

# The New Girl

My name is William Wilkins, and at the age of 15 I had an experience that wasn't just "out in left field", but clear out of the ballpark.

Like most guys about that age, I was stuck with the trials and tribulations of puberty. Unlike most guys, I had the benefit of having grown up with a sister (Eva, which I shortened even further to just "Eve", just a bit more than one year older than me) that I got along with pretty well. Not that we were best buddies, or anything, it was just that our folks hadn't tolerated any kind of fighting or arguments between us as we grew up; as a result, we were a LOT more tolerant of each other's foibles. Not only did we play a lot of "show me yours and I'll show you mine", but even got to be comfortable with playing "Doctor" to a degree that I doubt our folks would have approved of. That attitude continued even after each of us started puberty, so that seeing each other only in our underwear or half-nude (or completely so when I could manage it) was no big deal of either of us; it wasn't that each of us didn't have other friends, but simply that we'd grown up **that** comfortable with each other. Since there were hardly any kids our ages in the immediate neighborhood, that was a good thing.

Our relationship was such that neither of us ever said anything (even to each other) about the small holes that developed that gave each of us a viewport from our respective closets into the others bedroom. I got plenty of chances to see how Eva's physical development compared to that of her friends during sleepovers, and even learned how girls masturbate; I don't doubt that Eva had much the same experiences.

That was how things worked in our house right up until a new family moved into the neighborhood in the middle of the Spring semester at school, of all things.

Naturally enough, what really got my attention about them was that there was only one kid: an attractive girl about my age. She wasn't as physically developed as my sister, but still clearly female; she had long, glossy black hair, trim legs, an ass that I immediately fell in love with, and a pretty face with slightly full lips and grey eyes. It didn't take long to learn that her name was Charlene Johnston, and that she was just a few months younger than my sister.

Eva and I were both looking forward to getting to know her, but we saw precious little of her outside of school. After several school days had passed, Sis told me that Charlene didn't seem to have been assigned to one of the mandatory physical ed classes — *nobody* that Sis knew had her during their PE period. That made Charlene something of a mystery, but since she remained aloof from everyone pretty much all the time, there wasn't a whole lot more we could learn about her, other than she got damn good grades in all her classes.

It wasn't until several weeks after school had let out that Sis finally got the chance to meet Charlene through the simple expedient of simply walking up to their door, introducing herself, and asking if Charlene would like to come over. Sis later told me that she could **see** that Charlene wasn't exactly thrilled at the invitation, but didn't have a polite way of declining.

The two of them didn't spend much more than a couple of hours together at first, but as the rest of the summer passed, the frequency and duration of their time together gradually increased. That continued after school started again, as well; Charlene gradually got somewhat friendlier with the other girls at

school, but Eva was by far her closest friend. From the amount of time Charlene spent at our house, she and I also got to know each other better and get comfortable with each other. Sis informed me that Charlene and her parents had moved from several states away during the school year because of some unspecified event that happened at her previous school. Both of us wondered what *possibly* could have happened, but couldn't figure out what it might have been.

By the time it got close to Christmas, Sis and Charlene had become pretty good friends. Along the way, Eva's repeated invitations for a sleepover were declined — but each time it was with less enthusiasm, according to Sis. Shortly after New Years, Charlene agreed... but that she (Charlene) would have to talk to Sis first, and that Sis would have to promise to keep what she (Charlene) had to say as a Top Secret to never, ever be told to ANYONE else under **any** circumstances. The sole exception Charlene was willing to grant was for Sis to tell me, provided I was willing (and able, in Eva's opinion) to maintain the same degree of confidentiality.

Needless to say, both of us were wondering what the hell Charlene could have to say that even *might* call for that kind of demand for secrecy.

It was a couple of days before the two of them sequestered themselves in Eva's bedroom; I don't think it was any coincidence that some of Eva's stuff not only blocked the peephole I had into her room, but she had her radio turned up higher than usual so I couldn't hear anything, either.

The next evening, Sis came into my room after supper and sat on my bed while I was doing my homework. When I got to a stopping point and turned my attention to her, she pointedly told me "Billy, you know Charlene and I talked yesterday after school. What she told me surprised the HELL out of me, and I've got to talk to *somebody* about it. What she said... it's really, **really** important that you don't say anything about it to ANYONE else. That means NOBODY, not even Mom and Dad; and not now or ever. I know you'll want to, 'cause I sure as hell do, but you CAN'T — not even a little bit. It's not something that you absolutely *have* to know, so if you don't think that you can keep it to yourself completely and forever, tell me now. Until I have your word on that, I can't break my promise to Charlene. All I can tell you that it's bigger and more important that the stuff we did together when we were kids."

From the way she was talking, I knew she meant all the times we'd looked at (and had our hands on) each other's bodies when we were younger. She wasn't one to exaggerate things, so if she said that whatever it was was bigger than that AND had to explicitly tell me how private I had to keep things, I knew I had to seriously think it over before giving her an answer. I did just that for a couple of minutes before answering "Okay, Eve. You've told me how serious it is, and how important it is that I don't tell anybody else. I'm not sure what could be THAT big, but you have my promise: whatever it is you want to talk to me about, nobody will ever hear about it from **me**."

Even then, Eva looked into my face intently for several seconds before deciding that not only was I as serious as she was, but telling the truth about keeping whatever Charlene's secret was.

As she took a deep breath in preparation, I couldn't help but wonder what the hell it would be... and was completely unprepared to hear "Charlene is a hermaphrodite."

From the way she said it, I knew I was supposed to be shocked, but I really didn't know what she was telling me. Seeing the look of puzzlement I must have had on my face, Eva explained "Charlene has both girl AND boy parts."

Unfortunately, I said the first thing that came to mind: "Of course she does. Everybody has the same parts. Hearts, lungs, kidneys — all that stuff."

Showing her exasperation, she acidly told me "Not **THAT** stuff, you dummy. I'm telling you she's got girl and boy *sex* parts. She has a vagina like a girl, but she's also got a penis, like a guy."

As should be expected, I spent a lot of seconds trying to get my mind around that idea — and only achieved minimal success. Thankfully, our folks had taken whatever chances they could to help us learn about new and different stuff — we made a family trip to Mexico one time, and went with them on a cruise ship in the Carribean, for example, so we'd learn about different cultures; on top of that, they took the time to explain to us about different kinds of handicaps we saw. So the problem I was having wasn't that Charlene **WAS** physically different, but how. I mean, I could kinda-sorta visualize that it was physically *possible*, but I just couldn't take the additional step of imagining it actually happening. All I could do, finally, was stammer "What... how... **REALLY?**"

"Yeah, really" was the answer I got. Eva went on to say "She didn't actually take her clothes off to **show** me, but she did lift her dress up so I could see that there was an extra bulge in her panties. She said that she's *mostly* female, which is why she has tits and everything like a girl, but she also has a penis. She explained it all to me and what happened was that while she was still being made inside her mom, something went wrong; instead of growing all girl stuff like she should have, things got confused and a penis was started, instead. That's about all that's really different about her — I mean, she doesn't have testicles or make semen like a guy; she said that it's more like she has a really big clitoris, is all. She's always **felt** like a girl and acted like one, it's just that being different the way she is, she's never been comfortable about getting too close or personal with other girls. The only reason she told me about it, she said, was that she's just so tired of being alone all the time and not being able to do all the stuff she hears about — like going on a sleepover and things like that."

Taking a deep breath, she continued "She also told me what happened that made them move here. She was exempted from gym classes at her other school, too, but one of the student aides in the offices got into her school records and found out why. After that, everybody in school knew about it, and they even had to fire an employee over it... but it was too late for *her*, of course. All the other kids were giving her such a hard time that her dad got a transfer from the company he worked for so they could move here. That's why she hasn't wanted to have much to do with the kids at school: she isn't stuck-up or a snob or anything, she's just been shy and scared. It's really taken a **lot** for her to learn to relax after that, and start trying to make friends. She told me that she **REALLY** had to work herself up to telling me all that stuff about herself so that she could start getting out and doing things. She had friends and everything, before, but it wasn't like normal because of how she is — from the way she talked, I could tell that she missed being able to do so much of the kinds of things that **WE** got to do growing up."

After she finished, Eva and I both sat there, trying to imagine what life must have been like for Charlene as a kid. Several minutes went by before Eva told me "Anyway, now you know why she's been so slow about being friends and doing stuff with me. I know it's going to be hard for you, 'cause it will be for me, too, but *don't stare at her* or do anything to make her feel bad or embarrassed, Billy! This is going to be a **really** big deal for her, and you know she's taking a **HUGE** chance telling me about herself that way and then me telling you... so don't mess this up for her. If you do, I *promise* you that I will make you **seriously** regret it!"

I was a little hurt by Sis' warning, and I think she could see it because her expression softened a bit

when I answered "I won't. I know I'm kind of a dummy sometimes, and I have to get used to the idea, but I'm not gonna be JERK or anything." Mom and Dad had taught us pretty well that it was okay to notice that someone was different, but to be polite about it.

With that assurance from me, Sis gently told me "Well, when she spends the night, maybe you'll get the chance to learn something that'll make it easier for you to get used to it" before standing up and leaving my room.

It wasn't until after she was gone that I realized I could use the peephole from my closet to her room to see for myself how Charlene was different. From the time she came over until then, though, I'd just have to make *sure* to keep myself under control.

The following Friday night was to be the main event. I could tell that Eva was nervous when she got home from school, but when Charlene showed up to join us for supper, she'd pulled herself together again. All I had to do was act the way I usually did by staying away from the two of them for the most part. The little bit of conversation I had with Charlene during supper was as brief and casual as any other time she'd been over. I'll confess to trying to check her out a couple of times when she wasn't looking, but otherwise avoided causing any embarrassment for her — which earned me a relieved and pleased smile from Sis when all of us were done eating. I don't know if Mom and Dad had heard anything from Charlene's parents; if so, they did a FINE job of hiding it.

Charlene and Sis went back to her room almost immediately after supper; I hung around and watched TV for a little while to continue my (pretend) indifference to Charlene's presence in the house. It was an hour and a half before I finally made my way back to my room; as soon as I'd closed the door, I was in my closet and looking into Eva's room. To my disappointment, the two of them were fully dressed and sitting on the bed in animated conversation. From the (very) little I could hear, it was about the usual girl stuff that I'd heard Eva talk to her other friends about. Still, it was getting late in the evening and I stayed where I was in anticipation of the show that I just knew had to be coming.

It was after Mom and Dad went to bed (wishing all of us a good night through our closed doors) that things changed in Sis' room.

After Mom and Dad had plenty of time to fall asleep, I watched as Eva gestured and said something to Charlene. It took a few seconds for me to figure out that she was suggesting the two of them go ahead and get ready for bed — and you can bet I had every intention of staying right where I was for THAT little event!

With my eye glued to the peephole and holding my breath, I watched as Eva was the first to move by removing her blouse; as she reached behind her back for her bra fastener, Charlene gave in and began removing her own clothes — starting with her blouse, just as Sis had. When she slipped it off, I was delighted to see that her choice in undergarments was appreciably more adventurous than Eva's: it was a frilly pale yellow thing with lace edges that barely covered her nipples. Reaching between the cups, she unhooked it and let it slide down her arms and land on the floor behind her. That left both of them standing there topless, generally facing each other and angled so that it was easy for me to compare the two sets of young mammaries. Eva's generally conical B-cup breasts were more-or-less familiar to me, sporting quarter-diameter dark pink areolas that looked like they were capped with small pebbles of pink bubblegum. Charlene's breasts were more rounded, and were actually larger than they'd seemed; at the peak of each was a pale dime-sized areola that sported a nipple that had to be half an inch long. Looking at them, I could only dream of what I'd like to do with them.

After several seconds of back-and-forth, it was up to Sis to get things going again by slipping her thumbs under the waistband of the slacks she was wearing; a little more negotiation, and Charlene followed suit with the skirt she had on. I could see as Eva counted down before each pushed her respective garment off her waist, over her hips, and down her legs. When they stood up, the additional bulge in Charlene's panties stood in stark contrast to the smooth arc formed by Sis' mons. Several times, Charlene acted like she wanted to move her arms so that she could use her hands to cover her pelvis, but she never *quite* finished the movements. Instead, she just stood there as she and Sis looked each other over for a minute or so.

I heard Eva say something, and knew it was a question by the way Charlene slowly nodded her head. I learned what it must have been when Eva began to slip her panties off as Charlene watched. It didn't take long to rid herself of the brief panties she'd had on, and casually toss them onto the bed where her other clothes were. Even peering at the two of them through a tiny hole in the wall, I could see how nervous and apprehensive Charlene was; Eva just stood there calmly, and after several seconds I clearly heard her say "I know you're scared, Charlene, but it's okay... really. You told me about yourself, and I'm okay with it — honest. I'm not going to push you or anything; I'm just going to stand here until *you* decide that you're ready to go on. I like you, and I want to be your friend — it's up to you to decide if you want to let that happen."

A full minute passed, and after several false starts, Charlene slowly moved her hands to the waistband of the plain white cotton panties she had on and eased her thumbs under the waistband. Many more seconds went by before she began to gradually ease them down **ever** so slowly. It was easy to see the conflicting emotions on her face as the tops of her panties slowly moved lower and lower on her body, eventually reaching the point where the top of her dark black pubic thatch began to be revealed. When tops had reached the point that they were just above the beginning of her added bulge, she must have found a reservoir of courage, because she suddenly bent over and pushed them all the way down to her ankles and stepped out of them. Once she stood up again, it was easy to see what had caused it: what could only be described as a male penis.

Seeing it sticking out that way while there were a pair of perfectly lovely breasts showing farther up was something of a shock to me, at first. But once I got past that, it didn't seem like all **THAT** much of a big deal. I was watching and listening for what Eva's reaction would be, and watched her check it out for a few seconds before looking into Charlene's face and saying "Yeah, it looks like a penis, all right. But it's not even a couple of inches, and not very big around... no, it's not going to bother me."

Charlene's relief was as obvious as it could be as she said "I'm **SO** glad to hear that! I was so afraid that once you saw it, you'd freak out or something."

Eva laughed briefly, and told her "No, I wouldn't freak out. Our folks have been real good about making sure that Billy and I learn and understand that there's more going on out in the world than just what happens around here, so we have open minds about stuff. Dad tells us that an open mind can hold things that a closed one can't make room for. So, yeah, you being a hermaphrodite is *definitely* something new that I've never thought about before, but as far as I — or even Billy, probably — are concerned, it's just something different, not **bad** or **WEIRD** or anything. If you're okay with showing me, I guess it wouldn't bother you too much if I had some questions? Like I said, this **IS** new and different for me..."

Charlene didn't hesitate in the slightest to answer "No, I don't mind. Actually, it would be kind of a

relief for me to be able TO explain it to someone. Um... I, uh, I won't have any problem if you want to look... you know, closer... if, um, it would be okay if I, um, looked at you. I... I've never had the chance to see what a regular girl looks like — you know, *there*..."

"Shucks, I don't mind. After all the gym classes I've had, having another girl looking at me between my legs isn't any big deal. You want to look first?", Eva asked, smiling.

"No, you first. I just want to see, which won't take long. You're going to see and have a bunch of questions and everything, so let's get that part out of the way."

To my and Sis' surprise (and my delight), Charlene calmly turned and sat down on the edge of Sis' bed before pulling her legs up and spreading them — giving Sis AND me a clear and unobstructed view between her thighs. Just as Sis had said, Charlene also had a vagina; I didn't have any trouble not only making out where it was, but that the inner lips she had weren't all THAT different from Eva's (or any of her friends that I'd seen). It took only a few moments for Sis to take a seat on the floor (where she wasn't blocking MY view, thankfully) and lean forward.

With both of them fairly low like that, they were in a good position for me to hear what they had to say and I got QUITE an education for nearly an hour. I learned that it wasn't all that rare for babies to have some degree of hermaphroditism, that Charlene's penis sometimes got harder but never fully erect, that she had periods like any other girl, and she most certainly experienced the same physical desires, among other things. As part of the Q&A, Charlene wasn't the least bit reluctant about reaching between her thighs and manipulating things to clarify or emphasize the things she was saying; she even went so far as to tell Eva that it was okay if *she* wanted to touch and move things. After a little initial trepidation, Sis did take advantage of the opportunity she was being given.

When they were done, Eva readily matched the position Charlene had been in — giving me the best view I'd ever gotten (at least, since she started puberty) of the area between her thighs. Eva had opted to sit on the "near" side of Charlene, so I didn't have any trouble making out the cleft of her sex amid the dark blond curls of her pubic area. At the top, the hood over her clitoris was barely visible; her labia were thin and the area between them appeared to already be glistening faintly. It took only a few moments for Charlene to get herself seated on the floor between Sis' feet. Again, their positions ensured that I had a good view of what was happening as Charlene initially contented herself with simply leaning forward and just looking at Sis. After just a couple of minutes, I heard Eva tell Charlene "Go ahead and touch me, if you want to — it's only fair."

With that, Charlene slowly moved her hand between Sis' legs... and after a brief hesitation, made contact with Eva's mons. The sight as Charlene's slender fingers tenderly probed and manipulated Eva's womanhood soon had me sporting what I was sure was the biggest and hardest erection I'd ever had; it was only a couple of seconds effort to free it from my pants and underwear and begin stroking myself as I kept my eyes locked on the sight before me. Charlene whispered something I couldn't hear to Sis and got a nod in reply; it was when I saw the ends of her fingers gently ease toward Evas opening that I couldn't hold back any longer, and sprayed the wall of my closet with what felt like *quarts* of my cum. Even as that was happening, however, I had my eye glued to my viewport into Evas room, and was able to see that even though Charlene barely had the first digit of a single finger through the portal to Evas sex, it was enough to have Sis' breasts visibly hard and tight, and her nipples erect — as well as thoroughly anointing the invading digit with her female essence.

It wasn't just Eva that was feeling the effects of Charlene's manipulations: it was plain as could be

(even from where I sat) that Charlenes breasts were tight and sporting hard and erect nipples, too. With her sitting at an angle to me, I couldn't see what was going on with her extra appendage, but the fact that Sis made several lengthy looks that direction suggested pretty strongly to me that **something** was happening with it.

Still, as Charlene had said, it didn't take her anywhere near as long to learn what she wanted to know about normal female genitalia as it had for Eva to learn about hers; it couldn't have taken as long as fifteen minutes before Charlene slowly withdrew her hand from between Evas thighs and sat back again. When she did, the two of them simply sat there looking into each others eyes and faces... Charlene sitting on her feet on the floor while Sis remained on her bed, legs spread wide and revealing the glistening opening between her thighs. It was when Charlene finally stood up a minute later that I saw that the small penis protruding from the dark wedge of her pubic hair had changed. Though it hadn't gotten noticeably longer or thicker, there was no denying that it had gotten stiffer and was protruding nearly horizontally from her pelvis instead of pointing at the floor as it had been before.

Eva slowly brought her legs together and her feet to the floor, then stood up to face Charlene. I could see her look down to the protrusion of Charlenes cock for a few seconds before looking into Charlenes face. Several seconds of quiet were broken when Charlene spoke, her tone of embarrassment obvious as she softly said "I... I'm sorry about that, but it's not something I've ever been able to do anything about. I've asked the specialist that I see about it, and he says it's just a part of who I am, and that nothing he can do will change it: if I get, you know, *excited*, then the boy part of me will react along with the girl part. I... I've kind of figured out by myself that because my body is different enough to have a penis, there's some little part of me deep down inside that just can't **help** trying to respond to some things. I mean, I don't do it on *purpose*, or anything..."

A couple of seconds went by, and Eva told her "It's okay, I guess. I mean, I could tell that you weren't doing it 'cause you wanted to. I knew things were going to be different with you being a hermaphrodite and everything, and I guess that's just part of it. Besides, it's not like you tried to **DO** something, or anything. I don't figure that'll be the only time it happens, so I'll just learn to get used to it, is all."

Immensely relieved, Charlene told her "I... I'm glad you understand, and you're willing to be so cool about all this. I've never had a real friend that I could do stuff with like you before, and I've missed out on SO much stuff because of it."

Smiling, Eva told her "Well, you don't have to miss out on it any more unless you want to", and the two of them quickly hugged each other. Charlene's head was toward me, and I could see how happy and pleased she was about how Sis was acting about the whole thing.

When they finally released each other, it was so they could get into their respective nightgowns. I watched a little longer to see if anything else was going to happen, but all they did was break out some magazines and start comparing what they thought of the guys in them.

After using my shirt to clean the semen running down the wall in my closet, I undressed down to my underwear and went to bed. Laying there in the dark, I stayed awake for quite a while as I thought not just about how lonely and isolated Charlene must have felt growing up, but what I thought and felt about her physical difference, too. It took a little while, but I finally got things settled in my mind: first was that it wasn't like she *chose* to be born that way; it was more like Mother Nature played a particularly cruel practical joke on her. Second was that I'd decided she was a nice, smart person with a really pleasant personality and keen sense of humor before finding out that there was anything

physically different about her... so there really wasn't any reason to change how I thought about her. Finally, she **was** pretty good-looking if I could put her difference out of my mind — which gave me pause to think about her condition and what I really thought about that. After a lot of back-and-forth and wrestling with the idea in my mind, I finally decided that it really shouldn't matter; as she'd said, it wasn't something she had any control over, and she certainly seemed female enough in every other way. Not figuring that there was any chance in hell that I was ever going to do anything else with her, there was nothing for me to do but just treat her like just another one of my sisters girl friends.

When the two of them came dragging out of Evas bedroom late the next morning, they acted as though they'd been best friends forever instead of having known each other not even a year. They were sharing private jokes with each other, and judging from the way they'd share just a brief look before smiling or laughing, had gotten onto the same "wavelength", too. I just responded to them the same way I did any other time one of Evas friends spent the night: ignoring them as much as possible, and returning whatever comments they directed my way in kind.

After Charlene went home shortly after lunch, Eva stopped by my room (where I was putting together a plastic model of an airplane) and asked me what I thought. I didn't have a problem telling her "I guess I did learn a few things, after all. Yeah, Charlene's different — but not in any way that's really *important*. I'm cool about it, and everything."

Pleased (though faintly blushing, I noticed), Sis told me "I'm glad to hear that, Billy. She really is a good person, and this is the first time she's really been able to break out of the shell she built around herself. I'd hate to see anything happen to mess it up for her."

"Well, if anything like that DOES happen, it won't be because of me", I assured her.

She just smiled, and left.

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After that night, Eva and Charlene became even better friends. Sis got Charlene to participate more in the things she and her friends did in and out of school, though never to the extent of getting involved in anything that risked revealing Charlenes condition. The only one Charlene was really willing and comfortable about seeing her less than fully dressed was Eva, and it didn't take long before the two of them were spending a LOT of nights together, either at our place or Charlenes. Mom and Dad got concerned about it, called Charlenes folks, and learned that *they* were **more** than delighted to have Sis at their house as often as she was, and had been concerned that Charlene was visiting US too often. It didn't take long for all of them to reach the decision that since neither side was feeling "put-upon" (and would say so if things changed), there wasn't any reason not to let the two girls continue.

I certainly didn't mind, since it meant that I'd almost certainly get chances to check out Charlenes nude body, as well as Evas.

That proved to be the case, and it didn't take long for me to accept the presence of a small finger of flesh protruding from Charlene's pelvis — regardless of what state that protrusion happened to be in.

As was to be expected, there came the time that I happened (not by accident, either) to run across Charlene in the hallway as she was making a (braless) bathroom visit one night. I didn't make any pretense of not looking her over before saying "Nice boobs, Charlene!" and continuing on my way. I learned the next day that I'd responded perfectly: I'd obviously seen the over-full condition of her panties, and then calmly proceeded to ignore it in favor of complimenting Charlene on her breasts.



Though Charlene tried to be more careful about having her bra on after that, it didn't take long for her to stop worrying about me seeing her in her panties.

My comment to Charlene also had the effect of making it okay for her and I to begin interacting more than we had before. It wasn't that she and I ever hung out together or anything, but rather that if she wasn't busy with Sis for some reason, it was acceptable to her for the two of us to be together in the same room and not just ignore each other — if one of us got up to get something to drink, for example, we'd ask the other if there was anything they wanted while we were up. There were even several times that the two of us just sat and talked to each other for a little while. I found out from Eva that Charlene thought I was a pretty nice guy, and that she was relieved that I didn't act different toward her.

By the end of the school year, the two of them were all but inseparable the vast majority of the time; it also became S.O.P. for whichever household was missing them to call the other as a first attempt to find them. Once school actually let out, there wasn't any telling *where* they might be: Eva had not only gotten her drivers license, but Mom and Dad had gotten her an inexpensive (but still in excellent condition) used car: an older Volvo, the blue boxy-looking one. It wasn't fast and sexy, but Sis was still happy to have her own transportation.

The break from school for the summer also gave Charlene and Sis that much more time to spend together during the day... and no reason for them not to spend even MORE nights at one house or the other.

It was about the middle of July, and Dad had taken Mom on a promised date to listen to our town's little orchestra do a "Symphony in the Park". Charlene and Eva were at our house and had isolated themselves in Sis' room while I was watching a movie on TV. I'd figured that with the two of them back in Sis' room, I'd be able to watch the whole thing without interruption; but that didn't prove to be correct. Roughly halfway through the movie, the two of them came into the living room where I was and stood in their bathrobes off to the side just *watching* me. I finally paused the movie, turned my head to face them, and plaintively asked "What?"

After they'd looked at each other, it was Charlene that told me "There's something we'd like your help with."

"What, *now*? It can't wait until the movie is over, or tomorrow, or something?"

"No, not really", Eva answered. "It's something that we'd need to be sure Mom and Dad will both be out of the house for a while."

Wondering why they could possibly need ME **and** Mom and Dad gone, I asked exactly that: "Why would you need me while Mom and Dad are gone? What's going on, Eve?"

Both of them looked nervous for some reason, but Charlene was the one to tell me "Come with us, and you'll see", immediately followed by both of them blushing furiously.

The looks they were giving me finally convinced me to do as they asked. After taking note of where I was in the movie, I shut it off, then stood up and followed them — all the way back into Eva's room, much to my surprise. Eva was the one to close the door behind us, and after she'd joined Charlene again, she told me "There's something that Charlene and I both want to find out, but neither one of us knows anyone that could help us with it... except you. We want to ask you something, and we already know it's a **lot** to ask, and we'll understand if you don't want to do it. But if you do, we're willing to do

something for you in return."

Well and truly baffled at that point, all I could think of was to ask them "What is it you want from me?"

They gave each other a Look, then carefully faced me and undid the belts of their robes. Before I could even take a breath, they'd shrugged their shoulders — leaving both of them standing there stark naked with their bathrobes puddled around their feet. As I stood there (undoubtedly looking as stunned as I felt) looking the two of them over, Eva told me "We... we want to learn about guys. The, um, sex parts, I mean. Charlene only ever saw them on babies, and it's been a long time since WE saw each other — I told her about it — and I know that *I've* changed since then, so I figured you have, too. That isn't something we can ask any **other** guy to do, so if you won't do it, we'll have to try and figure something else out. But if you'll agree, then it'd be okay if you wanted to do the same thing with me."

To that, Charlene added "You know I have little bit of a penis, but I've also got a vagina... so if you wanted to look at me, too, it'd be okay."

Eva finished up by telling me "We want to look close, and ask some questions, and... if it's okay, even, um, touch. However far it's okay for us to go with you, you can go with us. We figure that kind of encourages you to let us learn what it is that we want to know while keeping us from going too far with it. We're willing to trust that the time we spend looking at you will be about the same as you spend looking at us, but it's okay if you think we should actually keep track of the time."

Hearing that, the first thing to come to mind was that it actually sounded fairly reasonable. But a few more seconds thought, and I had a question: "You said that you were willing to trust that the time would be the same, but would my time be for looking at each of you, or **both**?"

They had some kind of silent negotiation thing using just their eyes before facing me again so Eva could tell me "There'd be the two of us looking at you at one time, but we know it wouldn't be fair for you to have to try to look at both of US, we'd be okay with it if you wanted to use *almost* the same time for each of us. It's not like we're COMPLETELY different; after all."

That wasn't as much as I could *hope* to get, but was more than I'd have settled for... and easily enough to get me to seriously consider their offer.

Like most guys my age, there was a certain amount of trepidation at the idea of a girl (or worse still, TWO of them) actually eyeballing my works due to the basic insecurity most of us guys have at that age. But that was **far** overshadowed by the prospect of having those same girls doing more than just looking. When I added in the opportunity to really *look* (and touch, if they went that far) THEIR parts... well, it didn't take me long to decide to agree to their request. Yeah, Eva was my sister, and that was kinda weird — but she was still female and attractive, and that was what was most important to me. Charlene left me with mixed feelings, though: the chance to check out another female was definitely enticing, but getting close to her snatch meant also getting close to what was above it — and I wasn't real wild about THAT idea, regardless of my acceptance of it otherwise.

It took a minute or so for me to work through all of that (and looking them over in the process) before I told them "Okay, I'll do it."

I could see that my agreement was met with a mix of emotions: relief that they hadn't exposed themselves to me for nothing, happy that they'd get to find out what they wanted to know, apprehension about (almost literally) opening themselves up to MY exam, and nervousness (which I also felt) about

the situation and what would happen.

Since they'd had me come into Evas bedroom, I figured that was where they wanted it to happen; with them already naked, there wasn't anything for me to do but take my own clothes off — a simple matter of slipping of my sandals, pulling off my T-shirt, and slipping down my walking- and under-shorts. I managed to quash the impulse to cover my cock and balls, choosing instead to simply stand there with my hands at my sides as I asked "Where and how do you want me?"

"Lay down crosswise on my bed, about halfway", Eva told me, with Charlene adding "If... if you could kind of lay with your knees at the edge and, um, open your legs, it would be better, too."

Without saying a word, I walked the few steps to where Sis' bed was and got myself arranged as requested. It didn't take but a single look at them to realize that paying any obvious attention to what they were going to do would pretty much mess things up, I simply put my hands behind my head and closed my eyes. To my surprise, it helped ME relax a little bit, too. A few moments later, I felt as they joined me (though they were careful not to make any contact).

For the first few minutes, all that happened was that I heard a fair amount of whispering back and forth between the two of them as I felt them move around a little bit. I was starting to wonder if all they were going to do was talk when I felt a cool pair of fingers gently grip my flaccid penis and lift it up. Without opening my eyes, I quietly told them "You don't have to be *that* careful about touching me. As long as you don't squeeze my balls, I mean my testicles, too hard, it's okay."

The grip on my penis got marginally firmer, but that was all the response I got.

Over the next little while, I felt my cock and balls being moved around in different ways by two different hands as Eva and Charlene asked questions and got familiar and comfortable with the male reproductive anatomy; the way they were going about it was enough to keep me from getting **fully** erect, though I did get as far as semi-erect under their touch. The amount of movement had tapered off when Charlene hesitantly said "We... we'd like to see it when you're, uh, hard, too. Can you do that?"

Again keeping my eyes closed, I answered "Not by myself — not like this. But if you want to help me, it'll happen."

"What do we need to do?", Eva wanted to know.

That question had me spending the next few minutes talking them through the process of how to start masturbating me. When they began to get the desired results, I caution them about what could happen — both if they took it all the way to the end, and how it would feel for me if they went *too* far without finishing things. Both expressed their understanding, and I left them to it; what they were doing wasn't painful, but it wasn't particularly stimulating, either. As they went along, their questions gradually became more and more direct and explicit: "What happens when you have a climax?", "How can you tell when you're getting ready to squirt your stuff?", "How long can you stay hard?", "How many climaxes can you have?", and so on. I answered as best I could (knowing that they could see me blushing at times), and tried to correct any mistakes they made or misinformation they had. A few times, it was necessary to give them a somewhat lengthy explanation to make sure they understood what I was telling them.

While all of that was happening, they were also asking me if they were doing things right, what else they could do, and such. They seemed to pay attention to the feedback I gave them, because their

handjob skills slowly but steadily improved. They got good enough at pleasing me, in fact, that I found it prudent to tell them "What you're doing feels **real** good, now. But if you keep going and don't let me finish, it's going to be *really* uncomfortable for me, like I told you. It's what us guys call 'blue balls', when we get aroused like this for too long and don't have a climax."

The only response that comment/reminder drew from them was a simple "Okay" from Eva; neither one of them stopped what they were doing (or even slowed down, that I could notice). I could only conclude that I was destined to either receive my first-ever handjob from my sister and her friend, or one HELL of a set of aching balls. I was hoping and praying that it was going to be the first of those two choices.

I couldn't resist cracking my eyes open a little, and saw that both my sister and Charlene were absolutely fascinated with my erect cock. One of them would slowly and softly stroke me while the other gently caressed my balls, then they'd swap for a little while before changing back again. It was an exquisite kind of torture to have them slowly and steadily move me closer and closer to cumming. I could also see that there were two pairs of *very* erect nipples to testify to the fact that **they** were enjoying what they were doing, too. While keeping my eyes narrowed to mere slits, I took a slow, deep breath — and realized that there was a distinct aroma in the air; young and inexperienced as I was, it took a few moments for me to realize that it was coming from Eva and Charlene... and what it must be. THAT understanding got me even more aroused until I saw the end of Charlene's miniature penis sticking up. I nearly lost my thrill at that point until I remembered what Charlene had said about her arousal affecting BOTH sets of her genitalia and that it had never gotten completely hard before; I figured that if that was the first time her penis had ever stood up like that, then it had to mean that she was far more excited than she'd ever been.

Knowing that Charlene was that aroused, it seemed likely that Eva was pretty worked up, too. The idea that my own sister was getting hot from playing with my dick got into my head, and it was less than a minute later that I had to tell them "I'm going to cum!"

Whichever one of them had her hand on my erection didn't slack off in the slightest, and only a few more seconds passed before I was trying to coat the ceiling in Eva's room with my semen. I didn't actually spray my cum that far, but from the gasps I heard from both of them, I can only figure I made a damn good job of *trying*.

My cock was pointed nearly straight up, so the first was of my jizz landed just a little below my navel; the ones after that hit progressively closer to the source. The last couple of spurts simply leaked out the end and coated my slowly-shrinking penis and the soft hand that continued to stroke me. Only then did I open my eyes and look down to see that it had been Charlene that had finished me off to Sis' rapt attention. I realized that neither of them was paying the slightest attention to the **rest** of me when I saw Eva, then Charlene, reach out and collect a blob of my cum on the end of one finger. Both ran it between thumb and finger to check its feel and consistency before hesitantly touching a tongue to it. Charlene appeared to be fairly indifferent to the experience, but I could see that Eva found the taste of semen to be more than a little pleasant. Only when they heard me take a breath in preparation for talking to them did they turn their heads toward mine, blushing furiously. Taking pity on them, I pretended that I hadn't seen what they'd done and simply told them "That felt *really* good... what BOTH of you were doing. I want to make **you** two feel like that, too, when it's my turn."

Each of them looked pleased at my assurance, and both eager and intrigued by my expressed desire

please them. After several seconds, it was Charlene that asked "Does... does your stuff always shoot out like that? That hard, I mean?"

"Not usually. That time, it was stronger than most because of how good you were making me feel and how excited I was", I answered.

Then Eva wanted to know "Is there always that much of your juice?"

After looking down to where it was puddling on my belly first, I told her "If it's the first time I've had a climax for a while, yeah, pretty close. If I had another one tonight, it wouldn't be as much or as thick as this time — a guy's body only holds so much of it, and it takes a while for him to make more of it, too."

Eva followed her question with another: "Um... how long would it take before you could climax again?"

From the expression on her face and the tone she used, I **knew** she wanted me to cum again, and I somehow managed to keep myself from smiling as I answered "If I just waited, I'd probably start to get hard again in an hour or two." To the forlorn expression she started to get, I continued "But if something was to happen to *help* me, it could be anywhere from fifteen or twenty minutes to half an hour before I could start to get hard", something that had her perking up considerably. I hastened to add "Either way, it'd take a while before I could climax, unless I got even more help."

That was when Charlene spoke up again, saying "Billy, if you want to stay here, I'll go get something to clean you off with. There's some other stuff I want to ask you, and since I'm getting a little sticky, I figure you are, too."

I just smiled at her and said "I wouldn't have any problem cleaning myself off, but if you want to do it, that's fine."

With that, both of them got off Eva's bed and headed for the bathroom. Since Charlene was going to wipe me off, I just stayed where I was until they were back several minutes later. As long as they were gone, I **knew** they'd taken the time to talk about what me, them, and what had happened at least a little bit. True to her word, Charlene had a washcloth and face towel in her hands, and as soon as she was seated on the bed she went about wiping up my cum — not just from my belly, but out of my pubic hair and getting my softened penis cleaned off and dried. When she was done, she wrapped the barely damp washcloth in the towel and set them aside. I was surprised to discover that having my sister and her friend both able to see my drastically shrunken penis didn't bother me as much as it would have before; whether that was because of all of us apparently used to being naked together or from them already having seen me fully erect (and climaxing), I didn't know... and didn't particularly care.

When Charlene asked me her first question, I sat up and mirrored the cross-legged position she and Eva were in; the three of us formed a rough circle, making it easy for us to see and hear each other as questions and answers were exchanged in BOTH directions. Along the way, I noticed (couldn't *help* noticing, really) that Charlene's miniature penis shrank down a **lot** slower than my full-sized version. It was when I finally asked her about it that I learned from her and Sis that girls didn't get aroused as fast or easy as us guys — and more importantly, they were a LOT slower to "come down" from being excited, too. Blushing slightly, Charlene told me "Because my glands and everything think I'm all girl, that part of me reacts like my vagina does. I'm still feeling pretty, um, excited, you know, from before, so you can see from my penis how aroused I am INSIDE."

I considered that for a few moments before telling her "I guess that could work out okay for you, then. I mean, it makes it pretty easy to tell when you'd be ready to have sex, instead of the guy having to guess about it."

Eva started to give me a dirty look, but didn't when she heard Charlene answer "Yeah, I guess it does. I never thought of it that way before. Of course, that'd only happen if there was a guy that wasn't bothered by a girl having a penis — even a miniature one like mine."

"I expect you'll be able to find *somebody*, Charlene. I mean, you're sure pretty enough, and you're nice, and fun, and about all the kinds of stuff us guys like in a girl. If **I'm** okay with it, it's a pretty safe bet that there's other guys out there that it wouldn't bother, either."

That earned me a pleased smile from her, and she even went so far as to lean over and give me a hug before we picked up where we'd left off.

I think all of us were surprised when Sis looked over at her alarm clock and announced that over three-quarters of an hour had gone by. Shortly on the heels of that, I could see that Charlene was having a hard time hiding a smile at Eva's obvious desire to get me stretched out and aroused again. I certainly didn't have any problem with it, and quietly got myself situated the same way I'd been before.

Sis wasn't the least bit bashful about getting her hand on my penis again, and quickly began applying the lessons she'd learned from earlier. To her dismay, though, her efforts weren't having as much of the desired effect as she wanted; a couple of minutes went by before she (somewhat plaintively) asked "Is something wrong, Billy? I'm doing what I did before, but it isn't working!"

Resisting the urge to laugh, I answered "Eve, remember I told you I only *could* get hard if I had some help. Us guys, we're just the opposite of you: once we've gotten excited and had a climax, it takes even more for it to happen for us again. That feels good and everything; it's just going to take a little longer for it to work, is all."

"Isn't there anything that could make it happen so that it doesn't take so long?"

"Sure — anything that felt even better than you using your hand that way. The more sexy and exciting something is for me, the faster and easier it is for me to get hard and have a climax."

"Would it work if I used both hands, or Charlene helped?" she queried.

"Not as much as you might think. I mean, whether it's one hand or two or three, it's still just hands. If you really want me to get hard and have another climax **THAT** fast, you'd probably have to do something else."

"Like what?"

Hesitating briefly, I answered "Understand that I'm not saying it has to **BE** this, but something **more**... like — just for example! — maybe using something other than your hand... like, um, your mouth."

The way she just sat there and looked at me had me thinking that I'd seriously pissed her off. But to my surprise, she finally spoke up to say "That would work? I mean, I've *heard* about that, but I wasn't really sure if it was something a girl did to make a guy feel good, or slow him down. I... I've never actually **done** it, but it doesn't, like, gross me out or anything. I'm okay with at least trying."

Right after she finished, Charlene added "I... I'm willing to try it, too. Just let us know before you're going to squirt, okay?"

I was thrilled (!! ) at the idea of actually getting a blowjob, and didn't hesitate to assure her "Of course, if that's what you want." A moment later, I told them "When it's my turn, I'd like to do that for you, too, if it's okay with you."

I saw the peaks of their breasts crinkle and erect slightly, and knew that I'd finally get to find out what not just ONE pussy tasted like (as I'd wanted to since I'd first heard about "eating pussy"), but *two*. I already thought the smell of their arousal was terrific; if they tasted anything like they smelled... well, I was going to be one **seriously** happy camper before we were done. Even just the thought of getting my head between their thighs was enough to start inflating my cock, something that brought a smile to Sis' face.

With the encouragement of feeling me stiffening in her hand, Eva leaned forward and began to lower her head. I'd kept my head up as I was talking to them, and couldn't help watching as Sis' mouth moved closer and closer to my penis. When she was close enough, I saw her lick her lips before taking just the head of my cock into her oral cavity, then held my breath as I waited to see what she'd do. To my infinite relief, she somehow managed to smile around my penis before taking even more of me between her lips.

The sensation of having my manhood wrapped by something so warm and wet was indescribable, and all I could do was lay my head back on the bed and close my eyes so I could focus my attention on the pleasure emanating from my groin.

Even as young and inexperienced as I was then, I knew that I was extraordinarily lucky that Eva and Charlene were willing to try using their mouths on me. It wasn't until later in life that I came to understand how fortunate all three of us were to be in that situation: both sides were getting the opportunity to learn about the other (such as thought processes and feelings) *directly* from the source as we were also discovering what our own feelings and reactions were about sex and intimacy in as low-key, friendly, and non-threatening of an environment as possible. I was learning the pleasure I could feel from receiving oral sex — but the necessity of correcting the girls' mistakes and suggesting other things they might try kept me from losing myself in the experience; in turn, that meant that I not only got to enjoy it longer, but had the chance to learn how to control *myself* and my reactions as they again took turns learning, and applying the feedback I gave them. As a result, I was able to really **enjoy** my first blowjob, instead of simply being overwhelmed by it.

Just as had been the case when they were using their hands on me, Eva and Charlene's talents improved greatly over a relatively short period of time. Much sooner than I would have liked, I could feel myself getting close to unloading again. Despite the pleasant sensations I was experiencing, I managed to remember my promise, and was able to announce my impending eruption with an emphatic "I'm gonna cum!"

The lips that were sliding up and down my erection didn't hesitate in the slightest, though I did hear and feel the "mmmm-hmmmm" acknowledging my warning; that added little bit of vibration was all it took to trigger my climax, and I heard myself groan as the first wad of my jism erupted from my cock. Before the second could escape me, the warm mouth that I'd enjoyed pulled off, allowing my semen to arc onto my belly. My disappointment at the loss of the living receptacle for my cum lasted only a moment; my pulsating penis was again tightly gripped by a pair of lips, and the head enveloped by a warm and wet mouth that stayed around me until the last feeble spurt of semen had leaked out of me. When it was clear that I was finished, the lips clenched me a little tighter and milked my shrinking

penis of the last few drops of my juices as it pulled off of me.

After I'd gotten my breath and senses back, I raised my head to look down to where Charlene and Eva were sitting; even after looking at both of them closely, I couldn't tell which one of them had taken the first shot, and which had finished me — both were sitting there with cat-that-ate-the-canary grins on their faces as they looked at each other. Only when I moved to sit up did their attention shift from each other to me.

Both were looking rather pleased with themselves when I told them "Thank you — *both* of you. That was even better than what you did the first time."

I got a self-satisfied smile (and small blush) from each before Eva told me "I'm glad you liked it. It wasn't like what I thought it'd be at all. It was actually kinda fun, and it made me **so** excited, knowing that I was able to make you feel that good just using my mouth. And I *really* like the taste of your juice!"

After a moment, Charlene told me "I really liked doing that, too" — I knew she was telling the truth, since her penis was again standing at attention — "I wasn't real wild about tasting your stuff before, but somehow it's different when I get it straight from you... I actually kinda like it, even."

After that, the next several minutes were spent with the two of them comparing what they thought about what they'd done. A few questions were directed toward me, but MY opinion of things was simply that I'd enjoyed the hell out of the experience, so there wasn't much for me to add to what they were telling each other. Listening to them talk, however, did leave me feeling both surprised (that they both concluded that it was a perfectly reasonable thing to do with a guy) and pleased (that they'd enjoyed it and were quite willing to do it again "sometime").

Their conversation had mostly tapered off when Eva turned toward me and asked "Billy, do you... do you want to learn about girls now?"

"Yeah, I'd like that — a lot. Especially with *you* two!", I assured her, and earning myself a pair of VERY pleased smiles.

"Which one of us do you want to start with?", Charlene asked.

I looked at her, and apologetically answered "I think Eve, if it's okay."

Charlene didn't bat an eye as she told me "Sure, that's fine. I mean, she **is** your sister..."

I looked into Charlene's eyes and sincerely told her "Yeah — and that's the *only* reason", so she'd know it wasn't because of anything else.

When I returned my attention to Eva, I saw that she was watching me closely and that she seemed to be sitting differently. It took a few moments for me to realize that she wasn't just *tolerating* having me looking at her and touching her body, but actually looking forward to it. The very first thing I just **had** to do, of course, was raise my hands and put them over her breasts. I think BOTH of us released a soft gasp at that first contact, and as I began gently and carefully examining those most obvious signs of her femininity, Eva closed her eyes and pressed herself against my hands.

I was delighted with the feel of her mounds; they were somehow both firm and soft when I cautiously squeezed them, as well as smooth and warm under my touch. The peaks of her mammaries were already tight and crinkled, but when I started examining them with my fingertips, I was surprised and



delighted to learn that they could get even tighter, and that her nipples could stick out more than I'd ever seen them before. I happily spent several minutes acting pretty much as you'd expect any adolescent boy would with his first pair of real, live breasts in his hands. But as nice as Sis' tits were to touch and hold, their dark pink summits were something I just had to get my mouth on.

As soon as I had Evas nipple between my lips, she released a gasp that was followed by a soft moan as I began to nurse at the pink peak of her breast. It was only a matter of a few seconds before I could feel her nipple getting longer and the areola grow harder as I laved them with my tongue. When I shifted my attentions to the other half of her bust, she raised her hands so she could put her fingers in my hair and hold my head in place — as if there was any danger I was going to stop any time soon!

I'd taken the few minutes necessary to bring both of Sis' nipples to full extension and was thinking of easing her onto her back so I could move my investigations even lower on her body when I got an idea. I was still reluctant to release the hard rubbery nipple of her left breast from between my lips, but did it anyway so that I could raise up and move my attention to Charlene; it had occurred to me that I could alternate between them, rather than do ALL of my exploring with just one of them at a time.

Charlene initially looked a bit uncertain, and *something* told me to lean forward and give her a gentle kiss on the lips. Nothing overtly sexual or too affectionate, just a brief touch of my lips to hers to let her know that I cared and wasn't going to hurt her. She accepted the kiss, and when I pulled my head back, I could easily see that it had done just what I meant it to: let her know that I liked her, and that everything would be okay.

When I raised my hands again, I paused for a moment and looked into Charlene's face; she gave me a smile and brief nod, letting me know that she was willing for me to continue. Just as I'd done with Eva, my first contact with Charlene's bust was to simply hold her mounds in my hands. To my surprise, they somehow felt different than Eva's breasts — still both soft and firm at the same time, warm in my hands and smooth under my fingertips, but different none the less. I was more than happy to try and both qualify and quantify the difference as Charlene pressed herself into my hands with her eyes closed. Her longer nipples and darker areolas still fascinated me, though, and I soon gave in to the desire to really investigate them the way I wanted to. Even more so than the larger mass of her breasts, the peaks of Charlenes breasts differed from Evas and I spent several minutes fascinated as I toyed with them before finally giving in to the desire to see if they *tasted* different, too.

They didn't, really, but I was still glad to discover that they had a completely different texture and density than Evas, and cheerfully devoted myself to sucking and licking her areolas and nipples as she, too, softly moaned her pleasure at (and appreciation of) my efforts.

When I finally released the hard cylinder of Charlene's right nipple from my mouth and raised my head again, a slight motion at the corner of my eye caught my attention. When I turned to see what it was, I learned that Sis had already moved to lay on her back; the movement had apparently been a result of her moving one of her legs so that they were even more separated.

After surprising Charlene with another brief kiss, I started to move to where Eva was stretched out. As I did, she unhesitatingly lifted her knees and spread them before shifting her feet apart, too — leaving her fully exposed to my gaze.

As I moved to position myself in front of Sis, I saw that her nipples weren't much (if any) less erect than they'd been when I left them. When I lowered myself to the bed so that my head was close to her

pelvis, I was greeting with the part of the aroma I'd noticed before: the unique scent of aroused female. As I was getting my first close and intimate (!) look at the particulars of a grown woman, I was also comparing the scent that I found so alluring to what I'd detected earlier. It wasn't difficult to recognize Evas contribution, and that left me with some idea of what awaited me with Charlene; but until then, I had the opportunity to familiarize myself with my first-ever real, live female pussy.

The cleft of Eva's sex was readily visible in the strip of blonde curls that ran from the bottom of her opening to just a couple of inches short of her navel; even as I was looking at her inner lips, I saw them get a trifle darker, as well as marginally thicker and darker. As I was watching that happen, I understood that that was just one of several ways that a girls body changed as she became more aroused — and it also told me that Sis was getting turned on more than a little bit from having me looking at her that way.

I needed only a very few minutes to learn what I wanted to know about what was easily visible. Remembering how patient and gentle Sis and Charlene had been with me, I slowly reached toward Sis' pelvis with my hands to softly and *carefully* use my thumbs to spread her labia so I could see what lay beyond. As I did, a small droplet of fluid trickled out the bottom of her opening, accompanied by a sudden increase in the intensity of her smell. With a much clearer view of a girls workings in front of me, I didn't bother following up on the thoughts that ran through my mind just then and chose to simply take note of the event so I could think about it later. That left me free to focus *all* my attention on examining and learning what I could about a girls sex parts. Like all the kids in our school district, I'd gotten the basics of sex education including generic drawings of the parts of both genders. That made it a fairly easy matter to identify her clitoris and all the rest of the parts before I started really **looking** at them.

Not having anyone else to compare her to, all I could do was take note of the fact that Eva's clitoris looked to be about the size of a small pea; her inner lips looked to be somewhat thin and short. She jumped a little bit when I made my first tentative touch on her clit, and told me "It didn't *hurt*, exactly, when you touched me there, but it was uncomfortable because your finger was dry."

After considering the possible solutions to that problem, I went with the one that seemed to be the most fun and educational: collecting some of the liquid I could see leaking out of her. When I softly ran the tip of my finger across her opening, Sis moaned softly as she lifted her hips slightly. I repeated my action, and got a nearly identical response from her before I went back to try and learn what I could about her clitoris. With my finger lubricated with her oils, I again softly touched the small pebble of flesh at the top of her cleft — and got even more of a reaction than when I'd brushed across the entrance to her vagina. That was all it took to get me involved in finding out how much of what kinds of things I could do to pleasure her. As it turned out, just about any kind of gentle rhythmic pressure or contact was enough to add to her arousal. Under her tutelage, I learned what she liked in particular, and it didn't take long for me to bring her to an orgasm. When her clitoris disappeared back under its cover of flesh, there wasn't much for me to do except watch as her woman's opening clenched and relaxed in time with the waves of pleasure I could see going through her body. I also saw that she was apparently getting wet enough inside that her oils were leaking out of her. When all that was left of her orgasm was a few residual shudders, I carefully collected as much of her oils as I could on one of my fingers and brought them to my nose — and almost immediately had to stick my finger in my mouth to find out if she tasted as good as she smelled. I was thoroughly delighted that she did, and didn't hesitate to move my head so that I could try to lick up whatever of her nectar I could find.

The first pass of my tongue went across her opening and on up to brush against where her clitoris was hidden — and earned me an impassioned "Oh God yes!" as she arched her hips up off of her bed. Thus encouraged, I did it again and again and again... and each time, that small and simple action on my part drew a sound of pleasure from her. Remembering how she'd reacted when I'd drawn my finger across the entrance to her vagina, I went about trying to find out what I could do there with my tongue to add to her arousal; it didn't take me long to discover that she *particularly* liked it when I tried to see if I could worm my tongue through the incredibly tight ring of her portal. It turned out that I couldn't, but it wasn't from lack of trying on my part, or willingness on Evas: simply pressing against her opening aroused her tremendously; actually trying to penetrate her had her arching herself up in welcome as she did her best to open herself up to me. She got so excited, in fact, that there was a nearly constant trickle of her oils escaping the confines of her womanhood, which I eagerly lapped up.

My tongue began to get tired **long** before I was ready to give up trying to get it into her, and I finally decided to shift my attentions back to her clitoris. When I looked at it, I could see that it had shed its cover and was readily available to whatever tender actions I chose to administer. My first considered action was to simply give it a few light caresses with just the tip of my tongue; that quickly had Sis moaning throatily as she pressed her pelvis up toward me. Since I didn't need my hands for what I planned to do, I moved them alongside Evas body so that I could hold her breasts in my hands. Then when I used my tongue to begin toying with her clitoris again, I also started playing with her nipples — gently pinching and pulling on them, rolling them between my fingers, and so on. Having both (all three?) sensitive areas being stimulated added to her excitement and arousal tremendously, and it wasn't long before the only sounds she could make were unintelligible noises of pleasure.

There was no mistaking the fact that *Eva* liked what I was doing, and I was certainly enjoying it, so I took my time about learning everything I could about how to eat pussy. Along the way, Eva had not just one, but two orgasms; the first was a little stronger than when I'd used my hand, the second was a LOT stronger — enough so that I reluctantly decided that I'd better stop "just in case". Even then, I simply couldn't resist making one last pass across her vaginal entrance so I could collect a final taste of her essence.

When I lifted my head from between Sis' thighs, I looked over at Charlene and saw that she in awe of what she'd seen Sis go through. She finally noticed that I was looking at her, and when she turned her head to look at me, she blushed before saying "I... I never knew that a girl could have that many orgasms in so short a time, or that they could be that *strong*! Are... are you going to do that to me, too?"

"If you want me to, I can sure **try**", I answered.

Seemingly stunned by the possibility of experiencing anything like what she'd witnessed, Charlenes eyes got big before she slowly nodded and softly told me "I... I think I'd like that..."

I just smiled at her before answering "Let's get Eve back together first, though, okay?"

Both of us turned to where Sis was laying, and I could tell that her last orgasm had really had an effect on her. Although her eyes were open and she was alert, it was pretty obvious that she was feeling kind of weak and still trying to catch her breath. Charlene and I both moved close to her and helped get her sitting up again; when she was mostly vertical, Sis told us "I never even *dreamed* that somebody doing that to me could make me feel **that** good. I mean, it wasn't any one thing you did... it was how everything you were doing was, like, MULTIPLYING all the rest of the things you did. That was the

first time I've *ever* had two orgasms so close together like that, never mind having the second one be so STRONG." Turning to Charlene, Sis told her "You are going to be **so** glad when he does you... seriously. He tries all *kinds* of things to see what you like, then he does them — a LOT. And I'd SWEAR that he likes doing it, too!"

I couldn't help chuckling when she said the last part, and telling both of them "I **do** like doing it. Eve, I thought you tasted as good as you smelled, so it was *fun* for me to be able to do that and make you feel good. I'd be glad to do it again any time you want, even!"

That got me an appraising look from her before she looked between Charlene and me and said "I heard what both of you said... and you were a dear to want to make sure I was okay, Billy. But I'm sitting up now, so you two go ahead now — I'd really like Charlene to find out what it's like to feel as good as Billy made ME feel."

Charlene suddenly looked shy and a little apprehensive. Without even thinking about it, I leaned over and gave her a little kiss on the cheek and softly told her "It'll be okay. You'll see."

That reassured her enough that she was willing to shift herself around, and then lay down and stretch herself out. She still looked more than a little nervous, and it wasn't difficult to figure out why: her abbreviated penis was once more standing fully erect from her mons. Somehow knowing that it was the right thing to do, I stretched myself out next to Charlene, but propped up on my elbow. Looking down at her, I asked "You're worried how I'm going to react to this, aren't you?" as I gently took her erection between my fingers.

She nodded apprehensively, and I told her "Well, you don't have to be. Yeah, it looks enough like a regular penis that it's going to take me a little bit to get used to it. But there's not so much, and the resemblance isn't so close, that I *can't* get used to it, either. If you've got the courage to let me, I'm willing to learn what I can do to make YOU feel good — **all** of you. If I do something dumb, or hurt you in ANY way, I need you to let me know... because the last thing I want to do is make you regret sharing yourself with me this way. I already told you that I think you're pretty, and fun, and nice; I really do like you, and I don't want to mess that up. Okay?"

She managed to give me a smile before telling me "Thanks, Billy. I'll be okay now, I think."

I lowered my head and gave her a soft, chaste kiss on the lips; that was followed by another kiss to her cheek, her throat, and collarbone as I slowly blazed a trail down her body. I detoured briefly to bring her nipples to full erection again before moving down her abdomen and the dark wedge of pubic hair at its base. As I got close to her pelvis, she readily moved her legs apart and didn't have any visible reaction when I moved my body between her legs. A minute or so later, I found myself facing the erect appendage that I'd so recently had in my hand. I looked up to see how she was responding and saw that she was watching me, but without any overt sign of nervousness or concern.

Taking that as implicit permission to really *look*, I did just that: **looked** at the miniature version of the manhood that I sported. Taking it between my thumb and forefinger, I moved it around so that I could examine it from several different angles and learned that it really was more like an extended or oversized clitoris than a penis: it didn't have the opening at the end that my own cock did, for starters. Nor was the end of it shaped like my penis, or any of the others I'd seen. Up close like that, I could see that it was even smaller than my little finger, too, and had only the rudiments of any kind of covering like a foreskin. Looking up at her again, I asked "It isn't covered all the way, like Eve's clitoris is."

Doesn't it get sore?"

To my surprise, Charlene smiled slightly as she answered "Not usually. I'm okay as long as I wear the softest panties I can find."

I just nodded my head in acceptance, and went back to checking her out. I finally decided that there wasn't anything for me to do but give in to the temptation to give the shaft of it a few strokes before asking "Does that do anything for you?"

"Not really. I mean, it kinda feels okay, but nothing more than that — not like it seemed to for you, anyway. The whole thing... it's more like I've got my clitoris on the end of some kind of extension, than anything else."

Hearing that, I simply said "Oh. Okay", and shifted my attention to the area between her wide-spread thighs.

As I'd seen via my peephole into Eva's room, Charlene's womanhood didn't appear dramatically different than Sis', as far as the outer and inner lips looked, other than her inner lips being a lot smaller and thinner. Of course, Charlene's miniature penis stuck out where Sis' clitoris had been, but everything below that point appeared pretty similar. It was when I used my thumbs to softly part Charlene's inner labia that I found that there was one significant difference: Charlene's opening was distinctly smaller than Eva's — perhaps only three quarters as big. Even so, I could see that Charlene, too, was leaking a trace of fluid. I moved my head closer, and readily caught the scent of her arousal; it was similar to, but distinctly different from, Eva's... and certainly no less appealing.

Moving my head a little farther, I was able to extend my tongue and run it along Charlene's cleft, not only collecting a sample of her oils, but using the opportunity to gently press against the entrance to her vagina. Charlene responded to the slight pressure much as Eva had: by moaning and arching her pelvis up. The major difference was that that also brought her pseudo-penis closer to my face, too.

Rather than tie myself up in knots worrying about it, I just went ahead and lifted my head a little bit and ran my tongue across the tip of Charlene's shaft, where she was presumably the most sensitive. That turned out to be true, and I heard her gasp loudly at the contact before exclaiming "God that's good!"

I made a couple more passes across Charlene's extended clitoris (to her *quite* audible pleasure) before lowering my head so that I could return to the more comfortable task of gathering her nectar. When I'd cleaned up the immediately available supply, I figured it was time to find out if she was as receptive to any of the things that I'd done with Sis. The first thing for me to try, of course, was to see if she had any objections to me trying to worm my tongue into her under-sized vaginal opening. To my surprise and delight, she didn't; in fact, she seemed to enjoy it even more than Eva had: not only did she spread her legs even more and tilt her pelvis up, she exclaimed "Oh, yes, Billy! That feels so good!"

I don't doubt that it did, either, since my efforts resulted in a dramatic increase in the amount of her oils that escaped her girl-chamber. I'd happily lap them up before placing my mouth over her opening and trying (again) to see how much of my stiffened tongue I could get into her. I don't think it was ever enough to satisfy either of us, but it wasn't from lack of trying on **my** part.

Whenever my tongue started to get sore or tired, I'd give it a little bit of a rest by moving my attention back to Charlene's clitoris. After a bit, I was finally able and willing to try taking part of it into my mouth; the things I was able to do with it that way pleased Charlene *immensely*. I was slowly swirling

my tongue around it while applying a soft, rhythmic suction when she surprised the hell out of me by having an orgasm... and not a small one, either. She nearly screamed at the start of it, and flopped around like a fish out of water while it was happening; it was all I could do to keep the end of her appendage between my lips and continue what I was doing.

The majority of her climax had passed, and she was mostly just laying there shuddering every so often when Eva told me "Billy, I think you should stop for a little bit. You're not **hurting** her or anything, but I can see that she's practically *exhausted* from how hard that hit her. Let her get some energy back, okay?"

When I raised my head for a better look at her, I could see that Sis was right about Charlene — she did look pretty worn out just then. Worried that I'd possibly done something wrong, I thought I might be able to perhaps "make up" for it by sliding myself up so that I was laying next to her and holding her in my arms. Just a couple of minutes later, I heard her softly tell me "Thank you, Billy. That was *wonderful!*"

"You're not mad at me or anything?"

"Not even a little bit! Why would I be mad at you for making me feel so good?"

"I dunno... I was just worried that maybe it was too much, or something."

"You are such a dear! Yeah, that was a **lot** bigger than any orgasm I've had before, but it wasn't too much. Is that why you came up here, so you could hold me? Because you were worried about me?"

"Well, yeah..."

I felt her kiss my chest before telling me "You're such a sweetheart. I'm really glad you're holding me, and I'm sorry if you thought you'd done something wrong. Honestly, you've done just *exactly* what I hoped and wanted: help me find out what feels best for ME, so I could have the best climaxes I can. I know it couldn't have been easy for you to have me in your mouth like that, but you did it anyway for me, and made me feel SO good. I asked if you were going to make me feel as good as you did Eva, and you said you'd try — and I think maybe you made me feel even better than you did her. I was afraid about all this at first, but you've made me feel so *happy!*"

I'll admit to being a bit relieved that I *hadn't* upset her, so I gave her a brief hug and kissed the top of her head before asking "Was that enough, or do you want me to keep going?"

I'd barely finished the question when she answered "Keep going!"

Just to make sure I didn't screw up, I then wanted to know "Do you want me to do less, or more, or about the same?"

A couple of seconds passed before she replied "If... if you really can do more, I think I'd like to find out what it's like. But I know you were worried about me this time, so if I think it's going to be **too** much, I'll say something, okay?"

After giving her another brief hug, I said "Yeah, that'd work."

She tilted her head back enough to look at me and solemnly told me "You really are being a dear about all this, and I really appreciate everything you're doing for me, Billy."

I took the opportunity to kiss her on the forehead, then said "I'm glad I'm able to make you happy, and I

appreciate what you've done, too", and got a smile in return.

With Charlene rejuvenated and knowing what she wanted from me, I moved to my side and began kissing my way down her body again. Just as I had before, there was a delay when I paused long enough to cover her lovely breasts with soft kisses and suckle on her dark nipples before continuing my journey. Once I was back between her thighs, I was pleased to discover that there was another collection of her juices for me to gather before I started trying to help her have the best orgasm I could. It took only a small adjustment in my position between her smooth legs for me to be able to reach up along her sides and get my hands on her breasts, much as I'd been able to do with Sis. As I started gently pinching and tweaking Charlene's chocolate-colored areolas and nipples, I lowered my head and began my oral assault.

Having a pretty good idea of what I could do and what she liked, I took my time for the second go-around: I started a process of doing one thing to increase her arousal, then let her slide back a little bit before starting on something else to get her excited just a little bit more, and repeating the process by doing something different to her — kind of a sexual two steps forward, one step back approach. She **had** to know that I was deliberately teasing her, but she never complained; all she ever had to say to me was words (at first; later, it was just noises) of appreciation and encouragement.

I must have spent nearly half an hour that way, slowly moving Charlene's arousal higher and higher before I recognized the signals that she was getting damn close to having another orgasm... one that would put the previous one to shame, if I was reading the signs correctly. I'll confess to being more than a little concerned about what might happen with her, but she'd not only said that that was what she wanted, but she'd told me that she'd let me know if she thought it was going to be too much; despite my reservations, I kept my word to do the best I could for her. Knowing just how excited she was, I deliberately slowed my actions as I moved her to the brink of her release — then let her slide back again, prompting her to release a deep, frustrated moan as she tried to press herself up against me. I didn't let her find the relief she sought, and when I heard her soft whimper, went back to stimulating her again. The second time, I slowed my actions even more, and managed to hold her at the very brink for a couple of seconds before nipping at her clitoris with my lips pushed her over the edge.

She DID scream with the start of her orgasm, but it was cut off by the force of the first incredible spasm that nearly folded her in half. She didn't have time to even begin to straighten out before a second wave of pleasure overwhelmed her. She was about halfway straightened out again when a third spasm froze her in place with a deep groan; from that point on, the rest of her climax tapered off fairly quickly... due mostly, I think, to simple exhaustion of her body. She was stretched out, shivering while intermittent shudders and spasms ran through her body when I again got myself laying next to her and into my arms. As I was holding her, Eva reminded me of her presence by saying "Yeah, you hold her like that, and I'll go get a damp cloth...", then clambering off her bed and heading out the door.

She reappeared a few moments later, handed me a washcloth, and said "Start wiping her face while I get something for you two to drink" and disappeared again.

Doing as I was told, I gently wiped Charlene's face until Sis got back with cold sodas for all of us. She set them on her night stand, then took the washcloth from me and said "You just hold her now, and I'll take care of the rest."

It couldn't have taken much more than another minute before I saw Charlene's eyelids start to flutter; a few seconds more, and they opened — though it was pretty obvious that Charlene really wasn't seeing

much of anything just yet. Sis wiped her face again, and that seemed to help; when Eva began to carefully wipe up the collection of fluids from between Charlene's thighs, Charlene tried to protest but couldn't quite make it happen.

Once Charlene was cleaned up, Sis left us again to do something with the washcloth; while she was gone, I went ahead and opened up a soda and managed to get Charlene propped up enough that she was able to take a couple of sips from it. Just as Sis was coming back into her room, Charlene said "That was *way* more than I thought it'd be. I mean, I knew you were teasing me, and it kept feeling better and better; and I could feel it building inside me, and I KNEW it was going to be a big one — but I really didn't expect anything like that."

After she was seated on the bed with us, Sis looked closely at Charlene and asked "You're okay? Really?"

"I'm fine", Charlene answered. "I think the only reason it left me feeling like this is because of how big the other one was. Besides, I *knew* it was going to be the biggest ever, and I didn't tell Billy to stop or anything even though I could have. I don't think I want to go through anything like that again any time soon; but, honestly, I'm not sorry it happened."

Following that, she turned to look at me and said "More than anything, I'm *glad* it happened. I've, you know, given myself orgasms before, but I've never had **anything** like what happened tonight because Billy did things that I just CAN'T do. I've always been afraid and worried about what it would be like if I was ever with a guy, but Billy has made me feel so much better. He wasn't afraid to touch me, or kiss me, or do anything else with me. He even did stuff that I KNOW wasn't easy for him — but he did it for ME, and made me feel so good and so happy. I pretty much thought he was better than most guys I've ever known or met, but I found out tonight just what kind of guy he really is, and how special."

That was when Sis surprised the hell out of me by adding "Yeah, he surprised me tonight, too. I thought it was going to be kinda weird doing stuff with him, but it wasn't. I mean, sure, at first it was; but he never said or did anything to make me remember he's my brother. It didn't take long until I was just thinking about him as a guy, and not *Billy*. He was somebody I could trust **completely**, and not have to worry." Then she turned her attention to me and said "When we asked you in here, I was still a little worried about all of this... I mean, we HAVE been doing, you know, sex stuff with each other, and I was afraid that it was going to be like when we were kids. Except that it wasn't; I was afraid that you weren't going to be as polite and understanding and everything as you've been. I was sure that you would say *something* to us about being naked, or doing things, or **something** — but you haven't, and it makes me glad you're my brother."

I had to look back and forth between them for several seconds before I could think of anything to say in response to what they'd told me. I finally managed to come up with something, and looked at Charlene as I told her "I can't *know* what it's like for you... but it isn't hard to figure out how **I'd** feel if it was me, and go from there. No, it wasn't easy to start doing some of the things I did with you — but it wasn't all THAT hard, either. You trusted me enough to share yourself with me, and I like you and care for you enough that I'd never do or say anything to betray that trust. You did things that made ME feel good, and I was happy to do stuff that made YOU feel good, so there's no reason you have to thank me for that. Whatever I did that was different happened only because *you're* different... no so much the physical part, but as a person, different from Eva or anyone else."

Then I turned to Sis and said "Yeah, it was kinda weird for me, too, doing this stuff with you. But



because YOU didn't make anything out of us being brother and sister, it was easier for ME not to. I know we fuss and argue sometimes, but I know we still love each other, too. Tonight, I was *glad* you're my sister, because I knew that no matter what else, I could trust you."

Finally, I told both of them "What we did tonight... I was nervous about it, too. What you said about not having anyone you could learn about guy stuff with, that's how I was about girls. I would have been glad to learn and do the things I did with just about ANY girl, but it being **you** two was something that actually made me *happy*. IF anything like this ever happens between us — either me and one of you, or all three of us — I'd like that; but if you decide that you don't want to, then I can accept that and won't bother you about it. I really am grateful for what happened tonight, and proud that you trusted me enough that you were willing to let us learn about each other as much as we did."

I had my arms around Charlene, and when I was done talking, she gave a contented sigh before snuggling a little closer. The smile I got from Eva told me that she appreciated what I'd said, too. The three of us just sat there for a little while, content to simply have each other's company; it was Sis that finally broke the silence to say "As much as I hate to say it, Mom and Dad are going to be back before long. I'm not *sure* that there's enough time for separate showers even if Charlene and I shared one, so I think we'd better all clean up together — that is, if you two don't mind."

I spoke first, saying "Well, I **suppose** I could take a shower with both of you..." in pretend reluctance, and drawing a laugh from them. Charlene was next, saying "After tonight, taking a shower or bath or anything else with either or both of you is fine with me."

It took a little longer for all of us to get motivated, but we did finally get moving. Sis insisted on starting the shower and getting it adjusted, which left me free to simply stand back and hold Charlene in my arms. I started to get hard again from having her cute butt rubbing against my cock, and she turned her head to look at me impishly and say "We don't have *time* for any more fun, remember, Billy?"

After giving her a hug, I started to play with her nipples before answering "I'm not trying to get any more fun going, Charlene. That's just letting you know that I think you've got a **really** nice butt — particularly when it's pushing against me like it is!"

Before she could make any kind of reply, Sis let us know that the water was ready; I helped Charlene into the tub, then she and Eva steadied me as I got in. As was to be expected, there was some figurative and literal grab-ass as we helped each other rinse off, but we somehow managed to keep it to a bare (heh!) minimum. Once we were all dried off again, I got dressed and headed back into the living room where I went ahead and ejected the movie — it was well past when it would have ended, and Mom and Dad had seen me starting it when they left.

With that out of the way, it was back to my room; as I passed Eva's room, I saw that she and Charlene hadn't bothered putting anything on, and both of them posed for me briefly, then smiled and blew me a kiss when they saw me looking at them. I went ahead and closed the door to Eva's room, then went into my room and closed my door, as well. Perhaps twenty minutes later, we heard Mom and Dad get home and call out to see if we were still up. When they learned that we were, they said they were going to bed and wished us a good night. I couldn't help thinking to myself "I've already had one, and it was **way** better than just 'good!'"

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It was roughly a month later, and Charlene was spending the night with Sis again. Our folks were going

out to a retirement dinner for one of the people that Dad worked with, and the two of them wanted me to join them again. Our second session together went much like the first; the big difference was that because we didn't have to start from the beginning, we were able to get a lot more pleasure out of the lesser period of time we had: each of them gave me a blowjob all by herself while I was eating the other's pussy. Between rounds one and two of that, we used the opportunity to get even more familiar with each other's bodies and comfortable about touching each other. Before we went in to clean up, Sis was on my lap toying with my semi-erect penis as I played with her nipples; Charlene was stretched out next to us, softly stroking my balls while I gently caressed her incredibly firm and smooth ass. We got dried off and dressed just a few minutes ahead of Mom and Dad getting home.

I was just hanging out in my room during the day when Sis came in. Charlene was out with her mother getting ready for the start of school (just a few days away), so it was just the two of us at home, since Mom was at the Senior center where she volunteered 3 days a week. I just looked at Eva with an eyebrow raised in question, and she gave me this strange grin as she said "I'm feeling *really* horny, and I **really** want to, um, taste your juice. It's just us, and nobody'll be home for at LEAST a couple of hours... think you'd like to, uh, fool around for a while?"

Her question threw me for a number of reasons. For starters, it was the first time she'd ever indicated she wanted anything to happen between us without Charlene present; and for her to come right out and ask me that way...

Even knowing that something else was going on with her, the idea of getting a blowjob and a taste of Eva's pussy was too much to pass by. As soon as she saw my grin, she started taking her clothes off — suprising me again when I saw that she didn't have panties OR a bra on under the dress she had on. Well before I was rid of my undershorts, she was laid out on my bed; when I climbed onto the bed with her, she said "You've heard about '69', haven't you?"

I said that of course I had, and she continued "I want to try that... it sounds like it would be really fun..."

"It does to me, too", I answered. "I think you should probably be on top, though, since you don't weigh as much as I do."

She nodded her agreement, and I got myself positioned next to her but 'facing' the opposite direction. She quickly moved to her hands and knees, and then moved over me; it was only a few moments before we were properly situated.

Both of us took a few moments to look at the other from our new perspective, and I found myself delighted by the new view I had of her: I could still easily see the trim strip of her bush around the glistening labia that split it, but I also had a great view of her tight little ass. Charlene's ass was terrific, but Sis' wasn't far behind (so to speak). The first thing I did was to move my hands up so that I could start caressing and squeezing the wonderful globes of my sisters butt; once I'd done my best to memorize the sight of it, I raised my head and stuck my tongue out so I could run it along the cleft of her sex, starting at her clitoris. Even as I was learning just *how* wet and aroused Eva already was, she moaned her pleasure at what I was doing before lowering her head and taking my entire cock into her mouth.

I knew that I was in for a truly novel experience when Sis went about getting me hard, but without using her hands even once. Purely through judicious use of her tongue, lips, mouth, and suction, she

managed to bring me to full erection without ONCE losing contact with my manhood. It was something no other woman has ever done, and I still treasure it to this day.

Knowing that we had plenty of time and privacy (Sis had closed my door before letting her dress drop to the floor), both of us took the time to not only pleasure our partner, but enjoy ourselves as we slowly and steadily got each other more and more worked up.

Without bothering to say anything to each other, we both went about pleasuring the other so that our climaxes would happen more-or-less together: Eva was content to basically just entertain herself with my cock to start with, while I was more interested in getting her aroused and bringing her as much pleasure as I could. That made it possible for me to bring her to an initial orgasm that had her nectar practically flowing out to where I could happily lap it up. Once she'd recovered from that release, she gradually increased the amount of outright stimulation she gave me. After a bit, I realized that I could tell how relatively excited SHE was by how much she was doing to get ME going. What she was doing felt damn good, and I finally reached the point where what I wanted more than anything else in the world was to unload my balls in her warm mouth; to encourage her into making that happen, I got *serious* about what I was doing to her by doing more and more of everything that I'd learned she liked.

After a bit, it turned into something like a race — but not the kind anybody really **loses**: both of us knew that we were both going to cum like gangbusters; the only question was which one of us would be first.

As it turned out, it was me. When she took as much of my hard penis into her mouth as she could (I could feel it touching the back of her throat!) and used her tongue to massage it all along the underside, it was more than I could stand and I sprayed what felt like gallons of cum directly into her throat as she eagerly swallowed every drop of it.

She got her "payback" as soon as I could manage it, however. I decided to try something new by trying to fit as much of my tongue through her vaginal entrance as I could... while using my bottom lip to kind of massage her exposed clitoris. That combination had the desired effect, and it wasn't but a minute or so that she began nearly convulsing on top of me from the force of the spasms her body went through.

Once Sis had gotten herself back together, she let me help her move off of me; I swapped ends, and she indicated that she wanted us to spoon — something I was happy to do. When I put my arm around her and cupped her breast in my hand, she released a happy sigh before putting her hand on mine. The two of us had been laying there for a few minutes when I heard her ask "Billy? What would you think about it if a brother and sister were doing even more stuff together than we do? I mean, do you think it would be wrong or anything if they actually had sex with each other?"

Coming out of nowhere like that, the question completely threw me... though it did seem to explain what was going on with her; it didn't take a genius to figure out that she was thinking about the two of us becoming even more intimate than we already were. Still, the question itself wasn't something I'd given any thought to — I was already experiencing more with her and Charlene than I'd even dared dream about.

When I'd been silent for a couple of minutes, thinking about what she'd asked, she turned her head a bit to query "Billy? Did you hear me?"

That prompted me to run my thumb across her nipple as I answered "Yeah, I heard you. I never thought

about anything like that before, so I'm trying to figure it out NOW."

"Oh. Okay."

I continued to caress her breast and idly toy with her nipple while I figured things out, and got my thoughts organized so I could talk to her without botching things. When I was ready, I cleared my throat and told her "I don't think that a brother and sister having sex with each other is *automatically* a bad thing, but I do think that it could turn pretty bad awful easy. More than anything, I think it's something they'd have to be **real** careful about, in a lot of different ways."

"What do you mean?"

"About the first part, or the second?", I asked, already knowing what the answer would be.

"Both."

Taking a deep breath, I began by telling her "For it not automatically being bad, that's just what I mean. If both of them are doing it because they want to, and neither one of them is forcing the other, or taking advantage, and both of them feel that it would be okay if they wanted to stop any time, I think it would probably be okay. If it was any other way, or they weren't doing it because they really cared for each other enough to WANT to share their bodies that way, then no, I don't think it would be right."

Eva waited patiently for the few seconds I needed before continuing "As for being careful, there's a lot of stuff that *any* guy and girl that aren't married have to worry about; for a brother and sister, that stuff would be even MORE important because they **are** related and in the same family."

"Such as?"

"Such as something as simple as going out on dates. If they didn't go out with other people, and even do things with those people, folks would start to talk and wonder why. But if they DID go out like that, then they'd have to be extra super careful about who they were with... I mean, if one of them was with the wrong person and caught some disease and then gave it to the other one, that'd make it pretty obvious what was going on with them. On top of that, there could be the problem OF going out with other people — could they be grown up enough to know that what *they* had wasn't the kind of relationship that could go on for their whole lives like a regular couple? Then there's having to be extra super careful that they were never in a situation where anybody — especially their parents — would think that they might have been doing anything with each other; they'd have to *always* look like everything was like it always was between them, instead of being a lot more friendly and everything like they'd probably want to act; I mean, how easy can it be to call somebody a bad name like you always did before when what you really want to do is kiss them? And what happens when one of them wants the two of them to be intimate, but the other one either isn't interested or can't for some reason? What if one wants to be intimate a lot more or less than the other? All of the stuff that a regular guy and girl can go through can happen with a brother and sister — except that if the brother and sister are also having sex with each other, the problems can have even bigger consequences if something goes wrong. And that's all on top of the fact that they **are** brother and sister, and pretty much forced to be around each other a lot of the time even if there's something bad going on between them."

Eva was quiet for several minutes before she said "Yeah, I see what you're saying. Unless they were really open and honest with each other, and *completely* trusted each other, and were absolutely sure about what they were doing, it'd be better if they didn't get that involved with each other."

"Yeah, that'd probably be best. I suppose they could have SOME fun with each other, as long as it didn't get too steady or too serious."

We stayed like that for a little while longer before I asked Sis "Think you'd like to take a shower with me?"

She turned her head and grinned at me, then said "Yeah, I would!"

The two of us got out of bed and held hands as we made our way to the bathroom we shared. It was an affectionate and happy cleanup for us, and after we'd dried off and gone back to my room, we "helped" each other get dressed again. Sis gave me a happy grin when I patted her on the butt after she turned to leave my room.

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With the start of school, the number of sleepovers dropped significantly — but didn't stop. It was a pretty fair bet that on any given weekend one or the other of Eva or Charlene would be spending a night with the other. I used the peephole into Sis' room a few times to see if there was anything interesting going on (and to check them out, of course), but all I ever saw or heard was them talking about the usual girl stuff: clothes, guys, and that sort of stuff. When the opportunity arose, the three of us would get together for another bout of mutual pleasuring.

When Thanksgiving came around, Charlene's folks invited our family over to their place for dinner, and all of us had a good time; for Christmas, Charlene and Eva exchanged gifts, as did our family and theirs.

It was a tradition in our house that for New Years, Mom and Dad would go out to one of the parties and leave me and Sis at home. Mom and Dad got invitations to a party for Charlene's folks, and when Sis asked if Charlene could spend New Years Eve at our place, it was readily approved. I had to figure that we kids were going to have our own celebration, since Mom and Dad invariably left about mid-evening and only rarely got home before two o'clock in the morning.

Charlene and her parents got to our house a bit after seven, and she and Sis immediately hid themselves away in Sis' room. I stayed around to chat a little with Charlene's folks for a while before making my own exit. It wasn't much before eight o'clock when the parents came back to let us know they were leaving.

It was coming up on an hour after our folks had left that I heard a knock at my door. I told whoever it was to come in, and it turned out to be Charlene, who asked me "Billy, can I talk to you for a little bit? And then ask you a question?"

Curious but not concerned, I assured her "Sure you can."

I was sitting in my chair reading a book, but got up so that Charlene could have it; she just gestured for me to go ahead and sit down again before she took a seat on the edge of my bed. I set my book aside, and turned to face her, giving her my full attention.

After a couple of false starts, she told me "There're a bunch of people that know, in general, that I'm a hermaphrodite. There's only a few that have ever actually *seen* me, and you're the only guy even close to my age that has. You know that I was pretty scared and nervous about becoming friends with Eva because of it, and that it took me a **really** long time before I was brave enough to let her even know about me, never mind actually SEEING. But she was so calm and understanding about it, and just

accepted me the way I am, and now I've got the kind of friend that I've always wished for but never had."

I nodded to let her know that I was paying attention, and she went on "I was *almost* as scared and worried about Eva telling you about me. But you were as nice about everything as she was — more even, because you're a guy, and you were still okay with us doing stuff together. I can't tell you how happy and good you made me feel when you were willing to use your mouth on me, just like you did Eva, even though I'm different down there. You're even okay with kissing me and touching me and all the rest of it, too. And on top of all of that, you're nice — you tease me like you do Eva, you joke with me, you're not afraid to hold me or touch me, and just treat me like I was any other girl. For somebody — especially a guy — to do all of that even though he knows I'm a herm... it means more to me than I could even *begin* to tell you. I've always felt so **alone** because it didn't seem like there was ANYBODY I could talk to and be with because of being a hermaphrodite; I remember once when I was still just a little kid and was playing with another little girl in our neighborhood that was my friend. All we were doing was playing with our dolls, but when her mom heard that I had a penis, she wouldn't let us play together any more... not at our house, and not at hers. I didn't really understand what it meant at the time, but I remember her telling my mom that she didn't want the little freak around her kids, and how it made my Mom cry. So when Eva was okay with my condition, it really meant a lot to me. But she's a girl like I am; it was when a **guy** like you was able to accept me and treat me like anyone else that I started to feel like there really WAS a chance I could meet someone and have a life with them. That's something I really, really want you to understand: that it's because of you and how you've acted that I think I won't have to spend the rest of my life all alone. I know it maybe doesn't seem like much to you, but the way you've treated me has meant SO much to me."

I'd known that treating Charlene the way I had had been good for her, but didn't have even a clue HOW good until just then. All I could think to do was to tell her "I told you, Charlene — I think you're a good person... smart and nice and pretty and all that. All I was doing was responding to that."

"Well, whatever your reasons were, it helped me a lot, and told me what kind of person *you* are. And that's why there's a question I want to ask you. Actually, it's not so much a question; it's more like there's something I'd like you to do."

Interested, but still not concerned, I simply asked "What's that?"

After hesitating a moment, she took a deep breath and told me "I was hoping that you'd be the first guy I ever make love with."

To say that I was unprepared for something like that would be a massive understatement. I'd thought that maybe she needed help picking out a gift for Eva, or something equally simple. But to be the first guy she was ever with? From listening to Eva and other girls, I had a pretty good idea of how important that first time was to a girl — and there I was with Charlene sitting on my bed, *asking* me if I could and would be the one to deflower her.

I think she must have been able to see how surprised I was by her request, because she waited quietly the couple of minutes it took before I was able to respond.

"Charlene, are you **sure** you want to do that? And with ME? Why not wait until you *do* find the guy that can accept you for who you are?", I asked.

"Yes, I really am sure that I'm ready to stop being a virgin. The doctor told me that I don't have a

hymen, so you wouldn't be getting a cherry, but it would still be the first time I ever actually had **sex** with a guy. And I'm absolutely *positive* that I want it to be with you, for a couple of reasons, and not wait until later."

I just had to ask "What reasons?"

"The most important one is that you already know about me, and you're okay with it: that I've got a penis, and how my vagina isn't full-sized, and all that. I know that *you'd* know to be patient and gentle and understanding with me, and that if it COULDN'T happen for some reason, you wouldn't be mad or upset. The other part is that because of how nice you've been and how much you've done for me — not just the physical things, but the rest of it, too — I want you to have something as special as what you've given me; you've let me have so much from YOUR heart that I want to give you something from MINE. I don't mean for it to sound like I'm trying to, like, **trade** what I want for what you want, either; you gave me part of yourself because you cared, and that's what I want to do in return."

Her answer settled my mind about the why, but there were another couple of things that I figured I had to know before I could really give her an answer: "Okay, you're sure about it. Would we, um, need anything? And is this something you want to happen just once, or what?"

I was surprised at the pleased grin she showed me before answering "No, we don't need anything. A few months ago, I asked my mom about birth control. She said she'd make an appointment for me and sign whatever forms were needed if I was underage. Then she told me that she loved me, and that all she was going to say to me was to be careful and make sure. I said I would, and that's all there was to it. When I went to the doctor, he put me on birth control pills and told me that they *might* help — that I'd always be a hermaphrodite, but that the hormones and things in the pills could help keep my penis from growing along with the rest of me. It wasn't a sure thing, though, because they just don't have enough experience with that kind of stuff with herms. I've been using them for a couple of months now, so I'm as protected as I'll ever be. As for the other... if it goes as nice as I think it will, I hope that it won't be just the one time; but it won't be, like, *all* the time, either. If you've got something going on with someone else, I wouldn't bother you with it, but if both of us want to... yeah."

Like any guy that age, I'd had dreams and fantasies about having sex, and wondered if it was *ever* going to happen. The idea of actually being **offered** the chance to lose my virginity was something that I'd never even considered — never mind the possibility of it happening with someone that wasn't quite entirely female. So despite the ease of my initial questions for Charlene, I still had to think about what she'd asked of me. I'm sure she realized it, too, since she sat quietly and (mostly) patiently while I thought. To my surprise and relief, the things that I'd already done with her and Sis made the purely physical part of the problem moot for the most part; "all" that I was left to deal with was the NONphysical aspects of it. Having turned 16 just a couple of months before, it was a lot for me to deal with — and it took me several minutes to get it all worked out in my head as Charlene fidgeted every so often.

After taking a little more time to get my thoughts organized and figure out HOW to tell her what I'd settled on, I told her "You know that I wasn't anywhere **near** being ready to hear something like that from you, and I appreciate your patience while I figured things out."

She nodded, and I went on to say "I know that this means a LOT to you; I don't know if you understand that it's a big deal for *me*, too."

In response to the surprised look on her face, I explained "Yeah, most guys would jump at the chance to have sex — with any girl, any time, any where. But you should remember that YOU'VE told me that I'm not like most guys. Sure, I want to start having sex, too— but because of what you and Sis and I have done, and how we got started, I want MY first time with a girl to mean something, too— and for *her* to be someone special to me. I mean, if all I wanted was to get laid, I could probably take Lisa Ann" — she was known to be willing to do anything with anyone, having been caught *in flagrante delicto* several times — "out some night. But I want more than that. Not just for the first time itself, but afterwards, too: I want to spend the rest of my life remembering not just the act, but the other person and how we were with each other later. I want to remember it with happiness and pride, not sorrow and regret. You understand?"

"Yeah, I do, Billy", she replied.

After a deep breath, I went on "I also had to think about what you and me would do to US — you and me, you and Sis, Sis and me, and all of us together. And on top of that, how it might affect us at school — and afterwards. Then on top of all that, there's the fact that you **are** a hermaphrodite: because *you're* different, whatever happened between us would be different, and maybe change everything that followed to some degree, too. It was a lot for me to consider, and I wanted to make absolutely SURE before I gave you an answer."

As I finished, I could see that Charlenes expression had changed; it took me a moment to realize that she was preparing herself to be disappointed. I didn't delay in telling her "But I **am** sure that I'd be delighted and honored to be the one that you give yourself to the first time."

It took her a second to actually understand that I was agreeing to her request, and not turning her down; her face went from resignation to delight in the tiniest fraction of a second before she exclaimed "Really? You will?"

I couldn't help laughing for a moment before answering "Yes, really, I will."

When I opened my arms in invitation for her to sit on my lap, she didn't hesitate a moment to do so. With my arms gently wrapped around her, I said "I've told you before: you're a smart, pretty, and nice girl. You're the kind of girl that *any* guy is going to like — a LOT. The hard part is dealing with how you're different. It's not something that bothers ME, and I'm sure you can figure out how to find out whether or not another guy will be okay with it, later. What matters now is that I love you. Not like I think we should run off and get married, but enough that I care enough about you to want to make you happy. And I think that you feel the same way about ME enough" — "I do!" she declared — "that I really do think us having our first time together is something that I'll be glad to remember. I'm going to do my very best to make it something that *you'll* be happy about, too. To do that, I'm going to need your help, though. The **last** thing I want to do is rush you or hurt you or make you uncomfortable about *any* of this; so what I want and need is for you to TALK to me, and let me know when I start to get things wrong. That doesn't mean we'll have to stop, or anything, only that we'll do things DIFFERENTLY, okay?"

"I know you wouldn't do anything like that on purpose, Billy— that's part of why I wanted my first time to be with YOU. But if something isn't right, then I promise: I'll let you know", she answered with a smile.

I followed up by asking another question: "I'm trusting we don't need to worry about being



interrupted?"

"No, we don't. Eva knows I'm in here, but not *exactly* why — all I told her was that I wanted to find out about something... physical with you, but that I'd be embarrassed if she was there. She said she understood, and she'd just wait until I got back."

With that, there was nothing for me to do but move my head in and give her a soft kiss on the lips. She readily returned it, and when it broke several seconds later, we were well on our way toward getting on the same wavelength. Several more kisses followed, each a bit longer and more "involved" than the one before; when the last one finished, it was plain as could be that both of us were ready to get things moving.

When our lips met again, I moved my hand so that it was gently resting on her waist; *she* was the one to move it to her bust before softly squeezing it to let me know she wanted me to do more than just hold it there. I certainly didn't have any problem with that, and it took me only a few seconds to conclude that she didn't have a bra on under the light dress she was wearing. As our kiss waxed and waned, that conclusion was confirmed as I patiently and tenderly re-explored both of her mammaries with my hand and brought her delightfully long nipples to erection.

Our lips separated, and there was no mistaking the smokey look in Charlenes eyes: she, too, was ready for us to move things along. It took only the lightest of nudges to her back to get her to stand up; I followed her example before moving behind her. There, I didn't delay in beginning to undo the buttons that ran down her back. Once they were all unfastened, I slowly eased my hands between the cloth and her skin, then slid them around and cupped her breasts before running my thumbs across the hard cylinders that had dented the fabric of her dress. In response, Charlene released a soft moan and leaned back against me. Several seconds later, she reached around and began rubbing her hand along the length of my inflating penis. That was the cue for me begin sliding one of my hands down her body (and discovering that she didn't have any panties on, either) toward her pelvis; there I found her extended clitoris was half-erect; I gave it a few soft tweaks before continuing onward. Between her smooth thighs, the entrance to her vagina was already beginning to leak her liquid arousal.

After toying with her opening for a bit, the end of my finger was well-wetted with her essence. That was all I needed to move my hand back up so I could take the shaft of her pseudo-penis between a couple of fingers and begin applying her own oils to its end. That was enough to draw an impassioned moan from her, followed by her extra appendage getting even stiffer under my ministrations.

After only a couple of minutes, Charlene managed to pull herself together enough to tell me "Billy, you're making me feel *real* good — but it isn't what I came in here for."

Reluctantly, I released my hold on Charlenes extended clitoris in favor of giving both her breasts a last gentle squeeze before easing my hands out from under her dress. Nuzzling her hair out of the way, I gave the back of her neck a soft kiss as I slid the shoulders of her dress down her arms. Not only didn't she make the slightest effort to prevent her dress from forming a puddle of cloth around her feet, she added to the mound of fabric by slipping her feet out of the sandals she had on — leaving her standing there stark naked in front of me. I had time to put my hands on her waist and give her bare shoulder a soft kiss before she moved forward a couple of steps, then turned around. The first thing I did was to look into her eyes, where I saw the smoldering desire she was feeling. From there, it was on to look at her whole face, then the rest of her... including the semi-stiff finger of flesh protruding from the dark curls of her pubic thatch. When I moved my gaze back up again, I could see that she needed a little

reassurance; I didn't have the slightest hesitation about telling her "You're even prettier than I thought you were the first time I saw you. I **know** just how lucky I am to see you like this, and I'll always appreciate all the things that we've done together. I really do consider it an *honor* that you'd choose me as the first guy you're ever with, and I'll do my very best to deserve it."

That earned me a pleased and relieved smile from her before she told me "Thank you. Now it's time for me to get YOU naked!"

Feigning a reluctance I certainly didn't feel, I answered "Well, I *guess* that'd be okay..." — something that drew a soft laugh from her before she took a step toward me and reached for the collar of the shirt I had on.

It took appreciably longer for Charlene to rid me of my shirt than I'd needed to get her out of her dress; that was due to the fact that every time she got a button undone, she'd use the opportunity to kiss the newly-exposed skin and reach inside to caress however much of my chest and abdomen as she could easily reach. Even so, there came the point that I was as bare above the waist (if somewhat less appealing) as she was. The delight and anticipation she felt were plain as could be as she moved her hands to the buckle of my belt...

It took her much less time to get my pants unfastened and down around my ankles — what she was so patently interested in was forming a not-insignificant bulge in the shorts underneath. She paused a few seconds to simply look at my crotch before reached up to slide her thumbs under the waistband of my briefs; slowly, obviously teasing herself, she began to move her hands down. As she did, I took the opportunity to slide my feet out of the slippers I had on before I was hobbled by my own underwear. I was barefoot and looking down at her when she finally got my shorts pulled down far enough that my semi-erect cock popped free... something that drew a soft gasp from her, even though she already knew what it looked like. Once my balls became visible, it was a matter of but a couple of seconds before my underwear was resting on my pants.

With her eyes locked on my manhood, Charlene slowly slid her hands up my legs; as she brought her hands up, I felt her fingers softly press against my skin and muscles every so often as though she was trying to memorize the feel of me.

When her hands finally came together, it was so that she could cup my entire package in them. The way she was looking at my works was almost *worshipful* for the several seconds that went by before she slowly leaned forward and tenderly kissed the head of my penis. After she'd done that, she tilted her head back to look up at me and say "The things we've already done... to and with each other... I've already gotten so much pleasure from this. And now I get to find out what it feels like when it's **inside** me, where I want it!"

With that declaration, she tilted her head back down before leaning forward enough to take the head of my cock between her lips. A moment more, and she began to use her tongue and a gentle, rhythmic suction to start moving me toward full erection.

The next few minutes were a delight for me as she used everything she'd learned about pleasuring me, only amplified by her desire to have me filling her womanhood coupled with her enthusiasm to make it happen. As my manhood grew longer and harder, she took more and more of it into her mouth so she could stimulate me even more. By the time she let me slip from her oral embrace, I was almost aching erect — and MORE than ready to try and satisfy her need to feel me inside her virginal

chamber.

Satisfied with her handiwork (well after I was!), Charlene stood up. Taking me by the upper arms, she got us turned around before backing us toward my bed. When she felt it against the backs of her legs, she released her soft hold on me and sat down followed by scooting herself to the center and laying down. After bringing her knees up and spreading her legs, she told me "I'm ready, Billy. MORE than ready, even!"

Thinking that she just meant she was ready for me to get *her* going, I got onto the bed, too, and knee-walked my way to where she was. Looking down at her, I couldn't help but notice that she was a lot more ready than I'd thought: not only was the shaft supporting her clitoris standing straight out, the entrance to her womanhood below it was readily visible and clearly glistening with her female dew. There was no mistaking the fact that she didn't need any help from me on "getting going" — she was obviously already there!

Even with Charlene clearly ready to have me try deflowering her, there was something I wanted to do: lean down and run my tongue across the entrance to her vagina so I could collect a goodly taste of her essence. Once I'd treated my taste buds to her nectar, I continued onward to position myself so that we could give each other our virginity.

I could feel the tips of Charlene's erect nipples brushing against my chest as we looked into each others eyes for several seconds before she told me "Billy, I *really* want to do this. I'm ready — God, I'm ready! — and even though I know this isn't going to be easy, for either of us, I'm just as sure that we can make it happen."

"I want it to happen, too, Charlene", I told her, "but not so much that I'm willing to rush things or do anything to hurt you. I don't know... maybe it's wimpy, but I'd be okay with it if you wanted to kinda run things and tell ME what you need or want me to do."

"No, it's not wimpy; it's actually kind of sweet; but I don't think I need to 'run' things — I know I can trust you if something isn't working right."

Looking into her eyes, I nodded my commitment to doing just that. With a lusty grin, Charlene reached between us and took my hard cock in her hand before telling me "Now that we've got that out of the way, let's see if you can get **this** thing where it's supposed to go!"

Grinning back at her, I shifted my position enough that she could lever my erection down. After a little adjustment by both of us, we got the end of it securely (but gently) wedged against her wet opening. Though I wasn't pressing against the entrance to Charlenes vagina very hard, I could still feel not just how incredibly wet she was, but also how small she must be inside. Knowing how much larger my cock was compared to her vagina, it really sank in for me just *how* careful and gentle and patient I was going to have to be if we were going to be able to see things through. I silently swore to myself that I'd call the whole thing off rather than hurt her.

But that was going to be my last resort; until then, I had the delectable bundle of Charlene underneath me... ready and willing and eager for me to begin trying to fill her with my manhood. Slowly and carefully, I began pressing myself forward as I carefully watched her for any signs of pain (or even discomfort).

As I slowly ramped up the pressure I was applying, I began to feel it as Charlene both tried to spread

her legs to make herself even more available to me, and relax her opening to let me in.

I could feel myself beginning to slip into her when Charlene told me "Billy? Could... could you stop? And maybe even back up a little bit? It doesn't feel good for me."

Of course, I immediately quit what I was doing and let off until I was only wedged against her entrance again. A moment later, she told me "That's better. You weren't actually HURTING me or anything; it just didn't feel right — like something was wrong."

"Wrong how?", I asked.

She looked thoughtful for a few moments, then told me "Wrong like all of you was trying to get inside me at the same time." She seemed to consider it for a couple of seconds, then added "When you started pushing yourself into me, it felt like your penis was trying to push the part of ME where we were touching inside me, too."

I immediately understood the problem (too much friction) and the solution (lubrication). How to implement the solution took only a fraction of a second more: reaching between us, I eased my hips back slightly and took hold of my erect penis — then carefully swirled it around Charlenes opening, getting the head well and truly lubricated with her oils before settling myself against her again. Looking down at her, I told her "I kinda forgot something: two things will slide against each other a lot better when they're lubricated. I think it'll be a lot easier for you, now."

It took a second for Charlene to really understand what I told her; when she did, though, she surprised and delighted me by blushing faintly as she told me "I, uh, wondered what you were doing just now..."

Grinning at her, I answered "Well, that's what it's for, isn't it?"

Her blush got even darker as she answered "Yeah, I guess it is."

Managing to wipe (most of) the grin off my face, I asked "Ready to try it again?"

Realizing that we were likely to make more progress, and without causing her any discomfort, Charlene readily answered "You bet!"

Once again, I started trying to ease my erect penis into her — and immediately realized that the first problem we'd experienced had been solved: I could feel the difference her female oils made as I actually began to slip into her a lot more easily. From the look on her face, I could tell that the solution was working for Charlene, too. Even so, I was still careful to maintain a fairly steady pressure so that I entered her only as fast as Charlene was able to relax and accept me.

Progress was slow, and Charlene asked me to stop a couple of times so she could "catch her breath"; but she never again had to ask me to back up. I'm not *sure*, of course, but I **think** that the times that we stopped, the little bit of wriggling around that we did made it possible for my manhood to be re-coated from her abundant supply of womanly lubrication.

Even with the necessity of stopping so that Charlene could relax and adjust to having my penis stretching the phenomenally tight ring of her opening, it didn't take but a few minutes before both of us felt it as the last bit of the head of my cock slipped into her. When it did, I immediately stopped and held still, *knowing* that the relative difference between her insides and my outside meant that she was going to need some time to get comfortable with my presence inside her. It was also at that point that I remembered that she didn't have a hymen, and silently thanked the Universe that we hadn't had that to

deal with in addition to everything else. The feeling of having even just the head of my cock in her made me glad that I'd already experienced the pleasure of receiving oral sex; that made it a LOT easier to keep control of myself and not just blow my load in her.

While I could tell that Charlene wasn't experiencing any discomfort, it was easy to see that she was still a way from actually being comfortable, too. To help distract her (and just because I wanted to), I lowered my head and began kissing her: first on the lips, then branching out to anyplace else that I could touch them to. It took a few seconds, but my efforts began to have the desired effect: Charlene kissing me back when my lips touched hers, or making small noises of pleasure when my lips found a different target. I'm pretty sure we were well past her being comfortable before she got me to stop kissing her long enough to tell me "You can keep going now, if you want."

I kissed her on the lips again before lifting my head so I could watch her as I began pressing myself into her again. To my relief (and our mutual pleasure), getting the rest of my erection into her proved to be a **lot** easier than the first part had been. Sure, we had to stop a few times so she could get used to my (relatively large) presence in her (relatively small) womanhood, but it still took only as long to get the rest of me buried in her as it had the first part.

When we felt my pelvis finally pressing against hers, we looked into each others eyes for several seconds before she told me "God, you feel HUGE inside me — but it feels so **good**, too!"

I could only tell her "*I feel huge inside you, too — and it feels more than good.*"

It felt like my entire cock was encased in one of those Chinese finger trap things; except that THIS particular trap was hot and wet and oh-so-tight. As wonderful as it felt to have my cock buried in her sheath, she was also almost painfully tight around me. Even though I wanted to begin moving my manhood in the incredibly wonderful environment she was providing, I knew that the *right* thing to do would be to remain still until she let me know SHE was ready, too. And I will always be proud of myself for doing just that: holding still in her while every fiber of my being was demanding that I just start **fucking** her.

As I held myself over Charlene, I could feel something brushing ever so lightly against my lower belly; when I looked down between us, I saw that her erect clitoral shaft was faintly touching me. The sight of it just then almost threw me... until I remembered that it was her clit, and that its erectness was a blatant sign of just how aroused she was. Being able to see so clearly that she was THAT aroused and ready changed my outlook dramatically: rather than putting me off, I actually found it stimulating. By lowering myself a little, I was able to increase the contact against Charlenes clitoris; from there, it was a simple matter to begin making a variety of small movements that I knew would add to the pleasure she felt.

Even that small effort on my part earned me a number of soft moans and other pleased noises before Charlene told me "I... I think it would be okay if you wanted to, um, start moving, Billy. I'm feeling okay, now..."

After lowering my head and giving her a kiss, I slowly and carefully began to ease myself back out of her, so she'd have plenty of time and opportunity to let me know if she needed me to stop again. Instead, her only response was to close her eyes as she lifted her hips slightly. My movement stopped when I again felt the ring of her opening tightly clenched just behind the head of my manhood. I paused for a moment, then started pressing myself back into her; she reacted by releasing a soft moan and

softly saying "Oh, god, that feels so good!" and reaching up to put her arms around me.

When our pelvises were touching again, she opened her eyes and looked up at me as she said "Having you inside me, and feeling you moving — it feels even better than I dreamed it would. I really am okay now, so you don't have to go so slow or be so careful, okay?"

I didn't think that she was lying to me, or even exaggerating how she felt; rather, I was concerned that she might simply be feeling a bit more enthusiastic than she could actually handle: the slight touch of her shaft against my abdomen, and her incredible tightness, were all the reminder I needed that she was a hermaphrodite with a smaller-than-normal vagina. As much as I didn't want to hurt her, I didn't want her to think that I was babying her, either; I figured that the best thing I could do was to increase my efforts quickly enough to stave off any complaints while trusting her to let me know if I **did** need to slow down or stop.

And that's just what I did: each time I slid myself out and back into her, it was a little faster until I got into a rhythm that clearly pleased her as much as it did me while still being slow enough to let ME enjoy my first sexual experience, too, without having to worry about cumming too soon. I knew I was getting it right when she brought her legs up so that she could wrap them around my waist.

As I continued to piston myself in and out of her, she gradually got comfortable enough with my presence in her to begin arching her hips up with each penetration. That accomplished a couple of things — first, it allowed me to slide into her enough that I could feel the end of my cock touching the deepest part of her despite the fact that I was about as close to average size as I could be. Second, lifting her hips the way she did caused the bottom of her clitoris to softly rub against my belly, greatly adding to the stimulation she was feeling. In turn, that only made her get even wetter and warmer inside, adding to MY pleasure.

My previous experience with Charlene and Eva made it easier to keep some control over myself; that doesn't mean that it wasn't something of a struggle for me to not only keep from starting to fuck into her the way my cock wanted me to, or letting the pleasure I was feeling from having my cock buried in a pussy the first time overwhelm me. Even then, I couldn't prevent myself from slowly increasing the pace of my thrusts as Charlene moaned beneath me; fortunately for both of us, the pleasure she was feeling meant that her desires and arousal kept up with my own. I could feel myself reaching the point where *wanting* to cum changed to **have** to cum when Charlene began releasing a series of groans, and pressing herself up against me each time I refilled her womanhood.

Try as I might, I simply couldn't keep the added stimulation from affecting me; it couldn't have taken but a couple of minutes before I knew I was going to empty my seed into her.

I could only manage a few more strokes before I had to press myself into her as far as I could... just ahead of the first spray of my semen. Even as I was preparing to erupt in her again, I heard her cut off a small scream as she pulled herself so close to me that she lifted herself completely off the bed — leaving me to support BOTH of as her vagina began a rhythmic clenching that ran from the base of my cock to the tip. It was the first time I'd ever felt anything like that, and it resulted in the rest of my climax being far stronger than anything I'd experienced before then.

Even while the last few drops of my semen were being deposited in Charlene, I could feel her arms and legs begin to loosen; rather than just let her fall back onto my bed, it seemed like a good idea to lower both of us down so I could continue to keep my cock in her for as long as I could. I did just that, and in

the process, happily discovered that both of us were covered with a fine sheen of perspiration that made the places where we were touching erotically slippery. I was enjoying the experience of using Charlenes nipples to draw designs on my chest when she opened her eyes and looked up without seeming to recognize who I was. After a couple of seconds of that, I lowered my head long enough to give her a kiss before asking "Are you okay?"

It took another second or two before her eyes focused on me; a couple more passed before she hoarsely answered "Yeah, I'm okay — I think. What you were doing... it kept feeling better and better... not just from the way you were rubbing my clit, but even inside me. There at the end, I knew that you were going to cum, and it was okay because of how good you've made me feel; but then when I felt you begin to squirt in me... all of a sudden it just... **hit** me that we'd actually been fucking, and that I'd made **YOU** feel that good, and I had an orgasm like I've never had before. It didn't feel like it was as *strong* as some you've given me, but it was somehow... **DEEPER**. I hoped that my first time with a guy would be nice, but I never expected anything like that!"

I couldn't help grinning at her enthusiasm as I told her "I'm glad it was good for you. I sure enjoyed it!"

She smiled back at me before answering "Oh, it was **WAY** better than just 'good'! And now you're being such a *dear* staying with me like this; I can feel you still inside me, and it feels really nice."

I kissed her again, and the two of us were content to stay like that for a couple of minutes until she quietly told me "Billy? I'm starting to feel kinda hot."

When I raised an eyebrow in question, she blushed slightly before explaining "I mean physically — like I'm sweaty, and everything."

I had an idea, and asked "Do you need me to quit touching you, or just need to cool off?"

Somewhat perplexed, she answered "I just need to cool off a little, is all. Why?"

"Because if you want to, we can stay close like this, but so you don't feel so hot."

"How? Nevermind, let's just do it!", she replied, before blushing at her accidental double entendre.

Grinning again, I moved my legs outside of hers, then bundled her in my arms before carefully rolling the two of us over so that she was laying on top of me. She got a delighted expression on her face, then quickly got her legs repositioned outside of mine — leaving her straddling my hips with my semi-erect penis still firmly secured in her womanhood. Visibly pleased with the results, she smiled at me as she sat up and wriggled her pelvis a little closer to mine. I couldn't help but notice that the shaft supporting her clitoris was standing tall and angled slightly up. Charlene looked down at it, too, then at me. I simply told her "That just tells me what I already knew: that what we did made you feel good, too. I'm fine with it" before reaching up and cupping her breasts in my hands. She gave me a brief nod before putting her hands over mine and giving them a soft squeeze to let me know she wanted me to do more than just hold them. Ever the gentleman, I did as she wanted by gently squeezing and caressing them, and teasing her nipples for the next few minutes as the two of us got our breath and energy back.

While that was happening, Charlene was careful to hold her hips still as my penis slowly shrank until it was *just barely* able to keep our combined juices corked inside her. As she explained to me (without being too embarrassed) "I'm not ashamed to have your stuff leaking out of me, I just don't want to make a big mess on your bed after you made me so happy. Besides, I **like** sitting on you like this!"

After a bit, she leaned forward and supported herself with her arms as the two of us began talking. That made it a LOT easier for me to continue toying with her breasts and nipples (and earning the occasional soft moan). We also exchanged more than a few soft, affectionate kisses along the way, as well.

Between getting to play with her tits, the nature and duration of some of the kisses we shared, and the inevitable small movements of our bodies, not only didn't my cock fail to shrink down as much as it usually did after I climaxed, but it even began to respond a little bit after a while. It was over half an hour since I'd filled her with my cum before I was sure that it was starting to firm up again. Not being sure what (if anything) more Charlene wanted to do, I kept quiet about it and waited to see how *she* responded. I got my answer several minutes later when I realized that I could feel an increase in the number — and duration — of the faint clenches of her vagina around it. Even then, I wasn't sure if it was something she was doing deliberately, or happening for some other reason; only when I'd worked up the courage to do so did I ask "Charlene? I can feel you inside, kind of, um, squeezing me, and it, uh, feels pretty good. Are you doing that on purpose?"

With a slightly embarrassed smile, she answered "Yeah, I am. It... it felt like you were maybe getting a little bigger in me again. I've read how some women have learned to control their muscles inside, so I've been trying to see if I can do it, too. You can really feel it?"

"Yeah, I really can. And like I said, it feels good."

Her smile got even bigger before she told me "Good. As nice as you made me feel the first time, I want to find out how much better it can be when you can go longer. I mean, if you want to...", the last a trifle uncertainly.

I pretended to think about it for a couple of moments before judiciously answering "Well, if you're **sure** you really want to, I guess we can."

It took her a moment to realize I was teasing her; when she did, though, she gave me an impish grin before saying "I guess I'll just have to SHOW you how serious I am, won't I?"

With that, Charlene apparently got *serious* about learning control of her vaginal muscles.

After several minutes had gone by, I'd have cheerfully given her a grade of "A" for the enthusiasm, dedication, and progress she showed. Without moving her body or using her hands, she ultimately succeeded in "milking" my manhood into full erection: the more progress she was able to make, the more effect she was able to have — to her visible delight.

As pleasant (!! ) as it was to feel her giving my erect cock a hands-free massage, there came the point that I was ready to be more than a passive partner in our activities. When she felt me start to press myself up into her, she gradually ceased her efforts and admitted "Yeah... that feels good. That wasn't as hard to learn as I thought it would be, but actually harder to DO than I expected."

"I expect you got the results you wanted", I told her, "so if you want to do something different, it's okay with me."

That drew a smile from her before she began slowly arching her hips to slightly lift herself off my erection. Despite the sudden outflow of our combined juices that began to soak into our pubic hair, she quickly expanded her efforts by raising herself higher and faster. In short order, she was steadily raising herself far enough that only the head of my cock remained inside before she let herself settle onto it again. While she was doing that, I expanded the range of my touches on her body to include first her



waist and hips, then on to her thighs, and even back. Each time my hands cupped the smooth globes of her ass, I marvelled again at how firm it was as I felt it clench with her efforts. With my hands roaming her body, that meant that it was possible for me to lift my head enough to get my lips on her bust; I happily spent a few minutes getting both of her nipples glistening with my saliva as I brought them to erectness.

We continued like that for several minutes, stopping only when Charlene once again held herself still over me, panting slightly as she told me "It feels as good now as it did before — better even. But I'm not used to moving like this; can we do this some other way?"

Running my thumbs over her nipples, I answered "Sure. If you want to, you can get on your hands and knees and I'll get behind you."

When she visualized what I was talking about, I saw her areolas pucker in response before she told me "Yeah... I'd like that."

I waited patiently for the few seconds it took for her to lift herself off me completely (releasing a minor flood of juices to dribble down my cock) and move off of me. As I sat up, she moved to her hands and knees before turning her head to look back at me. I saw her eyes lock on my glistening, swaying erection for a few moments before moving to my eyes again. She didn't even blush when she saw that I knew where she'd been looking; she just gave me a sultry gaze and said "You don't have to wait or anything — I'm ready **now**."

Hearing that, there was nothing for me to do but move close enough to lever my erection down and settle the head of it between the parentheses of her parted labia while I put my other hand on her waist. Before I could do anything else, however, Charlene rocked back enough to impale herself on me. Figuring if she was going to take THAT kind of an attitude, I'd just go along with her, I took hold of her waist and arched my hips forward... filling her with a single firm thrust. When I was fully embedded in her, Charlene tilted her head back and released a deep groan of pleasure as I felt her deliberately clench herself around me.

Getting a response like that from her, I eased about half my cock out of her before pressing myself back into her again — then did it again, and again, and again...

In short order, I was sliding myself back and forth through the tight ring of her entrance as Charlene pushed back with each thrust of my hips. After only a couple of minutes, I could hear as our union created a distinctly liquid sound as Charlenes womanhood got wetter and wetter with her steadily increasing arousal and desire. Leaning forward a bit, I was able to reach around and cup her breasts in my hands and start gently squeezing them and pinching her nipples. Coupled with the movement of my hard cock, the stimulation got her even wetter — enough so that I could feel faint trickles of her oils begin to trickle down my balls, where they were transferred to her bush each time my scrotum swung forward.

Even as young as I was, I couldn't maintain that position as long as I would have liked; eventually my back complained enough that I had to raise up again. I had my hands on Charlenes hips and was steadily pistoning in and out of her when I happened to look down to where we were joined, and saw that her small, thin labia were being pulled out every time I slid out of her, only to disappear again when I moved my hips forward. For some reason, I found it to be an incredibly erotic sight and greatly slowed my actions so I could watch it happen in "slow motion" several times. I'd likely have watched it

a lot longer if Charlene hadn't released a slightly frustrated groan and pressed herself back at me to let me know I wasn't pleasing *her* as much. When I picked up the pace again, I heard Charlenes impassioned "Oh, God, yes... like that..."

I continued to look down every so often at where my cock was see-sawing back and forth through Charlenes opening, and a little bit later, something else caught my attention: the dark pink pucker of her anus, and how it was almost winking at me as I moved in her.

To this day, I don't know how or why I got the idea to put a generous dollop of my saliva on my thumb and then rub and press against her rectum. I just remember asking myself "I wonder what she'd do..."

The answer I got to that question surprised the hell out of me.

When I first ran my wetted digit across her anus, Charlene froze where she was; when I graduated to making a few tentative presses against it, she groaned something unintelligible before letting her upper torso fall to the bed so she could grab a double handful of the bedcovers and arch her back to angle her posterior up (and making it easier for me to get to).

Even as young and inexperienced as I was then, there was no mistaking her actions for anything other than encouragement for me to continue.

So I did.

With the liberal application of my own saliva for lubrication, it didn't take long for me to go from simply pressing the pad of my thumb against her rectum to having the entire digit buried in her; then it was on to begin wriggling it inside her. Each increase in my activities dramatically increased intensity of her passion and desires. But it was when I got the idea to slide my opposing digit back and forth in time with the movement of my cock that I had the most effect on her. I knew that did more for her than anything else because she quickly became utterly incapable of making anything other than incoherent groans and other noises of overwhelming pleasure.

It didn't take but a very few minutes of that before I felt her vagina begin an intermittent clenching around my cock; figuring that she was getting close to having an orgasm, I simply continued what I was doing. Not much more than a minute later, she experienced what I could tell was one HELL of an orgasm when her entire vagina clamped down on me just ahead of a series of spasms running through it from just behind her opening to the deepest part of her. It wasn't appreciably different from the first time she'd climaxed after I was in her, but there was certainly more OF it — if I hadn't already climaxed so recently, it would have *easily* pushed me over the edge. As it was, I was content to keep myself buried in her so I could enjoy the experience that was more like my cock being milked than anything else.

When the last of the spasms in her womanhood had died out, I carefully slid my thumb back out of her... causing her to shudder from the apparent stimulation. A few moments later, she somehow managed to prop herself up with her arms again before turning her head to look at me and shakily telling me "That felt **amazing**... but don't do it again unless I ask you, okay, Billy?"

"Sure thing, Charlene."

Satisfied with my response, she went on to say "Now you can just *fuck* me, okay?" before turning her head forward.

That was a simple enough command that even I could understand it, and that's just what I did: begin fucking her again.

I'd pretty much expected that she was going to be wetter inside after having an orgasm like that, but what flummoxed me was just HOW much wetter she was: when I first slid my erection back out of her, it almost felt like I'd dipped my cock in a bottle of some kind of lotion. Pressing myself back into was like stuffing my erection into one finger of a rubber glove that someone has filled with warm baby oil, she was still so tight and warm and wet inside. Not that I was complaining, mind you; she felt *wonderful* to ME, and I wasn't the least bit reluctant to do just as she'd asked.

As the next several minutes progressed, Charlene's passion and desire reasserted themselves and she began pushing herself back at me as she gave voice to her increasing pleasure. I was finally starting to feel a little tired when, to my relief, I felt Charlene begin using what she'd learned about controlling her vaginal muscles. It didn't take much of that kind of stimulation to move well along toward my second climax.

I was enthusiastically fucking myself into her when Charlene stopped with the Magic Pussy tricks; a few moments later, she brought one hand off my bed and reached down between her thighs. Even preoccupied with what I was doing, I wondered what she was doing, since I couldn't feel her touching ME. Several seconds later, I started to feel her vagina begin to intermittently tighten around me, and realized that she was probably using her hand to stimulate her clitoris. The image of her hand sliding up and down her small shaft while I was fucking her got into my head, and started turning me on a lot more than I would have thought it could. A very few minutes later, and I was about ready to empty myself into her again when she released a (thankfully soft) cry and clamped down on me again.

It took me only a couple more strokes into her hot, tight channel, and I tried to stuff as much of my cock into her as I could as I released a cry of my own with the start of my release.

Once both of us had finished our respective climaxes, we managed to get ourselves down onto the bed and laying on our sides without having to uncouple. I had one arm around Charlene as she lay in front of me; she had her "top" leg draped over both of mine so I could stay inside her for as long as possible. Both of us were still panting slightly when she turned her head and told me "Thank you, Billy."

"Whatever for?"

"For making me a woman... and doing it so patiently and gently that I've actually had **orgasms** — and not little ones, either! — while you did it. For being as sweet as you are, and as understanding, and tolerant, and all the rest. For just being *you*, I think."

I kissed her shoulder, then her ear, before answering "Charlene, you don't have to thank me for ANY of that. You're the kind of person that I wanted to give MY virginity to, too. You're smart and playful and loving and adventurous and a whole lot more; that's why I love you and care about you the way I do. Even if we'd never been together like this, or done the other stuff together, I'd still like you — and even love you, a little bit. If you think I've been nice to you, it's only because I've treated you the way you deserve for being who YOU are, okay?"

I could see her eyes get wet, and tried to head the tears off by telling her "No, don't start crying. If you do, you'll get my pillow all wet and soggy, and I won't be able to sleep with it tonight."

As I'd hoped, the (admittedly) little joke was enough to make her smile and at least TRY not to let too

many tears escape. In exchange for her consideration, I raised up enough to give her a quick kiss before laying back down and trying to snuggle closer to her. The two of us were content to simply lay there in silence for the next few minutes.

As expected, there came the point where both of us knew that my penis had shrunk enough that it was on the verge of slipping out of her. I was the one that actually said something about it by telling her "I'm probably going to slip out of you any time now."

She sighed before answering "I know, I can feel it. Well, NOT feel it, actually. I just don't want to have to move."

"You don't have to on **my** account, if that helps any."

"No, I'm not going to make you have to change your sheets and everything just because of me. 'Specially not after you've made me feel so good, and made me so happy. Besides, I really should be getting back to Eva — I mean, I'm supposed to be staying the night with her, and everything!"

I had a sudden thought then, and told her "I've got a couple of propositions for you."

Giggling, she told me "You don't have to proposition me, Billy. I'm yours any time you want me!"

I had to laugh, too, before I told her "Not that kind of proposition, ding-dong. What I was going to say was that you're MORE than welcome to use my shirt to, uh, catch anything on your way to the bathroom; and if you want, I'd be delighted to take a shower with you if you want."

She considered it for a moment before telling me "Yeah, it'd probably be a good idea if I didn't leave any stains on the carpet that your folks would ask about. And I'd love to have you in the shower with me!"

Uncertainly, I asked "Do you, um, need to be alone in the bathroom before we clean up?"

She giggled again, and answered "I don't think so. After you've had your *thumb* in my butt, I'm not going to worry about you seeing me cleaning your **stuff** out!"

Just then, my cock finally pulled free of her intimate embrace; after telling her "Hold still a sec...", I moved to where I could reach down and grab the shirt I'd been wearing when she came into my room. I handed it to her, and before I could move or turn my head, she unabashedly spread her legs and got it tucked into her crotch before closing her legs to hold it there. After that little demonstration, I didn't have any doubt that she really was okay with having me see her getting my semen out.

A moment later, without saying a word, she got up and took me by the hand, leading the way to the bathroom. She wanted to be the one to adjust the water, so I had to content myself with standing behind her with my deflated penis tucked into the crack of her ass while I reached around her and cupped her breasts (and teased her nipples). That complicated her efforts with the shower, but she didn't complain; I had to let go of her when we got under the spray, but then a completely different set of rules applied. As the two of us got cleaned up, there was the obligatory grab-ass — both figurative and literal: after I'd contrived to run my finger across her anus a couple of times, she laughingly told me to knock it off before we had to take a shower to clean up from the shower. As I'd expected, she didn't hesitate in the slightest about using one of her fingers to ensure she got all of my cum out of her vagina; when she saw that I'd started to respond to the sight of her with one finger inside herself, her disgusted exclamation "Men!" was nullified by her amused smile. Once we were dried off, we held hands as I let her lead the

way back to my bedroom where our clothes were. Along the way, I had a nice time watching her lovely ass clenching as she walked in front of me while I brought my shirt along. My mom had gotten me started on doing my own laundry, so I wasn't worried about anyone asking me what the stains were on it.

After we were dressed again (she in her dress-sans-underthings, me with only my jeans on), the two of us hugged and kissed for a minute before she told me "I know I keep saying this, but again: **thank you**, Billy. I was as nervous and scared as I could be when I came in here, but you helped me relax. A girls first time is something *special*, and she never forgets the guy it happened with — but you made it something wonderful for me, and I'll always remember you with love for how you treated me. Whether you did that because, or despite, how I'm different, I don't know... and I really don't care: it's enough for me that you did it. Before we showered, I told you that I'm yours any time you want me... and I mean that, because I know you'd always treat me with love and respect. I don't know when, exactly, but I'm going to tell Eva what we did tonight so that she'll understand and not be surprised when — not IF, but when! — we make love again."

I gave her a tender kiss on the lips and replied "Charlene, I told you it was MY first time, too, and I'll remember it and YOU the same way and for the same reasons. If it happens that we make love again, which I am NOT expecting or demanding, then I'll be both grateful and honored that you choose to share yourself with me. Whether or not you say anything to Eva, and how much... that's up to you; I can promise you that she won't hear anything about it from *me*, in any size, way, shape, or form. Nor will anyone else."

With a pleased smile, she said "I know you'd never say anything, Billy. And **I'm** honored that you were willing to have YOUR first time be with me."

With that, the two of us shared a loving kiss before releasing each other. Charlene turned and left my room, closing my door behind her. I moved to sit in my chair again, but didn't bother trying to pick up where I'd left off with the book I'd been reading: I was simply too busy with my own thoughts about what had happened with Charlene, and how I thought things would change between us.

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Over the course of the next couple of months, Charlene and I managed to get some "private time" together a couple of times. One of them was when her folks were going to be gone all one Saturday, and she claimed to need my help with some school project or other; I don't know what subject she told her parents it was for, but what I ended up helping her with was sex ed: we spent pretty much the entire day fornicating in her room. We made long, leisurely love. We had raw, unbridled **sex**. We played and teased and joked. We tried every position either of us had ever heard or thought of, and tried to see if we couldn't invent a new one or two. By the time I had to leave, both of us were *well* past mere satiation, and a good way into exhaustion — as well as being more than a trifle sore. Charlene had so many scented candles lit to get rid of the sex smell that it almost looked like her room was on fire. And to top it all off, when I got home, Sis teased me about whether or not I'd been able to do enough to "help" Charlene with her "problem".

Eva and Charlene continued having sleepovers just as before; sometimes they were at our house, sometimes at hers. If our place, it was *usually* just the two of them. Only when Mom and Dad were going to be gone part (or most) of the evening was there a chance that I might get to join them... I always left it up to them whether or not we had any intimate fun with each other.

I don't know exactly when Charlene told Sis what happened between us, since I never noticed any real change in the way Sis acted: even when it was just the two of us making each other feel good, she never even hinted about wanting anything more to happen between us. And when it was all three of us together, Charlene never did or said anything to indicate that she wanted us to have sex while Eva was with us — it was always just hands and mouths when I was with both of them.

It was about halfway through the Spring semester when Dad let me and Sis know that he had been selected to attend some kind of conference for the company he worked for — and that Mom would be going with him. The way he explained it to us, it was a two day thing that had a bunch of speakers on a Friday, with a lot of vendors and suppliers putting on a kind of show the next day. He and Mom were going to fly to the thing on Thursday afternoon, then come back Saturday evening after the show was over. That was going to leave me and Sis alone in the house for two nights, instead of the one that they had ever been away before. Neither one of them was actually *worried* about us, but it was pretty easy to see that Mom was... concerned. After just a brief glance at each other, Sis and I both did what we could to assure them that everything would be fine and that they could all but forget about us: both of us told them about the different perfectly routine and ordinary things we had to do, as opposed to telling them everything would be fine (and possibly making them wonder if we weren't up to something). They knew they could trust us to eat right, not throw any drunken orgies, or that kind of thing, so it was just a matter of us reassuring them that them being gone for two nights instead of one was just going to be more of a familiar routine for Sis and me.

I fully expected it when Sis wanted to know if it would be okay if Charlene spent Friday night. It being for just the one night, instead of both, Mom and Dad said they were okay with it if Charlenes folks were. A couple of days later, Charlenes mom called to let them know they were fine with Charlene staying over for one night while it was just us "kids" in the house.

From the time Dad let us know about the conference until they left, neither Eva nor I went out of our way to do or say anything to "prove" we'd be okay; we'd talked it over, and decided that doing anything else would just make them worry that we WERE up to something. Sis and I both fully expected that a lot of the time that Charlene was there would be spent with the three of us together and naked, but as far as we were concerned, that didn't count as "up to" anything — at least, nothing like a coed naked Twister® tournament, anyway.

Mom and Dad apparently left the house shortly after lunch, since Mom left us a note that Sis found when she got home from school. Supper that night was re-heated leftovers from the fridge (Mom thoughtfully provided instructions that we didn't need), followed by the two of us watching a little TV between bouts of making out with each other (and losing various bits of inconvenient clothing along the way). The only real surprise was when Sis invited me to spend the night in HER bed; I didn't hesitate to agree wholeheartedly. Both of us readily got naked, and we readily spooned with me behind Eva, my arm around her and cupping her breast in my hand. With my cock nested between Sis' ass cheeks, I couldn't help but get an erection, but all she did was turn her head and in mock sternness tell me "Behave yourself, Billy!"

I assured her I would, and gave her a little kiss on her earlobe before she turned her head away from me again. A little while later, both of us were fast asleep.

The next morning, it was a delight waking up with her tucked into my side with an arm and leg draped across me. I could feel her breasts pressed into my side and her bush against my hip, and was content to

just lay there and enjoy the feel of her body next to mine until she woke up a few minutes later. After a few moments, she looked up at me with a pleased smile on her face before telling me "I could get used to waking up like this REAL easy."

I just smiled back and gave her forehead a quick kiss, then answered "I could too. Good morning, Sunshine."

She rested her head on my pec for a couple of minutes before saying "As much as I'd like to stay here like this all day, I think we'd be in trouble if we didn't show up for school", followed by throwing the covers back and getting out of bed. Unashamedly standing there naked, she turned and told me "IF you can get your lazy butt out of my bed, I'll let you take a shower with me; then you can make us some breakfast while I make my bed."

That was all the motivation I needed to clamber out of bed, too. We put an arm around each other and made our way to the bathroom we shared, where we had a *much* easier and nicer time waking up than we usually did. After breakfast, it was off to school for both of us, though we took different routes: Eva went one direction to meet up with Charlene while I went another direction so I could walk with a couple of friends from school. The rest of the day was about as normal and routine as it could be.

As agreed, Charlene didn't come over until shortly before supper... that so all of us could have plenty of time to get our homework out of the way, so nothing would get in the way of our time together.

Supper was light, and quick; once we were sure nobody would be stopping by, we made a mass migration to Evas room. It couldn't have been more than sixty seconds before all of us were naked and molesting each other on Sis' bed.

A little while later, they'd gotten me stretched out on my back while the two of them were industriously engaged in getting my cock as hard as they could. I was laying there with my eyes closed when I felt them change positions; to my surprise, I felt someone move to straddle my hips. Figuring that Charlene had been talked into actually **showing** Eva what sex was all about, I didn't concern myself about it too much. It actually felt pretty erotic when a soft hand gently took hold of my saliva-slick erection and levered it up so the wet entrance to a pussy could capture the end of it. The hand continued to hold me in place as my manhood began to be enveloped by a warm, tight vagina. There was something of a struggle at first, since my cock didn't seem to want to slide into the wet chamber being offered to it; but after a few seconds and a little more pressure, I felt it as I suddenly slid into the hot, tight sheath. Knowing how small Charlenes vagina was, and it having been a couple of weeks since we'd last made love, I didn't think anything about it. Instead, I was treasuring the feel of hot, wet, and delightfully tight pussy slowly encasing my erect penis. Just as had happened with Charlene the first time, I'd get a little farther inside, then there'd be a pause before there was a bit of backtracking to make sure the two of us stayed lubricated, then some more progress.

I wasn't really paying any attention to how long it was taking, since I was content that it was happening at all. Anyway, it was soon enough that I felt a nice, smooth ass settle onto the tops of my thighs while my cock was thoroughly encased in womanhood.

I'd never rushed Charlene, and was fine with just laying there and enjoying the sensation of having my erection buried in womanflesh while said womanflesh was going through an assortment of tightening and clenching as she made small movements on top of me.

As I waited for the one straddling my hips to start moving, I felt the other person shift toward my head,

and thought "Oho! We're going to do something different now!"

A few moments later, and the end of a nipple was softly dragged across my lips; I opened my mouth in invitation, and was rewarded with the end of a mammary being offered to me. I got my lips fastened around it, and no more than ran my tongue across the nipple before knowing who it belonged to: the nipple I'd just licked was hard and long enough that it could ONLY belong to Charlene. Which meant that it had been **Eva** that had straddled my hips and then proceeded to impale her virgin pussy on my stiff member. I'd just taken my own sisters cherry!

While releasing my liplock on the breast I'd been offered, I opened my eyes and immediately saw that I was right — it *was* Charlene at my head. After managing to get myself propped up on my elbows, I looked down to see that Eva was looking at me with trepidation. Before I could say anything, though, she spoke first: "I'm sorry to have to surprise you like this, Billy, but I thought it was the only way that I'd ever be able to make love with you."

The expression on her face and what she'd said were enough to keep me from saying any of the things I'd meant to in favor of asking "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I said. When I asked you if you thought it would be okay for a brother and sister to make love, you didn't tell me 'no' — but you didn't exactly tell me 'yes', either. Sure, you gave me a bunch of reasons why it might not be a good idea, but you never gave me any sign that you'd be okay with it if that stuff was taken care of, either. And you **SURE** didn't act like it was anything we could or should talk about, either; you just said a bunch of stuff and then shut up."

I thought back to the conversation we'd had, and as I replayed it in my mind, I had to admit that she wasn't exaggerating. Regretting what I **HADN'T** done or said (for a change), I looked into her eyes and contritely responded with "I'm sorry, Sis. I *really* didn't mean for it to come across like that. All I wanted to do was make sure you knew that it was important enough that we had to really **THINK** about it first, and be sure."

"Well, whatever you *meant* to happen, I **did** think about it... a LOT." She took a deep breath and continued "Billy, I know we'd have to be careful about all the stuff you said about being with each other, and being with other people — just like I **KNOW** that whatever happens between us isn't something that we can keep doing for the rest of our lives or anything. I **love** you, Billy, but like a brother that I know loves ME, and that I can trust not to do anything to hurt me, and to be there when I need you, and to make me happy and help me feel good — not just about the sex stuff we do together, but everything else, too. If we start making love with each other, I know it'll just be more of what we've already done: something that makes both of us happy and lets us learn about this stuff with someone we love and trust. I think it's okay because we *aren't* grown and mature enough to be making big lifetime kinds of decisions yet; the only reason this is right for us **NOW** is because we are as young as we are and not ready to go out and be on our own yet. We're old enough to appreciate that we're learning things we need to know from each other, but still young enough that all this **CAN** be is just one small part of us becoming adults. When we were younger, it was the right time for us to learn how boys and girls are different; now it's the right time for us to learn how to make the best of those differences before we go on to find the people that we want to spend the rest of our lives with. I know that, Billy, just as much as you do. All I want is to be able to learn **THIS** part with someone I know I can trust: you."

I could only lay there in silence as she went on "Billy, you had some real good reasons why a brother



and sister together might not be a good idea. But I thought of some things myself why it COULD be a good thing."

"Such as?", I wanted to know.

"Such as maybe if a sister and brother can make love with each other, then neither one of them would feel like they **have** to do stuff they might not want to with someone else. Maybe if they can make love with each other, then they can learn how to make love better — and make their husband or wife that much happier when they get married. Like maybe if a brother and sister are okay with making love, then they can take care of their needs and desires with each other, instead of getting a bad reputation by doing them with other people. A brother and sister can help each other, so that whichever one of them might have a problem, they can figure out how to take care of it, instead of just going around and feeling bad about it. Don't those sound like good things to you, Billy?"

I admitted that they did, and she just looked at me for several seconds before tenderly saying "Billy, I know you wouldn't have wanted us to start making love like this. It wasn't MY first choice, either. But it was as easy as I hoped it would be, and you were as patient as I could have asked; *the* thing that I was most worried about was that you'd just... push yourself into me before I was ready, once I was over you. I know you thought I was Charlene, but you still waited and let me only go as fast as I was comfortable with, and now I'm **so** happy to feel you inside me. I don't think you're happy about how it happened, and I can understand that — I just hope you can forget how we got here, and remember how much you love me so you can make me feel as good as I believe you can."

Knowing that I'd failed her and hearing what she had to say prodded me in ways that I wasn't used to — not by a LONG shot. Yeah, I *was* a little pissed about how she'd contrived to get me to deflower her. But there was no denying that she'd done what she had only because I'd stupidly left her feeling like there wasn't any other way for her to get it to happen. I also reminded myself that she'd told me the things she'd thought about, and the results she'd gotten... and how close those results were to what *I'd* settled on. Without making a big deal out of it (perhaps because of the presence of Charlene, who I couldn't blame any of the situation on), she'd also obliquely let me know how much responsibility I deserved for what had happened, and worse still, how much I'd hurt her in the process. I was left feeling like a complete jackass until I finally remembered the last things she'd told me: that she still loved me enough to want to share herself with me, and that she loved and trusted me enough to make the REST of the experience as good for her as I could. I silently resolved to do just that before I sincerely and apologetically told her "I'm sorry, Eve. Not just for letting you down, and making you think that this was the only way I'd be with you, but for making you think my mind was already made up and that I wasn't ready and willing to talk with you about it. I love you — more than I could ever even begin to tell you. Even though I was an idiot and a jerk, you still want us to be able to make love... and that's what *I* want, too. If you'll let me, I want to show you how very much you mean to me."

I could see the happiness and delight on Evas face as her eyes filled with tears; somehow, she managed to blink them back before saying "You don't have to apologize to me, Billy. I know you didn't do it on purpose. What's important now is that we got it straightened out. And yes, I want more than anything for you to make love with me, and show me your love."

I heard some sniffing next to me, and knew without looking that Charlene was starting to cry. Only a moment later, she softly told Eva and me "I'll go now, so you can have some privacy..."

Sis quickly spoke up then, telling her "No, you don't have to go, Charlene — not after you and I have talked the way we have, and you were so much help. I know you wouldn't do anything to, um, interrupt or get in the way, so I don't think either one of us would mind if you stayed."

I turned my head to look at Charlene (as expected, she had tears streaming down her face) and told her "It's okay with me if you want to stay."

She nodded her head, then moved off the bed to take station in Evas chair.

When I looked at Sis again, all I could do was open my arms in invitation to her. Smiling, she moved to lay on top of me, while keeping my semi-erect penis in her intimate embrace.

With her laying on top of me like that, it was easy enough for me to get my mouth next to her ear and softly tell her "I really am sorry, Sis. If I could change it, I'd do it in a heartbeat — the LAST thing I ever want to do is hurt you, or make you think I don't care. I love you too much for that."

Just as quietly, Eva answered "I know all of that, Billy. I'm sorry, too, that I didn't think to just come out and ASK you to talk to me. **Maybe** yours was a little bit bigger, but both of us made mistakes about this. But we still love each other, and we're together now — and THAT'S what's important."

After that, she raised up a little bit, and I happily lifted my head so I could give her a soft, loving kiss. When our lips had parted afterwards, I looked into her eyes as I told her "I love you, Eva."

She graced me with a pleased smile before answering "And I love you, too, Billy."

After raising herself a little more, Sis looked down at me and said "Whenever you want to help me learn what it's like to be a woman, I'm ready."

"I'd be delighted to — except I'm not quite in, uh, shape to do much, right now."

Realizing that my cock had lost most of its size and hardness while we'd talked, Eva told me "I think I can help..."

She could, too. In the process of shifting her weight around slightly, her vagina began rubbing against my semi-erect penis enough to get it started growing again; in addition, her movements caused her sheath to twitch and clench around me, stimulating me even more. It didn't take long for Eva to realize that her efforts were having the desired effect, prompting her to redouble her efforts. In return, I started doing *my* part by moving my hands to her breasts so I could begin caressing and gently squeezing them between sessions of teasing her puckered areolas and protruding nipples.

As my cock moved closer and closer to full erectness, I expanded my efforts to begin running my hands up and down Evas smooth back and cupping the firm globes of her ass as I busied my lips and tongue on her bust. Between what I was doing to her and what she was doing to me, it wasn't long before both of us were ready to get things moving (no pun intended).

With Sis on top of me and my stiff cock buried in her, she was in position to take the active role by finally lifting herself a little way off my manhood and then settling back down on it with a soft moan of pleasure. A few moments later, she did it again, only rising a little higher. Several more such efforts followed, each one resulting in her letting a bit more of my erection slip out before she settled herself down onto me again. Once she was letting nearly my entire length escape, she readily got into a slow but steady rhythm of self-impalement that clearly pleased her, as evidenced by a flush that developed on her face and shoulders before gradually expanding to the upper slopes of her breasts.

I'd gotten Evas nipples standing tall and glistening with my saliva when she took them away from me by sitting up so she could slide herself up and down on my shaft more easily. With her breasts out of play for my lips and mouth, I had to content myself with simply using my hands — a sacrifice, to be true, but one I was willing to make.

As I caressed Sis' breasts, I happened to look down to where the two of us were joined. Two things caught my attention: first, I could see a trace of blood from Evas now-defunct hymen. It crossed my mind to say something to her, but then realized that she certainly wasn't behaving like it bothered her.

The second thing was the sight of her labia bracketing my penis. They were visibly longer than I'd ever seen them before, and were shiny with the overflow of her oils — as was my cock. As Eva raised herself over me, I watched her delicate inner lips being pulled out slightly as they spread her female lubrication along my length, only to all but disappear when she again filled herself with my manhood. As I watched her go through several such cycles, the sight aroused me tremendously and made me even harder. Before I turned my attentions back to her bust, I thought that I should get *her* to look at it, too, knowing that she'd find it as erotic and exciting as I did. Until that opportunity presented itself, however, I was determined to do everything I could to please and arouse her.

Returning my focus to Evas lovely mammaries, I set about doing all the things I knew that she liked: softly caressing them from base to peak, cupping them as I used my thumbs to toy with her nipples, giving them gentle squeezes, and even rolling her erect nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. I wasn't just limiting my efforts to her breasts, either; I enjoyed running my hands over every part of her that I could reach.

As Eva got more and more comfortable with moving herself up and down my manhood, she increased the speed with which she moved. It didn't take much longer before she was in nearly constant motion as she slid herself up and down my stiffness, faintly glistening with the effort of her movement and releasing a variety of pleased and aroused noises. I chanced a glance over to where Charlene was sitting in Sis' chair, and saw that her eyes were locked on the sight of my glistening penis alternately being concealed and revealed by Eva's womanhood. Charlenes breasts were visibly tight, their areolas puckered and her nipples standing tall and proud. Even as I was looking at her, I saw her bring her feet up and rest them on the edge of the chair and spread her legs; a moment longer, and she had one hand between her thighs, alternately caressing the enlarged clitoris at the end of her shaft and slightly dipping the end of one finger into her vaginal opening.

When I looked back at Eva, I could see that she'd developed a distinct blush that extended to the upper slopes of her breasts; the peaks of those delightful orbs were rotating in opposite directions in small circles — a sight that fascinated me.

Entrancing as Evas breasts were, I soon noticed that she was starting to pant slightly from her efforts. Ready and willing (!) to become a more active partner in our coupling, I got my hands on her hips and applied a gentle pressure until she eventually stopped her movement over me. When she looked down at me, I explained "You look like you're getting a little tired. How about if I'm the one to move, now? You can stay there, or we can change positions..."

It took her a second to decide before she told me "Yeah, I'd like that... I want you on top, making love to me..."

She let me pull her into my arms, and as I hugged her, I softly told her "I *want* to make love to you,

too."

When she sat up again, I could see from her expression how much my words had meant to her. Only after she'd settled herself onto me as far as she could and held herself there for several seconds did she raise herself up enough to let me slip free of her intimate embrace. With both of us free to move, it took only a few seconds for us to get our positions reversed: Sis laying on her back with her knees pulled up and her legs spread wide. Kneeling in front of her, I **had** to take a few moments to look at the sight she presented before telling her "I've always loved you, and thought you were pretty and sexy; now, seeing you like this... knowing that you love me enough to share yourself with me... it makes me love you even more. Not because of the physical things we've done with each other, but because of what they represent — the love and trust we have. I really DO feel honored that you'd want your first time to be with **me**, and that you would have enough confidence in me to believe that I could make this a good and happy-making thing for you. So I want to make sure and tell you: I love you, too, as much as you so obviously love me; and I'll do my best to be worthy of what you've given me of yourself."

Eva started to tear up a little bit, and I was afraid I'd said something wrong until she told me "Thank you, Billy. I *do* love you, just as I know how much you love me."

With that, I moved my body over hers; and the two of us shared a deep, loving kiss. When it ended, I looked into Sis' eyes as I got the head of my cock positioned against her opening, and began to press myself into her. In return, Sis kept her eyes on mine as she tried to open herself even further to my entry. It took only a single steady slow thrust to fill her with my stiffened member; I saw her eyes widen slightly when she felt the tip of my penis touching the deepest part of her sheath while her opening was clenched around the very base of my manhood. Her eyes closed and she released an impassioned moan when I continued by gently bumping her exposed clitoris with my pubic bone a few times.

When I moved to start sliding my cock back out of her, Eva responded by opening her eyes and lifting her hips as best she could to try and keep me inside her for as long as she could. Only the head of my penis was still inside the tight ring of her entrance when I remembered that I wanted her to see what it looked like when we were mated. Holding myself still, I told her "If you can look down between us, I think you'll like what you see..."

Her curiosity piqued, she did as I said by holding herself up on her elbows so that she had a clear view between our bodies — and the area between her smooth thighs. Knowing that she was watching closely, I slowly and steadily eased myself back into her as I heard her first gasp, then moan softly as I embedded myself in her once again. When she started to lay back again, I cautioned her "There's more to see...", and she didn't delay in getting positioned to resume her observations. Once I'd reversed direction and begun sliding out of her again, she softly muttered "Dear god, that is so sexy to watch... I never thought it could look so pretty and sexy at the same time..."

When I was back to where I'd started, I didn't delay before pressing myself into her again. She watched, clearly entranced, as my erect cock filled and emptied her for several cycles before laying back again. Once I was buried in her again, I held myself steady as she quietly told me "It was *incredible*, being able to watch and feel it when you were filling me up so nicely; and then watching when you pulled out again... it looked like I had little flower petals trying to hold you inside me! It was so pretty and so sexy at the same time..."

I smiled and told her "That's pretty much what I thought when I saw it when you were on top of me. I

figured you'd like it, too."

Smiling back at me, Eva told me "You were right. I'm glad I got to see that, and I'm going to want to watch it again, sometime. But what I *really* want right now is to feel you moving in me."

I didn't bother saying anything in response; I just did as she wanted. Beginning with a slow, steady motion and gradually increasing the speed of my movements, it didn't take long before I was pistoning in and out of her in a rhythm that she plainly found acceptable as evidenced by the noises she made and how she'd lift her hips in welcome to each of my thrusts.

Lowering my head, I was able to fasten my lips around one of her nipples and begin sucking on it — something that quickly resulted in an increase in the passion and volume of the noises she was making, as well as how hot and wet she felt around my cock. When I shifted my attentions to her other mammary and dared to suck on its peak even harder, she surprised the hell out of me by having an orgasm — and not a small one, either. The sensation of her tight sheath clenching at my penis was almost more than I could bear: it was only by slowing my movements in her and distracting myself away from the indescribable pleasure she was creating that I was able to barely able to avoid emptying myself into her.

Once her orgasm began to taper off, I continued my leisurely penetrations of her as I tried to get a little more control over myself. When Eva got her senses back and realized that I was still hard and still moving in her, she got an expression of delight on her face before wrapping her arms around me and pulling me into a tight embrace as she declared "Oh, god, yes! **Fuck** me, Billy!"

It was a command that I was more than willing to obey, and with her aware of what I was doing again, I eagerly resumed my previous pace.

With my previous rhythm established again, I was further surprised at how much faster and farther Sis' arousal increased; it seemed as though it didn't take but a very few minutes before she was doing her best to wrap her arms and legs around me as she gave full voice to the pleasure she was experiencing.

Even with the hard pebbles of her erect nipples drawing erotic designs against my chest and the feeling of her tight wet vagina intermittently clenching at me, I was doing pretty well at not letting myself get too carried away — at least, right up until she got it into her head to get **serious** about letting me know how excited she was.

I could feel her fingernails digging into my back, and that was okay.

Her legs wrapped around my waist and the feel of sinking myself into her soft pubic muff wasn't too much for me, either.

Shucks, even when she started biting and my neck and shoulders, I managed to keep control of myself.

But when I could hear her start saying things like "Fuck me, Billy — fill me with your juice!" and "Cum in me, Billy! Cum in me!" and "Come on, Billy! Squirt your stuff in me!"... well, it was a bit too much.

It didn't take but a couple of minutes of that until I was ready to do just what she was telling me to. As my lust and desire increased, so did the frequency and power of my thrusts into my own sister — and she not only welcomed the increase, but encouraged me to go even farther. Finally, after almost *pounding* myself into her a few times, I stuffed her as full of my cock as I could manage just before the

first eruption of man-lava. Before I could try to coat her tonsils again, Sis fell into her own release... one that was even more powerful than the first: she actually managed to lift herself off the bed, she pulled the two of us so close. Around the steel bar that was my manhood, I could feel her vagina begin not just an incredibly intense clenching, but doing it with a rippling that started at the base of my manhood and ran toward the head as though her vagina was trying to suck the juice out of me! The sensation was incredible, and only stimulated me into an even harder spray of semen; it was so intense for me that I could feel myself get frighteningly close to actually losing consciousness as I emptied my balls into her hot, wet chamber.

Being male, I reached my limits well ahead of Eva; she was still going through strong cycles of release when I realized that I was supporting BOTH of us. As much to get some relief for my straining muscles as to spare her from falling back onto her bed, I managed to lower my body far enough to at least get HER weight off my arms and legs; I somehow managed to support myself over her so that our bodies stayed in close contact without her having to suffer under *my* weight, either.

I was still panting when the tremors coursing through Evas body finally tapered out. A minute or so later, her eyes opened again, and I watched as she looked around — not seeming to recognize me or where she was for a few seconds. She was looking at me blankly when I saw her suddenly realize where she was... and more importantly, what had happened. In a flash she got an expression on her face that absolutely **radiated** joy and happiness, and there was no mistaking the pleasure and satisfaction in her voice as she told me "Oh, *Billy*! That was SO wonderful! I knew I could trust you to make my first time as nice as it could be, and you made me feel better than I even dared HOPE you could!" just ahead of her eyes filling with tears.

Although I knew they were tears of happiness, the sight of Eva crying went straight to my heart. The only thing I could think to do under the circumstances was to lower my head and begin kissing her anyplace I could get my lips to: eyes, cheeks, forehead, lips... with every soft touch of my lips to her skin, I tried to let her know that I loved her. I don't know how much it helped, but after only a few minutes, I could tell that her tears were beginning to dry up; a couple more minutes, and all that was left of them was a glittering in her eyes that she soon managed to blink away. She never lost the expression she'd had; and when she looked into my eyes, I could easily see how happy she was and how much she loved me.

We were content to lay there and just *look* at each other for the better part of a minute before I felt her slightly move under me — promptly followed my her getting an expression of surprised delight before she said "I... I can feel you, still in me. You're not as hard as before, but it still feels good. I thought you were being such a dear holding yourself over me like you were a living blanket for me, but to stay inside me like that, too... I don't think I would have known to be disappointed if you'd pulled out, but since you're still there, I want to feel you inside for as long as I can."

I touched my lips to hers, and she eagerly kissed me back. When our lips parted again, I simply told her "I like laying with you like this — but both of us know that I'm not going to stay big enough to be inside for that long."

From the brief change in her expression, I knew that Sis understood what I was getting at; but before she could say anything, we were reminded that Charlene was there when she said "When you slip out of her, Billy, I'll take care of cleaning her up so there isn't any mess on her bed."

Sis and I both turned our heads to look at Charlene, who was still seated in Sis' chair. The area between

her thighs and a couple of her fingers were shiny, and there were obvious bite marks on her hand. It didn't take a genius to figure out that she'd undoubtedly masturbated herself to an orgasm, and used her fist (and biting it in the process) to keep from disturbing us. The sight of her did wonders for delaying the shrinkage of my cock... but couldn't prevent it.

With Sis' and my attention on her, Charlene suddenly blushed slightly and then hesitantly told us "I... I just couldn't HELP but watch you... you were **so** into each other, I could tell that you'd completely forgotten about me — and I was glad. But it was so sexy watching you, too, that I couldn't help start touching myself. It felt so much better and got me so much hotter doing that while I was watching you that I had an orgasm that I was afraid was going to kill me, or something. I just barely managed to remember to put my hand in my mouth so I didn't make enough noise to disturb you!"

I think Sis and I both smiled at her before Sis told her "It's okay, Charlene. I'm pretty sure that if I ever get to watch you and Billy, *I'm* going to get pretty worked up, too!"

Before I could say anything, however, I felt my softened penis slip free of Eva. She turned her head to look up at me as I carefully eased myself from above her and moved to lay on my side behind her.

Even as I started moving, I could see Charlene begin to get up from Sis' chair. What baffled me was when she moved toward the bed instead of making for the door to Evas room and the bathroom down the hall. I got even more confused when she calmly moved to lay on the bed — between Sis' raised knees and parted thighs. When Charlene moved close enough to begin softly licking up my semen as it slowly dribbled out of Evas vagina, the realization that the two of them had had their own intimate times together suddenly made sense of some of the things that I'd heard each of them say at different times. The images of the two of them together that started playing in my mind were set aside when I suddenly remembered that I had the real deal happening right there in front of me.

That was all it took for me to focus my attention on where Charlene was enthusiastically ensuring that the semen I'd left in Eva didn't reach the bed. As I watched Charlene tonguing and licking Evas crotch, it slowly got my attention that Sis was beginning to respond favorably to her female lovers efforts: Evas areolas were starting to crinkle, and her nipples were discernably longer than usual. Added to that was a distinct increase in the aroma of aroused female in the air; it took me only a few moments to decide that it was a mix of BOTH of them.

It had become apparent that Charlene was nearly finished with her self-appointed task when Sis turned her head and tentatively asked "You... you don't mind? About me and Charlene?"

Giving her a kiss on the cheek first, I answered "Not even a little bit. It surprised me, at first, but then I remembered some of the things I've heard each of you say — so I guess maybe it wasn't *that* much of a surprise. I love you, Sis, and I love Charlene. I've known for a long time now that you women can have a **lot** more fun than us guys can, so if you and Charlene can make each other feel good, then I'm happy for you. I'd be disappointed if neither of you wanted anything to do with ME, but that hasn't happened, so I'm cool about it."

A second later, I couldn't help grinning as I told her "Besides, I think it's pretty hot!" — earning me a faint blush before she playfully slapped my chest.

A moment later, and I felt a hand applying a slight pressure against my hip. I looked down, and saw that it was Charlene. When she saw me looking at her, she smiled at me before saying "Now it's your turn."

It took only a moment for me to roll onto my back, followed by Charlene taking my flaccid penis between her lips. While keeping her hands on my thighs, she used her tongue and lips to meticulously clean my cock of any residue from my lovemaking with Eva.

It had been long enough since I'd emptied myself into my sister that Charlene's oral ministrations had no small effect on my libido. When she finally released me from between her lips, it was pretty clear that she'd gotten a reaction out of me. Charlene and Sis both looked at my semi-erect penis for several seconds before Charlene gave Sis a Look. A second later, I heard Sis say "I *really* wish I could make love with you again, Billy. But even as much as Charlene and I tried to get me ready, you still stretched me inside more than I expected. I think I could make love with you again, but I'm afraid that it would leave me feeling too sore. So if you want to, it's okay with me — I'd like it, even — if you wanted to make love with Charlene."

When I looked down at Charlene, I saw that she'd be more than willing for the two of us to make love, whether my sister was watching or not. Nothing for me to do, then, but say "I'd be happy to be with Charlene, if that's what you want", the last directed toward Charlene. She nodded that it was, and I continued "It's just going to be little bit before I *can*, is all."

Charlene and Eva looked at each other for a moment before Sis asked "Didn't you tell me that you thought me and Charlene together was pretty hot?"

Thinking I knew what she was getting at, I readily admitted that I had. Evas grin looked like it was going to wrap all the way around her head as she told me "Well, maybe we can give you a little extra... inspiration. Think you'd like that?"

I grinned back as I answered "I think I could probably handle that — for a while, anyway."

Neither of the girls bothered to say anything in response. Instead, Charlene just raised up so she could knee-walk her way to the other side of Eva from me. Before either of them had to say anything to me, I carefully moved over a little bit to give them room for whatever it was they were going to do. When I'd settled onto my side where I'd have a good view, Sis shifted herself around a little bit so that she was at right angles to me. As she started to bring her knees up, Charlene carefully got herself positioned over Sis' head... then leaned forward and got her head between Evas thighs as Sis lifted her own head. A very few seconds later, and I began to hear the soft sounds of mouths and tongues and lips being put to work on labia and clitorises and vaginal openings.

The sight of the two of them, naked and nubile, in the classic '69' position was something I know I'll never forget. Wanting to see what *really* happened between them (as opposed to them putting on some kind of 'show' for me), I stayed still and quiet for the next several minutes as they pleased each other. Only when I was **sure** that they were too involved with each other to pay any attention to ME that I finally moved from where I was — slowly, quietly, and above all, CAREFULLY, so I didn't disturb them.

The first thing I did — HAD to do! — was move down to where I could see what Charlene was doing to Sis. It wasn't any problem for me to find an angle and distance that let me watch Charlene tending to Evas womanhood without drawing Charlene's attention. As much as I enjoyed using my mouth on them, I wanted to see if there was anything I could learn from watching how *they* pleased each other. Over the course of the next few minutes, I did indeed get the opportunity to learn a few things that would help me when I was with one or the other of them. I also found myself getting more and more



aroused as I watched Charlenes pink tongue dancing across and between Sis' delicate labia and dipping into Evas womanhood. Close as I was, it was easy to see that more and more of Sis' tasty oils were escaping her, only to be gently lapped up by Charlene between bouts of Charlene tenderly teasing the nubbin of Evas exposed clitoris.

Well after I'd decided that I'd learned all I could from watching Charlene with Eva, it was time to see what was going on at the other end. As before, I was slow and careful enough that I was able to get into position without distracting or disturbing Eva. What Sis was doing to Charlene was much the same treatment as she was receiving — with the notable exception that Sis was also including the miniature penis that made up Charlenes clitoris. From where I was, I could easily see that every time Sis went to work on Charlenes shaft, Charlenes vagina would all but *drip* the lubrication that Charlene produced as a result of the stimulation. Periodically, Sis would release her liplock on the undersized staff in favor of lapping up the overflow of oils; from there, she'd go on to apply any number of soft lip-bites, kisses, and gentle suction to Charlenes thin labia before beginning another bout of fellatio.

I'd had Charlenes appendage between my lips before, and even managed to suck on it and lick it — but I'd never been able to muster the courage to actually treat it the way Sis was. But seeing how Charlene was reacting to it, I swore to myself that I **would**. Until that opportunity came, however, I found myself getting more and more aroused not only from seeing what Sis was doing, but knowing how it was affecting Charlene. Sooner than I'd have thought possible, I had a full-blown erection and was MORE than ready to put it to use.

As loathe as I was to interrupt what the two of them had going on, I wanted to feel Charlenes tight pussy wrapped around my cock. Moving my head close to Evas as she slid her lips on and off of Charlenes shaft, I softly asked her "Would you like to keep doing that while I'm in her?"

Sis pulled her lips off of the miniature erection Charlene sported to answer "Yeah, I'd like that a **lot** — and so would she!" before all but inhaling it again.

Getting to my knees, I moved behind Charlene; as soon as she felt my hands on her hips, she raised her head just long enough to let me know "Oh, god, yes! I'm so ready for you to fuck me!" before lowering it to Evas pelvis again.

Moving myself a little closer, I levered my erection down and got it nestled between the small, thin lips bracketing Charlenes drooling slit. With a firm but gentle arch of my hips, I slowly buried myself into the tightness that was Charlenes womanhood. When I felt her ass pressing against my lower belly, I stopped to savor the sensation of being thoroughly encased in hot, wet, and TIGHT woman-flesh; I wasn't worried about the little bit of my manhood that was still outside her — experience had taught me that once I started moving in her, she'd loosen up enough to make it possible for the rest of my cock to slip past the tight ring of her opening.

As I always did, I waited for Charlene to let me know she had gotten used to having my erection in her undersized vagina; when she started pressing herself back at me, I knew she was ready for me to continue.

I have to figure that it was simply because her vagina was physically smaller than usual (as a result of her hermaphroditism), but every time I made love with Charlene, she felt *almost* as tight around me as she had the first time. So when I began sliding myself in and out of her womanhood, it was slow and leisurely at first so I could enjoy the feel of her hot and wonderfully tight sheath wrapped around me.

Then, as her more than ample wetness got better and better distributed along my length, I was able to gradually increase the pace and force of my strokes into her — and was again pleased and surprised at how readily (even eagerly) she accepted my efforts.

While I was still taking my time about pistoning myself in and out of Charlenes channel, I could feel Evas head moving slightly between my legs; knowing that she was enthusiastically using her mouth on Charlenes abbreviated penis while I had my stiff dick in Charlenes undersized pussy began to get to me in a way that I hadn't expected: me *and my sister* were both having sex **with the same person**, but in completely different ways. That knowledge got into my head, and turned me on so much more than I thought anything could — even more than the sight of the two of them being intimate with each other had been.

Despite the fact that my dick was harder than it had ever been before, and felt like it just **HAD** to be at least twice as long, I managed to keep my "enthusiasm" for fucking Charlene under control. As I continued to steady slide myself in and out of her girl-chamber, Sis would occasionally let Charlene slip from between her lips in favor of tilting her head back and using her tongue along the underside of my cock; it took a couple of times of her doing that before I realized that she wasn't just stimulating me, but also getting tastes of Charlenes juices... which aroused me even more, knowing that my own sister *wanted* to taste the same pussy that I had my cock in. Eva wouldn't use her tongue on me for more than a few strokes at a time before re-applying herself to the staff that terminated with Charlenes clitoris; that she kept doing it over and over again, however, contributed greatly to keeping MY arousal as high as possible.

Even with all the physical and mental stimulation I was getting from the situation, the climax I'd had with Eva had been recent enough that there was absolutely no chance that I was going to find another release any time soon. That meant I was free to simply enjoy the hell out of what I was doing with Charlene, and what Sis was doing with ME.

Over the course of the next several minutes, I gradually realized that Charlene was getting even more aroused and responsive to what was happening to her than usual. Once the knowledge got to the front part of my brain, it took only a moment for me to understand why: it was the simultaneous stimulation of my cock moving in her and the attentions Sis was providing to male aspect of her sexuality. Charlene had already shown me that she was **MORE** than capable of enjoying coitus, just as I knew that paying attention to her underdeveloped penis (and particularly its head) aroused and pleased her. That was when I realized that the current situation was almost certainly the first time that Charlene had had **both** aspects of her unique sexual make-up stimulated that much and at the same time.

I was honest with myself enough to know that *I'd* get off, no matter what; that was when it occurred to me that maybe — just **maybe** — making Charlene (or even Eva) feel as good as possible would add to the pleasure that I got out of making love with them. I understood that there was likely a considerable difference between what I'd already been doing (trying my best to make sure **THEY** enjoyed our time together) and what I *could* do (trying to make them feel as good as **POSSIBLE**). With that decided, it was a simple matter to begin implementing the changes I wanted to make.

Maintaining my gentle but firm hold on Charlenes hips, I began experimenting to see if there was a different way of moving in her that **she** would enjoy more. It took only a very few minutes to find a combination of stroke and speed and force that really worked for her: there was a rapid and dramatic increase in how wet she felt around me, and the intensity and volume of the noises that she made.

As a result of that, Sis had ample reason to cycle more and more often between what she was doing to Charlene, and what she was doing to me — and then go on to lap up the flow of Charlenes feminine oils that were beginning to trickle down and add a distinctly liquid tone to the slapping of my balls when they swung forward.

The added stimulation and attention being paid to her prompted Charlene to increase her efforts between Sis' thighs, ratcheting Evas desires even higher in return.

I don't doubt that we would have presented quite a sight to anyone that had happened to look in on us: me enthusiastically plundering Charlenes treasure, Eva industriously fellating Charlene, and Charlene eagerly applying her oral talents to Sis' womanhood. The air was thick with the scent of aroused female, and the room echoed the moans, groans, gasps, and other sounds of pleasure and arousal that all of us were making.

It wasn't any great surprise to me that Charlene and Sis each experienced an orgasm while we were all involved with each other: with the double stimulation she was receiving, Charlene was the first to find her release; when she'd recovered, she apparently dedicated herself to returning the favor to Eva. I had reached the point that having another climax was *possible* when Charlene slipped into a second (and stronger) orgasm. Again, she devoted herself to getting Sis off when it had tapered off. Evas second climax was patently stronger, too, and it took a little time before she was able to pick up where she'd left off between Charlenes firm thighs.

By that point, it was becoming clear to me that both of them were beginning to tire — not just from what we were doing, but from what they'd experienced. While I'd been fucking myself into Charlenes tight sheath, I'd also been caressing whatever parts of her I could get my hands on: leaning forward a bit so I could cup her breasts in my hands so their swaying dragged her nipples across my palms, teasing her anus with my thumb, lightly drawing my fingertips up and down her back and along her thighs, and even supporting myself with my arms so I could gently bite her shoulders and ears and the back of her neck. So when I leaned forward again, it wasn't any big deal for me to get my mouth next to her ears and softly tell her "I'm going to be able to cum again before too long. If you want to get Eva off again, it'll be just you and me then."

In response, Charlene softly declared "Oh, god, yes!"

Hearing that, I nibbled on her ear a little bit before raising up enough that I could roll her erect nipples between my fingers, and tweak them a bit (and none too gently). Charlene pressed herself back against me before lowering her head to Sis' pelvis again.

I raised myself up again, and continued cycling myself in and out of Charlene as I waited for her to bring Eva to another (final) climax.

I doubt that I'll ever know if it was because Sis was already that aroused, or Charlene did more of something (or did it better), but it didn't take long at all before I heard Eva start making the noises that signalled an impending orgasm. Even sooner than I'd expected it, I felt Sis let her head fall back onto the bed just ahead of her crying out in what was plainly and powerful release.

When Charlene finally lifted her head again, she turned to look back at me — and it was easy to see that the lower half of her face was shiny with what had to be a mixture of her saliva and Evas oils. With a self-satisfied grin on her face, she told me "I'm ready whenever you are!"

With that, my sole purpose in life condensed down into one goal: to try and bring Charlene as powerful of an orgasm as could be managed. And I applied myself toward reaching that goal with a will.

Thinking back to the times that I'd been with Charlene, I went about trying to remember everything I'd ever done that had drawn a positive response from her... and then doing them. Except that I didn't just repeat what had already worked; I went back to experimenting a little bit to see if I could do them even better. As it turned out, there were a few things that I learned how to improve — and Charlenes reactions made it MORE than clear that the changes were appreciated. It took only a few minutes for me to get her to the edge of having her third orgasm of the evening, and it was when I bit the back of her neck while giving one of her nipples a somewhat harsh pinch that she slid into a deep and powerful release. The tightening of her vagina around my erection was greater than it had ever been before, and it was only the sudden and dramatic increase in her lubrication that made it possible for me to continue pistoning in and out of her. Even the *duration* of her orgasm was longer than anything I'd seen her go through before, and it only confirmed to me that trying to do more for THEM actually resulted in **me** feeling even greater pleasure, too.

When the spasms coursing through her body had tapered off, I heard Charlene absently announce "CHRIST, that was good!"

Figuring that if she was able to talk, she was recovered enough, I quickly resumed my efforts.

It was easy enough to get her arousal back up to its previous level, and then raise it even higher. Soon, both of us were in nearly constant motion; all either of us could do was make nearly constant unintelligible noises as we were all but overwhelmed with the pleasure and desire that were a consequence of our coupling. I could feel myself rapidly approaching the point that I'd I'd **have** to unload my cum in her when I heard and felt Charlene fall into her fourth orgasm that evening. The sudden rhythmic tightening of her sheath was all it took to transport me to, and then beyond, the point of release.

With a deep and intense groan, I somehow avoided slamming myself into her; instead, I once again filled her with my manhood in a single controlled thrust that ended only when the clenching ring of her opening was wrapped around the very base of my penis — and just ahead of spray of semen coating the deepest recesses of her womanhood.

The end of my climax had me wanting to do nothing more than unplug from Charlenes grasping gash and lay down for a brief four or five hour nap. But it sank into my consciousness that Charlene was nearly done with her own pleasure, so I steadied myself by holding on to her hips until I felt the tremors within her taper off — then, with my cock still buried in her, it was up to me to get the two of us down onto the bed without doing anything to hurt Sis. By thinking through what I wanted to do, and how, I somehow got both of us from over Evas head and ultimately laying on our sides on the bed. Keeping my arms around Charlene, I let my head fall back and closed my eyes... but coming awake whenever Charlene moved or made a noise. I was watching when she finally opened her eyes... not that I think she was alert enough to notice. She blinked a few times before letting her eyes wander around the room for several seconds, then focused her gaze on me again. That's how I was able to see the change in her expression when she started to move, only to realize that my mostly-erect cock was still inside her. Her eyes got wide and she tried to say something, but the only sound that came out was a weak croak. She tried to give me a dirty look, but was still too out of it for it to have the impact she would have liked.

A minute or so later, she swallowed and tired again; the second effort was a success only because she managed to ask "What the fuck did you do to me?" in a decidedly gravelly voice.

Learning from her example, I made sure my throat and mouth were wetted before answering "I just tried to make it as good for you as I could, is all."

It must have taken a full minute of her considering that until she told me "Yeah, you made it good for me, all right. Damn near killed me, but it was good."

Concerned that I might have gotten carried away, I asked "You didn't like it?"

"Oh, I liked it. I just wasn't *expecting* anything like that, is all. If you can do that every time, or even just want to **try** doing it every time, I'm fine with it!"

About that time, my softened cock slipped out of Charlene's intimate grasp; almost immediately, I felt Sis move from where she was laying on my other side; it was only a matter of a few moments until she was positioned with her head between Charlene's thighs, returning the "clean-up" favors.

Naturally enough, I had to look down to where Sis was enthusiastically removing any traces of my or Charlene's juices, and the sight of her eagerly lapping at Charlene's opening got a fair amount of my attention; along the way, I also noticed that Charlene's stiffened mini-penis had returned to its more normal flaccid state — something that told me that the orgasms she'd experienced really **HAD** satiated her.

When Sis had gotten Charlene (and then me) cleaned of any residue, the three of us lay there for a few more minutes before going in to clean up. Though all of us were tired, and well-satiated from our activities, we still managed to include a fair amount of figurative and literal grab-ass along the way. Once we were all dried off again, the decision was made that the three of us would all sleep in Sis' bed; I was delegated to the middle, since both of them wanted to snuggle next to me. With an arm around **BOTH** of my lovers, it didn't take long for me to fall asleep after all the evening's activities.

The next morning, the three of us went through well over an hour's worth of fondling, groping, molesting, and other teasing before reluctantly getting up and giving the house a good going over to ensure it was presentable for when Mom and Dad got back. We also used the opportunity to make **extra** sure that Evas room got aired out and that there wasn't anything incriminating anywhere else.

Mom and Dad got home as expected (after Charlene had left), and were pleased to see that Sis, Charlene, and I had apparently behaved ourselves.

From then until Sis and Charlene went off to schools, the three of us continued to get considerable pleasure with each other in varying combinations — sometimes it was me and Charlene, or me and Sis; but I was fine with it when Charlene and Sis wanted to have *their* fun together, too. That I never did anything to interfere or interrupt them was appreciated; enough so that they were perfectly willing to provide the entertainment/stimulation to get **ME** going.

Nobody in our school ever did find out what the "real deal" was with Charlene, even though she ultimately became as much a part of everyday school activities as everyone else.

That was all several years ago, and I've graduated college and got my own wife and kids (one of each) now. Just as my parents did for me, I've done the best I can to bring them up with open minds, well-rounded personalities, and good characters — and made sure they understood that the could come to

me or their mother any time for any thing; and left them with enough space and freedom to explore wherever their interests and curiosity take them.