Like I said, Dan and I have a family; there is a pretty good chance that we would lose our kids if there was that kind of trouble for us; Jan would lose her job. And ALL of us could easily find ourselves in jail, too."

At hearing all that, the girls got *very* serious, as they should have. Kelly went on to say "Now, none of us has any problems about helping you learn - **except** for the reason I just told you."

Jan spoke up then, telling them "The other part you have to think about is whether or not each of you, individually, wants to be involved with Dan. I think you all understand that he isn't going to do anything you don't let him know is okay - *whatever* that might be. So we're going to ask you - each of you, and all of you together - to think about what we just told you and decide whether or not you can keep the trust we're willing to show you; and whether or not you want help from Dan - and if you do, how much. We're going to go into the kitchen and get some more snacks and drinks; when we get back, you can let us know what you decided."

With that, the three of us got up. I picked up the tray of snacks while Kelly and Jan got the drinks and glasses together. Then the three of us went into the kitchen where we went about doing what we said we would - along with a little kissing and friendly groping tossed in. It was several minutes before we got back to the den. We set everything down and took our seats before I said "Okay, you've had some time to think things over. Have you decided what you want to do?"

Starting with Crissy, each of them said that they would NEVER tell anyone what

happened - that we were *helping* them, and they didn't want us to get into any kind of trouble because of it. Each girl also told us in plain words that she *wanted* to learn about sex, and that included me, too.

Their tone of voice, earnestness, and everything else told me that they were being as honest and sincere as they could; I have to admit that it DID make me feel better hearing them.

When they were done, all three of us thanked them before Jan said "With all of you being girls, I think the easiest and best thing would be for us to start by helping you learn how girls can make each other feel good. Then, when we're done, we'll use Dan to help you learn the guy part of it."

I spoke up then, saying "It would probably be easier and more comfortable for everybody if we pushed the furniture back a little bit and put a couple of blankets on the floor."

Kelly and Jan both agreed, and as the girls and I went about making some room, the two of them went and got the blankets. When they were back, we got the blankets spread out so that everyone would have room and be comfortable; then we got a few small cushions for a little added padding or support.

When everyone was on the floor, the girls watched as Kelly and Jan kissed each other - first gently, then with increasing passion. Their hands moved to each other's bodies, and they were soon fondling and caressing each other as their kisses obviously deepened. Finally, Jan eased Kelly onto her back and began easing her kisses and touches down Kelly's body.

The girls were watching intently as Jan brought Kelly's nipples to erectness, glistening with saliva, before continuing her journey down Kelly's body. When Jan's head settled in between Kelly's thighs, Kelly managed to pull herself together and began telling the youngsters what Jan was doing to her, and how. At my suggestion, the girls moved around until each of them had a reasonably clear view of what Jan was doing, and the effect it was having on Kelly. All five of them were visibly aroused when Jan brought Kelly to orgasm; I don't know if anybody other than me noticed that every one of the girls had a hand between her thighs.

When Kelly's climax was over, Jan moved back up to lay next to her so the two of them could kiss and caress each other again. As they continued, Kelly eased her hand between Jan's thighs - which Jan readily spread for her. All five girls could watch as Kelly gently eased a couple of fingers between Jan's labia and into her vagina - while Kelly was slowly sliding her fingers in and out of Jan, Jan was telling them how it felt to her, and how it was different than having a penis inside. That she was enjoying it was obvious: Kelly's fingers were fairly dripping with Jan's juices. After a bit, Jan pulled Kelly's hand to her mouth and sensuously licked and sucked her own juices off of Kelly's fingers before the two of them kissed again. Then it was Kelly's turn to work her way down Jan's body - bringing Jan's nipples to glistening extension before moving on. When Kelly's head

reached Jan's pelvis, Jan spread her legs as far as she could, and had Kelly delay for a few moments so all the girls could see that her clitoris was erect and exposed, and see how her labia had extended and parted. Only then did Kelly dip her head between Jan's thighs and return the oral favors Jan had given her.

For several minutes, the girls listened to Jan's impassioned moans and gasps as Kelly slowly brought her to the brink of release - then Jan's cries of pleasure as Kelly pushed her over the edge into what was clearly a powerful release.

After Jan had her senses back, she and Kelly both sat up and dipped a hand between their thighs, offering the girls the chance to smell - and even taste - what another girl was like. Much to my surprise, every one of the youngsters not only sniffed, but dared to stick her tongue out and sample, the oils that were offered to them.

For several minutes, Kelly and Jan unashamedly answered questions about what the experience had been like, and what they'd felt and thought as it had been happening. In return, the youngsters admitted that it hadn't seemed as "gross" as they'd thought it would be; more, they'd found the scent and taste of Jan's and Kelly's oils to be exciting and pleasant. It ended with all five girls giving each other embarrassed, but appraising, looks.

When they were ready, Kelly and Jan got me out to where they could start on me. Jan got things going by giving the girls lessons on how they could use their mouths to get a man aroused - by having each of them take a turn at it, and correcting any errors that they made. When I was ready, Kelly moved to straddle my hips, facing away from me, so the others could watch as she took my erect penis and position it between her labia before slowly settling herself down on it. As she did, I could see five sets of eyes get positively huge as my manhood disappeared inside. Though there couldn't have been much doubt - if any - Kelly still made it a point of raising up high enough to make it clear that I really, truly was inside her before she began moving on me.

As she did, Jan explained to the girls that the position they saw us in was the easiest for a girl when she wanted to lose her virginity: by being on top that way, she was more in control of how quickly the man's penis got inside. Jan also explained how that position felt different from others. After a bit, Kelly got off of me so she could lay on her back with me over her, the classic "missionary" position. Again, Jan provided the color commentary as I slowly thrust in and out of Kelly while the others looked on. After a little of that, it was Kelly on her hands and knees with me behind her; then it was on to both of us on our sides with me entering Kelly from behind. A couple more changes, and it should have been clear to the girls that anything that got the parts lined up was all that was needed.

Kelly could tell that I was getting close, and had us switch back to her on top of me. I expect that she gave Jan some kind of signal, because as soon as Kelly orgasmed, she slid herself off of me so Jan could use her mouth to finish me off. When I climaxed, Jan pulled her mouth away so the first few spurts of my cum sprayed onto my belly before

taking me back in her mouth, sucking out what was left in me and swallowing it.

When she felt me start to shrink again, Jan released me from her lips, and Kelly explained to the girls about my climax and what Jan had done. Then, with Kelly's encouragement, each girl got a sample of my cum on her finger and sniffed, then tasted, it. By that time, the heady aroma of five aroused adolescent females was damn near enough to get me hard again; I could tell that the pheromone fog was having an effect on Jan and Kelly, too!

As before, the next several minutes were spent explaining to the girls what Kelly and Jan and I had thought and felt along the way. The girls also heard about my male limitations - number and frequency of climaxes - and my capabilities - that once I'd climaxed, I was able to make love longer afterwards.

When the after-action critique ended, Jan got up and went to get a washcloth and towel for Kelly and I; when she returned, Kelly and I used them before she put them in the laundry hamper. When Jan got back from that, Bonita asked her why she'd been the one to do that. Jan answered "I did it because I love them. Both of them have made me so good so many times that doing something like that for them makes me happy."

Seeing that Bonita really didn't understand, Jan explained "Kelly, and Dan, and I, and the others - we all love each other. I don't mean that we love each other the way most people do, either. We love each other *consciously*, and *deliberately*. Each of us loves the others because of all the good things we know about them. For example, I know - from my own experience - that Dan is kind and gentle and loving and patient and smart and so many other good things. I've TOLD him that I love him, and WHY, just the same way that he has told **me**. I know what kind of person I am because I'm honest with myself - so I know that I'm a good person, the same way that I know Dan is a good person - and so is Kelly, and my other special friends. We love each other because each of us knows what kind of person we are, and what we want to be like. And because we know those things, all of us try our very best to BE like that. With each of us knowing WHY we love the others, and knowing why the others love US, we don't have to be afraid that our love for each other is going to end or just disappear for some reason. Because we don't have to be afraid of that, we can trust each other more than you think people COULD trust each other; and along with that trust comes honesty - with ourselves and each other. None of us has to try and hide anything - we all know that we're not **perfect**. But we also know that we're always trying to make ourselves better, too; so when one of us is or does something that isn't perfect, we're honest with ourselves enough to know it, and try harder the next time. The others already know that that's what we're going to do - remember, I said we **trust** each other - so there isn't any reason for us to get upset with each other. Another part of that trust is that each of us knows that no matter what we do for each other, the others will be there for US, too. There's no kind of 'keeping score' with us - as long as each of us is happy, the others are happy FOR us. This time, I went and got the things so Dan and Kelly could clean up. Next time, Kelly or Dan will do it for me and the other one, just as they have in the past. Because I know and trust Dan, there isn't a doubt in my mind that if

this part of it had ended with just me and Kelly, HE would have gotten the things for US. But because he and Kelly were last, I did it for them."

Slightly puzzled, Sheri asked "You keep saying 'love'. Dan and Kelly have explained to us that love is another way of caring and all that, but I'm not sure if I really understand what you mean when YOU say 'love' the way you do."

"Something Dan told me very early on, and that he's told the others, is that love is when someone else's happiness means as much to you as your own." she answered.

Kelly joined in then by telling them "Something else he's said is that love isn't a claim ON someone, it should be a gift TO them; and that's how *we* mean it when we say we love each other. I **give** my love to Dan and to Kelly because I think that as the kind of people they are, they deserve it. And they give me THEIR love for the same reason: because they think *I* deserve it."

"How can all of you love each other like that? I mean, Kelly, don't you get jealous when Dan is with Jan or one of the others?" Evelyn asked.

Kelly just smiled and replied "We can love each other that way because there isn't any limit to the amount of love you can have for people. I don't get jealous about Dan being with Jan or any of the others because he doesn't get jealous when I'm with one of them. He makes me so happy and satisfied and content when we're together; I get all the love from him I could ever want, so why should I be upset if he still has enough inside him to love other people, too?"

I told them "What Kelly just said about the love she gets from me? That's the same way I feel about the love I get from her: it's *more* than enough to keep me happy and knowing that she loves me. Because I know she loves me that much, and WHY, there's no reason for me to be upset or jealous if she wants to be with Jan or anyone else. If you're already getting more than enough of something from someone, what *possible* reason could you have to be jealous if they still have some to give to another person?"

Finishing up, Jan told asked them "All of you know that your parents love you, right? Do you think that they love you any less just because they love each other, too? Its like that with us - only more so."

Put that way, I could see that the five of them could begin to see how we used the word "love". I could also see that it still didn't have quite the same meaning for them, and that they didn't really understand how we could do it. But that was okay - that's why they were there, so they COULD learn and understand.

After a bit, Kelly got a mischievous grin on her face and asked them "Now that you've seen the how and what of sex, do any of you want to try practicing it?"

All of them looked willing, but unsure. Sheri was the one to ask "Um, who do we start with?"

Jan smiled and answered "With whoever you want to. I think it would be better if each of us" - she gestured to include Kelly and me - "were with just one of you at a time, but other than that, who and what is up to you."

Hearing that, Sheri immediately stated "I want to be with Dan", and promptly got up to come over to where I was sitting. Taking a position next to me, she unashamedly pulled my arm around her to stake her claim. A moment later, Claire got up and went to Jan; she was followed by Evelyn going to Kelly. Slightly embarrassed, Claire asked "Um, do we just stay here? I'm still kind of nervous, and I don't know if I could do anything with other people watching."

Jan gave her a hug and said "That isn't a problem. There are four bedrooms here, so each couple can use one of them; just close the door if you don't want anybody coming in - around here, we *always* knock **and wait for an answer**. When you're done, just come on back in here."

That said, Kelly told me "Dan, why don't you go ahead and use our room. I'll use Marilyn's, and Kelly can use Daniels, if that's okay?" - the last directed toward Jan, who smiled her agreement. Kelly then told Bonita and Crissy "It's up to you if you want to start with each other, of course. If you do, you're welcome to use Janet's room - she's our daughter, and away at camp. If you don't, you're certainly welcome to stay here and watch tv or listen to music or whatever, or look around the house." The two of them voiced their understanding, and Kelly and Evelyn got up and headed for the hall while they held hands. I got up next, with Sheri following my example; Jan and Claire moved to follow us.

Once in the bedroom, I closed the door behind us - to Sheri's visible relief - and took her into my arms to tell her "Sheri, I'm honored that you would want to be with me, first. It tells me how much you care for me, and how much you trust me. And I want you to know that you're doing the right thing by trusting me like this. I know you've already been told before, but I'm going to say it again: I am **not** going to do anything with you that you don't let me know is okay. Just so you know, I'm probably going to get hard while we're together; I do *not* want you to think that there is *anything* you HAVE to do, or SHOULD do, if or when that happens. The two of us are here together now so that you can learn the physical part about sex and making love. How much of that you want to learn, and how you learn it, is up to YOU - I am **not** going to try and push you in any particular direction or get you to do any one thing or another."

"I understand, Dan", she replied.

I hugged her briefly, then went on "What you're doing here is exploring. It's someplace that I've been before, so I know what CAN be done and where we can go. I'll let you know those things, but where and what we do is up to YOU - I'm only here to help *you* find out the things that *you* want to know - no more, and no less. Okay?"

She wrapped her arms around me for a bit before releasing me and stepping back.

Surprised at the latter, and curious as to why, I listened carefully as she looked into my eyes and told me "I've been thinking about this for a long time, and there's something that I've wanted to do, but I've been too afraid to do it. But I know that I can trust you, so I wanted to be with you first so that you could do something for me."

Hearing that, I had a pretty darn good idea of what it was she wanted, but I still had to ask "What's that?"

She took a deep - if shaky - breath and answered "I want you to be the one I give my virginity to." I could plainly see on her face the mix of emotions and thoughts running through her: fear of being rejected, certainty about what she wanted, nervousness at actually having it happen, and all the rest.

"Why me, and why now?" I asked.

"Now because until tonight, I've been afraid of actually *doing* it with somebody. I've been afraid that I wouldn't be able to get excited enough; and I've been afraid that because I didn't know anything whoever I chose wouldn't be patient while I learned; and afraid that it would hurt too much; and afraid that whoever it was, they would think that I'm a bad person for wanting to do it. I want it to be you because you've shown me that I don't *have* to be afraid like I was. When I was on your lap, I got SO excited when you were touching me, and the way that you and Kelly and the others have talked to us, I know that I don't have to be afraid that you're going to think I'm a bad person. Kelly and Jan and the others have all told us that when you made love with them the first time, you were **so** patient and understanding with them, and that you were **so** gentle about it. All of them said that they had orgasms while they were making love with you the first time; I've heard some of the girls at school talking about THEIR first times, and they all said that it hurt, and they really didn't enjoy it. So if you can help the others have orgasms THEIR first time, then I know that you'll be just as good with me. I know that it still *might* hurt, but I also know that I can trust you to make it hurt as little as possible. Dan, I've really wanted this for a long time, but I've been afraid - until now. With you, I know that I don't have to worry."

"You know that once you're not a virgin any more, you can't go back? That it's a forever thing?"

Mildly exasperated, she answered "Of **course** I know that! That's why I waited: so that when I DID give myself to someone, it would be the *right* person, and that everything else would be as good as it could be. I want it to be now and here and with you because this is the right time and place and way for it, and because I think you're the best person I could ever find to do it for me."

She seemed to have given the matter the careful thought and consideration it deserved, and there wasn't any doubt in my mind that she was serious about what she wanted. That she was as confident as she was about it being me and then told me that it WAS right for her, then and there and with me.

I stepped forward and took her into my arms again and felt her wrap her arms around my waist as I told her "Sheri, it sounds to me like you've made all the choices and decisions that are right for **you**. If you want me to be your first, then I'll do the best I can to make it as good for you as possible."

I could feel the tension drain out of her body as she told me "Thank you, Dan. I already know I'll be happy with you."

We stayed like that for a couple of minutes, until she released me to step back again. With a smile, and only a trace of nervousness, she told me "Now, I want to learn about this making love business!"

Taking her hand, I lifted it up and kissed it before leading her over to the bed. There, she didn't hesitate to lay down on it and watch as I moved to join her. Lying next to her, I rested my hand on her belly and softly caressed it as I told her "I am not *knowingly* going to do anything to hurt you or make you uncomfortable or that you don't like. If I *do* start to do anything like that, I expect you to let me know so that I can **stop**. Okay?"

She smiled at me and said "I know you won't do anything to hurt me, Dan. But *if* you do, yes, I'll tell you."

I smiled back and replied "What I **AM** going to do is try and make you feel as good as possible. If you can tell me when you like something I do, it will help me to learn about **YOU**. I'll probably figure it out, anyway; but if you can let me know, its just easier and better for both of us."

She nodded her understanding, and I slowly moved my hand up to cup one of her breasts - feeling it's nipple hardening into my palm, while watching it's mate respond in kind. Sheri's eyes closed, and from the slight change in her breathing, I knew that she was enjoying the feel of my hand on her body.

I lowered my head to kiss her, and her lips parted, the tip of her tongue brushing my lips in invitation for more. I followed her example; it wasn't but a few moments before our tongues were introducing themselves to each other as she moaned deep in her throat. As our kiss deepened, I switched my hand back and forth between her breasts, carefully mapping them with my fingertips; feeling them tighten under my touch as her areolas peaked and crinkled, and her nipples got longer and harder.

When I lifted my head again, I could see that her face and shoulders were starting to darken with the blush of her arousal. Her eyes were hooded in her excitement, and the expression on her face made it more than clear that she was eagerly waiting to see what was next.

I started to move myself over her, and she readily spread her legs to make room for mine between them. Holding myself over her on my elbows, I lowered my head again - and surprised her by kissing her softly on the tip of her nose. Then it was on to kiss each of her eyes, her forehead, and each of her cheeks. A soft kiss to the lips again, and then the

hollow of her throat. Back and up to kiss her ear, and gently "nibble" it with my lips to elicit a soft moan from her. Down to her shoulder, then a trail of kisses out to it's point; reverse direction back to her neck; follow the line of her jaw to the other side, and up to give the other ear the same treatment as the first, with the same results. Out to the point of the other shoulder and back again; a series of soft lip-bites scattered across her throat until I was able to kiss her lips again.

When I raised my head that time, her aroused blush had darkened and spread. I kissed her lips again, and that time, she wasn't so eager for it to deepen - she'd learned from what I'd done that patience and gentleness could be as stimulating and arousing as anything else. I continued to kiss her, letting each one last a little longer and become a little more passionate until I finally parted my lips. Hers moved with mine, and our tongues got reintroduced to each other. We continued kissing like that until I heard her start panting softly; when that happened, I gently pulled away from her slightly so I could again kiss the corner of her jaw, then blaze a trail of soft kisses down her neck to the hollow of her throat - and then beyond, ending in the valley between her breasts. First one, then the other, was explored by my lips, my investigation of each ending with my taking the ends of her breasts in my mouth and sucking on them as the tip of my tongue mapped the surfaces of her areolas and nipples.

When both nipples were standing tall and proud, glistening with my saliva, I struck out for new territory by kissing my way down her body with a number of detours along the way. I dipped my tongue into her navel and heard her deep groan in response. A little more, and I was softly using my lips to "bite" the soft skin of her lower belly between kisses to the points of her hips. The brick red of her pubic thatch brushed my chin, and the scent of her womanhood told me that I was having the effect I desired. I continued my tender ministrations until my lips were lost in the forest of her soft, thick hair. I felt her raise and spread her legs even more to make room for me - she knew what was next, and was obviously eager for it.

Finally, I reached my goal: with a soft kiss on the inside of each of her thighs, I paused to look at the area between them, and the treasure she was offering me.

Her clitoris was almost completely erect, it's hood having pulled back almost completely. Lower, her vaginal lips were separated and easily visible. Dark with her desire, they were long and thin; the area between them was shiny with her oils. I looked up to her face and saw that despite her arousal, she was slightly apprehensive, too. I smiled at her, and lowered my head again before extending my tongue and running it from the bottom of her cleft to the top, collecting a goodly amount of her essence before finishing by running the tip of my tongue across her clitoris. My efforts earned me a deep groan of pleasure from her as her hips lifted in encouragement to do it again. I gladly did so: her female oils were thin and light, tasting faintly sweet and spicy at the same time. She raised her pelvis up as she tried to draw my tongue even deeper inside her; instead of letting that happen, I continued on so that I could softly lash the pea-sized nubbin of her clitoris with the end of

my tongue. Her hands found my head and held it where it was; I cooperated by putting my lips around her and began gently sucking on her sensitive clitoris. Much to my surprise, it took only a few moments of that before she experienced a small orgasm. When it was over, she released my head, and I went back to sample her liquid essence again - that time letting my tongue delve between her labia and brush across the small, tight opening to her womanhood.

Over the next several minutes, I went about sampling her young woman's charms as thoroughly as I could. And in the process, I was slowly and deliberately trying to arouse and excite her as much as I could.

I was swirling my tongue around her erect clitoris, my hands on her firm ass cheeks, when I felt her beginning to tighten up. I knew that she was getting close to another orgasm, and I was determined to make it better than the first. Using my lips and tongue in various combinations of speed and pressure (or suction) and different actions, I moved her closer and closer to her release. When I heard her release a whimper of frustration, I knew it was time, and with a firm, rapid fluttering of my tongue across her clitoris, I pushed her over the edge into her second orgasm.

When it hit her, her thighs tried to slam together, which I thought was going to break my neck. However, they also proved to be fairly good sound mufflers as she nearly screamed at the pleasure of her release. I was glad that all the rooms in the house were as soundproof as they could be; anyone that heard her was sure to think that she was being murdered - slowly, and in a particularly dastardly manner. With the end of her cry, her legs fell apart again, and I began pressing her clitoris in time with the contractions I could feel going through her body. She drew a deep breath and cried out again - not as loud, thankfully.

As her orgasm slowly tapered off, I eased up on the amount of stimulation I was giving her clitoris. I finally released her from my mouth, and as I heard her start panting, moved up so that I was lying on my side next to her. I had my arm across her body and was looking down at her when her eyes opened up. It took her a few moments to recognize me, and realize where she was - but when she did, she lunged up and wrapped her arms around me, kissing me as she hugged me fiercely.

When she finally let go of me to lie down again, I could see there were tears in her eyes. She saw the concern in my face, and volunteered "No, I'm not unhappy or upset. I want to cry because it felt so *good*! The first time, what you were doing felt good, like when I do myself, and I had an orgasm. But then you started doing all that OTHER stuff, and it kept feeling better and better. I was starting to get close again - I knew it was going to be better - and then you started *teasing* me like you did, and I could feel it building up inside me, getting stronger and stronger and stronger. Then you did that last little bit, and it was like sparks were going off inside me. I guess one of those sparks set off some dynamite, or something - it was so **good**; I thought I was dying!"

She licked her lips in thirst, and spent a moment smacking her lips before she realized what it was that she was tasting. With a blush, she looked up at me and asked "Is... is that what I taste like? Down there?"

I smiled and answered "Yes."

She gave me a wry grin and said "I... I think I know why you kept doing that, with your mouth. I taste kind of... good, don't I?"

I grinned as I replied "I think you taste *delicious*."

She blushed again, and asked "Do most girls taste like me?"

"I haven't tasted *most* girls" I answered, getting myself a dirty look from her before I went on "but from the ones that I know about, it's close. To me, there's a difference between each of you, but mostly it's the same. It's like each of you has the same basic stuff, but each of you adds your own particular flavor to it."

"Kind of like no matter what the flavor is, it's still ice cream?"

"Something like that", I agreed.

She licked her lips again, in an obvious attempt to taste more of herself; I just smiled at her when she gave me a slightly guilty look, and said "Don't worry about it. If you want to, you're more than welcome to taste yourself, or Jan, or Kelly, or anybody else. Now, would you like something to drink?"

She gave me a shy smile, and nodded. I got up and went to get us some bottled water from the fridge, and heard the faint but distinct sounds of women making love coming from the den. Rather than risk disturbing them by looking in on them - I figured if they wanted privacy, they'd be in a bedroom - I just continued with what I was doing. While I was at it, I got several bottles, figuring that we were likely going to need them before all was said and done.

When I got back to the bedroom, Sheri was sitting up, her back resting against the headboard of the bed. I handed her one of the bottles I'd opened in the kitchen, and she quickly drained a quarter of it. I set the rest on the night stand, and moved to sit next to her before getting my own water. She scooted over so she was sitting tucked into my side, and I put an arm around her. She put her hand on it, and looked up at me to say "Thank you, Dan. I was a little bit nervous, the first time you tasted me like that, and I thought that maybe you wouldn't like it. But you did, and when you smiled at me like that, I knew that it was going to be okay."

I gave her a quick hug and answered "You don't have to thank me, Sheri. I, and Kelly and the others - we do what we do for you and your friends because we *love* you."

"But how can you love us like that?" she asked. "I mean, you were letting us come over here before you really knew who we are, and everything."

"No, I'm not saying that we loved you then the way we do now, but we still loved you a *little bit*. Remember, it was you five that went to Kelly, asking her if she could help you find the answers to the questions you had - and that by doing that, you were showing us that you were different than the other girls you knew. So even if you didn't realize it then, you were still showing us that you were special; by being special that way, you were telling Kelly and me that there was a pretty good chance that you were going to be the kind of people that we *would* love. So all we had to do was get to know you, and let you know us. That happened, and now we DO love you."

She lifted her head and was looking at me intently when she asked "You *wanted* to love us? Why?"

I set my empty bottle aside, and she let me guide her onto my lap so that she was facing me before I answered "When you and the others went to Kelly, yes, we wanted to love you. The reason is that all of you seemed to want to know the kinds of things that I and Kelly and the others have learned, and if you'll forgive me for sounding like I think I'm the greatest thing ever, we think that what we've learned is pretty special. So if you and Claire and Evelyn and Crissy and Bonita seemed to want to learn it, too - well, that made you seem pretty special to us. So we were willing to have you come over here, and listen to what you wanted to talk about, and hear your questions, and all that so that we would have the chance to talk to you, and see if we couldn't teach you the things that *we've* learned. If you DID learn those things, then we knew that we would have some **more** friends like us - people that we could talk to and learn from and LOVE, the way that we already love each other."

"But you *couldn't* know that any of us would ever do that, though, could you?"

"No, we couldn't KNOW it. But we thought that it *could* happen, so we were willing to try. Remember what Kelly taught you at school, and what we've told you when you've been over here: that we love people for the good things that they have inside, and know that our friends love us for what's good inside US. As we got to know you - all of you - we could see what was good in you, and we loved you for it. And the more good you became, the more we loved you."

She blinked a few times in response to that before quietly asking "But you still don't KNOW that any of us is going to learn to love people the way that you do."

"No, we don't KNOW it - but we think there's a pretty good chance."

She sat there silently for a few moments before saying "So even without knowing that it was going to turn out okay, you were still willing to do all the things for us that you did - talking to us, and answering our questions, and all that."

"Yes", I simply answered, seeing that she was onto something.

"And the uh, anatomy lessons; not just the girl parts, but you, too - if any of us had said anything to anybody, you could have been in trouble with the cops even for that, couldn't

you? Even BEFORE tonight, when Kelly told us about it, you could have gotten into trouble."

I just nodded, and I saw her get distracted, her mind roughly a million miles from where her body was.

After a few minutes, she snapped out of it, and looked at me in awe as she said "So all of you - but 'specially you and Kelly - you were willing to talk to us and answer our questions and teach us the stuff that YOU knew we needed to know, even though you could have maybe gone to jail if any of us had said something to the wrong person."

I just nodded again, and she said "Even now, with me sitting on your lap like this - what we're doing is against the law. But you're still willing to do it. **Why?**"

"Because I love you" I answered, simply.

Stunned, she asked "You DO love me, don't you? It really doesn't matter to you whether or not I'm naked on your lap, or that I want to give you my cherry - you loved me *before* we came in here, didn't you? And you loved me before tonight, and before any of us ever did *anything* with you, didn't you?"

I just smiled at her, and awed at what she was thinking, she went on "You loved us so much that you were willing to take the chances you did, **because** you loved us so much!"

As she finished talking, I could see in her face that she'd finally made the connection; that everything Kelly and I and Jan and the others had told her had come together: she'd "gotten it", as Kelly described it.

Even though her eyes were on me, I knew that her mind was busy following all the links between the things that had suddenly become clear to her. Having gone through pretty much the same thing myself, I waited patiently for her to finish putting it all together as only she could do.

After a bit, she came back to me with a start. With a combination of amazement and guilt, she told me "The risks you took, and the time and everything else that you gave to us! And without knowing that we would ever become what YOU knew we *could* be! I felt so bad for all that I took from you before, but now... How can I ever pay you back? For everything you've done for me, how do I repay you for it?"

She let me pull her into a hug, and as I held her I answered "Don't worry about paying me or Kelly or any of us back. Take what you've learned, and pass it along to other people; help THEM learn it, too."

When she finally pulled away from me to sit up again, she asked "I guess there really isn't any way to pay YOU back for all you've done, is there? But I promise you, I **will** try to pass it along, like you say." She sat there a few moments, then said to herself "Holy crap. All of it - it was right there, in front of me, and I never even *saw* it!", then looking at me, she asked "How did you figure all this out? How did *you* learn it?"

I spent the next several minutes giving her a condensed and simplified version of it all - my time in the Navy, travelling overseas, taking the time to learn the people and cultures of the countries I visited, and all the rest of it. When I was done, she just sat there looking at me for a little bit before saying "I knew you were smart. I mean, you designed this house, with Mabel and everything; and you've got your own business and all that. But I didn't really understand HOW smart you must be until I realized that you were the one to figure things out the way you did! How can you be that smart, and still be normal?" - the last part followed by an embarrassed look.

I just smiled and answered "Damned if I know. Don't think that it all came together for me just like that, though. I had to spend a lot of time thinking about things, and learning, and most important, *practicing* the things that I was putting together. It was pretty hard, at first, and I made a lot of mistakes and got a lot of things wrong. But I learned from them, and started getting better at it; the more I did it, the easier it got, and the better I was at it. Now, it's just a part of me that I don't have to think about that much - but I **do** think about it, just to make sure that I don't get too carried away with myself."

She smiled back at me and said "Yeah, I guess you would, wouldn't you? And I'm going to take THAT as a lesson, too - that I shouldn't get too full of myself, just because I'm starting to understand this stuff and other people don't know about it yet."

"That would probably be a good thing", I agreed, before she let me pull her back into my arms.

I don't know how long she let me hold her like that - it was enough for me TO be holding her. But there came a time when she sat up again, and with a mischievous grin told me "We still haven't finished what we *really* came in here for."

Quite honestly, it took me a moment to remember; she'd finally understood what we'd been trying to teach her, and that was what was most important to me. But I did remember, and told her "You know that you don't have to do that, now."

She surprised me by answering "But I *do* have to do it, now - even more than before! After what I've learned from you, and knowing how much you love me, do you really think that I'm going to want to wait for someone else when I could have **you**?"

With her mind obviously made up, there wasn't anything for me to do but what she wanted. Not that I was actually unwilling, mind you; only that I didn't think it was as necessary as she did.

Seeing that I wasn't going to object any more, she quickly moved against my chest so the two of us could kiss - gently, and lovingly. I put my arms around her, and held her close, giving her my full attention just as I was sure that I was getting hers. We kissed several more times before she told me "I want to do for you what you did for me, if you'll lay down."

I did as she asked, and she moved to lean over me, her nipples dragging across my skin as

she lowered her head so we could start kissing again. Our kisses gradually increased in passion and intensity, and I could feel Sheri's nipples hardening even more against my skin as she became more aroused. Finally, her lips left mine and she began kissing me the way that I'd kissed her - gradually easing her way across, then down, my body. She delay long enough to suck on MY nipples, and used her tongue on my navel just as I'd done to her. Some time later, she'd reached the point where she could take my semi-erect penis into her mouth and demonstrate what she'd learned earlier.

Cupping my balls in her hand, she used her tongue to massage the underside of my penis - paying particular attention to the area right behind the glans where I was most sensitive. It didn't take much of that before she had me growing steadily. Pleased with herself that she was having the effect she wanted, she expanded her efforts to sliding her lips up and down my increasing length as she softly sucked on me. When I was fully erect, her eyes sparkled in delight at the results she'd achieved, and she let me slip from between her lips so that she could stroke me with her hand as she licked my scrotum, then take each of my testicles into her mouth and ever so softly suck on it. By the time she was done, a drop of seminal fluid had appeared - she eagerly lapped it up before taking as much of me as she could into her mouth. She managed to surprise the hell out of me by lowering her head far enough that I could feel the end of my erect penis briefly touch the back of her throat before she lifted her head again.

As good as what she was doing felt, I didn't want to cum in her mouth the first time. As cute and sexy and loving as she was, I wanted to be balls-deep in her when the time to empty myself in her. Lifting my head, I looked down at her and said "You don't have to stop, but I want to do you, too."

Delighted, she nodded her head and without taking her mouth off of me, managed to pivot herself around so that she was straddling my head. Looking at her cleft, I could see from the way her labia had darkened, and how wet she was between them, she was feeling excited about what she was doing to me. I felt myself brush against the back of her throat again, and decided that if I didn't get started on her, I wasn't going to make it. Reaching up and around, I held her cute ass in my hands and lifted my head so that I could begin licking the savory oils from her opening; when I did, she moaned around my penis, the vibrations of it stimulating me.

To keep my mind off what she was doing, I applied myself to the task of getting HER as aroused as I could - and seeing if I could get her to climax before *I* did. Using my mouth and lips and tongue, I did everything I could think of to excite her before her enthusiasm and (native?) talent did me in. Sucking on her clit, and swirling my tongue around it and softly nibbling on it with my lips; gently "chewing" on her vaginal lips with my lips, sucking on them, and licking her abundant oils from them; trying to penetrate her with my stiffened tongue, swirling my tongue around the entrance to her vagina, and simply licking at her as though she were Baskin-Robbins 32nd flavor - everything I did seems to please her. Still, I wasn't sure that I was going to be able to make her orgasm before

flooding her mouth.

Even with the benefit of the climax I'd had with Kelly and Jan, it was close. I could feel myself approaching that point of no return when Sheri suddenly let me slip from her mouth so she could cry out as the first wave of an orgasm hit her. As it did, I could feel the entrance of her vagina clenching at where my tongue was trying to enter her, and I could feel and taste the flow of her juices as the spasming of her virginal sheath pushed them out to where I could eagerly lap them up.

When most of it was over for her, she all but collapsed on top of me. I carefully eased her onto the bed, then reversed my position so that our heads were together and took her into my arms. After a bit, she indicated that she wanted me to let her go; I did, and when she was resting on her back again, she looked up at me and said "I'm sorry. I was trying so hard to make you feel as good as you made me feel before I came."

I leaned over and kissed her on the lips, surprising her, before I answered "Don't be. I was trying hard NOT to let you do that."

Confused, and a little hurt, she asked "Why would you do that?"

I kissed her again and explained "What you were doing felt **really** good to me, so don't think you weren't making me feel good. But if you want me to be the first person you make love with, then when I climax, it want it to be inside you. I want it to be special for BOTH of us."

Understanding that I wanted my time with her to be as significant she did, I saw the hurt in her eyes replaced with tenderness and affection. Smiling, she told me "I didn't think that you'd want to make it as special for you as I did for me. But you do, and that just makes me love you even more."

Then, feeling my erect penis laying against her leg, she got a glint in her eyes before she told me "Since you're obviously ready, how about if we finally get around to making me an EX virgin?"

"How do you want to do it, then?" I asked. "Its easier for you the first time if you're on top of me, the way Jan explained; but it doesn't *have* to be that way. You tell me, and that's what we'll do."

"It might be easier for me if I was on top, but that's not what I want. I want YOU to be on top, so that *you're* the one in charge - I **want** to know when it happens, and know that it's YOU doing it. Maybe it'll hurt - but that's okay. If it does, then that's part of you making me a *woman*. What do I have to do?"

I looked at her, and saw the certainty of what she wanted plain on her face. Well, it was her time, and I figured she deserved to have it happen however the hell she wanted it to. I still knew that I was going to make it as easy for her as I could, though.

"You don't have to *do* much of anything", I told her. "But there is something you have to

understand."

Curious, but apparently unafraid, she looked at me as I told her "I'm not just going to **push** myself into you. If you want me to make love with you, then it's only going to happen if you LET me in."

"I know you wouldn't do that, Dan", she told me, happily, before continuing "I really do WANT this to happen, and I'm not the least bit afraid, okay?"

I looked at her closely, and saw that she really *wasn't* afraid of being hurt.

Raising myself up, I moved over her, and she spread her legs to make room for me between them. Then bending her knees and opening her thighs, she let me see that she was as ready, physically, as I could ask: she was obviously still wet inside from her last orgasm, and her labia were flushed and extended with her arousal. Looking into her face, I could see that she was eager for what came next.

Holding myself on one arm, I reached down and angled my penis down so that I could slide the head of it between her vaginal lips, wetting it with her oils; when I did, she arched her pelvis up in encouragement. When I was well-lubricated, I positioned myself at her opening, feeling the heat of her desire. Holding myself in position, I eased my hips forward, applying gentle pressure against her. She spread her thighs a little more in response, and I could feel her trying to relax her opening to let me in; her eyes closed in concentration. I applied a little more pressure, and I think both of us were surprised when the head simply slipped through. Her eyes flew open, and I immediately stopped. She had a slightly distracted look on her face as she told me "No, its okay - I'm not hurt - not even a little bit. I was just surprised that it just *popped in* like that. Please keep going!"

Satisfied that I hadn't hurt her or anything, I did as she asked. Pressing myself forward again, I got perhaps an inch inside her before I felt myself reaching her hymen. Keeping my promise to myself, I stopped again, then carefully eased myself back and forth a few times to make sure I stayed lubricated. While I was doing that, Sheri began softly moaning, in apparent pleasure at having even that much of me moving inside her.

Easing myself into her, I again came up against the obstruction of her maidenhead; when she felt me pressing against it, she opened her eyes again and looked up at me to ask "That's my cherry you're hitting, isn't it?"

I agreed that's what it was, and she said "Good. When you get past that, I know you'll make me feel even better than you are now." Her confidence in me was flattering - and bloody intimidating, too. SHE might not have been worried about how I was to get past that little obstacle, but *I* sure was.

Deciding to test it a little to see if I could get an idea of how hard it would be to get past, I backed out of her a little, then pushed back in, thinking to bump against her hymen and learn how tough or resilient it was. When I got to it, I felt a slight pressure, then nothing - I was inside her another full inch before I fully realized what had happened. I stopped and

looked down at her to see how she was doing.

Her eyes on mine, Sheri said "We're past it, aren't we? I'm not a virgin any more, right?"

Great. Once it was over, it was "we" again. Still, it *was* over with. Looking into her eyes, I answered "No, you're not a virgin any more. Are you okay?"

She just gave me a Mona Lisa smile and said "I'm *fine*. It didn't hurt or anything, and all I felt was a little tug, kind of, inside. Well, that and YOU, of course!"

She obviously wasn't in any pain - far from it, I suspected - so I withdrew a little bit and slid back into her, letting myself go a little farther. I paused for a moment, then did it again - that time, I saw a little trace of blood on my erection, but didn't let it bother me since SHE wasn't having any problems. A few more times of that, and I felt myself filling her completely - the head of my manhood pressing firmly against the deepest part of her, my pelvis firmly pressed against hers. When she felt that, her smile got even wider before she told me "You feel **SO** good inside me like that! It's like there was a part of me that was missing, and now I have it, and it just feels so *right*!"

Lowering myself to rest on my elbows, I kissed her - and the way she returned it was *more* than sufficient to let me know that she was ready for me to continue.

As we continued to kiss, I moved my hips back, sliding my erect penis from where it was buried in her. She was as tight inside as a virgin would be - but she was also *very* wet; the lubrication that had escaped her when she climaxed was but a small fraction of what she'd produced. When I felt the tight ring of her opening just behind the head of my penis, I reversed direction, filling her again with my manhood - accompanied by a look of sheer delight on her face as she moaned her pleasure. After I was fully in her again, I paused a few moments, and then repeated my actions, moving a trifle faster. Then again, faster still. Finally, after just a couple of minutes, I was steadily pistoning in and out of her tight, wet womanhood - accompanied by a continuous series of pleased moans from her.

With each thrust into her, I could feel her nipples rubbing against my chest as they swayed in rhythm with my actions. Raising up a little, and contorting myself a bit, I managed to capture one of them between my lips and promptly began sucking on it. When I did, she started tossing her head back and forth as my actions ratcheted her arousal even higher. The problem was that it wasn't a position I could stay in for very long; I eventually had to release my liplock on her nipple and support myself on my elbows again. I could hear her disappointed groan when I did, but tried to make up for the loss by lowering my head and softly biting her shoulder and nibbling on her earlobe. From the sounds she made, I had to figure those were acceptable alternatives.

It wasn't long before I could feel her vagina start to periodically tighten around me as I continued to move in and out of her; I knew that she was getting close to climaxing again. I moved to support myself with my arms so that I could begin thrusting into her a little faster and harder; she responded by getting louder in her exclamations of pleasure and

locking her ankles behind me - opening herself to me as much as possible. Looking down to where we were joined, I could see that both of our pubic areas were well-soaked with the overflow of her oils. I watched, too, as her labia stretched with each withdrawal of my penis, only to disappear again on the inward stroke. The scent of her was thick in the air; my ears were filled with the liquid sound of our joining. As the clenchings of her hot sheath became more and more frequent, I continued cycling myself in and out of her - each inward push bringing our pelvises together with a soft bump, something that elicited a sharp gasp from her each time it happened.

Finally, it happened for her. With a loud cry, she lifted her hips up off the bed, trying to draw me as deep inside as she could with her legs. I felt and watched a series of powerful spasms take over her body as her incredibly wet and tight vagina began clenching around my penis as she held me still, deep inside her. If I hadn't had time to recuperate from what she'd with her mouth earlier, the sensations she was creating around me surely would have had me flooding her insides with my cum. Even so, it was close - she just felt that damn good.

When I felt her orgasm begin to taper off and her ankles unlocked from behind me, I carefully lowered myself to my elbows again so that I would be closer to her as she recovered from what was obviously a powerful climax.

Gradually, her breathing slowed to something approximating normal, and she opened her eyes again. She seemed unsure of where she was for a moment before her eyes focused on me. I had time to see her face get positively radiant before she threw her arms around me and pulled me down to give me a fierce hug, and then start crying. When she released me again, I lifted my weight off of her and listened as she told me "Oh, Dan! That was the most *incredible* thing I've ever experienced! I didn't **know** that it could FEEL like that! It was so *wonderful*!" while her tears flowed freely.

I lowered my head to give her a soft kiss on the end of her nose, followed by another to her lips before I answered "That's what making *love* is all about."

She gave a small hiccup - making her blush slightly - then asked "Making love?"

I smiled and asked "Do you think it would have felt so good, and meant as much as it does, if we'd done this *before* we talked the way we did?"

She considered that for a moment before smiling back and saying "No, I don't think it would, really."

She was starting to sniffle a little at that point, and gestured she wanted me to move so she could get up - but when I held still and she started to move on her own, she realized that I was still hard, and still deep inside her. The sense of wonder that came across her face was something to behold.

"Did... didn't you like making love with me? I know you're not hard after you squirt, and..." she slowly trailed off, with a sniffle.

I kissed her on the lips again, and said "I liked making love with you a lot, Sheri. That's why I didn't try to climax - so that we *could* make love some more."

It took her a second to realize that not only was I telling her that she hadn't done anything wrong, but that I was saying that we could keep making love, too. When she did, the wonder on her face was replaced with a look of mixed delight and lust.

"The only thing is, we're going to have to make love a different way, is all. I get a little tired, this way."

"Anything - as long as we can keep going!", she declared.

When I started to ease myself out of her, she quickly looked down between us and watched as my erect penis slowly pulled free of her, drawing her labia out along with it. I heard her softly say "Oh, god, it looks so sexy!"

When I was free of her, I moved from between her legs so she could get up - I knew that she needed/wanted to blow her nose and dry her eyes before we make love again.

Motivated by the prospect of making love some more, she took care of everything in what was probably record time; it couldn't have been a full minute before she was back on the bed, sitting across from me as she asked "What now, Dan?"

"How about if we try 'doggie' style?", I asked.

She thought about how she'd seen me and Kelly, and decided that it appealed to her - with a lecherous grin and enthusiastic nod, she quickly moved to her hands and knees. I could see that her eyes were locked on my erect, swaying penis as I knee-walked over to her. When she lost sight of my erection, she looked up at me - and didn't even blush when she realized I knew where she'd been looking. She just gave me a smoky-eyed look that let me know she was *ready*. Looking between her thighs, I could see the parallel lines of her labia bracketing her opening, with her wet, matted dark red bush providing a nice backdrop.

When she felt the head of my erection brushing against her, she realized that we weren't *quite* lined up correctly, and quickly moved to correct the problem. Putting one of my hands on her hip, I used the other to position myself against her entrance. Arching my hips, I slid into her, burying my manhood in her in a single steady thrust - accompanied by a deep groan of pleasure from her.

I quickly put my hands on her waist and began slowly thrusting myself in and out of her again. Once I was into a rhythm again, I leaned forward so I could slide my hands around and cup her firm breasts. I could feel her nipples dragging across my palms as her breasts swayed in counterpoint to my movement in her, and I traced my fingertips along the curves of her hanging breasts until I could gently pull and pinch her erect nipples. She responded by reaching a hand back between her legs so she could try cup my balls in her hand, then softly curl her fingers so she was dragging her fingernails across my scrotum.

The effect on me was electrifying - after about the second time she did that, it felt like my cock was as long and hard as it had ever been. I knew that if she kept that up, she was going to have me emptying myself into her in *very* short order. But it felt so damn good that I didn't want her to stop - so the only other thing for me to do was try and get her to climax with me. I quickly speeded up the pace of my efforts, as well as the force with which I was entering her. From the way she'd responded when it had been our pelvises contacting, I wasn't surprised when my increased activity and "enthusiasm" did what I'd hoped they would: quickly increase HER arousal and excitement, too, causing her hot sheath to start clenching around me again.

The test to see which one of us could hold out the longest lasted only a few more minutes; I conceded the loss by trying to see if I could fit my entire body inside her tight, wet womanhood before what felt like gallons of semen erupted from the end of my penis. She threw her head back and all but screamed "Oh, GOD! I can feel it!" before the first wave of her release overwhelmed her. I could only hold myself as deeply in her as I could while the muscles of her vagina began a milking sensation that not only intensified, but prolonged my release.

The position I was in left me a little more stable than hers did; after the first few spasms coursed through her body, the arm she was supporting herself with suddenly gave way. I nearly wrenched my back in the process, but I managed to catch and hold her so that she didn't fall face-first onto the bed. Her hand released my scrotum, and she managed to offer at least token assistance as I carefully got her lying down on the bed. I stayed right with her during the process, my mostly-erect penis still deep inside her sheath. Once I was satisfied that she could breathe properly, I rearranged my arms and legs so that even though my lower body was resting on hers, I was holding my upper body over hers by resting on my elbows. She was covered in a fine sheen of perspiration, just as I was, and the feeling of our bodies sliding against each other was helping keep me erect enough to stay inside her. Her breathing was fast and shallow, so I lowered my head and began softly kissing her shoulders and the back of her neck to give her an external reference point. After a bit, she gave a little shudder and managed to croak "Dear **GOD** that was good!"

I kissed her on the base of her neck, between her shoulders in response, but kept my silence - I was still trying to get MY breath back, too.

After a bit, she started to move; I simply told her "Unless I'm making you uncomfortable, why don't you just hold still and relax?"

She murmured "No, you're not making me uncomfortable - you feel *nice*", with a smile.

I continued to hold myself over her like that for some time. There was an occasional fluttering in her vagina that did wonders for keeping me erect enough to keep our juices "corked" inside her. But there wasn't *anything* that could stop it, though; as I felt myself getting close to the point where I knew I'd finally slip free of her, I was surprised to hear a

soft buzzing noise coming from her. I checked her, and was amused to discover that she'd fallen asleep - and was faintly snoring!

Rather than wake her, I just waited until I felt myself slip free of her intimate grasp. I carefully moved away from her and made a quick dash to the bathroom for a damp washcloth and a towel. Back in bed, I managed to get her turned over without waking her, and gently went about cleaning her up - not just our escaping fluids, but the faint traces of blood from her defunct maidenhead. Back to the bathroom again where I cleaned myself up, as well. Once I was back next to her, I got her rolled onto her side and moved to spoon with her, my hand resting on her belly. I drifted into a half-sleep, but came awake every time she moved or her breathing changed - so I was alert and looking at her when she woke up from her little nap.

She turned her head to look at me, and awarded me an absolutely beatific smile before shifting herself so that she was lying on her back. Taking my hand, she lifted it to her lips and kissed the palm before moving it to hold her breast. Raising her hands over her head, she stretched hard enough that I could hear her muscles creak, and a few joints pop, before she relaxed again. She laid her hand on my face and lovingly told me "I *knew* I was making the right choice when I wanted to give myself to you the first time. You've been so kind, and gentle, and patient with me; there was never any doubt in my mind that you loved me. But when you talked to me, too, the way you did - well, that was just the icing on the cake. And then when you made love to me, and I had those *wonderful* orgasms! I didn't know that a person **could** love someone they way you've shown me you love me; and then to help me learn what love meant, and letting me love you back, the same way - I... I just don't know how I could be so lucky, and so loved."

I took her hand in mine and kissed it before telling her "We love you the way we do because you *deserve* it - by being the kind of person you are. And if anyone is lucky, its us, for getting the chance to know you, and teach you what *we've* learned, so that you can be our friend, too."

I could see the pleased surprise on her face when she asked "I... I can be your friend, too? You, and Kelly, and Jan, and all the others - they'll let me be their friend?"

"Of course they will", I told her, smiling. "You were our friend from the first time you came through our front door - you just didn't know it yet. But now - now you're one of our *special* friends, and you'll **always** be welcome to join us for whatever reason you want - because we love you."

She started to cry, and told me "I... I thought it would be over - you know, once we made love. I mean, all of them are so *pretty*, and they're grown women. I didn't think that any of you would want to have a kid around."

The first thing I did was to kiss her tears away; then I told her "But you're NOT a 'kid'; not in the way that matters to US - in your heart, and in your mind. You know the important part of what WE know - that makes you as grown up as you need to be for us to love you

and be friends with you."

Reassured, and happy again, she looked up at me with love in her eyes, knowing that she had a whole new group of friends that cared for her in a way that she hadn't known was possible.

After a bit, she told me "It was *so* nice making love with you. That second time, after you started playing with my nipples and I reached back to touch you... I could tell that what I was doing was making you feel good. I thought that maybe you were going to squirt in me before I had another orgasm - and that would have been okay, because you made me feel so good before then. But you tried to make ME excited, too, and I was getting SO close when I felt you push into me the way you did. I knew that you were going to do it, and I thought I was going to miss out - but then I could feel it, you know, you squirting your stuff in me. Knowing that I made you that excited, and that I was able to make you feel good like that; well, it hit me in a way that I didn't think it would, and I started having an orgasm anyway - and it was so *strong*! It was like every time I felt your stuff coming out, my orgasm was starting all over again..."

With that, she realized that I *had* climaxed in her - and that she had only lay there since waking up. I watched as she tried to check herself to see if she was leaking or messy or anything without my noticing what she was doing. She finally realized that I *was* watching her, and blushed before saying "I know you put your stuff in me, but I can't feel anything coming out, and I haven't gotten out of bed yet to clean up", her tone of voice making it clear she didn't understand what was going on. I just smiled at her and said "It's okay, Sheri. I cleaned you up while you were asleep."

She blushed again, embarrassed, and I had to tell her "Don't be embarrassed, okay? That's what happens when a man and woman make love and he cums in her. I didn't think you'd want to wake up cold and wet and sticky - I know that's what happens - so I went ahead and did it for you so you could rest. Besides, *I'm* the one that put it there!" - the last part earning me a grin from her.

She raised up enough to give me a kiss before settling down again and telling me "You are *such* a dear! I'm so glad you were my first!"

"And I'm glad you trusted me enough to make it right for you", I replied.

She just smiled, and the two of us lay there for a while before she finally said "I think we've been in here pretty long. I'll bet the others have already finished."

I grinned at her and said "I'll bet they've finished a couple of times - at *least*. But you don't have to worry about being here. Nobody is going to bother us; I expect that Kelly and Jan have figured out what happened, and they won't disturb us, and won't let anyone else, either."

"You really think they know we made love?"

"I'd bet money on it. But it's okay - they aren't going to be jealous or upset with you any more than they are with each other. They trust me, too, and they know that if I'm willing to make love with a girl, it's because she's a good person. And they know that if I think a girl is a good person, they'll think so, too. They trust my judgement about things like that, because I think about people the same way they do. So there's no reason for you to worry or be upset about being in here with me. Whenever we go back to the others, that'll be just fine with Kelly and Jan."

Satisfied that there wasn't anything for her to worry about, Sheri smiled at me. A moment later, she said "Maybe Kelly and Jan won't mind, but I'll bet my sister and the others are missing us. I think we should go back before they get too worried."

I kissed her on the lips and said "If you want to go back, then we can do that, for whatever reason you want. Would you like to take a shower with me first?"

She looked delighted at the prospect of cleaning up with me; it took us only a few moments before we were headed for the bathroom. Inside, she proved to be a playful, loving, soap-slick handful. When we'd dried off, I told her she could go ahead; when she saw me getting out fresh bedding, she insisted on helping change it, telling me "I don't know if anyone else is going to be in here tonight - but if they are, I want them to have it as nice in here as it was for me." When we were done, she took me by the hand and walked with me back the den, where the others were all gathered.

As we came in, Kelly and Jan both gave me an amused look - as I'd expected, they didn't have any trouble figuring out what was taking Sheri and I so long. Then they looked at her - then looked again. Seeing a little apprehension in Sheri's face, Kelly simply told her "Welcome back... friend" in a way that let Sheri know that she *was* welcome - as a **friend**. I saw the smile Sheri gave her and Jan, and knew that she'd understood. The other four girls didn't seem to notice what had happened; they seemed to be more interested in what had taken Sheri and me so long - and relieved that we'd finally returned.

Jan saw the others start to ask Sheri why they hadn't seen us for so long, and quickly told them "One of the rules that we have in this house is that we do **not** ask people about what happened between them and someone else. If they want to talk about it, they will - *without* having someone else pestering them with questions. If you don't think that sounds fair, just remember that it applies to what each of YOU have just been through, too."

With the reminder that they might want to keep what they had just been doing private for a little while, the other four girls quickly settled down again. Except that I could see that Sheri was still going to have some explaining to do to her sister, when they were alone.

"Without going into any details" Kelly told me, "All of the girls have had the chance to find out for themselves what they like and don't like about sex. I think *all* of them are affectionate and loving, and as lovely as they can be" - making the youngsters all look pleased at the compliments.

I sat down in my chair while Sheri went over to sit next to her sister as four pairs of eyes watched her. Kelly and Jan were looking at me, and I just smiled and nodded in affirmation that they were correct in what I knew they were thinking.

When I was settled in, Kelly asked if anyone was hungry or thirsty - and was politely informed by all five girls that they were *both*. Jan told me "Dan, why don't you keep the girls company while Kelly and I get something for everybody?" I knew that Jan knew what had happened while I was with Sheri; her suggestion that I keep the girls company was just a polite way of telling me to rest up from my efforts.

Kelly and Jan got the serving trays loaded with the aftermath of the last session, and headed into the kitchen - giving me grins that the girls couldn't see as they went.

I managed to get the girls talking again after a bit, and we were in full conversation when Kelly and Jan reappeared. The girls each got a soda and sandwich; I was issued a beer and TWO sandwiches - apparently, they figured I needed the energy, too. Kelly and Jan kept the girls occupied while I went through my beer and food - it turned out that I *was* hungry; apparently, deflowering virgins can really take it out of a guy.

With our thirsts slaked and something in our bellies, the next thing on the agenda was for the girls to do something more normal for a sleep over: Experimenting with Makeup. It took me all of a zillionth of a second to decide that I didn't want to be around for that.

"I can see by the clock on the wall" - they all laughed; it was on top of the TV - "that its getting a bit late for an old fart like me, so I'm going to bed", I told them.

"What are the, uh, sleeping arrangements?" Sheri asked - and getting a Significant Look from her sister.

"I'm sleeping in MY bed. Whatever the rest of you decide is up to you", I answered, with a look at Kelly. She understood that I didn't want any extra company, and told them "Dan and I will be in our bed, of course. I don't think any of the five of you will mind sharing a bed, will you?" - followed by a round of giggles from all of them but Sheri. Apparently, they'd all gotten pretty "familiar" with each other while Sheri and I were missing.

Jan spoke up then, saying "There are only three other beds, so rather than three of you being crowded in one of them, ONE of you can sleep with me, if you want."

Claire quickly volunteered for that position; Bonita and Evelyn took it as a foregone conclusion that the twins would be one pair. It might have just been my imagination, but the look Bonita and Evelyn gave each other made me think that they weren't all *that* upset at spending a night together in the same bed.

When I got up to leave, Crissy asked Kelly if she was going to bed, too - and all of them looked pleased when Kelly said she hadn't planned on it, just yet. That out of the way, Kelly, then Jan came over to kiss me good night; a moment after Jan stepped away from me, Sheri got up to do the same. The others took that as their signal that it was okay for

THEM to kiss me good night, as well - though their kisses were appreciably different than the one I'd gotten from Sheri.

When I got back to the bedroom, I closed the door most of the way but didn't let it latch, so Kelly could come and go if she needed without having to worry about waking me up. Once in bed, it didn't take me long to fall asleep - it really was late, and it *had* been an active evening for me.



The next morning, I woke up with Kelly spooning against my back. The beer that I'd ended the previous night with was making its presence felt, and I carefully went about getting out of bed - I didn't know what time Kelly had gotten to sleep, and didn't want to wake her.

With the hydraulic pressure relieved and my teeth brushed, the next goal was to get some coffee, followed by reading the paper. In the kitchen, I found that someone had prepped the coffeemaker the night before, so my home automation system had been able to start it brewing when I said it was okay on my way to the bathroom. I got myself a cup poured, emptied the rest of the pot into a carafe, and started another pot brewing. I figured that anyone that was ABLE to get up would need it as much as I had.

I was in the den, having finished the paper and all the coffee when a naked Crissy came in. Rubbing her eyes, she looked at me and said "That coffee smells good. Is there any more?"

I told her there was some in the kitchen, and started to get up; she just shooed me back down and said "Stay there; I'll get it" before picking up the carafe and heading for the kitchen. She was back in a couple of minutes, cup in one hand and carafe in the other. She sat down at the end of the couch next to where my chair was, and told me that she'd gone ahead and started more coffee. I nodded, and asked her what all they'd done after I went to bed. She gave a soft laugh and said that after the makeup, they had a pillow fight, followed by watching some sappy movie on TV before going to bed around 3:00. It was just then getting close to 8:00, making me glad that I hadn't woken Kelly - even though she was younger than I was, she still wasn't as young as the girls, and likely needed the rest she was getting.

As Crissy was taking a sip of her coffee, I saw that she was giving me an appraising look over the rim of the cup. When she realized that I was watching her, she blushed slightly and set the cup down before asking "Dan, can we talk?"

"Sure", I answered.

"When you came in here last night, after you and Sheri had been together, I thought she

was... different, somehow. I mean, she didn't really *act* different that I could point to and say 'that changed'; but there was something that just told me she wasn't the same sister I had BEFORE she went with you."

I nodded my understanding, and she went on "After we all went to bed last night, I finally got to talk to her about it, and she told me that you made love with her. But the way she said it, it was like the way Kelly and Jan say they make love with you - like she was using the word 'love' in a different way. I started talking to her about it, and asking her questions and everything, but she wouldn't tell me what you and her actually did; the only thing she'd do was tell me about the things that you *said* to each other."

"If Sheri wanted you to know what happened between us, its up to HER to tell you; I'm not going to say anything about it", I told her.

She just shook her head and said "No, I wouldn't want you to - if you won't talk to ME, her sister, then I know you won't talk to anyone else, either; and that's fine. What I want to talk to you about is what you talked to HER about - and the things that she said to me last night. I mean, some of the things she said, it got me kind of thinking, you know? And now it's like there's something at the back of my mind that I can't get ahold of - like when you know there's something you're forgetting, but you can't remember what. So I'm hoping that if you'll talk to me like you did her, whatever that is, it'll come out. Am I making any sense?"

I smiled at her and answered "Yes, you're making plenty of sense. You're going through something that *I* did, so I understand you perfectly. The problem is that it isn't anything that I can say or do that will positively clear it up for you. Remember when Kelly told all of you that if you stuck around, there would come a point where everything we've been talking to you about would just kind of come together? And that you had to learn the complicated way of doing things before the simple way would really make sense?"

She told me she did, and I replied "Well, I'm sorry to tell you this, but you're at the point *just before* it comes together, and the easy way makes sense. Because what's happening in YOUR mind is different than what happened in MY mind is different than what happened in Kelly's is different than what happened in Jan's, and so on, there isn't **anything** that any of us can *knowingly* do to change what's happening with you. What I learned - the hard way, I'm sorry to say - is that the how and when of it has to happen inside you, in a way that's only right for *you* and nobody else. The only thing I can suggest is that you pay REAL CLOSE attention to everything that happens around you: what you hear people say, what they do, what happens even when there isn't anybody around - because it could be **anything** that finally makes that connection for you, so that you understand all of what we've been telling and teaching you."

She made a face, then asked "Well, if you can't help me get my mind straight with your words, can you at least help me by letting me sit on your lap, and holding me?"

I smiled at her and answered "THAT I can do - and be glad for the chance."

She got up and came over to where I was sitting, then turned and sat down so that she was facing away from me. Tucking her legs in next to her, she scooted back until she was resting against my chest. I put my arms around her and held her close as she let her head tilt over to rest against my shoulder. As cute and sexy as she was, I was glad to have her on my lap and in my arms; but she'd said she just wanted me to hold her, so that was all I did. I regretted that she was troubled the way she was, but there really wasn't anything I could do that would clear things up for her - it simply *had* to come from her if it was going to work.

After about twenty minutes or so, I heard her ask "Dan?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Would you make love with me?"

Seemingly coming out of nowhere like that, her question surprised the hell out of me. With a few gentle nudges, I managed to convince her to turn around so that we could look at each other before I asked "Why are you asking me that, Crissy?"

"You made love with Sheri last night, and now she's so much *different* than she was before. I mean, just talking to her last night, I could tell that she was more like Kelly and Jan than I thought she could *ever* be. For the first time in my LIFE, I'm actually **jealous** of her - and I *hate* feeling that way about her. You made love to her last night, and now she's somehow a better person. I want to make love with you so I can see if I'll be a better person, too, like her." Looking into her face, I could see that Crissy was quietly crying, her tears slowly running down her cheeks.

Cupping her face in my hands, I used my thumbs to brush the tears away before I told her "Crissy, its not the making love that changed her. She changed because of what we said to each other BEFORE we made love. She told me that making love with me was something that made her happier than she'd ever been before - but even SHE admitted that if we'd made love before we talked, it wouldn't have been as nice for her as it was. Please, Crissy - whatever else you do in life, please, *please* don't ever make love with someone just because you think you have to for some reason. Making love with someone, the way Kelly and Jan and I mean it, is something so much better than just having sex - and if you're ever with someone just because you think you have to, or should, then all you'll be doing is having sex; it simply isn't possible to make *love* if it isn't for the right reasons."

After a moment, she asked "So you're telling me you won't do it? You won't make love with me, even though I asked you to?"

I knew my voice made it clear that it hurt me to tell her "That's right. I'm telling you 'no'."

I could see her get angry as she asked me "Why won't you? You made love with Sheri, and we're twins, so I know it isn't because you don't think I'm pretty enough. Did she do something that you don't think I'll do? I will! I promise, whatever you want, I'll do it!"

I tried to cup her face again, but she just shook me off. I told her "No, it isn't because you're not pretty - I promise you, you are. And no, Sheri didn't do anything that I don't think you would do, either."

Visibly outraged by then, Crissy asked "Then why won't you make love to me? I'm sitting here on your lap, stark naked; and I'm *asking* you to make love to me - a virgin! Why the hell won't you do it, then?"

Quietly, I told her "Because I love you too much, Crissy."

I think it was my quiet tone that convinced her to actually think about the words that I'd said. For a couple of seconds there, I actually thought that she just might slap me; then she paused, and after a minute or so, she asked "You... love me? You're telling me that you *won't* make love to me because... you **love** me?"

"That's what I'm telling you - because its true."

She considered that for a bit before asking "How can you love me, and not be willing to make love with me?"

"Because we're using love in different ways, you and I."

"How's that?"

"When *I* say 'love', I mean that YOUR happiness is as important to me as MY happiness is. And when *I* say 'make love', what I mean is that I want to share my heart and my mind with the other person, AS WELL AS my body. What **you** mean by 'make love' is that you just want to share your body. Most guys would do that, and be damn glad for the chance. But I'm not most guys - I already know that there's a HUGE difference between the sharing-your-body making love, and making love the way *I* mean it. You might not think so, but I already know that if I used your body, it might make you feel good - for today. Hell, maybe even tomorrow, and the day after that. But sooner or later, there would come a time when you would be sorry that it happened. And when that time came, what happened today would start to eat away at you - like a tiny bit of rust on a car that just keeps getting bigger and bigger, until there's nothing left. You would regret that you ever offered to let me use your body that way, and it would eat away at your heart, and your mind. So because I love you - the way that **I** mean 'love' - I'm not willing to make love to you in the way that **YOU** mean 'make love'. Instead of making you a little bit happy now, and a lot unhappy later; I love you enough to do the opposite: make you a little unhappy now so that you'll be a lot happy later."

When I finished, she just sat there, staring at me - or more correctly, staring **THROUGH** me; she seemed to be focused on a point about seventeen miles beyond where I was sitting. Looking at her, I could almost see her thinking about what I'd just said.

Without disturbing her, I managed to get her leaning against me again, and put my arms around her to hold her.

A couple of minutes went by before I heard her softly say "Jesus Christ on a pogo stick. It **is** simple."

I just sat there, not saying anything, smiling to myself as I continued to hold her.

Several more minutes passed, and she said "You love us. You, and Kelly, and Jan, and Candice, and the others. All of you love us."

"We do", I agreed.

"And you gave yourselves to us - talking to us, even though you must have *known* that we were pretty much blowing you off, and taking advantage of you."

"We did."

"And even knowing what we were doing, you *still* kept letting us come over here, and answering our goofy-ass questions like they really meant anything. And you kept talking to us as though we were even **half** as smart and sophisticated as we thought we were."

"Yup."

"And you dared expose yourselves to us - not just your hearts and your minds, but your bodies, too; knowing that if *any* of us got a hair up our ass, you were all risking jail."

"That's right."

"You gave so much of yourselves to us, KNOWING that we were taking it from you and giving you so little back - just because you cared what happened to us, and hoping that we would get our heads out of our asses long enough to appreciate what you were doing, and MAYBE become the kind of people that YOU are."

"You've got it."

She sat up and turned to look at me, her face a mix of emotions: awe, shame, amazement, guilt, and a lot more. Looking into my eyes, she said "And through all of it, you cared for us, and taught us, and most of all, loved us. Dear God, what kind of people you must be, that you have that much love and strength inside you!"

I gave her a gentle smile and said "Crissy, if you understand all that, then I think you'll find that you've got the love and strength inside you, too."

She just stared at me for a minute as she looked inside herself - and finding what I knew she would. Stunned, she just looked at me and asked "How did you know? That it was there, inside me?"

"Because I realized that it is for damn near everybody", I answered. "Most people don't bother looking in the first place. The few that DO look are either searching outside, or so busy thinking that its something big and complex, instead of accepting that its something as simple as it is. I don't know HOW many times I thought about it then tossed it aside because I thought it had to be something more complicated than that. But then you finally

realize that everything in the universe can be made out of little more than a hundred different elements - and that even those elements are only made up of three basic pieces, in various combinations and quantities. So why should knowing how to be truly *happy* be so complicated? I learned that it doesn't have to - and I've been able to pass that along to other people: Kelly, Jan, and the others. Now you and Sheri know it, too. If I'm lucky and things work out, Claire and Bonita and Evelyn will learn it. And because now YOU know what it means, you'll pass it along like I have; and there will be a few more of us that can be **truly** happy with each other. And the people YOU teach will teach others, and they'll teach still more. Sooner or later, there will be enough of us that we won't have to worry about the people that don't understand it the way we do - there'll be enough of us that we can simply ignore them if we want; they simply won't have the power to get in the way and affect us like they do now."

"How long do you think it'll take?"

I smiled and said "It was almost twenty years ago that I got all this straight in my mind, and started putting it to work. Now there are eight more, including you and Sheri. A couple more, and there's ten. If each of you can reach just TEN people in twenty years, and each of those passes it along to ten each, and it keeps growing like that, it won't take long, at all. Every twenty years there are ten times more of us? Phht!" I answered, finishing with a dismissive gesture.

She smiled back and said "And while all that's happening, we still have each other, don't we?"

I laughed and answered "Yup. And I can promise you: as long as you've got even ONE person you can love that way, you've got more than you need to make the rest of it happen."

About that time, Jan and Claire wandered into the den. Jan took one look at Crissy and just smiled; Crissy saw it and smiled back - both of them knowing how much they shared. Claire didn't seem to notice what was happening between Crissy and Jan; she seemed to be more focused on the fact that a naked Crissy was sitting on my lap while *I* was naked, too. Jan came over to us and leaned over so she and Crissy could share a kiss before standing up again and telling me "I'm pretty sure I heard Evelyn and Bonita moving, and Kelly asked me to tell you that she'll be out in a minute, too. Have you had breakfast, yet?"

"No, just coffee. Crissy and I were too busy talking." - that last for the benefit of Claire.

Jan gave us a knowing smile and said "Why don't you just stay there, then, and the rest of us will fix something to eat for everybody."

Crissy thanked Jan with her eyes, and moved to lean against my chest again, pulling my arms around her. A surprised Claire followed Jan into the kitchen.

Kelly came in a couple minutes later, and spotted the change in Crissy as quickly as Jan

had - and welcomed her to our "family" just as quickly and willingly as Jan had before giving me a kiss and thanking me for not waking her, before joining the others in the kitchen.

We heard Evelyn and Bonita come down the hall, and they went directly to where the others were. Shortly after that, we heard Sheri do the same. A couple of minutes went by, and Crissy told me "It really is different with you and Jan and Kelly and the others, isn't it? I mean, it was Jan who said we should stay here, and I know she meant that I should just enjoy being with you like this. But when Kelly came in, I could tell that she didn't mind me being on your lap at *all*, and when she kissed me, I just *knew* that she loved me. Nobody had to say anything to her, either, about letting me sit here - I mean, I heard her coming down the hall, and she came right in here, so Jan didn't have a chance say anything to her; she just knew that I still need some time with you, and let me have it - no problem. Its like all of you just *know* each other so well that you know what to do without having to talk about it; and you just help each other without anyone asking."

I hugged her and told her "That's because we've been like this for a while. But I'll bet that after you've been around us for a while, you and Sheri will start doing it, too."

She looked up at me, and asked "You mean I can come back? Even after I figured it out?"

I kissed her on the forehead and answered "Of *course* you can! What good does it do to make new friends if you can't see them?"

Somewhat overwhelmed at the idea of being able to come over to see us as something even *close* to being an equal, she gave me a happy smile and settled her head back into my shoulder.

After a while, Jan and Sheri came in with plates of food for me and Crissy. When Sheri saw her sister, the two of them had one of the silent conversations that the rest of us had gotten used to - then Sheri leaned over and kissed her sister before saying "I'm so happy for you!" before she and Jan disappeared back into the kitchen. A few moments later, all of them came out, and quickly arranged things so that all of us had plenty of food and drinks (coffee or tea, and milk) handy. Cat turned up to beg, of course, but the everybody was too hungry to fall for any cuteness ploys. Cat finally gave up and headed down the hall; her favorite sleeping spot was smack in the middle of Marilyn's bed - preferably with Marilyn in it.

When we'd finished eating, Crissy got off my lap to help the others clean up; I started to get up, too, but was quickly informed by Kelly that my assistance wasn't needed - so I should sit back down before I got into trouble. That made the girls laugh, and I made a show of being afraid that Kelly was going to do something to me, which amused them even more. Kelly smiled and gave me a kiss before heading for the kitchen.

They were nearly finished in the kitchen when Kelly came in and sat on my lap. I put my arms around her and she leaned against me before saying "I know Sheri 'got it' last night,

when she was with you; and when she and Crissy went to bed, I could see that something was on Crissy's mind. I don't doubt for a minute that the two of them talked last night, but I'm still surprised that Crissy put it together so soon after her sister did."

I quickly explained what had happened that morning, and when I was done, Kelly sat up to look at me and demand "So she's been through all that already this morning? When did you plan on making love with her - next year sometime?"

I protested that we simply hadn't had the *chance* yet, for all the good it did me. Kelly's response was to simply say "Well, she's darn well going to *get* the chance to make love with you, if that's what she wants!"

I couldn't help but be amused at the idea of my wife contriving to make sure that I made love with another girl half her age. It was a situation that I didn't figure many married men got to experience - but then, my entire life was so far gone that it wasn't even in the ball park, never mind being out in left field.

When they were done in the kitchen, the girls swarmed into the den again, followed by Jan. Kelly got off my lap, and discretely guided Sheri over - making the young lady *very* happy to have me holding her as she leaned back against my chest. After a little discussion of what to do, it was decided that watching cartoons would be fun - so we spent nearly the entire rest of the morning laughing ourselves silly watching the "old" cartoons (pre everybody-be-happy political correctness). At one point, Sheri looked up at me and said "It's really nice just sitting with you like this." I smiled at her and answered "It's really nice *having* you sitting here like this" - making her *very* happy. As we sat there, I casually caressed her - but nothing sexual. Instead, I was just softly stroking her arm, letting my fingers enjoy the softness of her skin; resting my hand on the inside of her thigh and marveling at the smooth firmness of it; and feeling generally pleased to have her warm body next to mine. Crissy, Jan, and Kelly all looked over at us a couple of times, and each of them just smiled at us, letting Sheri know that they were happy for her.

Along the way, each of the girls got up at some point - apparently for a bathroom visit. When Crissy left us, it was only a few moments before Kelly apparently decided it was time for her, too.

When the cartoons finally began to taper off, the next order of business for them was to decide what to do that afternoon. There were a few suggestions, but it was Kelly's that met with near-unanimous approval - shopping! The only reason that it wasn't all of them agreeing was Crissy's statement that she "wasn't feeling well" while resting her arms across her abdomen. I suspected that the implied cause - menstrual difficulties - was a sham: she hadn't given the slightest indication of any problems when she'd been on my lap earlier, and I doubted that she'd have asked me to make love with her if she *was* starting her period. Neither Kelly nor any of the others were the slightest bit embarrassed or concerned about whether or not I knew about their menstrual cycles, but even they tended to avoid making love with me when it started.

The others immediately "understood", of course, and wanted to find something else; but Crissy managed to convince them that they should go ahead, that she'd be okay. Kelly subtly helped, as did Jan - who I was sure had figured out what was going on, even if Kelly hadn't told her. After a bit, the others agreed to go anyway after expressing their regret that Crissy wouldn't be with them.

With that settled, it was Bonita that asked "What about Dan?"

I just looked at all of them archly and said "I am *not* going shopping with a bunch of females", making all of them laugh. "Going with ONE is bad enough, but **six** of you? Forget it. I'll stay here and catch up on my reading, thank you very much. You all have fun, and try not to spend too much money."

Kelly responded "See? He'll be fine. Besides, without him, we can make it a *girls* afternoon out!" making all of them smile.

With the prospect of an afternoon of "shopping" (considering that I figured they'd look at ten thousand things and MIGHT buy *three*, I didn't know why they said it was "shopping"), the youngsters - except for Crissy - swarmed into the bedrooms to get dressed, with Jan and Kelly following. A while later, they started trickling back into the den, dressed, made up, and ready to go. With another round of regrets to Crissy, they were out the door, chattering away. On her way out, Sheri gave her sister some kind of Look, which Crissy saw.

I let myself be *obviously* watching a nature program that had come on TV, while watching Crissy from the corner of my eye. There were still things for her to learn, of course, even though she'd "connected" earlier that morning.

After a few minutes, she got up and came over - unhesitatingly taking a seat in my lap and drawing my arms around her. I held her like that for a little longer before she quietly asked me "Dan? Would you make *love* with me now?"

I hugged her briefly, and she tilted her head back so we could look at each other as I asked "I thought you 'weren't feeling well'?"

A trifle embarrassed, she told me "That was Kelly's idea, so that I'd have a reason not to go shopping with them. I'm fine, really!" - and shortly on the heels of that, realizing that I already knew that she wasn't having anything *like* the problem she'd pretended.

She blushed, and said "You knew I was faking, didn't you? I'll bet Kelly told you."

I smiled at her, and answered "No, she didn't tell me what the two of you were going to do. Before breakfast, she just told me that if you wanted to make love with me, you were going to get the chance."

Crissy considered that for a moment, then said "She said that to you *before* breakfast. So it was *her* idea that I should make love with you?"

"Not that you **should** make love with me. She was only saying that if you WANTED to, it was okay with her - okay enough that she was willing to help you get the chance", I told her, with a hug.

"Do YOU want to make love with me?"

I kissed her on the forehead before replying "I would like to show you how much I love you, yes. Its up to *you*, not me, how far that goes."

She didn't hesitate even a *moment* to tell me "I want it to go all the way."

I just hugged her in response, and asked "When?"

Eagerly, she asked "Now?"

I scooted forward on the chair, and she started to move to get off my lap - but when I didn't let go of her, she stopped moving and just looked at me. I smiled, moved one arm to under her legs, and stood up, lifting her with me. It wasn't easy, since she wasn't a small girl, but worth the effort: she looked delighted, and quickly put her arms around my neck before resting her head against my shoulder.

I carried her back to the bedroom and then to the bed, where I gently set her down. She released her arms from around my neck and watched as I moved to lie next to her, propped up on my side. I put my arm across her body and looked down at her to say "Don't feel like there's anything you have to do, or should do - I'm here for you, and *all* that matters to me is making YOU happy with what happens here. You don't have to be afraid or worry about anything - physically, you're no different than any other woman; in your heart and mind, you're somebody completely different than anyone else - even your sister. There's no reason to hurry. You know that you're *more* than welcome to come and visit any time, for any reason. What you want us to do is make love - so that's what we'll be doing: making *love*. Not me doing it to you, or you doing to me, but us doing it **together**. Okay?"

Smiling, she nodded happily before telling me "I *trust* you, Dan - because I love you, and know that you love me. I'm not afraid, because I know you'll do everything you can to make this *right* for me; I know that it IS up to me what we do. And what I want for us is to share our love with each other."

I lowered my head, and she let me softly kiss her on the lips. When I looked into her eyes, I could see that though she was certainly eager to learn making love, she was also willing to be patient, and get it *right*.

I kissed her again, and as the kiss lengthened, I gently moved my hand up to hold her breast; she put her hand over mine, then squeezed, letting me know that I was welcome to touch her how and when and where I wished. I gently squeezed, feeling the warm, spongy firmness of her breast before softly tracing my fingertips along its curves to its peak. There I found her nipple already standing out of her puckered areola. Feeling the little

goose bumps on it, I had the passing thought that perhaps those goose bumps were actually Braille for "You are Here" or "Suck Me" or some such.

In any event, her lips parted slightly in invitation for our kiss to deepen as my hand traced its way over to her other breast. I opened my lips in return, and even as my thumb was brushing across her nipple, our tongues were coming into first contact - accented by a soft moan from deep in Crissy's throat.

As our tongues danced and explored and danced some more, I moved my hand across her body - her warm, smooth skin delighting me as I manually mapped the contours of her anatomy. Our lips parted, and she looked up at me to say "The way you're touching me - your hand feels **so** nice!" before pulling my head down to pick up where we'd left off. From her head to her waist, she'd pretty much held still under my touch; the thing that let me know she enjoyed what I was doing was the gradual quickening of her breathing as her excitement increased. But when my touch dropped below her waist, it was a different matter entirely: with a soft moan, she lifted her hips and opened her thighs, letting me know where she wanted my hand to go next. Patiently, I continued my explorations until I was softly caressing the insides of her smooth, firm thighs. Gradually, I narrowed the focus of my caresses to the area between them until I finally laid my hand atop her mons, my finger resting along her cleft. Her groan of pleasure when I did that encouraged me to investigate further: slowly curling my finger, I let the tip of it slip between her labia and found her entrance to be hot and wet as she arched her hips to try and draw it deeper. Higher up, I found the small knob of her clitoris, erect and responsive to my touch, if her gasp of pleasure was any indication.

She was starting to have difficulty kissing me and breathing at the same time; I solved the problem for her by pulling my lips back from hers - then lowering my head again to begin kissing her face, then throat, then shoulders. As she softly panted in my ear, my lips charted a course down her body, and to one side; the journey ended when I was able to begin sucking and licking the end of one of her breasts.

As I nursed at her, I resumed what I'd been doing with my hand, carefully tracing the moist hills and valleys of her womanhood with my fingertip as her soft, thick pubic hair cushioned my palm. Each pass of my finger between her labia had her arching her back and opening her thighs to me even more; I finally gave in to her desires and gently pressed a fingertip against her opening. As before, she raised her hips; but that time, she was able to impale herself on my finger - something she didn't hesitate to do. She was certainly wet enough inside that there wasn't any problem with keeping me lubricated; and even though she was still tight, she was also quite eager to have my digit inside her. Her efforts ended only when both of us felt the end of my finger bump against her maidenhead. She started to lower her hips again, and I moved my hand with her, keeping my finger inside her to her audible pleasure. Carefully, and gently, I moved my finger around inside her to get an idea of how difficult it would be for her when the time came for me to put something more substantial inside her. Her increasing wetness and soft

moans let me know that my efforts were having a more direct and immediate impact on her, as well. I finally decided that being inside her wasn't going to be any more difficult for her than it had been for her sister; Crissy's hymen felt like it was probably a trifle thicker than Sheri's had likely been - but not by much, I judged. Any pain she might feel was almost certainly going to be small and brief.

When I finally slid my finger out of her, she demanded "Give it to me!"

Surprised, it took me a second to realize that she meant my *finger*. I brought my hand up, and she quickly seized it so she could wrap her lips around the finger that had been inside her. As she licked and sucked the oils she'd coated it with, she gave me an impish smile around it; there wasn't a doubt in my mind that she had to know the effect she was having on me.

Once satisfied that she'd gotten it clean enough, she *slowly* pulled it out of her mouth - a sight that was *wonderfully* erotic. With control of my hand back, I resumed licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples as she let her head fall back again.

With her so obviously eager and willing, I started to move over her so I could work my way down her body. She short-circuited that plan by simply telling me "I want you to use your mouth on me."

Despite her obvious desire, I didn't deny myself the pleasure of giving her lower belly a dozen or so soft kisses before settling my torso between her parted thighs.

As a twin to Sheri, I knew that Crissy would bear a certain resemblance to her sister - but I also knew that as an individual, she would have her differences, too. And there before me was ample proof that Crissy was unique: her labia were long and thin, like her sisters', but in a different way; there was also a difference in the general shape of them, and the way they were parted. Farther up, her clitoris was a little larger, making her arousal even more obvious. As I'd noted to the other girls, Crissy had a little more pubic hair than her sister - both in area it covered, and its general density. From having her pubes cupped in my hand, I knew that it was delightfully thick and soft. But my eyes returned to where her pubic thatch was parted; it took me only a moment to extend my tongue and slip it between her shiny vaginal lips to taste her oils.

Those, too, were uniquely hers, yet still similar to her sister: marginally thicker, and with a taste that was only slightly different. I eagerly began lapping them up, extending the reach of my tongue every so often so that it grazed across her clitoris. When I'd exhausted what was immediately available from her, I went after the flesh button at the apex of her cleft. Twirling it with my tongue, softly sucking on it, nibbling on it gently with my lips, and pretty much anything else that I could think of. As I did, I could hear Crissy's breathing become more and more rapid, accompanied by her moans and groans of pleasure and arousal. She'd lifted her hips, making it easier for me to start branching out to include her labia and draw my tongue across her opening. It didn't take me long to bring her to an orgasm that left her shuddering and gasping in its aftermath.

Reluctantly, I pulled my face from her crotch and moved up to hold her as she came down from her release.

I had my arm around her as her breathing slowly returned to normal. When she'd gotten herself back together, she looked up at me and said "That's *way* different than when a girl does it!" - followed by a soft blush when she realized what she'd admitted.

I gave her a kiss and answered "That's what Kelly and the others have told me, too - I'm glad you liked it", the last with a mischievous grin.

She blushed again, and asked "Can... can I do you, now?"

With a laugh I answered "If you insist..." - promptly followed by her sitting up and twisting around so that her head was by my hip. Right eager, she was.

Gently taking me in her hand, she lifted my semi-erect penis up and carefully looked it over as though refreshing her memory of the night they'd learned about "guy stuff". Satisfied that I hadn't changed in any appreciable way, she lowered her head and wrapped her head around it, just behind the glans. Softly licking the underside, she used her lips to begin a gentle "milking" action with her lips; the total effect of it was **quite** pleasant, so it didn't take long before she had me fully erect. With that accomplished, she started moving her head up and down, using her tongue and lips to stimulate me along my entire length. I didn't think that she'd practiced on anyone, so I could only credit her considerable skills to pure native talent.

I stood it as long as I could, but finally had to tell her "If you keep doing that, you're going to get a surprise."

She pulled her lips free and said "Good! I **want** you to!" - followed by "Kelly told me you could go longer if you climaxed once. Isn't that right?"

Thanks, Kelly. "Yeah, that's right - but it'll take me a little while before I can, though."

She grinned and said "That's okay!" and went back to what she'd been doing - giving me some *damn* good oral sex.

I'm pretty sure she tried *everything* on me - and if it got any kind of positive response out of me, she did it some more.

So I put up with it as best I could, for as long as I could. I mean, who am I to deny a young woman the opportunity to do something that she was good at, and so obviously enjoyed? Yes, it was a little bit of a burden, but one I tolerated in the interest of bolstering her self esteem.

Or something like that.

Still, it finally got to the point where I couldn't put up with it any more. When I told her "I'm going to do it!", she simply responded by redoubling her efforts - which, at the time, was trying to get as much of me in her mouth as she could.

She must have felt me tense up as I began to unload myself into her, because even as I felt my balls contract, she pulled back so that only the head of my erection was in her mouth and started sucking - virtually guaranteeing that the first spray of my semen would coat her tonsils. I saw her eyes widen in response, but ever the trouper, she didn't stop or slow down - she just kept after me, making sure that my climax was as strong as she could make it.

When she felt the surges of semen exiting me slow to a trickle, she swallowed what she'd collected and let me slip from between her mouth. She licked her lips, then took me in hand again and began using her lips and tongue to clean any wayward traces of semen from my penis. Finally satisfied that she'd done the job properly, she gave the head a kiss before releasing me and pivoting back around again.

As she moved next to, I put my arm around her so I could hold her as she snuggled into my side. She put her arm across my chest and draped one of her legs across both of mine before asking "Was that okay?"

I hugged her briefly and gave her a little kiss on top of the head before answering "That was better than just 'okay' - that was **really** nice", putting all the sincerity I could into my voice.

From the corner of my eye, I could see her smile in satisfaction before she said "I... I like doing that for you."

"I could tell!", I answered, feeling her blush.

"When you told me you were going to, you know, squirt, I thought I was ready - but it came out so *hard*! I was really surprised, but the second one, it was easier, so I just kept going until I knew you were done." I felt her tilt her head slightly to look at me before she said "I, uh, I like the way you taste, too. Kind of like custard, only a little bit salty."

I kissed the top of her head again and told her "I kinda figured that out, too" - making her blush again.

We stayed like that for a few minutes before she raised up and asked "Is there anything you want? Something to eat, or drink?"

"If you're getting something for yourself, some water or a soda would be nice; but you don't have to get up just for me."

She just smiled, and clambered over me to get out of bed and head for the kitchen - giving me a chance to watch her cute little ass cheeks clenching as she walked away. She was back in a couple of minutes with a couple of sodas and an English muffin; I sat up and she let me guide her to sit on my lap as we sipped at our sodas. She offered me half of the English muffin, but when I passed on it, devoured it herself. When she'd carefully cleaned up the few crumbs she'd dropped, she asked me "Can I stay on your lap?"

"Of course you can. If you'll let me sit up a little more, I can move my legs so you can use

them as a backrest."

It took only a few moments to get ourselves situated: me sitting with my back against the headboard with her sitting astraddle my waist, my bent legs acting as a chair back for her. With her sitting on me like that, I had a clear view of her from knees to forehead, and all the interesting bits in between - and it didn't seem to bother her in the slightest. As we talked - about school, what she wanted to do when she finished college, what I did for my job, and so on - she sometimes got quite animated, and it was a pleasure watching her body move in response to the gestures she'd make. She would also pause to adjust her position every so often, changing the way her cute butt rested against me, and causing her luxurious pubic hair to brush against my skin.

After a while of having her wriggling around on my lap like that, I felt myself beginning to respond - a little. As our conversation continued, it became more and more apparent that I was recovering. Apparent enough, in fact, that Crissy noticed it, and with a deliberate grinding against my rising manhood asked me "This means we can make love now?", a big grin on her face.

"Not *quite* yet", I answered, "But I think we could probably help each other so it **can** happen."

That was all she needed to hear; in moments, she was off my lap and waiting for me to reposition myself. Looking at me eagerly, she asked "I get to help you, and you're going to help me?"

As I scooted myself toward the foot of the bed so I could lay down, I answered "That's what **I** had in mind. Why, don't you want to?"

She ignored the question completely in favor of straddling my head and leaning forward so she could wrap her lips around the head of my penis. As she started licking it, she reached between my legs and softly caressed my scrotum - causing me to grow inside her mouth even more.

For my part, I held her cute buns in my hands and raised my head to begin licking up the juices that she was already starting to produce. Between her enthusiasm for getting me ready, and her increasing desires, it wasn't long before both of us were ready to go.

Noisily releasing my erection from between her lips, she told me "That feels *really* nice, but I want you **in** me."

Reluctantly, I stopped trying to see if I could lick her tonsils and let my head fall back; she carefully moved so that she was kneeling next to me. Looking at me eagerly, she asked "What now?"

"The easiest thing for you would probably be if you got on top of me. Then you could just kind of sit down on me - you could go however slow you wanted to, so that if it started to hurt or anything, you could stop until you were ready again. If you don't want to do that,

then we can do pretty much anything you want."

She looked at me for a moment, then said "Sheri told me that it didn't hurt for her at *all* when you were in her the first time. But I think that I'd better do it the way you said, just to make sure."

"That's fine", I assured her. "You know how we should fit together, so I'm ready whenever you are."

She leaned forward and put her hands on my chest to steady herself as she moved to get a leg on each side of me. Reaching between us and taking my erection in her hand, she discovered that she wasn't *quite* in the right position and eased herself back a bit. Finally satisfied that the two of us were lined up, she lifted herself up and slid the head of my penis between her labia a couple of times to wet it with her oils before positioning it at her opening.

I could see that she was nervous, but not afraid, and put my hands on her hips before telling her "Just take it easy, Crissy. We've got as much time as you need or want, so *don't push things*. The **last** thing I want is for you to get hurt, okay?"

Between holding still as I was, what I said to her, and that she could feel my hands were there only to help steady her, she understood that going as slow as she wanted was just FINE with me. She nodded her understanding of what I'd told her, and carefully began to lower herself onto me. There was some initial resistance, of course, and I could see her starting to get upset. I gently patted her hip to get her attention, and when I had it, told her "Don't try to *force* yourself on me. Try to relax and LET me in."

"I understand", she told me. I watched as she took a deep breath and willed herself to relax before trying again - and saw the pleased and surprised look on her face when the head slipped through. She stopped immediately, and held still as though waiting to see if it was going to start hurting. When it didn't, she raised up a little, then settled back down again, letting herself settle on me another inch or so. It didn't take as long for her to decide that she wasn't experiencing any pain, and repeated what she'd just done - but not getting as far, since the head of my penis came up against the obstruction of her hymen. Looking at me, she asked "What do I do now?"

"Whatever feels right and comfortable for you, Crissy. It might break pretty easily, or it might be a little harder. When my finger was in you, I didn't think it was going to be hard for you when it broke - but that's ME. What you could do is kind of bounce yourself against it and see if it will just kind of fall apart. If that doesn't work, then you can try something else."

She didn't bother responding; she just raised and lowered herself a few times to make sure I was moving easily inside her, then began doing as I'd suggested. I think she was more surprised than I was when, about the third time she slid down onto me, her maidenhead gave way - letting her drop another inch before she caught herself. I looked at her closely,

but didn't see any tears, and asked "Are you okay?"

She considered it for a moment, then told me "I felt a tug, and a short little pain, but that was it. And even the pain is gone, now."

Then she looked at me, and with a broad smile on her face asked "That's it? I'm not a virgin any more? We can make love now?"

I smiled back at her and answered "The answers to your questions are yes, no, and yes. Yes, that's it; no, you're not a virgin any more; and yes, we can make love now."

With a gleam in her eyes, she lifted herself up until only the head of my penis was inside her - I saw a trace of blood on myself, but didn't say anything - then lowered herself until she'd taken over half my length inside. Her eyes were closed, and I don't think she realized that she was voicing her thoughts when she said "This feels **so** nice!"

With me securely in place, she released the hold she had on my erection, and put her hand on my chest with the other one. Arching her back, she slipped herself off of me a little ways, then back on again - ending with nearly my entire length inside her. She opened her eyes and looked to where we were joined, and I heard her mutter "And there's still more!"

Her head lowered, she watched herself raise up again - and saying "That is *so* sexy to watch!" as she did. She hesitated a moment, then impaled herself on me again, groaning as she simultaneously watched and felt my manhood disappearing inside her; when she stopped that time, her pubic hair was merged with mine.

The only part of my erect penis that wasn't in contact with her vagina was where it was connected to **me**; all the rest of it was basking in the hot, wet, *tight* sheath of her womanhood. As she held herself over me, I could feel occasional flutterings as her vaginal muscles responded to what the rest of her body was doing. After a bit, she moved to sit up again; I welcomed the chance to take her breasts in my hands and squeeze them, and play with her nipples while she lost herself in the feeling of being filled with a hard male for the first time in her life. From the expression on her face, I didn't think for a moment that it was going to be the last.

A minute or so later, she finally decided that she was ready to get things moving - literally. She slowly raised herself up until only about half of my penis was inside her, she just as slowly lowered herself back down while softly moaning as she did. After a brief delay, she repeated the cycle; then again with even less of a pause. As she continued her movements, she gradually increased the speed at which she was moving - along with increasing the distance she was rising each time. It wasn't long before she was in constant motion over me, lifting herself before re-impaling herself on my manhood as I continued to play with her breasts.

The two of us having climaxed so recently helped both of us: me, by letting me enjoy the sensation of her tight, wet vagina sliding up and down my penis without having to worry about climaxing any time soon; and her by fanning the flames of her previous desire,

ensuring that each time she settled back down on me, it nudged her arousal and excitement a little higher.

Neither one of us spoke - at least, coherently; as she continued to pleasure herself with my penis, I could hear her make various pleased noises and occasionally mutter something that let me know she was enjoying what she was feeling. For my part, I was content to listen to *her*, and the liquid sounds of our coupling.

I don't know how long we went on like that. All I know is that when she finally began to tire, I moved my hands to her hips and managed to get her to stop so I could tell her "If you want, we can change around. It looks like you're getting tired."

"I guess I am", she panted. "What do you want to do?"

"How about if you get on your hands and knees, and I'm behind you?"

She got a lecherous grin on her face before she answered "I think I like that idea!"

She started raising up again, moaning in disappointment when she felt my penis slip free of her intimate hold. Once it was done, though, she didn't hesitate to get off of me and take the position I'd suggested. Watching as I got to my knees, she seemed fascinated by the swaying of my glistening penis as I knee-walked behind her. I took a few moments to look at the view that she was presenting me: her dark red bush framing the core of her womanhood, her shiny labia parted as though showing me what my target was. Only when she made a frustrated noise and wiggled her hips at me did the spell break. Putting my hands on her waist, I edged myself forward until the head of my manhood slid between her vaginal lips and pressed against her opening. I was still coated with the ample oils she was producing, so I simply began pressing my hips forward - and felt it first as the head of my erection slipped through the tight ring of her entrance, then the sensation of it slowly sliding down until it was clenching the base of my penis. I took a moment to savor the feeling before easing myself out slightly, then back in as far as I could as she pressed back against me in encouragement. Over the next minute or so, I began making love to her, slowly at first, then more and more quickly - accompanied by her sounds of pleasure as I did. It didn't take me long to find a rhythm that was pleasing for me and *more* than satisfying for her - it took only a few minutes before I felt her hot sheath tighten around me as she cried out in pleasure as she orgasmed. I continued to thrust in and out of her, in time with the waves of pleasure I could feel coursing through her body. With each spasm of her vagina around me, I could feel some of her fluids being pushed out of her and saturating BOTH of our pubic areas and adding to the squishing noises as I continued pistonning in and out of her.

When her orgasm was over, she let her upper body slowly fall to the bed; I asked if she wanted me to stop, and got an emphatic "Don't you dare!" in reply.

After a bit, she struggled to hold herself up with her arms again, and in the process discovered that there was a slightly different feeling to be had by arching her back to

change the angle at which I was entering her. A few minutes of that was enough to bring her to *another* orgasm, prompting me to think that whoever she took as a full-time lover would never stray - if only because he likely wouldn't have the energy!

Her descent to the bed after that climax wasn't anywhere near as controlled as the last, but that didn't seem to bother her; she was simply, and obviously, enjoying what I was doing to her too much.

Even though I'd gotten more sleep than any of the rest of them, it hadn't been all *that* much. And I was a fair number of years older than any of the rest of them, too. So it shouldn't be too much of a surprise that I started feeling a little tired not long after Crissy managed to get herself back onto her arms again. She realized that I was slowing down a little, and asked "Do you want me to get on top again?"

I admitted that that *would* be nice, and quickly slowed, then stopped my thrusts into her. She was willing to let me savor holding myself inside her for a bit before she slowly pulled herself free of me.

When she turned around to face me, I suggested "Let me sit up, this time - then I can touch you a little better."

"Okay!" she answered, with enthusiasm that I wished I'd had.

I moved to sit so that I was leaning against the headboard again, and Crissy quickly settled herself on my erection and into my lap. Once she was comfortably situated, she started a rocking motion with her hips that had her sliding along perhaps a quarter of my length - more than enough to keep me hard *and* help her have another orgasm, as I discovered some minutes later.

By the time that happened for her, I could feel myself finally getting to the point where I knew *I* could climax again, too. Taking her into my arms as she panted and shuddered her way down from her release, I told her "Let me do it, now", and got a nodded agreement.

Continuing to hold her, I eased us both around until she was on her back with me over her. She lifted her knees and opened her thighs to let me slide into her as far as I could before she put her arms around me. Looking up at me, she said "If you're getting close, go ahead and do it, and don't worry about me. I've already had such *wonderful* orgasms, so I won't be upset or anything if you finish before I do."

I just smiled and said "If it gets to that point, I will."

She smiled back, and pulled my head down so the two of us could share a deep, passionate kiss before releasing me again.

Free to move, I started slowly thrusting in and out of her, delighting in the feeling of her smooth thighs against my hips and the sensation of burying myself in her. She didn't say anything, but I could tell from the way that she was arching herself up at me with each penetration that she wanted me to start going faster - so I did. More quickly than I had the

time before, I sped up the pace of our lovemaking as she groaned her pleasure and increasing arousal.

Moving in her that way *was* getting me closer to my own release - but not quickly enough, I thought. I was starting to worry about whether or not the two of us would be finished by the time the others got back. I wasn't worried in the slightest about Kelly and Jan, or even Sheri - what DID have my concern was what the other girls would say or do if they knew that Crissy and I had spent the better part of the afternoon in bed with each other. Not that I thought they'd call the police or tell their parents or anything, but rather, I was concerned about what it would do to the relationships between them. I slowed what I was doing, and when Crissy looked up at me, I smiled and said "I want to change things a little, if that's okay."

She just smiled and nodded her head and cooperated fully as I reached back slightly and put my arms behind her legs, then levered them forward - folding her nearly in half (which didn't seem to bother her in the slightest - I only wished I was that limber!) and brought her pelvis up so that it was at right angles to my body. When I started moving in her again, I was thrusting almost straight down into her, penetrating her as deeply as could be. With each penetration, I could feel my balls swinging against the crevice of her firm young ass, and the head of my penis almost bouncing off the deepest recesses of her. With the way she felt around me changed, I could feel myself moving more quickly toward my climax; from the way she was responding to what I was doing, I could tell that it was having much the same effect on her.

It wasn't but a couple of minutes before I felt her vagina tighten around me as she slid into her fourth orgasm since we'd started making love - and judging from the way she was acting, it was the strongest for her yet.

The tightening of her vagina in time with her orgasmic spasms moved me a long way toward my own release - as well as reducing my inhibitions. As her release tapered off, I started thrusting into her harder and harder; she responded by telling me "Oh! Yes! Like that!"

Realizing that I wasn't hurting her, as I'd been afraid I would, I kept at it. Each thrust into her ended with our pubic areas smacking together, accompanied by a gasp of pleasure from Crissy. I finally got to the point where there was no way I *wasn't* going to cum in her and just kept going, almost *pounding* into her tight, wet sheath. Finally, after a few long, slow strokes as I felt myself get close, I pressed myself into her as the first hot jet of my semen erupted. To my surprise, Crissy's eyes flew open and I could see the surprise on her face as she again tightened around me in an obvious climax of her own.

After I'd emptied my balls in her, I somehow managed to remember to remove my arms from behind her legs, which she carefully lowered to the bed. Seeing that her release was over, too, I slowly lowered myself so that I was propped on my elbows over her, my head hanging down and resting on her shoulder. She wrapped her arms around me and hugged

me fiercely before beginning to slowly caress my back. When I lifted my head again to look at her, I could see tears in her eyes. Seeing my concern, she told me "No, nothings wrong - its all so *right*!"

Seeing that a little more explanation was needed, she told me "I'm crying because I'm **happy**, you big dummy!" with a small laugh. "This is the first time I've ever made love with a man, and not only did it not hurt, but it all felt so *wonderful*! I mean, I had all those orgasms and everything, and then when I felt you squirting in me! You've made me feel so good, and so happy, I just *have* to cry!" she added, before lifting her head to begin kissing me.

When she was done, she looked at me again and said "I like having you still inside me. I can feel you, and I know you're like that because we made *love* together. But I know you're not going to stay like that, either. You've been SO good about making sure I was happy, now I want to take care of you, too. So when you're not in me any more, I want you to just lay down and I'll take care of us, okay?"

Honestly, I was too damn tired to argue with her. I just told her "Okay", and let it go at that.

As expected, a couple minutes later, I finally shrank enough to pull free of her. She let me stay where I was for a few moments, then gently nudged me to let me know she wanted to get up. I carefully eased myself off of her and over onto my back. A moment later, she got up to her knees, and looked down at me - apparently indifferent to the pool of my cum and her juices that started sliding down the inside of one of her thighs. After telling me "You just stay there, okay?" and getting a smile from me in return, she quickly made her way to the edge of the bed, then into the bathroom. A couple minutes later, she was back out again - minus our juices - with a washcloth and towel. She gently and carefully wiped me off - surprised to note the few flecks of her own blood - and then dried me. She took the stuff back into the bathroom, then came out and headed out of the bedroom - apparently for the kitchen, since she reappeared with a couple more sodas. While she was gone, I got myself seated against the headboard again, so she was able to sit in my lap as the two of us refreshed ourselves.

When the sodas were gone, I set the empty cans on the night stand and gestured that I wanted to hold her. She happily leaned against me and I put my arms around her and gave her a hug before telling her "Thank you, Crissy."

I could hear the puzzlement in her voice as she asked "Whatever for?"

I hugged her again before answering "For trusting me enough to give me your virginity. For being the kind, generous person you are. For just letting me *hold* you like this."

Several moments went by before I felt a hot tear against my chest, and heard her tell me "You're welcome, Dan. I love you so much!"

I knew the tears were of happiness, then, and answered "And I love you, too."

It didn't take *too* long for her tears to dry up, and the two of us stayed like that for some time. Finally, I gave her another hug and said "I don't think its going to be long before the others get back. Would you like to take a shower with me before they do?"

She pulled away from me, and I could see the happiness on her face when she answered "I'd love to!"

In the shower, she proved to be a playful, affectionate handful.

Clean and dried, I put on a pair of slacks and shirt, while Crissy put on a one-piece dress that made her look even cuter. When the others got back, they found us in the den: Crissy sitting at one end of the couch while I had been taking a nap with my head in her lap, with some classical music in the background. Claire, Evelyn, and Bonita seemed surprised to see us that way; Kelly, Jan, and Sheri just looked amused. Kelly came over to tell Crissy that her sister had gotten HER something, too, and took Crissy's place so the youngster could go back with Jan and the others to check out what they'd gotten. Kelly gave me a kiss, then said "I just *look* at her and see that you made her happy, Dan."

"She liked to have killed me in the process, though", I replied.

Kelly gave me a soft laugh and said "Yeah, she's pretty enthusiastic, once you get her started!"

I looked up at her and asked "You had to get her *started*? I think she was already running at top speed when I got her!"

Kelly giggled, and said "Well, she *was* still a little nervous when she was with me."

I gave Kelly the fisheye and said "Well, she isn't nervous NOW. I kinda wish you'd warned me first, though."

Kelly smiled before telling me "Now don't pretend that you didn't enjoy yourself. Anybody with eyes can see that SHE did!"

"Well, yeah, it was fun - but not as much fun as YOU, though."

Even though she laughed, I knew Kelly was delighted to hear that before she eased herself out from under my head. She knelt down and kissed me again before telling me "We - well, mostly them - got some nice things while we were out. I think you're going to like what you see when they get ready for bed tonight!"

I gave Kelly the fisheye again, and she laughed before standing up and heading back to join the others.

When the lot of them got through showing each other all the stuff they'd bought, it was back out to the den for them - and time for supper. I let them talk me into burgers on the grill if they'd do the chips, salads, and iced tea. To the amusement of Kelly and Jan, and the bafflement of the others, Sheri and Crissy insisted on sitting on either side of me and feeding me. I appreciated the attention, and *desperately* needed the food after what had

happened that afternoon. After we'd all finished (I went through TWO burgers), Jan and Kelly told us that they'd be the ones to clean up, and left me and the girls sitting outside on the deck.

We had been chatting for a little while when Kelly and Jan came back out to join us. That seemed to be the signal for Evelyn to ask "Sheri? Crissy? Why have you two been paying so much attention to Dan? Its like you're almost *hanging* off of him."

The two of them had one of their silent conversations before Sheri answered "I think both of us are doing it to show him how much we appreciate everything he's done for us."

Clearly puzzled, Bonita asked "What has he done for you that he hasn't done for us?"

"He made women out of us", Crissy answered.

The other three looked confused for a bit before Evelyn asked "Made women out of you?" - then, a moment later "You mean you... you had sex with him? That you're not virgins any more?", amazed.

Crissy and Sheri both smiled at her before Sheri answered "No, we're not virgins, any more. But we didn't just have sex with him. We made *love* with him", followed by Crissy's "Making *love* is WAY better than just having sex!" - accompanied by Sheri's broad smile and nod of affirmation.

Stunned, the other three just sat there looking at them - and occasionally, me.

Finally, Claire asked them "WHY? Why now, and why Dan?"

Sheri spoke first, saying "When I went with him last night, I **thought** that I was just going to let him have my virginity. It's something I've been thinking about for a while, and I thought that after what the others told us about him, he would be the perfect one for my first time. I mean, you remember how they told us how patient and gentle and everything he was with them, right?" They nodded their heads, and she went on "Well, they were right - he IS all those things. But before we got that far, we started talking - yeah, *talking*! I asked him some questions, and when he gave me the answers I started thinking about them differently, and asked him some more stuff. When he answered that, all of a sudden I just **understood** about how he and Kelly and all of them could be so nice to us, even after we told them how we just started out using them. When that happened, I suddenly realized what its like to LOVE someone as much as he and Kelly and Jan do - not just each other, but us, too. And I knew that I loved him, too, the same way. THEN we made *love* - and it was **wonderful**, WAY better than I thought it could be."

Crissy spoke up then, telling them "Dan was already awake when I got up this morning, and he let me sit in his lap. Sheri and I talked last night, and she told me that her and Dan had made love. She also talked to me about some of the things he said, and I was kind of understanding it, but not quite. So when I was on Dans lap this morning, I asked him to take my cherry, too." She looked down at her lap for a moment, then raised her head

again to tell them "I thought that was something I HAD to do, mostly because Sheri did it. But Dan told me that he *wouldn't* make love with me because I wanted to do it for what he said were the wrong reasons. I didn't understand, at first, and started to get upset with him and wanted him to tell me why. He did, and that's when I realized how much he loved me. After that, I knew he was right to tell me he wouldn't take my virginity - but knowing how much he and Kelly and Jan loved me, I couldn't *help* but love him, and them, right back. So after all of you went to go shopping, I asked him to make love with me. He did, and it was just WONDERFUL, like Sheri said. I know that I still have a lot to learn about everything they've told us, but now I know how it is that they can love and trust each other as much as they do. Sheri and I have both been with him, but we haven't said a word to each other about what we did; I know he made her happy, and he sure as HELL made ME happy, so there's nothing for us to say to each other about it."

Sheri spoke up again then, telling them "What Crissy said. He made me happy, so whatever the two of them did, it made HER happy, so it doesn't matter to me what it was. I'm just happy that SHE'S happy."

The other three were looking at Crissy and Sheri as though expecting them to suddenly sprout wings and start flying around the back yard; it was Claire that asked "What is it, then? What did he tell you, or you suddenly understood, or whatever? What is it that you know now that you didn't know before?"

The twins "talked" again with their eyes before Sheri answered "What I realized is that Dan and the rest love us. It's really that simple - and that powerful. If you'll think about it, you'll realize that they love you, too - and you'll realize how MUCH they love you."

Crissy let them consider that for bit before adding "Don't you wonder how Kelly can love him so much? Why she thinks she can trust him enough to let him make love with Jan and the others - and now me and Sheri, too? Try to understand how much **he** loves *them* that he doesn't mind them making love with each other, even when he isn't with them. Think about all the times that you've seen one of them do something for one of the others, without being asked, just because they know the other person needs it. Remember what Jan told us about getting the stuff so Dan and Kelly could clean up after they showed us what sex was about? How much do you think she must love them, and them love her, if they can just DO stuff like that for each other? Especially without any of them having to say anything?"

"What you saw us doing was us doing something for Dan, after all he's done for us - because now **we** understand what its like to *love* someone that much. Because we love him - and Kelly and Jan and the others - that much, too. And we know they love us, the same way." Sheri informed them.

At that point, Jan spoke up, saying "If Dan was only after their bodies, Kelly and I wouldn't have minded - because he keeps both of US so happy we can barely stand it. But we know Dan, and know that he wasn't just trying to have sex with them; he was showing

them what making *love* is all about. And believe me, there is a **world** of difference! As Dan told me once, sex is about making your body feel good; when you make love, you get your heart and your mind involved, too. As nice as the physical part of it is, when you get your mind and your heart in on it, too - well, like I said, it's a world of difference."

"Everything we've been trying to tell you and teach you since you started coming over here is that if you can get what's in your heart and what's in your mind working together, you'll find out just how happy you can be with other people", Kelly added.

A couple of minutes went by when all of us were surprised by Evelyn's sudden exclamation of "Oh, **fuck!**"

Looking at Kelly, she said "Everything you were teaching us in your class - it was to try and help us understand this, wasn't it?"

Kelly just smiled, and Evelyn looked at Jan and said "And you... for anybody that cares enough to really *think* about what Kelly tells us, and sees how she acts, you let us know that it really works, just by BEING there."

She looked at me last, in something akin to awe as she said "And you're the one that figured it out! Holy shit! I knew you were smart - but *this?*"

Realizing that Claire and Bonita were both staring at her, Evelyn turned to them and asked "Don't you *get* it? It's **right there** in front of you! And its so *simple!*"

While Bonita and Claire just continued staring at her, the rest of us were looking on with patient amusement; watching as Evelyn began to stare off into space while she thought through the full implications of what she'd just realized.

When her mind came back to join the rest of us, she looked at Kelly, then Jan, and finally the twins, and saw that all of them were smiling in welcome to her. Then she looked at me, and after a moments hesitation, got up and came over to where I was. I stood up, and she threw herself into my arms and said "Oh, Dan, I love you so much!". With that, she began crying into my chest, and I hugged her and softly stroked her back as sobs wracked her body. After a couple of minutes, she got herself mostly under control again but continued to hold me. When I felt her arms relax, I gave her another brief hug before she pulled away from me to look up into my face. I smiled at her and said "I love you, too, Evelyn." Her smile threatened to stop only when the corners of her mouth met at the back of her head, but she told me "I know, Dan."

I gave her a soft kiss on the lips before she turned and went back to where she had been sitting - accompanied by a soft pat on the butt from me.

Claire and Bonita clearly didn't know WHAT to make of all of it - looking at the rest of us, they only saw smiles of patient acceptance for Evelyn's outburst, and looks of love.

By that time, it was starting to get a little dark outside, and Kelly suggested that we all head back inside where we'd be more comfortable. Evelyn was so happy that I think her

feet *might* have touched the ground once or twice along the way.

Once inside, Sheri announced that she was going to go ahead and get ready for bed; Crissy quickly seconded the motion, and the two of them led Claire, Bonita, and a grinning Evelyn back to change. Kelly and Jan delayed long enough to each give me a kiss before Kelly told me "If Evelyn wants to spend the night with you, I can stay with Jan - assuming she doesn't mind the company" - the last with a grin aimed at Jan. Jan pretended to think it over for a moment before replying "Well, I *suppose* I can let you sleep with me tonight. But no funny business!"

Kelly just gave her a lusty smile and said "Nope, nothing funny about it!" - before both of them started laughing as they headed down the hall. Shaking my head, I just parked myself in "my" chair - and wondered what the girls would be almost wearing when they reappeared.

I got my answer a couple of minutes later.

The twins turned up in matching green G-strings and camisoles that were sheer enough that I wondered why they even bothered putting them on. Claire was wearing - so to speak - a pale yellow camisole that did absolutely *nothing* to hide her charms. Evelyn was sporting a red teddy and thong, while Bonita had opted for a bra and panty set that appeared to be made out of spider webs and dreams. None of them could resist coming in and doing a little pirouette in front of me so I could take in the full effect; the others spread themselves out on the couch while Evelyn made a beeline for my lap. She was securely in place when Kelly and Jan came in - both naked; they just gave her a tolerant smile, much to the surprise of Claire and Bonita, before finding their own seats.

Bonita asked them "You don't mind? That Evelyn is sitting in Dan's lap? And that he's holding her like that?"

"You saw what happened to her out there. Right now, she needs someone to hold her while she gets her head on straight. If she wants it to be Dan, that's fine with me - just like Dan wouldn't mind if she wanted to sit on MY lap, or Kelly's." Jan told her - followed by Kelly saying "And if she wants to spend the night with Dan, I've already told him I don't mind. I expect that if she does, she'll want to make love with him, and that's okay with me."

"How can you just let other women, and girls - 'cause I think that's what we are - just *sleep* with him like that?" Claire asked.

Kelly looked at her and answered "I don't 'just let' other women - or girls - just 'sleep' with him. If Dan was to go to bed with another woman, I know that one of two things would happen. Either they *WOULD* just *sleep*, or he would make love with her. I love Dan, and I know him; if he made love with another woman, it wouldn't be just to have sex with her - he just doesn't **think** that way. So if he made love with another woman, then I know that he did it because he cared for her - loved her - enough to be willing to share his... *soul*, if

you like, with her. And if he did that, then I know him and trust him enough to know that she is someone that *I* would like, too - and maybe even love. So you see, I know that I don't have any reason to BE jealous, because I know and trust my husband. If there was a guy that I felt about in the same way I feel about Dan, I know - **know** - that Dan wouldn't have any more objection to me being with that man than I do about him being with another woman."

Claire and Bonita both looked over at me, and I just nodded - what Kelly had said was true. I sometimes wondered why there had never been another guy that one of our friends wanted to bring in to the group, but it hadn't happened yet; I didn't expect that it wouldn't happen *at all*, though.

At that point, Evelyn spoke up, telling them "When I got on his lap just now, all I was thinking about was how much I love him, and I just wanted him to *hold* me. I really hadn't thought about it until Kelly said something, but I *would* like to stay with Dan tonight - and if he will, I want to make love with him. Not just for the physical part of it - though I'll bet that'll be good too! - but so we can share our *hearts*, along with our bodies." With an embarrassed smile, she told Kelly "I guess I'm still kinda new to this...", and getting a smile in return before Kelly answered "It's okay. I understand."

Evelyn grinned and said "Yeah, I guess you would."

Bonita got things back "on track" by asking Kelly "How can you trust him to be with other women, and know that he trusts you about another guy?"

Sheri spoke up then, answering "Don't you understand, yet? They **love** each other. Kelly taught us about it in class: you love people because of the good things that you see in them - strength, honesty, integrity, truthfulness, and that kind of stuff. They love you back because of the good things they see in YOU. As each of you becomes a better person, there's more of the good stuff in you - so the love grows, too."

Crissy added "Maybe what you're not understanding is just how **much** love there is between Dan and Kelly - and Jan, and Candice, and the others. And now, me and Sheri and Evelyn, too. I mean, just *look* at what Kelly has done since we've been here! I'm SURE she'd like to be on Dan's lap, too - but she's willing to let me or Sheri or Evelyn be there instead because of how much she loves us. Do you really think she'd be letting us do the things we have with Dan if she didn't love US as much as she loves him?"

Looking at Claire, I could see something happening in her eyes. It was as though what had just been said had gotten her thoughts pointed in the right direction, and her mind was busily narrowing things down. Kelly and Jan saw it too, and both looked at me in anticipation.

In the mean time, Bonita was still trying to argue with the twins and Evelyn that she simply couldn't understand how one woman could share a man with so many other women, no matter *how* much they loved each other. They went back and forth for quite

some time before both sides realized that they weren't getting anywhere. Bonita finally called an end to it by saying "I don't think we're getting anywhere with this. No matter how much you try to explain it, I just can't understand how Kelly can love Dan so much AND love you and the others enough to share him with them. Why don't we just call it a draw for tonight, and find something else to do?"

The twins and Evelyn saw the sense in that, and agreed. Claire was still pretty much wrapped up in her own thoughts, but managed to pay enough attention that she was able to cast a vote in favor of watching a movie on TV. After a little friendly discussion, they settled on a sappy romance on cable TV. Kelly said she'd make some popcorn, and the twins silently followed her into the kitchen to help. Jan stayed with the rest of us, and helped keep things from bogging down.

Kelly and the twins were back with the popcorn with plenty of time before the movie started - which was a good thing: there wasn't a one of them that wanted to get up and go anywhere to do *anything* while it was on. The only reason I stayed and half-assed watched it was because by doing so, I could have Evelyn on my lap. She didn't mind in the slightest when I slipped my hand under the teddy she was wearing and started caressing her body during the movie - in fact, she was the one that pulled my hand up so that I would start playing with her breasts.

When the movie was over, a couple of the girls were teary-eyed from the sappy ending; I teased them about it, and got popcorn thrown at me. Nothing to do, of course, but throw it back - with Kelly and Jan joining in with the girls, making it a *very* lopsided fight. Particularly after Evelyn abandoned my lap not only to stop acting as a shield for me, but to join the others in throwing popcorn at me - the ingrate.

When the "battle" was over, all of us were laughing, and the others were congratulating themselves and each other for having taught me a lesson. When I went and got the hand held vacuum cleaner to pick up all the popcorn around my chair, I was the target of even more ridicule - and I teased all of them right back, making them laugh even harder.

After I was done, they decided another movie was called for - and I was outvoted by a considerable margin in favor of another romance movie. Evelyn decided that it was safe to come over again, but before sitting down on my lap, she had a question: "Dan? Would it be okay if I was naked?"

What other answer could I give except "Of course it is"?

What surprised me was that she hesitated a moment before telling me "I... I want you to be naked, too."

I didn't even say anything; I just got up, got out of my clothes, and sat down again. Evelyn smiled at me, and quickly shed the alleged clothing she was wearing, too, before parking herself in my lap again. The others saw all this, and decided to follow suit - Kelly and Jan having the advantage of already being nude, they decided to snuggle with each other in

one of the chairs. The twins paired up on the couch, surprising me slightly, leaving Bonita and Claire to sit next to each other on the floor. From the way the two of them looked at each other, I don't think either of them was all *that* disappointed.

The second movie, running later at night, was a little racier and more explicit than the first. It wasn't half an hour into the movie when I started catching the faint aroma of aroused female. Carefully looking around, I could see that all the others were engaged in some discrete fondling and groping of each other; I'd been doing my fair share of touching Evelyn, but hadn't engaged in anything overtly sexual. But with all the others distracted the way they were, I couldn't think of any reason not to try. I started caressing the inside of one of Evelyn's thighs, as I'd done before, but gradually moved my touch closer toward her pelvis. I was mildly surprised when she snuggled a little more into my chest and moved her leg so as to give me easier access.

At the first contact of my finger on the edge of her mons, I heard her breath catch in her throat - but she didn't say or do anything to indicate she wanted me to stop. Slowly, carefully, and gently, I let my hand begin exploring her mons, and the area between her dark, silken thighs. My fingertips told me that her bush was thick and soft, almost spongy in its density. Between her legs, I found that her labia were small and thick, the area between damp with her essence. Farther up her cleft, I happened across what I suspected was going to be the largest clitoris I'd ever seen - it felt to be a full quarter-inch in diameter, and half again that long. My gentle touch of it earned me a soft gasp of pleasure as she spread her thighs even farther apart. Just a few seconds of caressing it had her arching herself toward my hand. I was reluctant to do anything to bring her to a climax there with the others, so I eased my finger lower again to begin a detailed exploration of the area around her opening.

That time, I found the area between her vaginal lips to be quite wet; lubricating my finger with her oils, I gently probed at her opening - and slid in easier than I'd expected. Keeping my digit properly wetted with her lubrication, I carefully pressed deeper and deeper - and then realized that I had my entire finger in her, without coming across the obstruction of a hymen. She was slowly arching her pelvis, so I decided to simply continue sliding my finger in and out of her, with an occasional side trip to gently rub her clitoris a few times before re-entering her with my finger again. Reaching between us, she carefully took my penis in her hand and started slowly stroking it. We continued like that for the rest of the movie, with me semi-erect in her hand as MY hand was busy plundering her womanhood. My other hand was busy playing with her smooth, firm breasts, and erect nipples.

When the movie finally wound down, I carefully extracted my finger from her intimate embrace; she immediately took my hand and brought it up to her face, where she wrapped her lips around the finger that had been inside her and licked/sucked her juices off of it as she looked me in the eyes.

When she released my hand, the two of us looked around and saw that the others likely hadn't been paying much attention to the movie: all of them were engaged in kissing and

molesting each other *far* to intently to be paying any attention to anything else. Evelyn saw them and quietly asked me "Do you think they'd mind if we went to bed now?"

I softly caressed her arms and answered "I don't think they'd mind if there was an earthquake about now", making her laugh softly.

She scooted herself off my lap, and when I stood up next to her, she looked up at me and smiled before taking my hand. I led the two of us back to the bedroom, closing the door behind us. Taking her in my arms, I told her "Evelyn, I'm going to trust that you aren't wanting to make love with me just because you think you have to, after what Sheri and Crissy told all of you. What I want you to know is that I would be just fine with it if all you wanted to do with me tonight is *sleep*. You're a very special person to me, and I love you - enough to NOT make love with you, if that's what you want."

"But I **do** want to make love with you, Dan. I know you know I'm not a virgin. When I was 12, I was... raped by a 19-year-old cousin at a family picnic. I told my parents about it, and they called the police and he was arrested. There was even a trial, where I had to testify, and his lawyer tried to say all these *terrible* things about me. But in the end, the jury decided that a 12-year-old virgin couldn't have done all THAT much to 'provoke' him, and they put him in prison."

Hearing that, I hugged her and listened as she went on to say "I had to go to this counselor for a LONG time before I finally understood that I hadn't done anything wrong - HE had. Even so, I've been afraid of being around guys; and *terrified* of being alone with one. I guess that's why I'm so in-your-face with so many people: so they won't know how afraid I am on the inside. Except that I'm not afraid, any more. Outside, when everybody was talking, it was like everything you and Kelly and Jan and the others have said to us came together for me. All of a sudden, I **knew** how much all of you loved us - *including* me. And when that happened, I started thinking about all the other stuff, too - and I realized that I don't have to be afraid, like I said. Then when I was on your lap, and Kelly said she wouldn't mind if I wanted to spend the night with you, I realized that I *do* want to do that. I want to do it because I want to share my body with you while I show you what's in my heart, and because I know that if you'll make love with me, I won't have to worry about making love with anyone else, either - I *know* that you won't hurt me the way my cousin did; that you'll make it loving, and gentle, and *right*. I know that I can **trust** you, Dan. Everything you've done and said has proven that to me."

Having said her piece, she looked up at me - and I didn't hesitate a moment to tilt my head down and kiss her softly on the lips before telling her "Evelyn, I'm *so* sorry to hear what happened to you. But I'm also glad that you were able to get the help you needed, and that you understand that HE was the bad person - not you. It doesn't matter to me in the **slightest** whether you're a virgin or not; what IS important is that you're willing to share what's in your HEART with me. I will be more than happy to share what's in my heart with you, too, because now I know - even more than I did before - what kind of

person you are on the *inside*, where it really matters."

By the time I was finished, I could see how happy she was - and silently damned the emotional infant that had wronged her so terribly. I figured prison was a good place for him - maybe he'd learn what it was like to be the *victim*, for a change, and use the experience to pull himself together.

Of more immediate interest, though, was Evelyn. I could feel the hard tips of her breasts brushing against my chest, and see the eager anticipation of what was to happen between us in her eyes and on her face. I moved to kiss her again, and she readily stepped closer to press against me even more.

When our kiss ended, I took a step back and took her hand in mine. She let me lead her over to the edge of the bed, then onto it so she was sitting down. I moved to sit with my back against the headboard, then gestured that she should come and sit on my lap. She started to sit on it sideways, but I put my hands on her hips and stopped her. She looked at me in confusion for a moment, and then smiled - and put one leg on the other side of me before sitting down.

Taking her hands in mine, I kissed each of them before telling her "I have some things I want to tell you. I would be saying them anyway, but after you told me about what happened, it's even more important that you listen, okay?"

She nodded, and I told her "Whatever happens with us is up to YOU. How *fast* it happens is up to YOU. What you do to me, and what I do to you, is up to YOU. If something starts to happen that you don't think you like, or you're not sure of, **tell me** - I'll stop right then and right there. If there's something you **DO** want, then tell me that, too. I can promise you that there's nothing you can say or ask that is going to upset me. Surprise me, *maybe*, but NOT upset me. We have as much time as you want - *nobody* is going to come through that door without YOUR permission. As far as I'm concerned, anything that happens between us is just for **us** to know; I will NEVER say anything about it to anyone else. If you want to talk about it, that's up to you - but *I'm* not going to say anything, about ANY of it. You said you already know it, but I want to tell you anyway: I am not *knowingly* going to hurt you. If I do, **tell me** so I can stop. The last thing I want to do is something that makes you unhappy, hurt, or uncomfortable. I love you, Evelyn, and that's what I want to show you: my *love* for you. Okay?"

When I was finished, the expression on her face was positively radiant. She just looked at me for a moment, and then said "Yes, I'll do what you ask, Dan. But I already know you love me, and only want to show me how much - that's why I want to make love with you, too: so I can show you how much I love you, in return."

With that, she lifted MY hands and kissed them before asking me "Will you kiss me, Dan? Like you love me?"

I didn't bother answering - I just leaned forward, planted my lips on hers, and gave it my

best shot.

When the kiss finally ended, she looked into my eyes and said "Yeah, you love me. But I knew that", her voice telling me how much she meant it.

She raised her arms so she could clasp her hands behind my neck, giving me the opportunity to begin caressing her body. From her hips, my hands traced her up her sides then around to the backs of her shoulders. From there, it was around to the front, where I cupped her breasts in my hands and teased her nipples with my thumbs. When the ends of her breasts were peaked by her erect nipples, I caressed my way down her front, pleased by the smooth firmness of her belly before moving my hands around her so I could hold her firm, round ass in my hands for a bit before repeating the cycle. By the time my hands got back to her ass again, I could detect the aroma of her arousal, and she was rubbing herself against my growing penis with small, slow movements of her hips.

We leaned toward each other, and our lips met - softly and gently at first, then with growing passion. As I'd promised, I let her lead the way by waiting for her to part her lips slightly before doing the same. With the realization that I *was* following her example, her mouth opened more and her tongue came out to touch my lips. In just a few moments our kiss had deepened and intensified.

When our kiss ended, she pulled back slightly and asked "You know I was with Kelly, don't you?"

"No, I didn't know that - but it doesn't matter to me, except to know that you liked it."

She smiled and said "Oh, I liked it, all right! I... I want you to do to me what *she* did; and I want to do for you what I did for her."

I took her into my arms and carefully moved us around so that we could lie on our sides on the bed before reversing myself against her. She opened her legs for me, and I rested my head on her firm, smooth thigh as I contemplated the sight she was offering me. At the apex of her legs, she had a small dark wedge of hair that I knew was soft and thick. Between her thighs, I could see her vaginal lips, small and thick, extending slightly. They were parted, and the area between glistened with her juices. Looking more closely, I could also see the entrance to her vagina, winking at me as her body movements caused it to tighten every so often. Her clitoris was slightly exposed - and from what I could see of it, I know that I was right about its size. Moving my head forward, I ran my tongue between her labia and getting a taste of her unique essence: slightly musky, but in a way that made my taste buds rejoice. Doing it again, I let my tongue slip a little deeper and got a fully taste of the flavor of her - accompanied by her soft moan as she pressed herself against my mouth.

She'd taken my semi-erect penis in her hand and was softly stroking me to fullness when I changed over to her clitoris; with the first pass of my tongue across it, she gasped and arched her back in encouragement for me to continue. As I did, she took my erecting

penis in her mouth and started using her tongue to lick the head of it - focusing on the sensitive underside when she felt me responding more when she massaged it there with the end of her tongue. As I got longer and harder under her tender ministrations, I continued tending to her rapidly erecting clitoris and increasingly wet vaginal opening. In return, she began taking more and more of me in her mouth, softly sucking on me and using her tongue to continue to stimulate me. Before long, I was fully erect and she was slowly moving her lips up and down my length as I teased and stimulated her clitoris.

From the sounds she was making, I expected that she was getting close to having an orgasm; I was proven right when she trapped my head between her thighs and let my penis slip from her mouth so she could release a deep moan of pleasure as the first wave of a climax coursed through her body. I gently massaged her clitoris in time with the spasms going through her, and her reaction told me that I was making it longer and more intense for her.

When it was over for her, she was softly panting as she raised her leg to release my head. I quickly reversed position again so that I could hold her and look at her as she recovered from what had clearly been an intense orgasm. When I kissed her, she looked surprised before asking "You don't mind kissing me? After I was using my mouth on you?"

"You were willing to kiss me back after I'd done the same thing for you, so why should I mind?"

"No reason, I guess. It's just that I've heard other girls talk, and they say their boyfriends don't like to kiss them for a while after they've done that; whether the boy climaxed or not."

"Too bad for them, I guess", I answered, simply. Evelyn just smiled and answered "Yeah, too bad!"

A few moments later, she scooted a little closer and felt my erect penis brush against her leg. Looking at me, she said "What we just did was nice - *really* nice! - but what I want is to make *love*."

"How would you like to do it, then?" I asked.

"I want you to be on top of me. That's the way... *he* did it, but this time, I'll know that you're there because *I* want you there. I want you on top of me, protecting me with your body as you show me how much you love me."

I gave her another kiss, and when she felt me start to move, she rolled onto her back and spread her legs for me. I moved between them and she bent her knees and lifted her legs, opening and exposing herself to me in welcome.

I got my body positioned, then started to reach between us - knowing what I was about to do, she said "Let me" and quickly reached down to take me in her hand. Unashamedly, she slid the head of my erection between her vaginal lips a couple of times to wet me with

her oils before setting me at her opening. Looking up at me, I could see in her eyes that she loved me and trusted me without reservation.

I carefully and gently pressed myself forward, alert to the slightest indication that I was causing her *any* kind of difficulty; as I did, I could feel her deliberately relaxing herself in invitation for me to enter her.

I was patient, and she was willing. It happened slowly, but it happened: with a suddenness that I think surprised both of us, the head of my penis popped through the tight ring of her vaginal entrance. She didn't make the slightest sound when it happened, and I immediately stopped to give her time to either get used to having me there, or to let me know if she needed or wanted me to stop.

I knew she was ready and wanted me to continue when she arched her back to press herself up against me. I pushed forward again, and sank a little deeper in her - accompanied by a soft moan of pleasure from her. Pulling back to make sure I stayed lubricated with her oils, I entered her a little further before stopping again. After a bit, she looked up at me and said "Go ahead, Dan. You're not hurting me - it feels *good!*"

The next few iterations of withdrawal followed by entering her a little further each time ended when both of us felt my pelvis come in contact with hers. I held myself there when she told me "It feels so good having you inside me like this; but you're so big, too. Let me get used to it for a minute?"

I lowered myself to give her a kiss before answering "A minute, five, twenty, whatever you need, dear."

She smiled at me at the endearment before getting a slightly distracted look on her face. I could feel her learning which muscles in her vagina did what as she deliberately went about trying to relax herself there. As hot and wet as she was inside, I knew that I wouldn't have any trouble moving in her - but I'd told her that she set the pace, so I simply waited until *she* was ready for me to go on.

After a couple of minutes, she told me "I'm ready, now. Please, Dan - make *love* with me."

Slowly at first, I did as she asked. But as her woman's oils got better distributed on me, and she got more comfortable, the pace of our lovemaking increased. It wasn't long before I was sliding in and out of her in a steady rhythm that I could tell pleased her. Several minutes later, listened as her panting increased in accompaniment to the faint flexing I could feel in her womanhood; a couple more minutes, and I watched and felt as she slid into an orgasm - a powerful one, her first ever from making love with a man. I altered the pace at which I was thrusting into her, synchronizing it with the waves of pleasure I could feel going through her body; she responded by crying out in joy as her climax intensified. As her ecstasy tapered off, I gradually returned to our previous rhythm. When her eyes opened again, she looked up at me in wonderment, saying "I didn't know it could **feel** like

that!"

I managed to kiss her again before she realized that I was still moving in her. When she did, she exclaimed "Oh, God, yes!" and raised her hips up in welcome to my penetrations.

Her second orgasm arrived more quickly than the first had, and was more powerful, as well. The third time she climaxed, I was definitely getting tired - but stayed the course so she wouldn't be denied even the slightest pleasure. When it was over for her, I was holding myself still; she realized I wasn't moving and looked up to see that I had a fine sheen of perspiration on my face and body. Concerned, she asked "You're tired?"

I admitted that I was, and she immediately told me "Then you lay down, and let *me* do the work, now - though I don't think this can rightly be called 'work', when it feels so damn good!", smiling.

I eased myself out of her - she released a small moan of disappointment when I slipped free - and moved to lie on my back. She quickly climbed on top of me, then took my slick penis in her hand and held it steady as she unhesitatingly lowered herself onto it - smiling in pleasure as she did so.

Once her smooth ass cheeks had settled into my "lap", it didn't take her long to start moving herself on me. Rocking her hips back and forth, she only moving along perhaps a third of my manhood - but the rest was still deep inside her, clearly bringing her pleasure as she moved on me.

It didn't take her long to discover that if she leaned forward a bit, she could not only move herself on me, but get her clitoris involved, too. When *that* happened, she started enjoying things even more - which is saying something.

Still, with her being the "active" one (I wasn't just laying there, mind you), and the orgasms she was having, it didn't take all that long for her own considerable energy to be drained.

She was softly panting as she held herself over me, my penis buried in her while she rested on me, when I suggested "Let's change over again."

"I guess I AM getting tired, too - but its a *nice* tired!", she admitted/declared, before letting me guide her off my manhood. She readily laid on her back, her legs open to leave room for me between them. I positioned myself as closely as I could to her womanhood, then sat on my heels. Seeing what I was doing, she helped me pull her a little closer, then draped her legs over mine. Easing my hips back a little, I was able to push my penis down and position myself at her glistening entrance before slipping into her again. When I stopped, a bit over half my length was inside her while I sat in a more-or-less "neutral" position; from where I was positioned, I could easily slide almost my entire erection in and out of her with little effort. Leaning forward, I supported my torso with my arms and began pumping in and out of her slowly. I could feel the head of my penis running along the top of her vagina due to the different angle that I was entering her. I don't know, of

course, if there is such a thing as the "G-spot" in women; but I can vouch for the fact that my contact with that part of her vagina seemed to excite her almost as much as it did when my pubic bone bumped against her erect and visible clitoris.

The orgasms she'd experienced while she was on top of me had done a pretty good job of getting me excited. So when our new position and the way I was bumping against her clit pushed her into yet *another* orgasm a couple minutes later, the sensation of her vaginal muscles tightening around me in a milking sensation got me to the point where I knew I was going to climax before long. After the spasming in her body tapered off, I gradually sped up the pace at which I was thrusting into her, accompanied by her loud moans of pleasure. It took only a couple more minutes before I could see and feel that she was getting close again - which was good, because I wasn't far off, either.

Accompanied by a loud cry, she tightened around me again as I continued to thrust into her. I was almost there myself, and the clenching of her womanhood was finally enough to push me over the edge: with a couple of slow, deep thrusts into her, I buried myself as far in her as I could before starting to spray her insides with my cum. When that happened, she cried out again and pressed herself against me as the spasms going through her body intensified again.

I think both of us finished our climaxes about the same time; as Evelyn was lowering her pelvis, I was letting my arms relax so I could rest on my elbows. That brought the hard points of her nipples into contact with my chest, which produced a happy noise in her and a twitching in my mostly-erect penis for me. Otherwise, the two of us just softly panted into each other's ear as we recovered from our pleasures.

We stayed like that long enough that I finally shrank enough to pull free of the grip of her womanhood. When it happened, she softly giggled in my ear. I asked her what was so funny, and she told me "When you went out of me like that, all of a sudden I felt a *draft* in a place I sometimes thought I'd never get to use."

I turned my head a bit and softly nibbled her ear - causing her body to shudder in response - before I told her "Well, you **HAVE** used it, now. And you seemed pretty pleased about it, too!", teasing her.

She turned her head and kissed me before answering "WE used it, Dan - and I **am** pleased. Way more than I thought I could be!"

We stayed like that for a little longer before she told me "It feels so nice, having you over me like this; its like you're a living blanket for me - but I can feel myself starting to, um, leak, and I don't want to make a mess on the bed."

After I kissed her shoulder, I told her "Stay there, then - I'll be back in just a minute." Then, before she could say anything, I moved off of her and headed for the bathroom. I was back quickly with a warm, damp washcloth and a couple of towels. She smiled at me and reached for the washcloth; I just shook my head and started gently cleaning her

pelvis. When I was done, I dried her off with one towel, then carefully folded the other before telling her "If you want to sit up, I can put this under you. Then when I sit down next to you, I can hold you without you having to worry about anything." She happily nodded her understanding, and did as I said - it took just a moment before she settled down on it.

With her taken care of, I went on to clean myself up, too - unembarrassed by the fact that she was watching me. When I was done, I set the towel aside with the washcloth on top of it before taking a seat next to her. I put my arm around her, and she snuggled into my side with a contented sigh. After a bit, she reached up and started toying with the hairs on my chest before telling me "Thank you, Dan."

Surprised, I asked "Whatever for?"

"For showing me that I was right to trust you. For loving me as much as you do. For letting me know that there wasn't anything to be embarrassed about after we made love by cleaning ME up, and then letting me watch you clean yourself. For making love to me. For helping me learn that I **can** enjoy making love, even after what happened to me. For understanding how that hurt me, without pitying me, too. Most of all, for just being who you are, I think."

I kissed the top of her head, and she looked up at me as I told her "Evelyn, if I've done all that for you - and since you say that I did, I'll accept that - then it has only been because of who YOU are. You're smart, you're brave, you're loving, and everything else that somebody could want in another person. If I did those things for you, then it's only because you deserved it just for being YOU."

I could see her eyes getting wet, but from the expression on her face, I was *pretty* sure they were tears of happiness. I knew I was right when she reached around me to give me a hug before settling into my side again.

As we sat there, we talked. Well, actually, it was Evelyn that talked, mostly. My contribution was to ask questions and comment every now and then, while she told me about all the things that were going on in her life, and what she wanted to do. It turned out that she truly enjoyed art - particularly painting; but her parents wanted her to go to college. She didn't want to disappoint them after all they'd done for her, but she loved painting too much to be willing to do it only as a hobby. I pointed out to her that there was such a thing as a commercial artist - as well as a number of other occupations that would let her paint for a living. Granted, she wouldn't have the freedom to paint what she wanted, but it *would* give her the chance to earn a living while doing something she liked. She considered that for a while, and finally said that she thought she could do that - that in art classes, she frequently had to paint whatever the teacher specified as a subject, anyway. Then I explained that if she was a commercial artist, she might accidentally get inspiration to paint things that she might not have thought about otherwise, and that working commercially would help her develop and refine a variety of different

techniques. She looked up at me with a grin and asked if I'd tell her dad about what I'd just said - he didn't think that she would be able to support herself just through painting. I said that I would, and added that I would **not** be telling him how and where we had gotten onto the subject - causing her to have a fit of giggles at what she expected her dad's reaction would be if he knew.

I was starting to feel a bit sleepy when I suggested to her that we could take a shower - together or separately, her choice - and go to bed. She considered it for a moment, then looked up at me with a smile on her face and asked "We can shower together?"

"If you want", I answered - and immediately having her tell me "I do!"

When we got up, she wrinkled her nose at the wet spot on the towel she'd been sitting on, but didn't say or do anything else - other than pick it up, along with the others, and carry them with us as we went into the bathroom with an arm around each other. In the shower, she was delighted by how meticulous I was about washing her body, and then had fun taking *thorough* care in making sure my penis and scrotum were clean. Once we were clean - and even longer, actually - we got out and dried off. She said she was thirsty, so she left to go to the kitchen and get each of us something to drink. While she was gone, I turned the covers down on the bed and got in to wait for her. She was back in just a couple of minutes, telling me that everyone else appeared to have gone to bed, too. She'd brought a couple of the small bottles of water that Kelly and I kept in the fridge for when we just wanted a quick refresher; Evelyn handed me one and climbed into bed to sit on my lap as we sipped at our drinks.

Both of us were nearly finished when she told me "Dan, I really am sorry about the way all of us were *using* you and Kelly when we first started coming over here."

"Don't worry about it, Evelyn. The important thing is that you kept coming over, and listening to us. Is that anything that you'll ever do again?"

"No, of course not!"

"Then that's all I, or Kelly, or any of the others could ask for - that you learned from the mistake. Okay?"

Satisfied, she nodded and let me take the empty bottle from her hand and set it next to mine on the night stand. As I did, I felt her move off my lap, then lie next to me. I moved to lie on my side next to her, and she rolled over onto HER side - then backed up so that the two of us were spooning. I put my arm around her, and she promptly moved my hand, holding it on her breast with her own. After I told Mabel (my home automation system) to turn the lights out, I heard Evelyn's voice in the darkness tell me "I love you, Dan."

I gave her a brief hug and answered "And I love you, too, dear."

I heard her breathing slow and become steady before I drifted off to sleep myself.



The next morning, I woke up on my back - and to the sight of Evelyn's body lying half on mine, her head resting on my chest as she just looked at me.

I raised an eyebrow in question, and she just smiled before saying "After how nice you made me feel last night, I just wanted to lay here and *look* at you."

"And you didn't get bored? Or have you been awake that long?" I asked.

She grinned and said "Oh, I've been awake for a little while. Your computer asked if it was okay to make coffee, but you were still asleep, so I told it no." Evelyn and the others had been over enough that Mabel had learned to recognize their voices, at least for simpler commands.

Evelyn went on to tell me "No, you're not boring, at all. In fact, you're anything but boring to look at. When I really started *looking* at you this morning, I realized just how much **character** there is in your face. I mean, even when you're asleep, your face looks so strong and handsome; and I can see that you're just as honest and fair as you can be about *everything*. You're getting gray, and I know you're getting old and everything, but somehow, you still look young, too. I was just trying to figure out why that is when you woke up."

I smiled at her and answered "Oh, there are days that I feel every bit as old as I am - but most of the time, I don't. I think its because I have smart, pretty, sexy little teeny-boppers like you taking care of me", I teased.

She smiled back and asked "Will you let me take care of you? Not just in bed, physically, but be part of your life, too? And be part of mine?"

I put my arms around her and gave her a hug and kiss before answering "Of course I will, Evelyn. You *are* part of my life, now. Not because of what we did last night, but because you're willing and able to love me as much as I love you. And you'll be a part of Kelly's life, and Jan's, and Candice's, and even Sheri and Crissy's lives, too, for the same reasons."

I could hear the happiness in her voice when she replied "I like that idea."

Softly stroking her back, I told her "Now, if you're through hallucinating about how handsome I am" - she giggled - "I need to get up and visit the bathroom. After that, I need **coffee**," making her laugh before she rolled off of me. I got up, and turned to look at her - and saw that she'd stretched herself out, arms extended above her head, as though she were displaying herself for me. I leaned over and kissed her on the belly-button, making her laugh, before heading to the bathroom. On the way, I told Mabel to start the coffee.

When I came out, I saw that she was waiting for me after having made the bed. I looked at it, then her, and she simply told me "After all you and Kelly have done for me, I am **not** going to be leaving messes for you to have to straighten out."

I just put my arm around her, and the two of us headed for the kitchen. Each of us got a cup of coffee and I sat on one of the stools at our breakfast nook, with Evelyn standing with her back to me between my legs, with my arms around her.

We were still like that when Jan and Kelly came in. Their first considered action was to get their own coffee, then Jan started another pot as Kelly asked Evelyn "I'm trusting you had a good time last night?" - and then smiling at the broad grin that split Evelyn's face. Jan saw it, too, and commented "Oh, yeah - she had a good time!"

Evelyn told Kelly "Thank you for letting me be with Dan last night. It was so wonderful!"

Kelly just told her "I think you know you don't have to thank me. You love him as much as any of the rest of us do; its just that last night was your turn to be with him, is all."

Jan added to that by saying "And now you know why none of us minds if he wants to be with someone: *all* of us feel like you do after we're with him. Would you be jealous, now, if Sheri or Crissy wanted to be with him?"

"No, of course not!" Evelyn answered.

Jan smiled, and said "That's how the rest of us are. And we're like that about being with each other, too. When you finally realize that you don't have to be selfish about loving other people, it makes staying happy **so** much easier!"

With that, Evelyn went over to give each of them a good morning kiss - kisses that were more than passingly friendly, too, judging from what I could see.

As Jan and Evelyn were parting, Crissy and Sheri came into the kitchen; Evelyn just went over and welcomed them with a kiss, too - no tamer than the ones she'd given Kelly and Jan. Each of the twins responded in kind before heading for Jan and Kelly, then me.

A few minutes later, Claire and Bonita showed up - and seemed surprised to see me with one arm around Evelyn's waist, and the other around Kelly's.

Bonita got herself a cup of tea, while Claire headed straight for the coffee. Taking the last of it, she asked if she should make more; Kelly told her to go ahead, and she did. After taking a sip of her coffee, she came over and kissed me on the cheek, and let me kiss her back. Bonita was a little more reserved, kissing the others, but only saying "Good morning" to me.

Jan got Bonita in a conversation while Evelyn and the other youngsters bunched up to whisper among each other. Kelly was still next to me, and commented "I'll give you just three guesses what they're talking about."

I looked at her and suggested "Santa Claus? The Easter Bunny? The Great Pumpkin?"

Kelly just laughed softly and answered "If you believe its any of those, I need to get you to a doctor - you're delusional."

"I'm going to go *way* out on a limb, here, and say that maybe they're comparing notes? Or at least telling each other what happened when each of them was with me?"

Kelly laughed again and told me "That's not a limb, it's a steel beam. Yeah, its a pretty safe bet you're the subject."

About that time, Claire looked over and saw us looking at them - and promptly blushed furiously. Yeah, I was the topic of discussion, all right.

Jan and Bonita came over and the four of us chatted about a couple of things until the others realized that they'd been pretty much excluding the rest of us. When they broke up, Jan told everybody "It's time for breakfast, and I'm cooking. I need two volunteers - one to help with the food and the other to take care of the other stuff, like making sure there's enough coffee, getting the dishes ready, and so on. Dan and Kelly are excluded 'cause its their house. Evelyn's out because I say so. Who's it going to be?"

Claire, the twins, and Bonita all smiled before Claire and Bonita both raised a hand - only slightly ahead of the twins. Jan told them "Thank you." before announcing "The rest of you? Get out of my kitchen!" - to the laughter of all of us.

Those of us not on kitchen duty drifted into the den and took seats. A minute later, Claire came in with a carafe of coffee and filled all of our cups, telling us "Jan says breakfast won't be long, so this should hold you until then", before disappearing back into the kitchen.

I was starting to think about braving the dangers of the kitchen for more coffee when Jan and the girls came out. Bonita had one tray piled high with food, Claire had another, and Jan had one with plates and eating utensils on it, along with condiments. They set everything down on the coffee table and got plates of food distributed. For some reason, Kelly and I kept getting the first ration of everything.

Breakfast turned out to be American & cheddar cheese omelets, crisp bacon, fried potatoes, and what looked like enough wheat toast to put a dent in Kansas' annual grain production. Added to that was an ample supply of coffee, with milk and orange juice for everyone. As we ate, we continued talking with each other; everyone was considerate enough to wait to ask questions until the person the question was for *wasn't* chewing.

When we were done eating, Kelly granted permission for the twins to give the last couple strips of bacon to Cat, who had been industriously trying to beg from anyone that she thought might fall for her cuteness. That earned them Cat's gratitude - which, unsurprisingly, lasted exactly as long as the food did. For the most part, Cat's loyalty extended only as far as her fur.

With Cat fed, the twins got up and started gathering the remains of breakfast. Evelyn

started to get up to help, but the look she got from them convinced her to sit down again - to the laughter of the rest of us. When they'd taken the plates from Kelly and me, Kelly moved to sit on my lap; I made a fake noise of complaint - which Kelly knew to ignore - but making the rest of them laugh again. I wrapped my arms around Kelly, and softly kissed her on the shoulder before telling her "I love you, Kelly Marshall."

She turned her head to give me a smile that told me how much I meant to her before saying "And I love you, too, Dan - even if you **are** a stinker sometimes!", laughter in her eyes.

When we looked at the others, all of them were smiling at the exchange between Kelly and me, except for Bonita and Claire - who both looked envious.

Sheri and Crissy carried the trays into the kitchen, and then reappeared a few minutes later to tell Kelly that they'd gone ahead and loaded and started the dishwasher. Kelly thanked them, and got a mild Goober look in return.

Jan offered to take anyone who wanted to go to church, but all of them declined. Instead, Bonita asked me if Kelly and I went to church. My resulting explanation of my views on religion got us talking about the Church and religion in general, then on into philosophy - morals and ethics in particular. By the time we were done, it was approaching noon; it was Claire that reminded them that they'd all said they would be home soon. That prompted a round of minor grumbling and complaining, but it was only half-hearted. Gradually, in ones and twos, they went back and got dressed, bringing along the bags they'd brought over when they came out.

When all of them were dressed and ready to go, Kelly, Jan, and I all got up and kissed each of them before they headed for the door, and home. Even Bonita let me give her a soft kiss on the lips.

When they were gone, Kelly had me sit at the end of the couch; she sat next to me so Jan could sit on my lap. With an arm around each of the two women that I loved most, I was a *very* happy man.



It was a few days later that my secretary told me that I had a call from a young lady named Claire - something that surprised me greatly. I took it, and heard her say "I'm sorry to have to call you at your office like this, Dan, but something has happened, and I really need to talk to you and Kelly. Could I come over tonight?"

I knew that I didn't have to ask Kelly, and simply told her "Of course it is. What time?"

"Would seven o'clock be okay?"

"That would be fine, Claire. We'll see you then."

"I'll be there. And **thank you**, Dan" she said, before hanging up.

I told Kelly about the call, and she immediately told me "You did the right thing. I don't know what's going on with her, either, but if it was important enough for her to call here, then its important enough for us to let her come over."

For the rest of the afternoon, I was distracted by wondering what the *hell* could be going on with Claire.



It was just a few seconds before seven that night when Mabel told us we had a visitor. Kelly and I both went to the door, and when we let Claire in, both of us looked at her to see if there was anything obvious for us to be concerned about. There wasn't - but Claire saw us looking at her, and blushed slightly before telling us "No, nobody has beaten me or anything like that. I just had to come over and *talk* to you before I went crazy."

That last statement helped my frame of mind only marginally; I could see that it didn't do much more for Kelly. We showed Claire into the living room, and she took a seat on the couch, fidgeting nervously as Kelly and I took seats in chairs facing her. When we'd settled in, she told us "I want to apologize for calling you at your office, Dan. It's just that there's something that I've been thinking about, and something else that's bothering me, and I finally decided that I just **had** to talk to you and Kelly."

Kelly told her "That's not a problem, dear. What *is* a problem is whatever it is that's bothering you so much. Dan and I can both see that there's **something** going on; you said you have to talk to us, and we really do want to know how we can help."

Looking at her feet, Claire gave a small, derisive laugh and muttered "That's part of the problem - you **HAVE** helped. Too much!"

She didn't seem to realize that Kelly and I had heard her; Kelly and I just looked at each other in confusion.

Finally, Claire looked up at us and said "Evelyn and I were talking yesterday, about all kinds of different things - movies, music, and all that. Then we started talking about the sleep over, and what happened while all of us were here. When we started talking about it, it was like she turned into a different person, sort of. I mean, she was as nice and everything else as she's always been. But any time she talked about you, Kelly, or you, Dan, the way she talked about you... Well, it left me feeling like I was being left out of something. I finally said something to her about it - real nice, though, you know? I mean, she's my *friend*, and everything - and she told me something that Jan said to her before we

had breakfast. She said that Jan told her 'when you finally realize that you don't have to be selfish about loving other people, it makes staying happy so much easier'."

Claire laughed briefly, and went on "When I heard that, it was like a giant flashbulb went off in my head. I remember talking to Evelyn a little more, but I have *no* idea what I said; maybe I need to apologize to her, or something. Anyway, after I got off the phone with her, I realized that I really **understood** all the things that you and the others have been telling us - about love and trust and all that. And I started thinking about all the things that it meant, and how my life just HAD to change now that I knew what was going on. I mean, I don't know how long I just lay there on my bed, thinking about this stuff. I mean, it was kind of rattling around in my head after we all talked Saturday night; and it was still there Sunday morning, too. But when Evelyn said that about not being selfish about loving other people... well it just HIT me, you know?"

She took a breath, and then continued "Anyway, after I got through thinking about all the other stuff, I realized just how much you two have done for us. I don't just mean stuff like the sleep over, and feeding us, and letting us come over and all that; I mean how much of *yourselves* you gave us. The time and energy you put into us while we were here, both of you taking time from your jobs to teach at the school, and all the rest of it. I finally understood that you did all that because you love us - and that you love us because of what you saw was in us; not the way we were, but what we COULD be. I knew that you were giving us your time and all of that in the **hope** that we'd turn into the kind of people that you thought we could. And that just made it all the more REAL - you loving us, I mean. You did all that stuff without knowing that we'd *ever* get our shit together - 'scuse me - and turn out better. The anatomy lessons with you, Kelly, and then learning about guys from you, Dan - any one of us could have told our parents and you would have been in all KINDS of trouble. But you took that chance anyway, because you loved us and wanted to help us. So when I knew - I mean *really* knew - how much you loved us, the only thing I could do was just lay there and cry because I loved you so much for being willing to do that for all of us."

She stopped to look at us then, and told us "That's when I *really* started having problems. When I was done crying, what I wanted to do more than anything else in the world was come over here and make *love* with you: to give myself to you, with my heart even more than my body, the same way that you've given yourselves to ME. But the problem is that I'm Chinese. Not that that's a physical problem, but a - what do you call it - a *cultural* one. When I get married, my whole family expects it will be to another Chinese; if I do that, and I'm not a virgin on my wedding night, people will hear about it - that's just the way things work. It won't matter if my HUSBAND doesn't care if I'm a virgin or not; what will matter is that it would embarrass my family. My mother and father would be shamed, and that's just not something I can DO. I know we're in America and should be following American customs; but my parents are both from Taiwan, and that kind of stuff is still **very** much a part of their history and all that. So no matter how much I *want* to make love

with you, Dan, I just **can't** - and that's what's making me crazy." she finished, dropping her head again - but not before Kelly and I could see the tears forming in her eyes.

I got up and went over to sit next to her, and after a token objection, she let me pull her onto my lap so I could hold her. I kissed the top of her head and said "Claire, there's no reason to bother yourself about all this. Never, *ever* think that you should, or have to, make love with **anyone**. Everything you've said and done tonight has told me that you love me - and that's enough for me. Please, *please* don't hurt yourself thinking that you have to do something just for me."

"But I **do** love you! And Kelly, and Jan, and everyone else!" she told me, as she cried into my chest. Well, I'm waterproof, so I didn't worry about it.

"Claire, *none* of us would EVER say anything to you that you should do anything to hurt your family. Something that ALL of us believe is that if you love someone, you *respect* them. It sounds to me like you love your mom and dad" - "I do!" she declared - "so that's all the reason you should need not to hurt them. If you want to make love with Kelly or Jan or any of the other girls, you can do that without having to worry that you won't be a virgin afterwards. Heck, even if you want to be with ME, we can still do things that won't change you that way. Dear, the **only** thing that matters to us is that you love us, and let us love you."

She cried silently for a bit before telling me "But I *want* to make love with you - so you know how much I love you, too."

I hugged her and said "I know you love me, Claire - really, I do. You love me with your heart, and with your mind, and those are the parts of you that I treasure most. It's the love of your heart, not your body, that's important to me."

"But I want to give myself to you, like you gave yourself to us!"

"You *have* given yourself to me. You've given me your love - and that's enough for me."

"It's not enough for me, though! I want to be with you physically, too!"

"You are with me, physically. Am I not holding you now? Haven't we kissed? Don't you think I'll ever hold you or kiss you again, EVER?"

"That's not what I mean, and you know it. I want to have *orgasms* with you, and help YOU have climaxes, too!"

"Claire, we can still do that - we just don't take it all the way, is all." I answered.

"And that's the problem: I **DO** want to take it all the way, dammit!"

She was starting to get a little mad - which was an improvement over crying, as far as I was concerned. Kelly knew how much of a softie I was when there were female tears involved, and thought it was amusing. My marshmallow-ness around tears was why she was always the one that had to handle our daughter's misbehavior: Janet would start

crying, knowing that she'd done something I didn't approve of; I'd start to melt, and wouldn't be able to punish her as I should.

"But you know you can't have what you want. So what are you going to do? Take what you CAN have and enjoy it as much as possible, or stay upset?"

Put that way, there wasn't a whole lot she could say - the choice was simply too obvious.

Claire gradually got her sniffing under control, and accepted the tissues that Kelly had fetched for her. After drying her eyes and blowing her nose, she finally looked up at me and said "I'll take what I can get, and be damn glad for it."

She hesitated for a moment, then asked "Can... can we do it now? Tonight, I mean? I can call my folks and tell them I'll be late and it'll be okay; I told them I was coming over here, and they didn't mind *at all*."

Where Claire couldn't see her, Kelly was nodding to me to let me know it was okay with her, too. I lowered my head to give Claire a kiss on the forehead and told her "If that's what you want, then that's what we'll do. Go ahead and call you folks, if you want - you're welcome to stay here as long as you want to tonight."

With the promise of good times ahead of her, Claire quickly called home to speak to her parents. Her dad answered the phone, and was initially concerned that she was intruding. Kelly and I both assured him that she wasn't; satisfied that she wasn't bothering us, he readily gave her permission to come home at midnight, instead of her usual ten o'clock curfew.

With that out of the way, Claire visibly relaxed. I took her into my arms again and gave her a hug before the two of us gently kissed. When our lips parted, she looked up at me and said "Thank you, Dan" before turning her head to thank Kelly, too. Kelly came over and kissed her before saying "Its okay, Claire. Let him love you, love him back, and enjoy yourself." before heading into the kitchen on some pretext or other.

When she was gone, Claire looked at me again and after a moment asked "Can we... go now?"

I answered her the same way I had Crissy: by scooting forward, putting my arm behind her legs, and standing up. With Claire being so much smaller than Crissy, it was a lot easier to accomplish. Claire looked at me in surprise - which turned to delight as I carried her back to the bedroom. I closed the door behind me with my foot, then carried her over to the bed, setting her down before taking a seat next to her. I took her hand in mine and kissed it before telling her "I meant what I said, Claire. I *do* love you, no matter what else there is with us. If all I ever got to do with you was hold you on my lap and kiss you, that would be all I need - because I know that you love me with your heart, just as I love you. I love you enough that if you want to stop this at **any** time, I won't be upset or angry or anything else - I'll still love you."

She smiled at me before answering "I know you love me. You've already shown me that in SO many ways, and now I want to show you that I love you, too. I can't give you as much of myself as I want to, but I think you really understand *why*, so it's okay. But I want you to know that what you do get of me, I'm giving you with all my heart."

I lowered my head and kissed her - and she kissed me back, our love for each other growing with each passing second. When our lips separated, I asked her "What would you like us to do?"

She gave me a shy smile and said "I... I want to watch you take your clothes off - then I want you to watch ME. Not like a striptease, but ordinary like - and slow."

I didn't bother saying anything; I just stood up and did as she wanted - undressed myself, slowly, just for HER. By the time I was done, I could see a faint blush of arousal on her face, and I knew that I'd gotten it right. She got off the bed, then gestured for me to lie down; when I was situated, she began taking her clothes off, too. No, it wasn't a striptease - somehow, it was far more intimate and personal as I watched her unbutton her blouse and slide it off, then reach between her breasts to unhook her bra - but not remove it. The skirt she was wearing was next; unfastened and unzipped, she let it drop to the floor so I could see that she was wearing a pair of pale yellow, French cut panties. Only then did she reach to her breasts and pull the cups of her bra out of the way, revealing the small mounds of her breasts, and the small dark spots where her nipples were. When she'd removed her bra, her hands went to the waistband of her panties, she slowly slid them down, gradually revealing the narrow strip of her long, wispy pubic hair. Once they were past her knees, she quickly stepped out of them leaving her standing there exposed to my gaze. I let her see me looking her over, and when I got to her eyes, I could see how pleased she was when I told her "You're lovely - just like I said you were that night you all had your anatomy lesson. Remember?"

She smiled and answered "Oh, yeah, I remember! When you had Evelyn stand up, and told us what you saw, I thought you were just blowing hot air. But by the time you were done - particularly after you noticed all those differences between Sheri and Crissy - I knew you weren't; and I knew that you really did think I was as pretty as you described. Sometimes I noticed you looking at me; but you always behaved yourself. I mean, you never did try to grab my butt, or rub up against my tits or anything. You just treated us like we were people, too, and respected us."

Grinning, I asked her "Is it okay if I grab your butt and rub up against your tits NOW?"

She laughed - a delightful, tinkling sound - and came over to the bed before saying "Yes, NOW its okay!"

I reached out and surprised her by putting my hand on her waist first, enjoying the feel of her warm smooth skin. She stepped a little closer, and I heard the intake of her breath as I slowly reached around to hold one cheek of her cute little butt. After a few moments, she put her hand on mine, holding it in place on her ass as she climbed on top of me. Lying

on me, she asked "How about if you go ahead and grab my butt, and *I'll* rub my tits against *you*?"

I could feel the hard nubbins of her nipples pressing into my chest, and looked forward to the feeling of her rubbing herself against me. I put my other hand on her ass before raising one eyebrow as if saying "Well??" She smiled at me in return, and started doing as she'd said: slowly dragging the firm mounds of her breasts across my chest. As she did, I gently squeezed the tight globes of her ass, marvelling at how something as tight and firm as her buns could look so cute.

After a bit, I stopped playing with her ass and moved on to begin exploring the rest of her anatomy - the velvety feel of her back, the soft curves of her shoulders and neck, the gentle slope of her waist and hips. And as I'd wanted to do since the first time I saw her, I got to take her hair and just *hold* it, delighting in its luster and fullness, letting its dark silken strands flow through my fingers. If it hadn't been for the feeling of her nipples dragging across my chest, and her smooth young body against mine, I probably could have kept playing with her hair for a *long* time, it was so sensual.

But there was more to Claire than just her hair, and I wanted to learn just how MUCH more. Regretfully, I let her long, dark tresses fall from my hand so I could put my hands on her hips. She let me gently guide her up my body until I could lift my head slightly and kiss her - softly and lovingly. She eagerly responded in kind, her body not moving as she shared her love for me through her lips. When our kiss ended, I looked up and told her "I love you", and saw the happiness in her eyes as she answered "And I love you."

I kissed her again, and the kiss she gave back revealed a little of the passion she was feeling. When we next kissed, her desire was even more evident, and I let my lips part slightly. That was all the invitation she needed to open hers so her tongue could slither into my mouth and begin exploring. It quickly found my own tongue, and the two of them introduced themselves to each other before beginning to dance. Hers retreated, and mine followed to continue the friendship.

By the time our lips separated again, she was panting with desire. She let me guide her a little further up my body, and I made good on my first comment by nibbling on a neck that was just *begging* for me to do so. I heard her breathing quicken, and began to detect the faint scent of her arousal before expanding efforts to include her shoulders and throat and delicate, shell-like ears. The sent of her increased as she began moaning in response to my attentions. After a bit, I was ready to move on; Claire moved herself even higher on my body without prompting, giving me the opportunity to apply my oral attentions to her upper chest and throat - softly sucking her tawny skin and gently biting her throat as she started pressing her pelvis against me.

My next target was obvious, and my gentlest nudge brought her delectable breasts and nipples within range. I took a few moments to really *look* at them - she would be hard-pressed to fill a B-cup, but what she had was wonderfully rounded, with small, dark

areolas and nipples centered at their peaks. I started by just licking her, from where her breasts flowed into her chest, along their contours to her tightly puckered areolas and erect nipples. When both breasts were faintly shiny with my saliva, I gradually reduced the range of my efforts until I was focusing almost exclusively on sucking and gently "chewing" her nipples - something that had her pressing herself against me even harder as she panted almost non-stop. Both nipples were fully extended and shiny with my saliva when my hands on her nips let her know that I wanted to continue.

She let me direct how quickly she moved up my body, giving me plenty of time to distribute a multitude of soft kisses and lip-bites on her belly along the way. I paid special attention to the slight "innie" she had for a navel before moving on. Finally, I felt her long, wispy pubic hair brushing against my chin; she carefully moved her legs so that she was kneeling over my head - giving me a clear view of the area between her smooth, trim thighs.

Her pubic hair was just a small patch that barely covered her mons; though the individual hairs were slightly long, they were sparse, too - I had no trouble seeing the skin of her pudendum between them. Farther down, I could see where the gap in it, where my next goal was. Her labia were small and thin - almost nonexistent, even. But the area between them was readily visible, and shiny with the juices that had escaped her. Lifting my head slightly, I extended my tongue and drew it along her cleft to discover that her oils were light and thin, slightly tangy, but somehow spicy, too. Eagerly, I did it again as she groaned her pleasure at what I was doing. I repeated my efforts several times, each accompanied by pleased groans from Claire. The last time, my tongue continued its journey a little farther to include her clitoris - finding it to be the size of a small pea, erect and sensitive: the first pass of my tongue over it, she involuntarily grunted as her body arched forward in response to what I knew was a spasm of pleasure at the contact.

She'd said that she wanted to have orgasms with me - so I proceeded to give her the best one I could manage.

Over the next several minutes, I did everything I'd learned that pleased a woman orally. I lapped at her opening, collecting the increasing amount of her essence that was leaking out of her. I fastened my mouth over her opening and tried to see if I could lick her tonsils from that end. I gently massaged her clitoris with my lips. I softly sucked on her entire vaginal opening. I twirled my tongue around her clitoris, and softly strummed it with just the tip of my tongue. With each of my actions, her arousal and excitement increased; several times, I let her get to the edge of release, then slide back again. Finally, responding to her anxious - almost desperate - noises, I slowly brought her to *just short* of release, held her there for a few seconds, and pushed her over the edge.

Her resulting orgasm nearly smothered me when she pressed herself down onto my mouth, almost completely blocking my ability to breathe. On the plus side, however, the intensity of the spasms in her vagina pushed copious amounts of her oils out for me to collect in delight.

Despite the muffling effect of her thighs over my ears, I could still hear her scream of release when her climax began; there was only the one because she simply couldn't draw in enough air to do it again as wave after wave of pleasure slammed her small body.

As her orgasm slowly tapered off, I could feel her thighs begin to tremble because of the intensity of what she'd experienced. That was all the warning I needed to know that I'd likely have to help if I didn't want her collapsing on top of me. I managed to get my arms free enough to reach up and put my hands on her back - doing so just ahead of having her start to fall back. Struggling, I managed to guide her to a controlled crash before easing her off of me and onto the bed. Looking at her, I could tell that she was going to be out of it for a little bit, so I took the opportunity to make a quick trip to the kitchen for something to drink for us (well, mostly her), and something to help her get her energy back. When I returned, I saw that she was starting to come around.

I set the supplies on the nightstand before taking a seat with my back against the headboard; then I carefully got her onto my lap so I could hold her inert body. I'd had her in my arms for just a minute or so before I felt her start to move a little. Another minute or so, and I knew that she was back with me again. I got an open can of soda from the nightstand and offered it to her; she had the energy to reach up and put her hands on it, but not to hold it. Letting her arms fall again, she let me hold the can to her lips and let her drink from it - careful to make sure that I didn't give her more than she could accept. When she'd swallowed about a quarter of the soda, I set it aside long enough to offer her one of the peanut butter crackers we kept around as afternoon snacks for the kids. She had enough control by that time to take it from me - and surprised me by nearly inhaling it. Another cracker disappeared almost as fast before I offered her the soda again. She was able to hold it, and quickly took a few sips before gesturing toward the nightstand. She let me have the soda, and took the couple of crackers from me; they were consumed appreciably more slowly than the first two had been. Another few sips of soda, and she was able to talk to me, asking "What did you **do** to me?" with wonder in her voice.

I hugged her gently before answering "You said you wanted to have orgasms with me, so I tried to give you the best I could."

She managed to look up at me, a bit owlishly - tough to do with her almond eyes, after all - and said "Now I understand why Kelly and Jan kept saying that you give them more than they can handle. I don't think I could take much of that, either!"

I smiled and lowered my head to give her a kiss on the tip of her cute little button of a nose before answering "I'm glad I was able to give you what you wanted."

She just looked at me for a few seconds before telling me "If I'd known you were going to do *that* to me, I'm not so sure I would have asked for it."

Seeing the concern on my face - I *was* worried that I'd done something she didn't like - she quickly told me "No, don't be sorry or anything. I'm not mad or hurt; I guess I'm still in shock that anything *could* feel like that! What you did, it made me have a climax like

I've **never** had before - and it's just a little scary to know that I CAN feel that good, is all." She looked into my eyes and assured me "What YOU did was *fine* - WAY better than just fine, even. In fact, I love you even more now, just knowing that you would be willing to make me feel **that** good, even though we can't do more. When I said I wasn't sure I would have asked for you to do that, I meant that I wasn't sure I'd have the *courage* to ask for it, not that I was sorry that it DID happen, okay?"

I could tell that she was sincere, and accepted her explanation before offering her the rest of her soda and a few more crackers. She eagerly accepted them, and daintily ate the crackers and washing them down with the rest of the soda. When she was done, she let me take the can and set it aside before taking her in my arms again. She settled against my chest and told me "What you were doing - you know, with your mouth - wasn't any different than what the others did" - she seemed embarrassed at telling me that she'd been on the receiving end of a girl's attention, and I quietly told her "Its okay, dear" - before she went on "but knowing that it was *you* doing it, that made it different, somehow. More exciting; like I knew that you were doing it because you love me."

I kissed the top of her head and answered "I do love you, Claire. That's why I wanted to do my best for you."

"I know that. I mean, *knowing* that you love me is what made it so special. Being with Jan and Kelly and the others, that's one thing. We're all girls, so we already pretty much know what another girl likes. But when I'm with *you*, its different. I know that *you* love me for what's on the inside, in my heart. You're not like some of the guys at school; I heard one of them say that he wanted to 'jump the cute little Chink piece', and I knew he was talking about **me** - and it made me so mad and ashamed, at the same time. But YOU - you really *don't* care what I look like; you just *love* me, and all that matters to you is that I love you back. You're so much more... I don't know, patient and understanding I guess, than any other guy I know. I mean, here I am, sitting on your lap with both of us stark naked, and all you're doing is *holding* me, because you know that that's all I want and need right now. Any other guy I know, he'd be groping me and everything. You aren't, and that's what makes having you love me so special - because you love me enough NOT to do that kind of stuff."

"Before you start thinking I'm some kind of superhero" - "You are - Orgasm Man!" she interrupted with a giggle - "you need to know that **I** wasn't always like this, either. When I was your age, I wasn't much different than the boys you know at school. I'm *sure* I must have said some of the kinds of hurtful things that you've heard; and I **know** that I did pretty much all of the bad things that girls DON'T like. But I really grew up when I joined the Navy and started doing an important job, and had to do it *right*, every time. Then I got to visit other countries, too, and I tried to learn about them - the people, the culture, and all of that. It was when I started really THINKING about that kind of stuff that I actually started learning what all of us have been trying to teach you and the others."

I went on to say "What I'm telling you is that being the way I am - and you are, now - is something that people have to **learn**. Not everyone wants to; in fact a lot of people seem to spend their time TRYING to not learn. There are a few that *want* to learn, but aren't sure what it is they're after. Even fewer manage to figure out what they want, and start moving toward it. Finally, there are the very, very few that actually find what they're after. I like to think that I'm one of them - that I'm somebody that has figured out how to be happy virtually all the time. For other people, how they do it is different, but they get the results THEY'RE after."

"What kind of people are they?"

"Mostly, they're people that have devoted themselves to a particular religion or philosophy. You know, those monks they show in the Swiss Alps, or Zen masters, or some of the Buddhist monks and priests. The thing is, it looked to me like most of them have found their peace by *withdrawing* from the world for the most part. What I was trying to do was find a way of being happy AND staying 'out here' with regular people. With a lot of thinking and studying and a little luck, I found something that worked for me. Then, when I met Jan and Kelly and the others, I got the chance to try and pass along what I'd discovered. Now they're doing what I do: watching for people that want to learn, but aren't sure where to start or what it is they're looking for. Then we try to show those people what *we've* learned, and let them decide for themselves if it's something they think will work for THEM. We're not some kind of cult - we don't try to 'brainwash' people by chanting mantras at them until they give in; we don't try to convince somebody by lying to them or making them believe the things we say; and we never, *ever* try to force someone to think the way we do. We just tell them how WE think and believe, and then let them see how happy we are - and then decide if what we do and how we live is what they want to be like, and live."

She looked up at me to say "That was something that ALL of us noticed - me, Sheri and Crissy, Evelyn, and even Bonita: that you NEVER pushed us to be or do any particular thing. You just told us what YOU thought, and said we should check, and decide for ourselves. It was **really** weird, at first." Then she grinned and said "After about the second or third time we came over here, I heard my Dad talking to my Mom. He said that he'd checked you out - not with any kind of investigator, or anything, just talking to people - and told her that he'd read about you in the papers, and talked to some people. He said that he didn't think **he** could be the kind of man you are: that *everybody* he talked to said that you were ABSOLUTELY honest and and fair and ethical and all that; and that there wasn't anybody that didn't respect your character. He also told her that everyone had also told him how smart you are, too - and he said that anyone that could make as good a living as you obviously do *couldn't* be stupid, and that there was too much evidence that you weren't crooked. He told her that if there was anybody he was going to trust around me, it was you - that he thought if all the devils of hell came for me, you would stand between me and them, and dare them to try and take me. And if they tried it, they would

know they'd been in a fight! He said that he talked to Jan's dad, and found out that you *had* fought to protect Susan when an old boyfriend wanted to take her and she didn't want to go - and after you'd beaten them, you'd gone over to comfort HER. He told her you had the best of the spirit of a dragon and a tiger, in a human body - and that's a **big** compliment in Chinese culture; especially from my Dad. That was when I decided that I really needed to start *listening* to what you were telling us."

That Claire's father had taken the time to learn something about me didn't bother me in the slightest; in fact, it just confirmed for me that he was serious and sincere about protecting his daughter - something I could understand, having one of my own. I was a little flattered, though, to learn that he had such a high opinion of me; he'd struck me as the kind of man that didn't grant many people his trust and confidence.

She went on to tell me "When he came over here that time, it pleased him when you spoke Chinese to him, and he was impressed when you were honest enough to admit that you didn't speak much of it. Then when it turned out that you'd been to Taiwan, and thought almost the same things he did about places both of you knew - well, that was when he decided he liked you." She giggled and added "There aren't many Caucasians that my Dad really *likes* - he's Chinese, and you're not, and that's about as far as he goes."

She tucked her head back into my shoulder, happy and comfortable to have me holding her like that.

After a while, she asked "Dan?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Would you do something for me?"

"No, I'm not taking you out so you can get a tattoo on your butt. I like your butt just the way it is now", I teased.

She laughed and said "No, I like my butt this way, too - 'specially when its on your lap like this. I want to ask you to do something else for me."

"So ask."

"Its something I think I need to explain first, though. Will you listen to me, and not get upset?"

Curious to know what could be on her mind, I assured her "Of *course* I won't get upset. What is it?"

"There's something I've heard about, and I think I want to try it. The way I've heard people talk about it, though, I'm a little confused. Other people talk like itss a *bad* thing - except that I think it sounds... well, sexy. I want to try it, but I'm not sure what YOU would think about it."

"Okay, you've told me that itss something that I need to pay attention to. Because itss

something YOU want to do, I'm going to pay even more attention that I would, anyway. You said other people say it's bad, but that you don't think it is - but you're still confused. When you ask me, I know there's a chance that I'm going to be surprised, so I promise you that I will be *very* careful and think about it before I say anything to you. Okay?"

Several seconds went by before she took a deep breath and asked me "Would you... would you make love to me... in my butt?"

Yup, I was surprised, all right. Damn near shocked, even. But as I'd promised, I was careful, and thought about it before I asked "Why do you want me to do that?"

I could feel her relax in my arms when I didn't respond the way she'd obviously been afraid I would. "Like I said, when I heard about making love that way, I thought it actually sounded pretty sexy, and even fun. But then I heard other people talking about it like it was a *bad* thing, and I wasn't sure WHAT to think about it, then. Except that every time I thought about it actually happening, I thought it was sexy again. I can't make love with you the other way, which is okay, I guess. But if you'll make love to me *that* way, then I'll still be a virgin. I can show you how much I love you, and we can make love, and it won't make me lose my virginity. Really, Dan - I *want* to do it. Not because I think I have to, because you're right about that not being a good reason; I want to do it because I think it *would* be sexy, and fun, and a way for us to share our bodies with each other."

Okay, she had her head on straight about the why; did she understand the how and what of it?

"You know what I would do, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course I do. You'd be putting your penis in my butt!"

"You're not a very big girl, and I'm a full grown man. Aren't you afraid it'll hurt?"

"I know if it starts to hurt me, you'll stop. I *trust* you, Dan - that's why I want YOU to try it."

"It might be... messy."

"I know I'm already empty, inside, okay? And if it gets messy from other stuff, well, I guess that's just part of making love that way. Honestly, Dan - I *want* to try it. For me, and for us."

"Even if it doesn't hurt at first, you might be sore, or uncomfortable afterwards."

"No more sore or uncomfortable than if we were able to make love the other way - probably less, even; unless our biology teacher was wrong, I don't have a maidenhead in my butt!"

Well, there was that, of course. My last try: "What if you don't like it?"

Mildly exasperated by that time, she answered "Then I don't like it, and I don't have to do it again. But at least I'll *know*, won't I?"

I thought about it. She certainly seemed to know what she wanted, and what it would involve. She was obviously ready to accept the consequences, whatever they turned out to be. She wanted to try it because SHE thought it was sexy, and maybe fun. I have to admit that the idea of anal sex with her was a little bit of a turn-on - but I certainly didn't want to hurt her, either. When it got down to the bottom line (no pun intended), I decided that the suggestion had been hers: she wanted to try it, so we would.

"You're really sure you want to try that? With me?"

"I am! And yes, with you!"

"Then we can", I told her.

It took a couple of seconds for it to sink in for her that I'd just agreed to her request to try anal sex. When it did, though, she eagerly sat up in my lap and looked up at me to ask "Really? You will?"

I couldn't help smile at her eagerness, and answered "Yes, really - I will. Or I should say, we'll *try*. If **anything** isn't right about it, we stop, and that's, well, the end of it."

She caught the inadvertent pun and grinned before saying "Yes, we **WILL** stop. I don't want to be hurt any more than you want to hurt me. But I really do want to try it. I, uh, know the, uh, main part, I think - but what do we have to do before that?"

"First, I get something from the bathroom that we can use to make you slippery - we want to make this as easy and comfortable as we can."

"Yes, we do!" she agreed with a smile.

"Then we'll need to get each other ready - you know, excited."

"We can do that!" Her enthusiasm was actually kind of reassuring to me.

"When we're both ready, we apply the slippery stuff, and see what happens." At the suggestion that I'd be trying to fit my erect penis into her anus, she didn't even **blink**; she really *was* sure about what she wanted.

She didn't move, or say anything, for several seconds so I told her "I'll be right back." She just nodded excitedly, and I went into the bathroom to get the water-soluble lube that we kept around. Every so often, Kelly or one of the others would decide that she just **had** to have anal sex; it didn't happen all the time, of course - but it was often enough to make keeping the tube of lube around, too.

I was back on the bed with the lube, and a towel, in a minute or so - and found Claire all but vibrating in place at the idea that she was going to get to make love with me anally.

Looking at me, she asked "Um, how do we get each other ready?"

I grinned and said "If you think you can stand it for a little while, I'd like to use my mouth on you. You can use your mouth or your hand on me, if you want."

Grinning back, she said "I want to use my mouth, too!" Somehow, I wasn't surprised.

Making sure the cap was on tightly, I set the lube on the bed, then moved to lie on top of it; Claire quickly climbed on top of me in the reverse of my position. With her being shorter than me, for her to be able to get her mouth on my penis, her cute ass and other fun bits were a little farther away than usual - but it was a sacrifice I was willing to endure.

Raising my head, I found that she was pretty much within reach for what I was planning on doing to her; she'd already gotten started by taking my semi-erect penis in her hand and licking it.

The first pass of my tongue along her cleft revealed that she was already more than a little aroused - her oils were fairly *dripping* out of her, in fact. But I wanted her as **relaxed** as possible, so I knew I had to bring her to an orgasm before I was willing to try the rest. It was a "chore" that I happily devoted myself to.

It was clear to me that the only experience Claire had with giving oral sex was the little bit of tutoring she'd gotten from Kelly and Jan, with me as the subject. But what she lacked in experience, she MORE than made up for with enthusiasm and a willingness to learn and experiment. As I went about moving her toward a climax, the biggest problem I had was not letting what she was doing get to me - if I had, she'd have had me emptying myself into her eager mouth and dramatically delaying the opportunity to do what SHE wanted.

With what I'd learned about her before, I enjoyed taking several minutes to progressively excite her before bringing her to a gasping, shuddering orgasm.

After she rolled off of me, I reversed my position, bringing the tube of lubricant along with me. Tucking it between one of my thighs and the bed so it would stay warm, I put my hand on her belly and gently caressed her as she got her breathing and senses back under control. When I was sure she had, I still gave her a couple more minutes before telling her "If you still want to, we can try now."

The look on her face was one of pure delight as she moved to her hands and knees. Looking back at me, she asked "Like this, right?"

I nodded, and got to my knees behind her - making no pretense about not looking at the firm globes of her ass, or the area between her slightly parted legs. She tolerated my gaze for all of five seconds before plaintively demanding "*Please*, Dan?"

Opening the cap for the lube, I squeezed a little bit onto my finger and gently applied it between her ass cheeks, where I could see the pucker of her anus. When the initial bit had been distributed, I applied a little more generous dollop to her nether regions - only to be surprised and pleased to see her nipples erecting again as I did. A little more of the lubricant, and I had the outside of her pretty much ready; then it was time to prepare the rest of her by working a healthy portion of the gel into her sphincter - and beyond. As I

did, I could hear her breathing quicken, and knew that even having my finger moving in her that way was exciting her. It finally occurred to me that she just *might* be able to take me - and enjoy it.

With her prepped, the last thing was for me to get myself ready, too. Another squeeze of lubricant applied to my erection, wiping the surplus off on the towel I'd brought, and it was showtime.

Putting my hand on her hips, I moved myself close behind her. The angle and distance was a trifle off, and she willingly let me guide her to where we were in position. I reached between us and positioned the head of my penis against her most intimate opening, then pressed forward JUST enough to make sure she knew I wasn't trying to enter her yet before telling her "I'm ready when you are, Claire. You can feel me there; but you can also tell that I'm not trying to get into you yet. That's because I want you to know that I am NOT going to force myself into you. If you want me to do this, you have to relax yourself and LET me in. I'll be able to feel it when you do that, and that is the ONLY time I'll try to get in you. Okay?"

"That's fine, Dan."

"The other thing I want to tell you - again - is that if **any** of this starts to hurt, or make you feel uncomfortable, or even if you change your mind and don't want to do it - TELL ME, and I'll stop. I'd be a lot happier about stopping without doing this than I would be about doing it and hurting you."

"If I want you to stop, I'll tell you - really, Dan."

I wasn't entirely sure I liked the sound of that, but didn't have anything to object to about it, either.

As I continued holding the head of my erection against her anus, I could feel Claire trying to relax herself as much as she could. I pressed a little harder, and felt her opening give way a little. Holding myself there, I waited for her to get control enough to let me in a little more. After a bit, I thought it was worth trying, and pushed a little harder. She gave way to me, some, and I paused again, holding myself steady against the tight ring of her anus.

We continued like that for some time: me applying a little more pressure, then waiting for her to either call it quits, or make it possible for me to go on. Finally, we reached the point where I could tell that I was *almost* in her, and thought she was going to tighten up again when she suddenly relaxed even more - letting me get the head of my penis, and a little more, through before I could stop.

I'd heard her gasp when I slipped into her, and held myself steady as I asked "Are you okay? Are you hurt? Do you want me back out?"

"I'm fine. No, I'm not hurt, and don't you **dare** pull out of me now!"

Damn. She *could* take me - and if that last bit was any indication, she WAS enjoying it.

I remained unmoving, waiting for her to let me know what she wanted me to do next.

A minute or so later, I realized that she didn't need me to do anything: she was pressing herself back against me! Amazed, I watched as she slowly pushed against me, sliding the tight ring of her anus farther and farther down my erection.

By the time she'd managed to take nearly half my length, the gradual lowering of her body made it difficult for her to go any farther back without going down even more. I moved my hands to her waist and said "If you want to get back up again, I'll stay with you - then I can finish this for you."

She didn't bother saying anything; she just started moving forward again. I stayed with her; then when she was back to the position she'd started from, I gently eased my hips forward and began sliding myself deeper into her - and listened to her low moan of pleasure as I did. As lubricated as we were, I didn't have any trouble entering her; I stopped only when I felt her clenched around the base of my penis. At that point, I released my hold on her waist and leaned forward to put my hands on the bed; that left me neatly covering her body with my own, my front to her back. My head was close to hers, and I lowered it to ask her "You're okay?"

"She reached up to toss her hair to one side of her head before turning to kiss me and say 'I'm doing **way** better than just 'okay'. Holy Christ, I didn't think it could *feel* this good! It felt SO sexy when you were going into me; I thought I was going to orgasm just from that!"

I cupped one of her breasts in my hand, and felt how tight and hard it was, her erect nipple boring into the palm of my hand. Well fuck me to tears - damned if the little thing *wasn't* enjoying it!

I got to kiss her back before she told me "You can start moving in me any time you want - once the end of you was in, the rest of it was easier. Just go a little slow at first, okay?"

The two of us shared a deep, tongue-duelling kiss before I raised up again so I could start doing what both of us wanted then: for me to start fucking her tight little ass.

As she'd asked, I started slowly enough: gently easing myself back until the head of my penis was the only part of me inside her - then filling her again as she groaned her pleasure at what I was doing. The next cycle was a *little* faster, and not as long; the one after that faster and shorter still. In just a couple of minutes, I was steadily slipping my erect penis back and forth through the tightness of her back opening - and listening to her soft cries and moans of pleasure as I did.

After a few minutes, she climaxed, the tight ring of her anus becoming almost painful as I continued to move in her in time with the contractions I could feel. A couple of minutes, and damned if she didn't orgasm again. It took even less time for the third one to hit her,

and shorter still for fourth. After that, I think she must have been having a single continuous climax, my actions speeding up as I got closer and closer to my own release.

Finally, I just couldn't hold out any longer - with a couple of short, hard strokes into her, I buried myself in her ass as my cum erupted from the end of my penis. When that happened, she threw her head back and nearly screamed as she tightened around me even more than she had before; I knew that she'd felt me washing her bowels with my sperm, and that it had triggered the strongest orgasm she'd had since we started.

I'm sure that I gave her every drop of my semen that I had; I'm equally sure that if I hadn't already had my hands on her hips, her attempt to collapse onto the bed would have pulled my penis off - she was simply clamped around me that tightly. As it was, she still slid nearly halfway off of me before I could stop her, and then carefully got both of us down on the bed, on our sides.

I was simply too beat by my own climax to be able to do anything for Claire - who was clearly out of it.

I got a message to Kelly through Mabel; a couple of minutes later, Kelly showed up with drinks and some light snacks. Seeing us, she asked "I thought she wanted to stay a virgin?"

"There's more than one kind of virginity", I answered.

Kelly looked at me for a second, then looked at us more closely. Her eyes were like saucers when she looked at me again; I just said "Yeah, me, too. It was her idea, though, and damned if she couldn't do it."

Amazed, Kelly said "*I thought* I heard something a while ago, but I wasn't going to come looking..."

I shook my head and said "That was probably when I used my mouth on her - I was teasing her", I explained, before continuing "No, she didn't have any problems getting this far; it was the finish that did her in."

"I guess!" Kelly replied before giving me a kiss and leaving us alone again.

I finally shrank enough that even Claire's rectum couldn't hold me any longer; when that happened, she stirred in my arms, and began to come out of the stupor she was in.

I managed to get Claire's attention, and told her that there was something to eat and drink. She seemed to vaguely understand, but wasn't in any condition to say anything. I pulled the energy together to move us up to where Kelly had set the drinks and snacks; Claire's efforts were limited to purely token gestures at helping.

Looking at Claire, I realized that it was still going to be a bit before she would be able to drink or eat anything; that cleared my conscience about draining one of the small bottles of water Kelly had brought, then devouring a half-dozen cheese crackers. By the time I

was finished, I figured Claire was ready for something, too.

As before, I had to support her and hold the bottle, pouring small amounts of liquid into her mouth, until she had enough strength to do it herself. I fed her the first couple of peanut butter crackers; after that, she was able to handle them on her own.

We'd finished the snacks and were almost done with the drinks when Claire finally spoke to me - at least, more than just the words necessary to get food and water.

"I didn't know I could *orgasm* like that. I felt the first few, but then they started happening one right after the other. I could feel it when you got close, and how you were moving in me, and I thought that it was over - but then I could *feel* you shooting your stuff in me, and it was like a BOMB or something went off in me. I think I started to fall, but I'm not sure - and I don't remember *anything* after that." she said.

I admitted to her "I managed to keep you from falling on your face, and got us down on the bed without getting hurt - but that was all I could do, then. I asked Kelly to bring us something to eat and drink, so she was in here for a minute."

To my surprise, Claire didn't seem upset by Kelly's presence; in fact, she said "I'll have to say 'thank you' before I leave - that was nice of her."

Claire managed to crawl into my lap, facing me, and said "Thank you for doing that for me, Dan. It was a **lot** more than I expected it would be, but I know that's not because of anything YOU did. Now I know that I'm going to have to be *very* careful about doing that with anyone else." She gave me a shy smile before adding "You were a LOT bigger than I thought, but you were patient and gentle; and thanks to you, now I know that making love that way is something I like - maybe too much."

She let me take her into my arms, and I hugged her before saying "I'm glad that you trusted me enough to tell me what you wanted, Claire. If you discovered that you like making love that way, well - please don't misunderstand this, but - it was my pleasure to help you."

She pulled back a little to grin at me before saying "No, I don't misunderstand - even if it IS funny. I know that it was your pleasure because you *like* helping people learn to be happy, as you did for me."

Even as she finished saying that, I saw a strange look cross her face, followed by a fierce blush. A second later, I knew what had happened when I felt some of my cum land on my leg. She was staring at her lap, and it was all I could do not to start laughing. I got myself under control, and put my hand under her chin and got her to look at me as I told her "It's okay, dear. We made love together, and what just happened was because *both* of us were satisfied by it. Would you rather we HADN'T made love that way?"

She shook her head, and I said "Neither would I. So both of us are glad we did it, and both of us enjoyed it. Doesn't that seem like a small price to pay for the happiness and

pleasure we had?"

She managed to smile at me, and said "Yes, I guess it is. I thought I'd thought of everything else, but THAT never occurred to me."

I smiled back at her and answered "I love you, Claire, and you love me. As long as we have that, then we don't have to be ashamed or embarrassed with each other. But if it will help you feel better, we can take a shower. If you want, it can be together, and you can use the bathroom first if you want to. Otherwise, we take clean up separately, and you can go first if you want."

She gave me a lopsided smile and said "It **WOULD** make me feel better to take a shower; and I want to take it **WITH** you. I don't need to use the bathroom first, either. If you aren't going to be bothered by things like that, then I'm not going to, either."

We looked at each other for a second, then by mutual agreement, leaned forward to kiss. When we were done, I gently touched her hip, and she moved to get off of me and stand next to the bed. I was next to her a few moments later, and hand in hand the two of us went in to clean up. She was amused at the interest I took in cleaning her breasts, and giggled when I made *extra* sure her hindquarters were cleaned of the lubricant. In return, she was **quite** thorough about making sure it was off of my penis. After we got out of the shower, she borrowed Kelly's hair dryer; while she was doing that, I checked to make sure the bed would be acceptable for Kelly and I that night. After a little attention, it was, and I got dressed again. When Claire came out of the bathroom, I was sitting on the edge of the bed, twirling her panties on the end of one finger. She laughed at the sight, and unashamedly came over to take them away from me - then tolerated my "assistance" as she got dressed again; that assistance consisting of making sure her bra fit by cupping her breasts in my hands and playing with them, checking her panties for fit by holding her delightful ass in my hands, and softly rubbing her mons through them. I finally stopped when she told me "Dammit, Dan! I like having you touch me like that, but if you don't stop, I'm going to be late getting home - and then I'll be grounded and won't be able to come over here!" My response was to keep my hands off of her - while looking at her with my best soulful, whipped puppy expression. The first couple of times she looked at me, she just smiled, but she finally gave in and laughed before coming over to sit on my lap and give me a kiss. With her ready to be seen in public again, the two of us left the bedroom and headed into the den.

Kelly was there, and gave Claire a smile when she saw the two of us. The first thing Claire did was to thank Kelly for bringing us the drinks and snacks. Kelly simply told her "Oh, piffle. There's nothing to thank me **FOR**. I think if you're around here enough - and I hope you will be! - then maybe some day you'll get the chance to do it for someone else. Otherwise, don't worry about it."

The two of us moved to sit down - Claire more gingerly than me. She saw Kelly watching her, and started to say something; Kelly stopped her by speaking first: "Claire, I know

what happened. When I had Dan make love to me like that, I had pretty much the same thing happen to me, too." - Claire was surprised to hear Kelly tell her that I'd had anal sex with her, too - "So there's no reason for you to be embarrassed. And if you enjoyed it, then there's no reason for you to be ashamed, either. How two people want to make love with each other is up to THEM, and nobody else has *any* right to say anything to them about it. Whatever you want to do with Dan - or me, or Jan, or any of us - its okay. **None** of us is going to think badly about you, or stop loving you, because of it. That's just not the way we treat each other. And if Dan hasn't already told you" - I hadn't gotten around to it, honestly - "you're welcome to come over here any time you want, for any *reason* you want, for however LONG you want. If your parents are worried about it, they're more than welcome to call me or Dan; either or both of us will tell them the same thing. You're part of our *family*, now - except that you know we're a lot more loving than any other family you're likely to see, and why. So please, DO come back, and let us *love* you."

Hearing that, Claire started to cry even as she was looking pleased at what Kelly had said. Kelly saw her tears, and told her "Oh, don't start crying, or you'll get me going, too. Come here and sit on my lap and let me hold you for a while, would you?"

It took Claire about half a second to make the trip and get herself parked in Kelly's lap. Kelly hugged her and softly stroked her arm as she comforted the youngster in an effort to get her to stop crying - Kelly was a really *great* sympathetic crier in her own right. Claire's tears dried up before Kelly got started, thankfully, and the two of them sat in the chair for quite a while. I finally had to point out that it was approaching Claire's curfew; I knew she wanted to stay with us, but I suspected that another call to her father wouldn't be as well received. She gathered her things and let Kelly and I each give her a kiss and soft pat on the butt before letting herself out the door.

The rest of their time in the school, the girls stayed an active part of our family. Sometimes they'd come over to our place, alone or in various combinations; other times, they'd visit Jan or Robyn or Susan. For the first few weeks, Bonita tried to stay part of the group; but something inside her kept her from making the same connection the others had. So even though *none* of us ever excluded her from joining us, there was simply a bond between the twins, Evelyn, and Claire and the rest of us that Bonita didn't share. Gradually, she found other friends to spend time with; the last time she was over, she told me "I know that nobody is trying to keep me out of what happens. In fact, all of you are so nice about including me in stuff - and I guess that's part of the problem: that I feel like I *am* being included, instead of being part of it. There's something about all of you that's... DIFFERENT, somehow. You're all so good with other people; but with each other, its like there's something MORE to you. All of you have talked to me about it, and I can even kind of see what it is you're saying - but I just can't *understand* it the way you do. I know that it's not because I'm stupid or bad or anything; there's just some kind of... I don't know, **way** of thinking that you do that I can't. Even though I've known them for as long as I have, I feel like I'm outside looking in, now. It makes ME uncomfortable, and I think

it makes all of YOU uncomfortable sometimes, too. I wonder if I shouldn't meet some people that I understand better, and that I'm more comfortable with."

Along the way, each of the youngsters had the chance to spend time with Robyn, Susan, and even Candice - and learned that they really WERE part of our family. Once - thankfully, it WAS only once - both of the twins came over to be with Kelly and me while Robyn had the kids. Even with Kelly and I helping each other, having both Sheri and Crissy in our bed at the same time was an **experience**.

Bowing to necessity, Claire remained a virgin - or at least, half a virgin. With a little practice, it didn't take her and I long to figure out how much was enough, and how much was TOO much; that allowed us to enjoy our time together even more.

All of them, of course, were welcome any time. Sometimes, they came over for some fun and frolic. Other times, it was for advice about something or other, or simply to see what one of the rest of us thought about something. Often as not, it was so they could study - asking Kelly or me to help them understand some homework problem they might be having trouble with. After being with us that summer, their grades in school improved dramatically - something that made their parents much less concerned about their coming over, regardless of how long they stayed.

When they graduated high school, Kelly and I had them over - Robyn, Susan, Jan, and Candice were able to join us, too, as did Marilyn, for an entire weekend of *serious* debauchery.

All four went on to college, and graduated with honors. Claire is a financial analyst at the same company where her husband works. He's Chinese, too, which made her father happy; but he's American enough to make *Claire* happy. Evelyn got a job as a set artist out in Hollywood - which gives her the income to support her second career as a painter. At the end of that first summer, she gave Kelly and me a painting she'd done for us - it looks like the flight deck of a space ship, with me, Kelly, Jan and the four of them as the crew, looking through a window at space. Kelly, Jan, and I just love it - and it seems that every time I look at it, I spot some little thing that I hadn't noticed before. Evelyn is one **damn** good artist, and is getting the recognition she deserves for the paintings she does.

Sheri and Crissy went to the same college and roomed together - but pursued different careers. Sheri has her Doctorate in Sociology, while Crissy is a Psychologist. They've teamed up for several different projects that have made each of them pretty well known in her field.

Marilyn graduated Magna Cum Laude from school, and is back in the Philippines. She's head of an economic development group, and is becoming pretty well known for her calls for honesty - and the punishment of corruption - in government. One person was going to assassinate her because of it while she was giving a speech, but someone in the crowd spotted him when he started to make his move; the police managed to rescue him before the rest of the crowd killed him - even though there are some in the government that don't

like her, she's popular with the average citizen. All of us worry about her, but know she's doing what she thinks needs to be done.

Daniel and Janet are getting close to finishing high school, themselves. Kelly and I are both proud of them, and tell them so; they've turned out to be damn fine kids.

Jan, Candice, and Susan have all married - and each of them managed to find a guy that finally 'got it', as Kelly says. None of us guys is interested in each other, but none of us minds if the girls want to be together. I don't know if it's surprising, or not, but none of the girls has any interest in being with any of the other guys. All of us still get together in various combinations and for various reasons, but its more like family than lovers.

They're not coming over to share MY bed, any more, either - which is fine with me: I still have Kelly, and she's *all* I need.