

# The Less You Know

Cara Viskers looked at herself in the mirror on the back of the door to her room in Stuckey Hall at State U, and decided that she looked okay - at least, okay for her date with her boyfriend Peter Brayden. She and Pete had been a couple since they met in their sophomore class in High School; now they were going to college together, too. She was majoring in Literature while he was trying to get a Physical Education degree. Pete wasn't the brightest guy she ever knew, but she loved him, and that was all that mattered to her.

Here it was the last week before school started, and she *still* hadn't met her roommate; all she knew was the girls' name: Alison Wolter. Well, there were still a couple days before classes started, so she figured whoever it was would show up before then. In the meantime, she had a date with Pete. Her dark brown hair was straight and shiny where it hung just past her shoulders, and her liquid brown eyes shined back at her. She ran her hands over her skirt, and then checked to make sure that she was showing enough cleavage: her 34C-26-35 figure got a guy's attention, but she knew that what they remembered were her tits.

Satisfied that she was ready, she got her purse and left, carefully locking the door behind her.

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When she got back to her dorm room later that night, she was surprised to see that the other bed in the room was finally occupied - and by a surprisingly attractive blonde. Blue eyes, a figure that Cara thought was probably a little thinner than her own; the bust was *definitely* smaller. The girl looked up and smiled when Cara came in, and in a pleasant contralto introduced herself.

"Hi! You must be Cara; I'm Alison Wolter, your room mate. I'm sorry I was so late getting here, but my car kind of conked out on me on the way, and I had to wait a couple days for the parts so they could fix it."

"Oh, that's no problem. I figured you'd show up before classes started, anyway."

Alison smiled and answered "To tell you the truth, I wasn't all THAT sure I was going to make it!"

"Well, you're here, and I guess that's all that really matters. Um, I went ahead and picked one of the beds, but if you want to change, it's no big deal."

Alison hastened to assure her "Oh, no - this is fine, really. There's no need to bother with that."

Cara went over to where her bed was and began getting changed into her nightgown. At home, her family was pretty liberal about such things - her own mother had taken her to the doctor for her sixteenth birthday to get her started on the Pill, for example - and she'd always slept nude; but she'd decided that it would probably be a good idea to stay pretty much covered up at college. Part of the reason she was *at* college was to meet new people, and she'd realized that whoever she got for a roommate in the dorms **might** not appreciate her casual approach to nudity - goodness knows, she knew enough girls at home that wouldn't wear anything smaller than a one-piece to go swimming!

Still, Cara couldn't help watching Alison from the corner of her eye as she took off her clothes - and was mildly surprised to see that Alison didn't seem to be paying her the slightest bit of attention, having her face buried in a History textbook.

What Cara didn't know was that Alison was all too aware of Cara's state of undress. Though her blonde bangs hid it, Alison's eyes were on Cara, watching her. Alison's breath almost caught in her throat when Cara dropped the skirt she had on, then quickly pulled off the light sweater she'd been wearing - revealing how Cara's breasts overflowed the bra she was wearing, and how the back of her thong panties disappeared between the smooth cheeks of her ass. Alison felt herself beginning to react to the sight before her, and only through a massive exercise of willpower managed to prevent herself from responding to the stimulating vision in front of her.

Cara quickly went about stripping off her bra - pleased that her breasts barely sagged, even as large as they were - and sliding her panties down her legs. She turned to pick her robe from the foot of her bed, unconsciously giving her new roommate a clear view of the front of her body: the medium-sized areolas that capped her breasts, the slightly-erect pencil-diameter nipples, and the dark wedge of thick pubic hair that covered her mons.

When she was covered again, Cara casually reached for her bath towel, tossed it over her shoulder, and picked up the small bag she kept her soap and shampoo in before starting for the small bathroom they had.

When Cara had closed the door behind her, Alison let the book fall from her hands, and reflected on the view she'd just gotten of her roommate.

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As the school year began to kick in, Cara found herself immersed in her studies; she was learning a lot more than she'd expected, and was having to spend a fair amount of time studying - something that didn't amuse Pete, but he understood, having a similar problem of his own.

That left Cara and Alison frequently studying in their room. They'd chipped in together and gotten a small fridge and microwave, which meant that they could fix themselves a snack or meal whenever they needed or wanted one.

They weren't together all the time, since Alison was majoring in History, but they had enough classes in common - both being freshmen - that it was worthwhile for them to study together. Alison was a quiet person, and seemed to keep to herself pretty much when the two of them weren't studying. Cara just figured that Alison was shy, and didn't think about it much after that.

But as the weeks went by, Cara gradually realized that Alison hardly seemed to go anywhere but classes, and to the school Cafeteria. She casually brought it up once, and Alison dismissed it by saying "Oh, I go out - you probably just haven't noticed, is all."

Cara didn't think that was the case but let it drop - for the moment.

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They were cramming for mid-term exams, and both of them were starting to get more than a little stressed from it. Finally, Cara put her books down and announced "This is a bunch of crap. I **know** this stuff already - all I'm doing is making myself *crazy* worrying about it. I'm going out and RELAXING for a little while. If you've got any sense, you'll come with me!" - the last directed to Alison.

Alison looked at her for a few moments before saying "I don't think I should - I really do want to get good grades."

Cara stared at her roommate and said "Are you nuts? Every exam you've taken, you've gotten an 'A' on! If you don't know what you're doing, then... then... I'm Shirley Temple!"

That brought a smile to Alison's lips, and she said "I don't know - can you sing a few bars of 'The Good Ship Lollipop' for me?"

That left Cara stunned for a few moments before she realized that Alison had finally relaxed enough to make a joke with her - the first since they'd started rooming together. With that, she started laughing, and said "Okay, maybe I'm not Shirley Temple - but I'll still bet that you know that stuff better than I do. Honestly, Alison, don't you think you're going just a *little* overboard with the studying? I mean, I haven't seen you at **any** of the mixers or anything; it seems like every time I come into this room, you're here studying. Why don't you just put the books down, and come with me? It's not like a couple hours is going to make *that* much difference when mid-terms are day after tomorrow!"

Alison thought it over for a few moments, and finally did just as Cara suggested: set her books aside, and stood up. Hesitantly, she asked "You're sure you don't mind if I come along?"

Cara stamped her foot - causing a most interesting sympathetic movement in the vicinity of her upper chest - and declared "I **swear**, Alison, you are *such* a nerd! Of COURSE I don't mind - I invited you, didn't I?!"

Alison smiled and said "Okay, if you're sure - and I am **not** a nerd!"

Cara just sighed, and said "Okay, you're not a nerd - but you really do need to get out more. There's a whole *world* out there, and we're at **college** for goodness sake! Come ON, get with the program and start having some FUN!"

Alison grinned and said "Okay, fine, I'll start having fun, if you insist. What do you want to do?"

Cara laughed and said "Does it matter, really? Let's just go someplace and do something besides *school* stuff!"

"Such as?"

"Oh, hell, I don't know. No, yes I do! Let's go bowling! Then we can pretend that the pins are that dirty old Professor Baumgartner that just stares at my tits the whole time he's lecturing."

Alison laughed, and said "Okay, that sounds good to me, too. So how do we get to the bowling alley?"

Cara said "Oh, that's no problem. I'll just call Pete - he'll be happy to go with us. He's got the car that his dad gave him for graduation. It's not one of those little sports cars, but it has it's good points - like the backseat has **lots** of room!" followed by a laugh.

Seeing the look of uncertainty on Alison's face, Cara told her "Oh, now come on - I promise, Pete won't mind you being with us. I mean, it's not we're on a *date* or anything! We're just going bowling, is all."

That seemed to reassure Alison, and it wasn't twenty minutes later that the three of them were sitting down at the bowling alley, putting on their shoes. A half hour after that, all three were laughing and having a great time - not even bothering to keep score as they used the bowling balls and pins to vent their concerns.

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As Cara had all but promised, she and Alison did fine on their mid-term exams - both of them doing better than they'd even dared hope.

In the weeks that followed, Cara was gradually able to draw Alison out, getting the pretty blonde to go with her and Pete to a number of different places, and do several different things together. Alison was still somewhat reserved and introverted - just not quite as much; she willingly went with Cara fairly often to 'de-stress' from studying and all the rest that went with her first year of college. That didn't mean that they were together all the time of course - as Cara had said, Pete's car had a spacious back seat; one that the two of them frequently put to good use. Cara didn't notice the strange looks she would

sometimes get from Alison when she returned from one of her trysts with Pete - almost always one where the two of them had tried to hump each other's brains out, leaving her with a pussy that leaked Pete's cum well after they had finished for the evening.

Even as Cara was teasing Alison out of her shell, there were a few things that niggled at the back of her mind. They weren't anything particularly noteworthy, though; and each time one of them came up, she'd resolve to check into it - and then forget it again. For example, she had *no* idea when Alison **ever** took a shower - but she still always smelled nice.

By the end of the semester, Cara and Alison had become if not the best of friends, then at least GOOD friends. Even Pete seemed to enjoy the company of his girlfriend's roommate, joining in the teasing and horseplay when they were together. When it came time for Christmas break, Cara and Alison made sure that they would room together again for the next semester.

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It was a couple of weeks after school started again that Cara came back to the dorm early one evening; she and Pete had had a minor argument about something silly, and she'd insisted that he take her back to the dorm.

When she opened the door to the room she shared with Alison, she was surprised to find her roommate standing there wearing only panties - obviously having just gotten back from taking a shower. On seeing that, Cara realized that this was the first time she'd *ever* seen Alison anything less than fully dressed; she could only stand there for a few seconds looking the girl over - noting that Alison's breasts were small, but almost perfectly formed, and capped with dark pink areolas and nipples that just *begged* to be sucked on. The rest of her body was nearly as perfect: skin that was clear and smooth, trim and firm legs, nicely curved hips and waist, delicate shoulders, and a beautifully curved and obviously firm ass.

She had only a few seconds to take in the vision of loveliness that was Alison before the girl realized that she wasn't alone. With a small cry, she quickly snatched up her robe and used it to cover her front, plaintively demanding "What are you doing back so soon?!"

Cara couldn't believe that Alison would have such a reaction to being seen wearing only her panties; still, she managed to tell her "Pete and I got into a fight, and I didn't want to be with him tonight. What's the matter? You act like I've never seen another girl wearing just panties before; didn't you have to take gym classes in school? I mean, really - after seeing a bunch of other girls all naked, what's the deal with seeing one in panties, for gosh sake?"

Alison blushed slightly and answered "No, I never had to take any gym classes; I was always exempt from them."

Amazed, Cara asked "Never? As in not ONE? How in the world did you do that?"

Alison blushed again, and said "Uh, I've got a medical condition, and when the Principal learned about it, I was given a Study Hall, instead."

Mystified, Cara queried "Medical condition? What kind of medical condition would keep you out of P.E. classes? I mean, at our school, even the kids in wheel chairs had to do *something*. And from the look I just got of you" - Alison blushed furiously - "I don't see anything wrong with you."

"I, uh, don't think you want to know. It's something where the less you know, the happier you'll be, I think."

That only increased Cara's curiosity, and she said "Oh, come *on*! We're both in college, we've been sharing a room for half a year now, and I *thought* we were friends."

"You **really** want to know?" Alison asked, almost aggressively.

"Yeah, I do!" Cara confirmed.

With that, Alison turned to face her roommate and dropped her robe - revealing not only a better view of the delightful orbs of her breasts, but that there was a distinct bulge in the panties she was wearing.

Cara was stunned, standing there with her mouth working but no noise coming out, for nearly a full minute before she was able to exclaim "You're a **guy**?"

Alison shook her head and answered "No, I'm a hermaphrodite."

Seeing the puzzled look on Cara's face, she went on "I've got the sex organs for BOTH sexes - you can't see it, but I've got a vagina, too - along with the penis you see."

"But... but... Why are you in the GIRLS dorm, then?" a baffled Cara asked.

"Because I've also got tits, as you can see. **Most** of my body thinks I'm a girl - I have periods, I've grown tits, and all the rest; it's just that I have a penis, too."

"Just?" Cara couldn't help asking.

"Okay, not 'just'. Look, I was born this way, and my folks decided that rather than pick a gender FOR me, they'd just let me grown up and let my body decide which it wanted to be. It was when I hit puberty that the decision was made for me, all right: I started growing tits. By that time, it was a little late for anyone my family could afford to do the surgery to settle the boy-girl thing for me. So I had to hide what I was all through school. When it got to the point that I couldn't hide that I had tits, we moved so that I could stop being Allen at one school, and become Alison at the other. We had to let the Principal of

the school know about me, and rather than have somebody with tits AND a cock walking around EITHER locker room, they just let me skip Physical Education completely."

Amazed, Cara couldn't stop herself from asking "So, uh, when you get turned on, what happens? I mean, you DO get horny, right?"

Alison laughed and answered "Oh, yeah, I get horny all right! When I do, my vagina gets all wet and everything, just like any other girls - but my penis gets erect, too. I can't ejaculate semen like a guy; my penis is just kind of like an oversized clitoris."

Cara couldn't help staring as she said "I guess!" - and then blushing when she looked into Alison's face.

"Have you ever, uh, you know... had sex?" Cara blurted out.

Alison got a strange look on her face and answered "No, never. I mean, why would a guy want to get into my vagina when there's a cock in the way; and why would a girl want my cock when there's a pussy behind it? Whichever one I might want to be with, I've still got the same 'equipment' that they do; and that's probably a BIG turn-off for almost everybody."

Cara could only stare at the bulge in Alison's panties as she asked "So you're still a virgin?"

The regret was clear in Alison's voice as she said "Yes, dammit, I am. GOD! How I wish I wasn't, though - I mean I still get **so** horny, but the only sex I've ever had has been with myself."

"How..." Cara couldn't finish the question, blushing.

Alison calmly told her "I kind of jack myself off, like a guy would - but I put a finger inside myself, too. When I come, it's mostly in my vagina, but there's a little bit of liquid that comes out the end of my penis, too. It's not semen; it's more like cum without the sperm cells - which I do NOT produce."

"This is SO weird!" Cara exclaimed - then blushed guiltily when she looked at Alison.

Alison didn't seem to mind, saying instead "Yeah, it is. Something like this happens once in many *thousands* of births. Me, I'm mostly female, but with a penis; that's second most common. The biggest one is the mirror image of this - babies that are *mostly* male, but not completely. The rarest one is where there's an even split; there's maybe several hundred of those known to exist."

As the shock of it began to wear off, and the front part of her brain began to take over, Cara couldn't help hesitantly asking "Can... can I see?"

Since Cara hadn't gone screaming into the sunset, and actually seemed to be interested - if not accepting - Alison eventually nodded her head. Still, her hands shook as she dropped her robe on her bed and began sliding her panties down her legs - allowing her penis to swing freely.

Cara was drawn, almost hypnotically, to the sight Alison presented her: stepping forward and kneeling, she soon found herself getting a closer look at the additional contents of Alison's panties.

What she saw sticking out from the dark curls of Alison's pubic thatch was a miniature version of a guy's penis: uncircumcised (no big surprise there, she thought) it was a bit shorter and not as big around, but readily recognizable. She looked up at Alison and asked "How... how big does it get?"

Alison didn't seem to mind the question, simply answering "When I get excited, it's a little under five inches long, and maybe an inch and a half around. I suppose you want to see the rest, too?"

Cara only nodded, surprised with herself at how calmly she was taking this revelation; and how apparently willing Alison was to not only educate, but to let her *see* what it was all about.

Alison carefully sat on her bed, and then scooted back a little before putting her feet on the edge and opening herself up for Cara's examination. Outwardly, she looked to be the very definition of 'cool and collected' - but inside, she was terrified: what would she do if Cara decided to tell everyone about her? What if Cara suddenly decided to freak out about it? What if Cara decided she didn't want to room with her any more? Alison's mind was a whirl of doubts and fears - but for the first time in her life, she was ready AND willing to take the chance of letting someone else know about her. She felt so much closer to Cara than anyone else she'd ever known, since Cara had been so open and honest with her, and so willing to go out of her way to help Alison break out of the shell she'd grown around herself over the years.

For her part, Cara was fascinated by the sight in front of her: below the dangling flesh that had caused the bulge in Alison's panties, there was a distinct cleft where a guy's testicles would normally hang; looking closely, she could see that Alison did have what looked like a vagina - again, a bit smaller than usual, but a vagina none the less. The labia were small and thin, and unless she was mistaken, there was a trace of moisture between them.

When she was satisfied that she understood the physical side of Alison's condition, Cara couldn't help but start thinking about what it must have been like for her roommate - the uncertainty, the fear of discovery, the necessity of deceiving almost everyone around her, the doubts, and all the rest; and realized that it was easy to understand how and why Alison was so private and withdrawn. It also explained a number of things that had come to her mind - such as why she never saw Alison never less than fully dressed, why she



never saw Alison going to or coming from the showers, why Alison exhibited no interest in meeting guys (indeed, was only slightly more willing to meet girls!). Cara could barely comprehend the emotional and mental stresses that must have plagued so much of Alison's life...

Cara finally pulled back from Alison's spread thighs, and moved to sit on her own bed.

Alison looked at her with trepidation and hesitantly asked "You're... you're not freaked or anything?"

Cara looked at her roommate, and answered "No, not freaked. Surprised- you bet! Shocked a little, and *definitely* amazed - but not freaked. My whole family back home is pretty open-minded about stuff; like my dad likes to say 'There's always room for something new in an open mind, a closed one can't hold it.'"

Alison visibly relaxed, and said "I was SO afraid of you finding out. I mean, it IS a pretty strange deal, and I didn't know how you'd react if you ever found out. But after how nice you've been to me and everything, when you wanted to know what it was all about, I finally decided to take the chance of letting someone know about me."

Cara suddenly got thoughtful for a few moments, and then asked "You've seen me naked and almost naked a LOT of times. What happened? I mean, did you get turned on any? What was on your mind?"

Alison hesitantly answered "The, uh, first time I saw you - you know, the night I moved in - I, um, started to get excited. I mean, I'm *mostly* female, but there're still enough male hormones floating around that I can't always help myself, you know?"

"You got hard?" Cara asked, somewhat amazed.

"Well, no - I mean, you were my roommate and I didn't want to do or say anything that might weird you out or let you know what the deal was with me, so I had to um, kind of push myself back from it."

"And since then?"

"The longer we've been together, the easier it's gotten - kind of like I'm getting used to it. It still happens a little sometimes, but not as bad." Alison admitted.

Cara sat there looking at her friend, thinking about all she'd just seen and heard. Alison started to get visibly nervous again before Cara finally spoke up, saying "I guess I can live with that - I mean, it's not like you're doing it on *purpose* or anything. You want to be with a guy" - Alison nodded - "So you're not like, *lesbian* or anything. It's going to take a while for me to get used to it, I suppose, but I don't really **mind**."

Clearly relieved, Alison asked "So... you still want me as a roommate?"

Cara smiled and said "Sure. We've gotten to be friends, and we've gotten too used to each other; if you left now, I'd just have to try to get someone ELSE trained to make coffee in the morning!"

Alison laughed, and said "Yeah - and I'd probably have to teach someone else to pick up their clothes, instead of just dropping them on the floor!"

Both of them started giggling then, and got up to hug each other. Cara felt Alison's penis brushing against her mons - then stiffen slightly. But remembering what her friend had said about it, she ignored it in favor of showing Alison that she really was cool with the situation.

Alison, in turn, couldn't help responding to the feel of Cara's body pressing against her own, and was horrified when she felt herself getting a little excited. But when Cara didn't say or do anything, she knew that she'd done the right thing about 'coming out' to her new - and undoubtedly best - friend.

When they separated, Alison hesitantly asked "Uh, are you going to tell Pete about me?"

Cara thought it over for a moment before answering "No, I don't think so. I mean, there's no reason to, is there?"

Alison brightened and answered "Not from where I stand, no."

Cara smiled and said "Then there isn't. If you change your mind, I can kind of ease him into it - but until then, it's just you and me, right?"

Alison nodded happily, and moved to sit back down on her bed.

Cara told her "Well, it's been one *hell* of a night, so I think I'm going to bed. Um, would it bother you if I slept naked? I mean, I did at home and everything; I didn't do it here because I didn't know if it would like **offend** you or something."

Alison grinned and answered "No, I wouldn't be bothered OR offended. As a matter of fact, I used to sleep naked, too. So if you don't mind me, I don't mind you."

Cara smiled and said "Deal!" - and promptly began undressing. When she was down to panties and bra, she left the room with the obvious destination of the bathrooms down the hall. When she returned, she calmly removed the rest of her clothes and got into bed. Alison managed to stifle an incipient erection, and crawled between the sheets of her own bed.

Each of them wished the other a good night, and turned off their respective lights, leaving the room in darkness.

The next few days were a little awkward between the two of them - but only a little. As the days continued to pass, that awkwardness soon disappeared, replaced with an even deeper and closer friendship. True to her word, Cara told no one about her roommate's secret - something that relieved Alison considerably.

Cara and Alison continued their shared 'dates' with Pete, who noticed the increased closeness between the two, but said nothing about it: he liked Alison, too. She was fun, energetic, smart, and definitely attractive.

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It was early spring, and Cara was out on a 'private' date with Pete. The two of them had found a place to park, and were engaged in some *serious* making out in the back seat.

Cara had already gotten Pete off once, sucking him to climax while he finger-fucked her; when his hot cum had filled her mouth, she'd had her own orgasm from knowing that he'd be able to fuck her even longer when he got hard again.

After both of them had some time to recover, they'd started in again. Even as Cara was slowly stroking Pete to hardness again, his mouth was at her breasts, sucking and mouthing them. Her breasts felt SO tight, and her nipples felt like little pebbles stuck to the end of her tits while Pete's hand was busy between her thighs. She could feel how wet she was inside and the scent of her arousal was thick in the car. She wasn't sure if the fog on the windows was from their breathing, or the condensation of her wetness...

Pete had finally decided to make his move, and was between her thighs, his erect penis pressing against her opening when there was a loud sound not far from the car. Pete lifted his head and looked around before announcing "There's someone out there!"

Cara was eagerly looking forward to a good pounding from Pete and told him "Fine - they're out there, and I'm in here. Now fuck me!"

"But what if they come over here?"

"They can watch! Come ON, Pete!"

"No, I mean what if they're like cops or something?"

"We're both legal. Pete, dammit, will you fuck me already?"

"I don't think we should. I'm afraid we'll get into trouble. You know my grades aren't as good as yours, and if I get into any trouble, my old man will jerk me out of school and make me go to truck driving school!"

Cara didn't answer - she just tried to arch her hips up as she pulled on Pete's waist, trying to get him inside her anyway. She finally managed to get some pressure going - and

realized that Pete's erection was slowly deflating, leaving her extremely aroused and equally frustrated.

A minute later, and it was all but over - Pete's penis was hanging limply, and he was trying to get his pants back up and fastened around his waist. Cara could only look at him, mildly outraged that he wasn't able and willing to give her what she so **very** much wanted: a stiff dick in her.

Pulling her skirt back down - not bothering to put on her panties - Cara went on to fasten the buttons that would hold her blouse closed; she didn't wear a bra, so that was one less thing for her to fuss with as she got herself together again. By the time she was done, Pete was, too - and with a guilty look, he scrambled to the front seat, taking his place behind the steering wheel. A few moments later, Cara did the same - deliberately doing so in a way that she KNEW would give Pete a healthy smell of her hot and wet pussy. Another guilty look at her, and Pete started the car; he'd barely put it in gear when she told him "I want to go back to the dorm, now."

He tried to talk her out of it, insisting that they could find someplace else; Cara was adamant, finally telling him "Pete, if you can't - or won't - fuck me after getting me THAT hot, then I think maybe we should stop for a while. Maybe if you're horny enough, you'll be willing to fuck me without worrying about what else is going on!"

Pete blushed guiltily, but did as she asked, making his way back to school, where he let her out in front of her dorm.

Back up in her room, Cara had barely closed the door behind her before exclaiming "Damn that Pete! He had me ALL worked up, and was about to stick it in me when we heard some noise. He got all paranoid, and lost it; he left me high and dry - well, not dry, **wet**, REALLY wet! Damn him!" as she began taking her clothes off - not noticing that Alison was naked, and applying lotion to her skin on the other bed.

As Cara continued disrobing, Alison watched, fascinated as Cara's firm ass clenched over and over again; and how Cara's breasts would sway, their nipples erecting again in the relatively cool air of their room. On top of that, there was a distinct sheen between Cara's thighs, and her arousal was clear in the air. Without even realizing it, Alison was becoming excited herself from the sights and smells of an upset and clearly horny Cara.

When Cara finally tossed her skirt in the direction of the bag she used as a dirty laundry hamper, she turned around to see Alison sitting on the other bed - her legs slightly parted, making it possible to see not only the erection she was sporting, but the parted lips of her vagina.

Cara had seen Alison in varying stages of excitement over the last few weeks, and had gotten used to the sight of someone with tits walking around with a penis hanging out in front of them. But in the state she was in right then - that is, *extremely* angry with Pete

and hornier than she'd felt in a long, LONG time - the sight of Alison's erection and the visibly wet vagina below it hit her in a different way.

A **very** different way.

Her eyes locked on the staff protruding from Alison's crotch, Cara licked her lips and quietly asked "You said you've never had sex before?"

A baffled Alison answered "No, never. Why?"

Through a suddenly dry mouth, Cara softly asked "Would you like to?"

It took Alison several long seconds to realize what Cara had asked, and understand what it was that Cara wanted them to do. Alison couldn't help but feel herself get even more aroused at the idea, but still asked "You're sure? I mean, I never... I don't know if... You're SURE?"

Cara finally pulled her eyes away from the stiffness Alison had waving in the air to look at her friend's face and said "Yes, I'm sure. I know you haven't, but maybe it's time you did. I think you probably can, and I *damn* sure know that you can help me with MY problem, and I'm just as sure that I'm willing to help you with YOUR problem. Uh, when I was in middle school, me and a few other girls kind of um, experimented a little - and I liked it. Getting fucked by a nice, hard dick is my first choice, but I don't have any problem with a little girl-girl action, either. So I think we can **definitely** help each other out tonight."

Alison still considered it for several seconds before quietly nodding her head.

Cara smiled, and walked to the edge of Alison's bed, and then knelt down. Alison wasn't sure what was going on - until Cara began to lean forward, licking her lips and opening her mouth. Even so, Alison couldn't believe it when she felt Cara's mouth take in over half of her erect penis - and could only gasp at the sensation of having it wrapped in the hot, wet cavern of her friend's mouth.

In just a few seconds, Alison could feel Cara's tongue begin caressing the underside of her penis, stimulating her, and making her even harder than she thought was even possible.

Cara, too, was surprised - but not in the way Alison was. She could barely believe that she'd actually had the nerve to ask Alison to fuck her! And what's more, Alison had agreed!

Cara could feel herself pussy getting that I-need-something-in-me feeling all over again as she began to slide her mouth up and down Alison's penis. Honestly, it felt a little weird at first - but once she had it in her mouth, she quickly realized that it really wasn't that much different than a regular guy's penis - a little shorter and not so big around, but still...

Alison laid back, letting her hands move to her breasts as she felt Cara begin sliding her mouth up and down on her penis; taking her erecting nipples between her fingers, she soon had them achingly hard, and her tits felt as hard and tight as she'd ever experienced before. She was thinking that it simply couldn't *get* any better when she learned different: she felt Cara's hand moving between her legs, one of Cara's fingers beginning to carefully examine the entrance to her vagina.

Cara quickly figured out that the penis she had between her lips was, essentially, Alison's clitoris - but that didn't stop her from carefully examining Alison's vaginal opening. By touch, she learned that Alison's labia were incredibly thin and delicate, and that the opening they guarded was *very* wet and *very* hot.

Alison could smell her own arousal in the air - along with Cara's - when she felt something begin to press against her vaginal entrance. Looking down, she watched as Cara carefully and gently began to worm a finger into her vagina. Just as her penis was smaller than a man's, Alison's vagina was smaller than a woman's; that only made her feel that much better and that much fuller by the time Cara had her finger buried in Alison's tight channel.

Even as she was trying to get her finger into Alison, Cara realized that Alison was smaller on the inside, just as she was smaller on the outside. Still, she was determined to feel the inside of her friend's pussy as long as it didn't hurt her. Apparently it didn't - she heard a soft groan just as she felt Alison's soft pubic thatch brushing against the palm of her hand; her entire finger was buried between her roommate's thighs. In turn, that only aroused Cara even more: the thought that she was sucking Alison's dick at the same time she was finger-fucking Alison's pussy!

Alison couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to have Cara's rigid digit buried so deeply in her; she'd broken her own hymen some years before, experimenting while trying to find out if the handle of her hairbrush would feel as good on the inside as her hand did on the outside. The pain had been brief, and the bleeding negligible; she'd never bothered telling anyone - particularly her parents! - what had happened. So she was free to enjoy the sensation as Cara began slowly sliding her finger back and forth, in and out of her delightfully full pussy.

Cara was having trouble believing just how *tight* Alison was - the only thing that made it possible for her to slip her finger in and out of Alison's tight channel was the copious lubrication Alison was producing. When she figured that she had Alison as long and hard as she was going to get, Cara released the penis from between her lips - hearing a disappointed moan - and lowered her head. Sticking her tongue out, she licked a sample of Alison's oils off her finger and quickly decided that *THAT* part of Alison was as female as any other woman; she quickly removed her finger from Alison's snatch so that she could begin licking at her friend's wet opening, delighting in the soft delicacy of Alison's vaginal lips and the softness of her pubic hair.

At the first touch of Cara's mouth on her woman's opening, Alison though she was going to die from the pleasure of it: Cara's tongue and lips were SO much more flexible and nimble than her own fingers were! The rapid, gentle fluttering here; the long, rolling pressure there; dear God, she hadn't know such pleasure was possible!

When Cara had consumed the readily available supply of Alison's juices, she still continued to use her mouth and lips and tongue to please and stimulate her friend, pleased by the moans and gasps and sighs of pleasure she was getting for her efforts.

Alison was feeling herself getting closer and closer to climax when she felt Cara's mouth again wrapped around her penis; a few moments later, her emptiness was filled once more with Cara's finger. With the dual stimulation resumed, Alison knew that it wasn't going to be much longer before she orgasmed.

The steadily increasing tone and urgency of Alison's cries told Cara that what she was doing was having the desired effect; she could feel Alison's body tensing under her touch and knew that her roommate's release wasn't far off. Still, she was surprised when she felt Alison's already tight pussy clamp down on her as a slightly salty liquid feebly squirted out of the penis between her lips - all accompanied by Alison's soft, deep moans as her body was wracked by an obviously strong climax.

Alison couldn't believe how strongly her orgasm was - whether it was what was being done, or the fact that it was someone else doing it, she didn't know; all she was sure of was that it was the most powerful climax she'd *ever* had - by far!

Cara was surprised - and pleased! - when she saw that Alison's penis didn't soften much after her orgasm. When Alison had gotten her breath and senses back, Cara asked her "Um, don't you, uh, get soft again after you climax?"

Alison gave her a pleased smile and answered "Yes, I do - but it takes a little while. Remember, I'm mostly female, so I come down a lot slower than a guy would; but because I still have those male hormones, I get excited a little faster than a girl usually would. You can kind of think of it that I'm in between guys and girls as far as how fast and slow I respond to sexual stimulus."

As Cara considered that, Alison went on to tell her "I'm like a woman in that I'm capable of having multiple orgasms, and I'm like a guy because I kind of ejaculate - as you noticed! The other thing is that if only one part of me is stimulated, I stay excited for a long time without climaxing."

Cara looked at her questioningly, and Alison smiled before saying "What I'm telling you is that if you want my penis inside you, I'll go for a *really* long time before I orgasm from it."

It took a few seconds for that to sink in; but when it did, Cara got a delighted expression on her face before she said "Good! That's **just** what I need tonight!"

Alison smiled back and said "I thought you'd like that idea - you've told me often enough that you like for Pete to fuck you for as long as possible before he cums!"

With that, Cara moved to lay on the bed next to Alison, reaching out to softly take one of the girl's breasts in her hand, softly stroking it and watching it's nipple lengthen and harden under her touch.

Alison was surprised by Cara's actions - but delayed on a few moments before reciprocating and discovering how much of a thrill it was to have another woman's breast in her hand; particularly one of Cara's!

As the two of them slowly fondled each other's mammaries, their faces got closer and closer; until, finally, Cara leaned forward far enough to kiss a surprised Alison. Though surprised by Cara's kiss, Alison didn't have any hesitation about returning it - with as much tenderness as she'd been kissed, and a bit more desire than she'd gotten.

Cara was pleased when Alison responded as she did; it wasn't much longer before the two of them were kissing passionately, their tongues deep in each other's mouths as their hands continued to fondle each other's breasts.

Both of them were panting when they finally separated; Cara looked down to see that Alison's penis had recovered from the slight softening it had experienced immediately after her orgasm.

She looked back into Alison's face and said "That is *just* what I need! Would you?"

Alison hesitated only a moment before asking "How... how do I do it?"

Cara responded by moving to lay on her back, spreading her legs in open invitation, before answering "Kneel between my legs, and lean forward until you get it lined up with my pussy. Stick it in, and start pumping, like I did with my fingers in you."

Alison nodded, and quickly did as Cara instructed; it was just a few seconds before she was positioned between her friend's legs, her penis resting against the wet entrance to Cara's womanhood.

They looked into each other's eyes, and Alison began easing her hips forward, delighting in the sensation of her male organ being slowly consumed by the warm, wet sheath of Cara's vagina.

Cara could feel it as Alison's penis slid into her; it wasn't as large as Pete's, but she definitely knew it was there! When she felt Alison's pelvis touching hers, Cara realized that her friend's penis wasn't large enough to get her off easily; but as she felt Alison begin moving it in her, she decided that it was enough to get her off - and that was all that she cared about.



Each of them looked down to where Alison's penis was sliding back and forth between Cara's labia, glistening with Cara's oils. Both of them had virtually the same thought, if from opposite directions: there they were, *fucking* - Alison's male organ steadily filling and vacating Cara's womanhood. The idea of it excited both of them, tremendously.

After a bit, Alison moved to rest on her elbows; when she did, her firm breasts pressed against Cara's larger mammaries, and each of them could feel the other's nipples pressing against her breasts - and both of them became even MORE aroused at the sensation as their hungry lips met.

Over the course of the next few hours, each of them gave the other no small number of orgasms. Alison's statement that she stayed excited when only one of her sets of genitals was stimulated proved to be more than true enough for Cara: using her penis, Alison was able to fuck Cara through several orgasms at a time, though they had to change positions every so often so neither one of them got too tired.

In return, Cara was more than happy to lick and suck her own juices off of Alison's penis, fellating her friend as she enthusiastically finger-fucked Alison's tight but oh-so-wet vagina.

It was dehydration and exhaustion that finally convinced them to stop getting each other off; they ended up with both of them laying on Cara's bed, covered with perspiration, a hand on each other's breast. Cara finally got up and went to the mini-fridge they had, and got each of them a large bottle of soda to help replenish their fluids - the majority of which were slowly soaking into Cara's bedding, releasing the odor of aroused female in the process.

As she handed the beverage to her new lover, Cara heard Alison say "Wow."

Cara just laughed and said "Yeah, I think that pretty much covers it!" before moving to lie down again.

Each of them had finished her drink when Alison made an exaggerated sniffing noise and asked "Is it just me, or does it smell like pussy in here?"

Cara laughed, and said "No, it smells like TWO pussies in here!" - getting both of them laughing as they cuddled with each other. After a bit, Cara said "I suppose you're right though - it IS kind of smelly in here - and so are we. I guess we'd better do something about both problems, don't you?"

Alison said "we've got that can of air freshener you bought - I can only hope it's enough!" with a grin.

Cara playfully slapped at Alison's arm and declared "It's not just me, Alison!" before dissolving into laughter.

Alison waited until Cara had herself together again and said "Okay, we spray the room and close the door to the bathroom while we shower. By the time we're done, the smell should be gone, don't you think?"

"Sounds like a plan to me! Let's go, before it gets too late."

They helped each other out of bed, and put on their robes before each grabbed a towel and her shower supplies. Alison picked up the can of air freshener and gave the room a healthy spray before the two of them quickly went into their bathroom and shut the door behind them.

They managed to behave themselves - well, mostly - in the shower. Alison couldn't help but reaching out to run a hand down one of the globes of Cara's ass, making the girl jump before she turned around and tweaked one of Alison's nipples. Grinning at each other, they finished drying off and got their robes back on.

When they opened the bathroom door, they were happy to discover that most of the air freshener had gone - taking the distinctive aroma of aroused female with it. It was when they went to go to bed that Cara discovered just how much 'fun' they'd had: her bed had a number of not-so-small wet spots on it from where one or the other of them had overflowed in her excitement. The problem was solved by Alison's offer to share her bed; the two of them fell asleep spooning - Alison behind Cara. As she drifted off, Cara couldn't help but smile at the sensation of Alison's breasts pressing into her back, even as Alison's penis was wedged between her ass cheeks. She put her hand on top of Alison's where it was cupping one of her breasts, and sighed in contentment. It had been a little strange, at first; but she'd gotten the fucking of her life, and enjoyed every minute of it.

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Cara woke up the next morning to discover that the two of them had apparently reversed positions during the night: she was snuggled up to Alison's back, her hand covering one of Alison's breasts.

She hadn't any more than smiled to herself at the memory of the night before when Alison turned her head to wish her "Good morning", accompanied by a nervous smile.

Cara gave the breast in her hand a gentle squeeze and answered "Good morning to you, too."

With the reassurance of Cara's gesture, Alison's smile widened as she said "I wasn't sure if you'd be having any, uh, morning after regrets."

Cara just smiled and tilted her head forward to give Alison a kiss before saying "Not a one"; then sliding her hand down to softly caress Alison's male member - and feeling it start to respond.

Alison laughed and said "No, don't be starting that again! We'll get going, and BOTH of us will be late - if we make our classes at all!"

Cara sighed and said "I suppose you're right" - then giggled and said "But there's always tonight!"

Alison laughed, and answered "I don't know if I could *stand* another night like that - at least, not without a LOT of rest and recuperation first. Now, let me get up so I can get the coffee started - I think **both** of us could use it."

Cara responded by releasing her hold on Alison and rolling over onto her back. Alison giggled and moved to climb over her new lover; when she was on her hands and knees over Cara, Cara surprised her by pulling her down into a kiss - one that made it more than clear that Cara didn't have the slightest regrets about the previous evening.

Alison reluctantly pulled herself free of her bedmate's hold and finished getting up and getting the coffee started. Once standing, it was a lot easier to keep moving toward preparing for that day's classes. After a bit, Cara got up too, and quickly moved to strip her bed in preparation for washing everything to get the accumulated smells of their lovemaking out. Cara's classes started a good two hours later than Alison's so she had plenty of time to take care of her bedding before going to class.

When the coffeemaker finished hissing at them, each had a cup, sitting next to each other and casually fondling each other's breasts while grinning idiotically at each other.

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For the next couple of weeks, Cara made good on her threat not to have sex with Pete. Every time he called her for a date, she made sure Alison went with them. She'd told Alison why, and Alison was happy to help her new lover - besides, when they got back from those shared dates, she and Cara would almost always end up making love with each other.

Along the way, Cara gradually expanded Alison's vagina to the point where Alison could accept TWO of Cara's fingers - and Alison got more than double the pleasure from it.

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When Cara finally relented and let Pete take her out on a date by herself, he more than made up for his earlier failing: they spent nearly two hours in the backseat of his car, humping like a couple of rabbits. She had seven orgasms, compared to Pete's three; she decided that he'd probably learned his lesson.

When she got back to the dorm, she was tired and definitely felt more than a little 'squishy' - Pete had filled her to overflowing with cum before they were done. She'd barely gotten the door to the room closed when she saw Alison lying on the bed -

masturbating. Cara had never seen it before, and could only stand there, fascinated as she watched her roommate both stroke the abbreviated penis that stuck up in the air, and rapidly plunge a couple of fingers in and out of the obviously wet opening below.

It was nearly a minute before Alison opened her eyes, even a little bit - and on seeing Cara standing there, nearly fell out of bed from jumping so hard at the surprise.

"What... What are you doing back so early?" Alison asked, blushing.

"I kinda wore Pete out. After not getting any for the last couple of weeks, he was too tired to do it again after he came for the third time. Uh, if you want to finish, I can go down to the lounge or something..."

Alison blushed again, and haltingly said "No, that's okay. Um, you said Pete came three times?"

Cara smiled and answered "Yeah - after I did SEVEN times."

"You, uh, haven't cleaned up yet, then?"

Mystified, Cara answered "No, why?"

Alison blushed furiously and answered "I was, um, thinking..."

"Yeah?"

"That I'd, um, like to, uh, you know, um, taste. To see what it's like."

"Taste what?" Cara asked, confused.

"Pete. His cum, I mean." Alison admitted, blushing again.

It took Cara a few seconds before she understood; when she did, she felt her nipples harden and her pussy begin to ache at the thought of it: Alison eating her, and sucking all of Pete's cum out of her pussy.

Alison saw Cara's initial confusion - and shortly after that, saw her nipples harden under her blouse, and detected the beginnings of Cara's excitement. She still wasn't sure what the answer would be until Cara gave her a lecherous smile and said "Yeah, I think I'd like that!" - and promptly began almost tearing her clothes off.

As Cara was all but tearing her clothes off, Alison moved to sit on the edge of her bed, not making any pretense of not watching her roommate. When Cara dropped her skirt, Alison could see that she didn't have any panties on - and that there were droplets of what she thought was residue of Pete's semen glistening on Cara's visibly extended labia.

Cara didn't hesitate to find a place to sit down when she was naked - she was really looking forward to THIS new experience! She sat near the edge of her bed, and pulled her legs up, opening herself to Alison, who didn't hesitate to take a seat on the floor and bury her face in Cara's dark muff.

Alison was a little awkward at first; after all, she'd never used her mouth on anyone before. Shucks, until now, she really hadn't been all that enthusiastic about even LOOKING too close. But under Cara's patient (even encouraging) tutelage, she soon had the basics of eating pussy mastered - and eagerly went on to try a few other things, too. When she happened to do something that got a response from Cara, she happily repeated it; it was that way that she was able to use her tongue and lips on Cara's clitoris to bring Cara to a couple of thundering orgasms before she went back to trying to suck every molecule of Pete's semen out of Cara's juicy snatch.

For her part, Cara was content to lay back and enjoy the incredible sensations Alison was bringing to her - and particularly to her clit and pussy. For a while there, she'd wondered if Alison was trying to suck her *ovaries* out, the girl had been so enthusiastic!

After a while, Alison pulled back a little bit - primarily to give her tongue and lips a rest. Cara looked down and gave her a satiated smile before saying "Go ahead and look at me, if you want to. I mean, you let me look at you that night, so you might as well see what *I've* got!"

So encouraged, Alison did just that: really *looked* at the sight Cara was presenting her: the long, distended vaginal lips, the hood of her clitoris easily visible at the top of her cleft, the damp - even wet - area between Cara's labia, and the winking pink opening that she knew had welcomed Pete's penis, and where Pete had squirted the semen that she'd found so delicious - along with the equally tasty flavor of Cara!

After Cara so willingly let her suck Pete's cum from her, Alison felt obliged to show her appreciation. As Cara lay back, enjoying the afterglow of her latest orgasm, Alison got up far enough that she would be able to fuck her lover and roommate. She slid the end of her erect penis between Cara's labia, and with a single thrust, buried herself in Cara's hot, wet vagina.

At the first touch of Alison's penis, Cara started to rise up to see what her friend was doing - then got the answer before she could even open her mouth. After the fucking she'd gotten from Pete, and the wholehearted cunnilingus Alison had performed on her, Cara was plenty loose and wet enough for Alison's penis to plunge right into her. Even though it was smaller than Pete's, Alison's penis felt just *fine* to Cara; and it wasn't long before she was bucking her hips up in welcome to Alison's thrusts.

As Alison continued pistoning in and out of Cara's wet channel, she deliberately leaned over and began dragging her nipples across Cara's larger breasts - and watched as Cara's nipples hardened in response, delighting her.

In just a few minutes, Alison had given Cara her eleventh orgasm of the day - and a few minutes after that, Cara had given one to Alison, as well.

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The next few weeks saw a steady increase in the number of times Cara was willing to join Pete in the backseat of his car; and afterwards, let Alison first suck his cum out of her pussy, then fuck her to an orgasm before she returned the favor by bringing Alison to climax, too.

Pete, of course, didn't know about what was happening in the girls' dorm room; he was simply too content to be getting between Cara's smooth young thighs again to even conceive that anything else might be going on with her. Still, he began to notice that during the dates where Alison joined them, there seemed to be something going on between the two girls. It wasn't that they were doing anything that he really noticed; it was something subtle that didn't quite 'fit', somehow.

None the less, he found that he was enjoying Alison's company even more, lately. She was a lot more open and a *lot* less hesitant and stand-offish than she'd tended to be the previous semester. She was even to the point of hugging him every so often, when she was particularly pleased or amused about something - and he had to admit to himself that he was all too aware of her firm breasts pressing against him at those times. Once, she'd leaned over to tell him something, and inadvertently given him a nice view down the front of her dress, revealing a surprising amount of her breasts in the delicate bra she'd had on. He'd pretended not to have noticed, but the increased pressure in his jeans gave lie to that illusion.

It seemed that every time the three of them went out together, Alison was a little more 'open' with him, and a little more willing to touch him - or be touched BY him for that matter. He'd accidentally brushed a hand across her breast once, and after he'd stammered out his apology, she'd just smiled at him and said "That's okay, Pete. I know you weren't trying to cop a feel."

She was even willing to sit on the other side of him from Cara, when she used to sit on the other side of Cara from HIM. It wasn't that he minded the change - far from it! - it was just one more thing that was different about her, and how she acted when the three of them were together. He asked Cara about it once, and she'd just told him that Alison had been homesick at first, what with it being her first time away from home and everything. It had sounded reasonable at the time, but he was starting to wonder if there wasn't something else going on, too. He loved Cara as much as he'd loved anyone or anything in his life, and the increasing contact between him and Alison was starting to trouble him...

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As Alison was getting more and more comfortable just being around guys - at least, in the persona of Pete - she was slowly becoming more and more willing for Pete to know about

her, and more specifically, her 'condition'. Still, she didn't say anything to Cara; after all, Pete was HER boyfriend, and she didn't want to get in the way of what they had.

Cara wasn't entirely unaware of what was going on, of course. She could see that Alison was becoming even more relaxed with Pete, and much more willing to have the kinds of casual contact that a girl would have with a guy: touching his arm, putting a hand on his shoulder, even hugging him every so often (though still careful to keep her hips pulled back, so Pete wouldn't notice the over-full condition of her panties).

Cara didn't think for a moment that Alison was trying to take Pete away from her. If anything, it seemed that Alison was trying to get the two of them *together*. Not just so they'd try to fuck each other senseless - Alison DID love eating Pete's cum from her pussy - but because Alison really was a friend to both of them, and wanted to see them happy together.

Too, Cara was aware that Alison's feelings about Pete knowing about her were starting to shift. It wasn't that Alison came right out and said "Cara, tell Pete I'm a herm"; rather, during their chats and playtime in their dorm room, a lot of little things that Alison said began to form a picture.

It was just after mid-term exams when Cara finally decided to bring the matter out in the open. She and Alison had just finished getting each other off, and were laying on Alison's bed holding each other when she casually asked "Alison, have you given any thought to letting Pete know about you? I mean, since I found out?"

Alison was quiet for several seconds before answering "Well, yeah, I've *thought* about it. I even want to, kind of. But I'm still afraid he'd freak out or something, and then it would hurt what you two have."

"And what **we** have?"

Cara saw Alison blush slightly as she said "Yeah, that, too - but it's you and Pete that I worry about most. After everything you've done for me, I just don't want something like that to happen to you."

Cara considered that for a little bit as she casually toyed with Alison's right nipple, and then asked "Okay, how about if I just kind of sound him out a little bit? You know, see if I can't get some idea of how he'd react? I wouldn't have to actually *say* anything to him about you in particular; I can just bring it up like it was something I saw in a magazine or Readers Digest or something."

Alison looked at Cara with her concern clear on her face and asked "You'd be careful? That he wouldn't know it was me you were talking about?"

"Of course I would, silly. *I* like **you** too much to do anything that would hurt you, either!"

Thus assured, Alison relaxed again - and enjoyed the feeling of Cara's body next to hers.

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Just as she'd promised, Cara began trying to get some idea of what Pete's reaction might be if he were to find out that Alison was actually a hermaphrodite, as opposed to the 'pure female' he thought she was.

It wasn't a difficult process, either. Pete, for all his good points, simply wasn't the smartest person on the planet; he never really took any notice of Cara's casual, innocuous questions.

So it took only a couple of weeks before Cara decided that even though it would undoubtedly *surprise* Pete to learn about Alison (well, DUH! she thought to herself), it was still something that he would be able to accept - if slowly.

With Pete's probable reaction to learning about Alison established the next step for the two of them was to start edging him toward the point where Alison could reveal herself (so to speak) to him in a way that would maximize the chance of his accepting her.

Toward that end, Alison - under Cara's careful guidance - began dressing in such a way as to get Pete to notice how attractive she was. It was always done with *subtlety* - first losing her bra and then gradually showing a bit more cleavage, blouses that molded to her body a little closer, skirts that were short enough to show off her nicely turned legs and the graceful tight curve of her ass. Again, Pete didn't attribute Alison's gradually increasing exposure to anything but the arrival of spring - not realizing that Alison was taking the freedom the spring weather brought a little farther than most of the other girls on campus.

It was a few weeks before the end of the semester when Cara and Alison decided that it was time for Alison to 'come out of the closet', so to speak. After a lot of discussion (and a little arguing, if the truth be told), they came up with a plan that they thought would work.

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It was a three-day weekend, and Cara enticed Pete into sneaking into her dorm room through the simple expedient of pointing out to him that they would not only have a bed, but the better part of three days in which to try and screw each other senseless. When Pete had asked, Cara told him that Alison was going off to visit some friends for the weekend, and wouldn't return until late Sunday night.

Pete was hesitant at first, but willing to be talked into it.



Late Thursday night found the two of them naked on Cara's bed, sweaty and breathing heavily after Pete had gotten off for the second time that night while giving Cara three \_wonderful\_ orgasms.

To show her appreciate for what Pete had done for her; Cara got up and got him a bottle of soda - being careful not to let him see the crushed over-the-counter sleeping tablet she added to it. She wanted to make sure that he stayed asleep so that she and Alison could put the rest of their plan into effect.

As expected, the pill did just what it was supposed to: added to Pete's natural desire to take a post-coital nap, ensuring that he fell into a full, deep sleep.

When Pete woke up, he found that he was lying on his back - and that there was an incredibly tight, wonderfully wet vagina around his erect penis. Opening his eyes, he was surprised to see that it was Alison, her back toward his head, slowly bouncing up and down on him. From the way she was positioned, all he could see was his glistening penis sliding in and out of her oh-so-tight pussy, and the outer curves of her breasts as they swayed in time with her motions on him.

"Alison! What the hell are you doing?" Pete demanded, softly - Cara was apparently still asleep next to him, and he *certainly* didn't want her to wake up to THIS!

"I'm getting laid. What the hell does it look like I'm doing?" Alison responded.

She felt damn good around him, but Pete still managed to ask "What happened? I thought you were going out of town!"

Alison turned her head to give him a self-satisfied smile and answered "I was going to visit a friend and her husband, but he got sick with some kind of stomach flu or something. I got back early this morning and saw you two lying here, and thought that your dick was *just* what I needed to make me feel better!"

"But what about Cara?!"

"Oh, pooh. I'm not trying to take you away from her; I just want to **use** you for a little while. You don't mind me using you, do you?" she asked, deliberately tightening her vaginal muscles to make her point.

Having Alison's already tight pussy get even tighter only stimulated Pete that much more, and he was barely able to answer "Aren't you worried about Cara seeing you? I mean, us?"

"Not really. I mean, she already knows how horny I get. And like I said, I'm not trying to steal you away or anything - I just need this *wonderfully* hard dick of yours for a little while!" It was Cara's suggestion that Alison wake Pete up this way that had prompted the

only real 'argument' they'd had about how to get Pete to accept that Alison was a hermaphrodite.

With that, Alison leaned back, supporting her torso on her arms - and bringing the delightful globes of her breasts within Pete's grasp. And after trying to fight it, he did just that: reached up to cup them in his hands, delighting in their firmness before beginning to softly pinch and pull on her erect nipples.

Alison began moaning in response, and Pete's fears became a reality: next to him, Cara opened her eyes and sat up to see Alison securely impaled on his erect member.

Pete didn't even dare *breathe* - until he saw Cara mischievously look at Alison and say "Oh, I see you found somebody to take care of you!"

Pete could hardly believe his ears when Alison asked "You don't mind?" and Cara answered "No, I don't mind. I know how you get!" with a small laugh.

He could only lay there stunned with what happened next: with a wicked grin, Cara said "Here, let me help you with that!" - and promptly moved to put her head between Alison's thighs.

As Pete watched, his girlfriend began using her talented mouth on her roommate - with said roommate still arching her hips to slide his hard dick in and out of her tightness.

Whatever Cara was doing, Pete knew that Alison was enjoying it: he could feel her rhythmically tightening around him even more, and her pussy getting even wetter - almost the ONLY thing that made it possible for his penis to move in her.

Alison was soon getting close to orgasm, and Pete knew it: the spasming of her vagina was happening more and more often, and her breathing was frequently punctuated by moans and gasps of pleasure and arousal. Between her feeling on him, and the sight of Cara's head parked between Alison's thighs, Pete knew that he wasn't going to last much longer.

Finally, it happened.

With a deep groan, Alison came - Pete felt her get so tight around him that he *couldn't* move in her, no matter how much he wanted to. But it didn't matter; the feeling of her pussy spasming around him was enough to finish him off. With a groan of his own, Pete lifted his hips, trying to bury himself as far inside Alison as he could as the first shot of his cum erupted from the end of his dick.

Even as he was unloading his balls into Alison, he saw her eyes fly open and felt it as her orgasm intensified even more. Pete couldn't believe how tight she was - it almost felt like the end of his dick was pushing against the deepest part of her...

Alison was in heaven. For the first time in her life, she was being filled (!) by a hard dick - and it felt *incredible*! Then, when Cara began sucking on her penis, well, things just got so much better than she would have ever thought possible. In just a few minutes, she felt herself climaxing harder than she ever had before; she'd barely stared when she felt a hot liquid start flooding her insides, and knew that she'd made Pete climax, too - and her orgasm just got that much more intense.

Between Alison's thighs, Cara knew what was happening - and was delighted that she had been able to help Alison find the kind of pleasure that only another woman could know: that of having a stiff dick filling your pussy, and feeling it as that same dick hosed your insides with hot cum. Between her lips, Cara felt Alison's penis get even harder, then begin gently squirting Alison's juice onto her tongue as her friend climaxed harder than Cara had ever seen before. Between that, and knowing what her two lovers were going through, Cara felt herself have her own small climax - nothing earth-shattering, since she wasn't even playing with herself, but an orgasm none the less.

When Alison had recovered enough from her orgasm, she managed to sit upright again. At the same time, Cara rose up - Pete saw that Cara's lips had a distinct shine to them - and the two girls kissed; something that caused Pete's semi-erect penis to twitch in response.

As Pete watched, the two roommates continued kissing each other and began caressing each other's breasts. The sight of their hands on each other's bodies stimulated him more than he'd thought was possible; the small town that he and Cara had come from was **very** conservative, and he'd never really had the chance to see any kind of depictions of two women being intimate that way. It didn't take him long to decide that he liked it.

Finally, Pete's penis shrank enough that it pulled free of Alison's tight pussy, and he felt the mixture of her juices and his semen begin dripping out of her to soak into his pubic hair. It was mildly uncomfortable, but after what Alison had just done with him, and with the two girls still kissing and fondling each other, he was willing to let it go for a while...

Alison felt Pete pull free of her tight grasp, and Cara heard the soft 'pop' when it happened; but both girls were enjoying themselves too much to worry about it right then. Still, both knew that there were still things that needed to be taken care of, and they gradually let their lips part as they released their hold on each other's breast.

Alison quickly turned around and re-straddled Pete's legs, bending over in the process. When her head was over his penis, she began vacuuming hers and Pete's combined juices; for her part, Cara moved up to begin kissing Pete.

When Alison was done - she went at her self-appointed task eagerly - she sat up again; the shift of weight on the bed clued Cara that the time had come. With one last gentle kiss to Pete's lips, Cara sat up as well.

Pete's eyes stayed closed for a few moments before he opened them to look up at Cara, seeing her smiling down at him. His eyes next went to Alison, who looked nervous for some reason. Next, he looked at Alison's breasts - very nice, he thought to himself - before his eyes dropped lower.

Alison and Cara both watched as Pete lay there, not moving or saying anything for several seconds. Then he looked again at Cara, then Alison, then Cara again, and back to the juncture of Alison's thighs.

His mouth opened and closed a few times before he finally managed to ask "You're... you're a GUY?"

Cara spoke then, asking him "No, she'd not a guy - weren't you just fucking her?"

"But... but she's got a dick!" Even to Pete, the statement sounded ridiculous.

"Yes, I do", Alison answered, adding "But I've also got a pussy - you were just in it, remember?"

"How can you have a pussy and a dick, both?" Pete impatiently demanded.

"Because she's a hermaphrodite. That's somebody with parts from both sexes." Cara told him.

"Huh?" As noted, Pete was sometimes a little slow catching on.

"A hermaphrodite. Some babies are born boys, and some are born girls. But sometimes Nature makes a mistake, and a baby is born that's not either one - or it's both. I'm one of those." Alison patiently informed him.

Pete considered that for a few seconds then plaintively asked "Uh, how do I know that's really true? I mean how do I know I wasn't in your, uh..."

"My ass?" Alison politely asked.

Pete nodded, embarrassed, but Alison just moved to her hands and knees, then spread her ass cheeks to show Pete that there was, in fact, a vagina between her legs - securely located between the dangling penis and the pucker of her anus. That said vagina was still somewhat open and still slightly leaking Pete's semen clinched the matter before she moved to sit astraddle his legs again.

The two girls sat there watching as Pete slowly began to get his mind around the idea that Alison wasn't *entirely* female. They watched as his eyes went to their breasts - they lingered longer on Alison's - and then to their respective pelvic areas, again lingering longer on Alison than on Cara.

Finally, he opened his mouth again to ask "How... What... When did..."

With that - i.e. he didn't jump up and run screaming from the room - the girls began telling him about Alison's life, how Cara had learned about it, and how they'd become such good friends.

Still, they could see that Pete wasn't *entirely* sure about the whole situation.

It was Cara that finally told him "Pete, look at it this way: now we **both** have a friend that we can have a whole new kind of fun with."

That statement seemed to give Pete something else to think about for a little bit before hesitantly asking Cara "You and him, I mean her... you've... you DID?"

Cara responded "You just saw me, didn't you?"

Pete's mental overload safeties had gone out some time ago; still, he had a tough time making the concept of his girlfriend giving *another* girl a blowjob fit into his cosmos: the words just didn't **go** together. He'd seen it, but he was still having trouble matching up what little he'd seen of Cara between Alison's legs with the full image of what had actually been happening. He finally gave up on that thought for a while when it occurred to him that Alison's penis might have been someplace other than Cara's mouth - and *that* somehow resonated with him: he couldn't help but respond to the idea that Cara had been fucking Alison, using Alison's erect penis. The mental imagery of one girl with breasts AND a penis humping another girl, their breasts rubbing against each other while the one's dick plunged in and out of the other's pussy - well, that was just too much.

Both girls saw Pete's member begin to stiffen, and shared a look with each other: We've got him!

When Pete came out of his erotic reverie, he saw that both girls were looking at his stiffening penis, and couldn't help blush at the knowledge that they'd not only known what he was thinking, but seeing how he reacted to those thoughts.

Both girls were again looking at him when Pete finally conceded the issue by saying "I've never done anything even *close* to something like this before. But I guess after what happened this morning, I can get used to it, I suppose."

Cara happily leaned over to start kissing Pete; her tongue was in his mouth before he remembered where her mouth had been earlier. It started to put him off before he realized that she hadn't actually had any cum in her mouth. His mind deftly skirted the issue of having Alison's penis there.

When Pete and Cara were done, Cara sat up again to kiss Alison - a sight that had Pete's penis twitching after just a few seconds. When they were done, Alison looked at Pete. After a few moments, Pete nodded his agreement, and the two of THEM kissed as well;

Pete quickly discovered that penis or no, Alison could kiss with the best of them. That her firm breasts were pressing into his chest didn't hurt matters, either.

After their kiss, Alison sat up again and shared another look with Cara. Both knew that it was still going to be a while before Pete was actually 'comfortable' with Alison's situation; but he had at least started accepting it.

With the major problem of the day taken care of, and a **very** nice orgasm to start things off, Alison cheerfully got up and started making coffee for all of them. Pete couldn't help watching her walk around the dorm room, her naked body drawing his attention. He guiltily looked at Cara a couple of times; the second time, she smiled and said "Its okay, Pete. *I* think she's pretty, too."

When the coffee was done, Alison brought each of them a cup before going back for one of her own. The three young adults all sat up on Cara's bed chatting as they sipped at their coffee. Both girls noticed that Pete couldn't help letting his eyes drop to the limp penis resting against one of Alison's legs every so often, but both refrained from saying anything about it, figuring that it was just going to be part of Pete learning to accept Alison for a while.

When their coffee was gone, each of them had a turn in the bathroom, cleaning up after their morning wakeup call. Pete was the last to do so, and came out to see Alison and Cara kissing again - and that Cara had one hand on one of Alison's breasts and the other slowly stroking Alison's erect penis. Pete just stood there, absorbing the sight before him; after a bit, he managed to give Alison's penis more than just a glance, and realized that it was appreciably smaller than his own. The girls had told him that it was, just as Alison's vagina was smaller than a regular girls', but he hadn't been paying all that much attention at the time. Now, he could see for himself that such was the case - he knew from earlier that morning that the bit about Alison's vagina was true enough!

As he continued to watch his girlfriend and her roommate - his new lover, if this morning was any indication - continue kissing and fondling each other, he felt his penis starting to rise.

After a while, the two girls broke apart and looked over at him; with a wicked grin, Cara told him "Why don't you just watch a little, and when the mood hits, you can join us."

He nodded his agreement, and watched as the two of them moved to lie down on Cara's bed - Alison taking a position between Cara's wide-spread legs. Taking a couple of steps, he was left with a view that matched almost perfectly with what he'd imagined a short time before: Alison lying over Cara, the two sets of breasts pressing against each other; while below, Alison's erect - if miniature - penis rested between Cara's extended vaginal lips. Pete could only hold his breath as he watched Alison slowly arch her hips, sliding her erection into Cara *ever* so slowly. When he looked at Cara's face, he could plainly see that she enjoyed having even such a small member in her, and he wondered how he could have failed to know how much Cara liked having sex with him. His eyes again dropped

to where they were joined, and he watched as Alison's glistening penis slowly pistoned in and out of his girlfriend's obviously wet snatch.

Pete's eyes wandered over their bodies as he marveled at how their breasts softly swayed in time with Alison's thrusts, and how the two sets of *very* erect nipples dragged across each other. Looking to where their pelvises met, he could see Cara's vaginal lips moving slightly with each movement of Alison's penis: compressing inward when Alison's hips moved forward, and then stretching on the outward motion. It wasn't but a few minutes before he was as hard as he'd ever been; and wanting to bury his erect staff *somewhere* - at that point, he wasn't all that particular about where, just so it was inside something hot and wet!

He was edging his way closer to where the two were kissing passionately when their kiss ended; both looked over at him lustfully as Cara said "I think that's **just** what we need - come on up here and let us take care of that for you!" before licking her lips.

Pete didn't hesitate any longer. In a matter of a few seconds, he was straddling Cara's head, enjoying the sensation of having not one, but TWO hungry mouths working on his penis and balls. At that point, the fact that the body belonging to one of those mouths had an erect penis at the other end didn't matter to him in the slightest - all he knew was that even as one of them was trying to deep-throat him, the other was gently sucking each of his balls into her mouth, and licking his scrotum.

Being double-teamed that way was so new, so unique, so damn *erotic* that Pete simply couldn't handle it for very long. It was only a very few minutes before he felt his balls pull up next to his body; and a few moments later, felt himself cumming harder than he could remember doing before - EVER.

Below him, it was Alison that had her lips wrapped around his manhood, eagerly catching his cum in her mouth and swallowing it, highly excited to finally be getting it directly from the source. Below her, Cara was using her tongue to gently press on the area right behind Pete's scrotum, listening to his groans as her efforts served to make his climax all the stronger.

When he'd unloaded what felt like a quart of semen into the hot mouth around his penis, Pete finally looked down to see that it was Alison who had caught his load while Cara was the one tonguing his scrotum. Pete simply didn't *care* that Alison had a penis that she was enthusiastically using to fuck his girlfriend; she'd just gotten him off a lot harder than he'd even thought possible - regardless of what other 'equipment' she might have, she gave a damn fine blowjob.

As Pete's penis slowly shrank in her mouth, Alison continued to suck on it, drawing out the last few drops of his cum as she used her lips and tongue to try and clean even the faintest trace of his semen from the outside. Finally, there was nothing left to do but let him fall free of her lips - only to have her head pulled down into to deep, deep French

kiss by Cara, the two of them sharing however much of Pete's cum that remained in Alison's mouth.

Sated for the moment, Pete carefully moved from above Cara's head, opting to take a seat on the edge of the bed where he could watch the two roommates as Alison continued to plunge her penis in and out of Cara's welcoming cavern.

As the two of them continued, Pete found himself amazed at Alison's endurance - before his own two eyes, he watched her bring Cara to no less than two orgasms. Granted, they'd changed positions a couple of times, but still...

Another orgasm from Cara later, and Pete found himself getting hard again. At the time, she was squatting over Alison, facing Alison's head so the two of them could kiss and caress each other's breasts as Cara repeatedly impaled herself on Alison's erect pole.

Cara looked over at him and saw his erection waving in the air; eagerly, she told him "Come on over here - I want to watch you fuck Alison again!"

Pete was willing, but couldn't see how to make it happen; Cara solved the problem for him by carefully twisting herself around on Alison's penis, then leaning back, which left her in a position much like Alison had been on top of him. Alison had heard her lover, and when Cara was repositioned, lifted and spread her legs, making room for Pete. Pete understood then, and didn't delay to move between Alison's parted thighs, finding himself fascinated by the sight of Cara slowly moving up and down on Alison's penis, while below, there was an obviously wet opening obviously in need of filling.

Carefully, Pete eased himself forward, wedging the head of his dick between Alison's abbreviated labia; when he was sure he was in position, he began pressing himself into Alison's hot, wet channel. She was easily as tight as she'd been before, and Pete was careful to withdraw slightly every so often to make sure that he got her ample oils spread around; as nice as it felt to have something so incredibly tight around him, he had no wish to hurt her and lose the chance to experience it again.

As he was slowly filling Alison with his erection, he heard her soft moans of pleasure, and felt her lifting her hips in welcome to his penetration. Above her, Cara was steadily bouncing her hips up and down, alternately filling and emptying her vagina with Alison's penis.

Finally, Pete was all the way in - and knew, this time, that he really *was* feeling the deepest part of Alison pressing against the end of his penis; the feeling of it only aroused him even more, making him even bigger and harder - something that clearly pleased Alison, as well, judging from her increasingly enthusiastic moans.

It took a little time, but with both of them interested in making it happen, it wasn't long before Pete and Cara got into a rhythm that let them enjoy the pleasure they were getting from Alison's dual sexuality.



For her part, Alison was delighted with what her two lovers were doing: Pete was filling her pussy with his manhood even as Cara was wrapped around her penis; the sensation of having both organs so thoroughly stimulated was having a *very* definite effect on her arousal.

After having two climaxes already that morning, Pete wasn't in any hurry to have a third, so he was able to enjoy the sensations as Alison went through first one orgasm; then several minutes later, a second. He had Cara's ample breasts in his hands and was pulling on her nipples when she and Alison had almost simultaneous orgasms; when they were over, he was surprised to hear Alison ask the two of them to let her get up. They did as she asked, and in answer to their questioning looks, apologetically explained "I'm sorry - but Pete feels pretty damn big in me, and I'm starting to get a little sore; and as nice as it feels to have you on me, Cara, *that* part of me is getting a little tired, too - particularly with BOTH of you involved."

Both Pete and Cara expressed their understanding; when Alison had gotten off the bed, Cara lay down and spread her legs in open invitation for Pete to resume his activities with her. Pete had felt himself getting close to his third climax, and was more than willing to finish things off with his girlfriend. Positioning his penis against her opening, he thrust forward, sliding all the way into her in a single slow stroke. She wasn't as tight as Alison, but she was certainly as hot and wet - and that was more than enough for Pete at that point. Better still, he was able to get more 'enthusiastic' about fucking Cara than he dared do with Alison; in a short time, he was industriously engaged in all but pounding his throbbing erection into Cara's hot box, accompanied by Cara's vocal encouragement for him to fill her with his cum. Soon the room was alive with the liquid sounds of their pelvises slapping together and Cara's cries of passion and pleasure.

For her part, Alison could only sit off to the side, amazed at the scene before her: Pete's massive (to her, anyway) erection repeatedly disappearing between Cara's distended labia as the two of them grunted and groaned their increasing desire and arousal. She was still watching when she saw Pete make a couple of slow, hard thrusts into Cara, then try to push his penis as far inside his girlfriend as he could, accompanied by a deep groan as he emptied his seed into her. A moment later, she heard Cara cry out as she tripped over into her own climax, her hips pressing up against Pete as she, too, tried to get him as deep in her as possible.

After a bit, she watched as Pete carefully withdrew his softening penis from Cara's intimate embrace, moving over to lie on his back as he got his breath and senses back. Next to him, Cara just lay there gasping, her open and dripping pussy clenching every so often as though inviting Pete's penis to come back for another visit.

The show the two of them had just given her left Alison wanting to do something to show them how much she appreciated their willingness to share themselves with her; it took her only a few moments to move to the bed, where she eagerly began using her mouth to clean Pete's limp and sticky penis. When she was done with that, she happily began

performing a similar service for Cara, enthusiastically cleaning all of Pete's semen out of her vagina.

By the time she was done, Pete and Cara had both recovered from their most recent activities; Pete was watching closely as Alison finished up her self-assigned task of ridding Cara's pussy of his cum.

When Alison sat up again - Pete watched the way her breasts swayed as she moved - Cara turned to him and asked "Well, Pete - I guess having a friend like Alison around isn't so bad after all, is it?" mischievously.

Pete had the decency to blush slightly, but readily answered "Uh, no, it's not bad *at all*", his enthusiasm making Cara and Alison both smile.

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For the rest of the weekend, the three friends spent nearly all of their time pleasuring each other. The few times that they left the room, it was to go out someplace for food - usually fast food, so they could get back to the dorm sooner.

After that memorable weekend, the three of them became almost constant companions. Cara was even accepting of the very infrequent 'dates' (debauches was more like it) that Pete and Alison had; they didn't happen very often, and afterwards, she and Alison - then, later, her and Pete - would have a **dandy** time together.

When the school year ended, Alison was delighted when not only Cara, but Pete, insisted that the two girls room together when school started again. Even better, she was absolutely delighted when her two best friends made arrangements with her to come and visit for a couple of weeks during the summer.

For the rest of their time in college, Alison, Cara, and Pete spent the greatest part of their time together in various permutations. And by being with the others, Alison developed a measure of confidence and self-assurance that stood her in good stead after college.

Cara and Pete eventually broke up after college. It wasn't anything that either one of them could say was the other's fault; rather, they simply began to grow apart. Still, both of them carried a set of *very* special memories of their college years that they chose not to share with anyone.