



# *Adolescent Yearnings*

by Iguana Don <sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> <http://www.asstr.org/~iguanadon/>

Adolescent Yearnings

Copyright © 2009 by *Iguana Don*

All right reserved.

I awakened truly rested, for the first time in weeks. The reason became clear rather quickly - I had been allowed to oversleep! This itself was a startling discovery, since *mi mamá* is known to be fanatically conscientious about my consistent, timely attendance at *escuela de comunidad*.

Let me introduce myself: I am Donato Ignatio De La Rosa (not my whole name, of course - just what I go by), and I live ... well maybe that isn't such a good idea. If I tell you where I live, I probably shouldn't tell my story - and I think you would like my story. And yes, I realize that both of my given names have Italian roots - blame my mother!

Anyway, at the time of this tale, I am about 13 years old, and my friends call me "Don," or sometimes *el Don*. Early on, some of them tried to call me "Iggy," but the consequences became too painful for them.

The *el Don* tag came about because my father is *el patron*, holding ownership of a number of small cottages. As rental properties, these cottages are the principal source of our family income. The highest rents we get come from the *touristas*, who will take a beach-side cottage for a few days, up to a month - or more rarely, an entire season - but most of our tenants are longer-term, local people, and their rents are much lower.

Anyway, back to the story...

So ... I found myself uncharacteristically wide-awake, yet still in my bed; while I should have been sitting in a classroom, listening to a boring lecture. That was my first clue that things were going to be different.

Recovering from my shock, I got out of bed and wrapped myself in a light terrycloth robe. I'm not particularly body-shy - none of my family was. I'd often seen both of my parents, and others as well, in the nude. I'm not very fond of the feel of perspiration on my skin though, and the terrycloth does a fair job of wicking it away.

As I left my room, I became aware of the near-complete silence in the house. This was disturbing, as it indicated that I might have been left completely alone in the house, without having been given any warning or reason. I should have at least heard the normal noises made by our housekeeper, Lucia, as she goes about her business.

I wandered into the kitchen, expecting to find her preparing food, but was greeted by an empty room. She apparently hadn't completely forgotten about me, though - there was a plate set at my usual breakfast chair, with some fruit, and bread, and cheese, covered by one of those funny little screen umbrellas. She'd also left me a full glass of milk, covered by a saucer to protect it from the ubiquitous flies.

This situation was abnormal, but clearly I was on my own for breakfast from this point forward. Not having any better plan, I sat down and ate until I was full, depositing the leftovers in the refrigerator after I finished.

Leaving the kitchen, I resumed wandering around in an attempt to find another

living soul to inhabit my world. My father's office was empty, the only evidence of any recent occupation being a used coffee service on his desk. My mother's sewing room was likewise vacant, but she normally kept it so well ordered that you'd never know how long she had been gone anyway.

Continuing my trek, I approached my parents' bedroom, and at last began to hear the sound of human voices. I found this to be reassuring, even though I couldn't actually make out any words. Simply hearing other people propelled me toward the source of the sound.

As I approached my parents' private chamber, I slowed, as it became evident that the reason I couldn't make out any words was: there weren't any. Just moans and sighs, groans and grunts. I knew I should have turned away, and perhaps gone back to my own room, but for some reason I felt compelled to continue.

Our home *has* internal doors, but they are rarely closed. On this particular day, the door to my parents' bedroom stood open, just as it usually did. What made this day different from any other day that I had stood in that doorway, was that my parents' bed was occupied! That, and the fact that the occupants were clearly (even to my young mind) engaged in sexual intercourse!

Yes, I should have left immediately, but it was an opportunity too good to waste: first-hand observation of mature adults in sexual congress isn't an experience our culture normally allows a thirteen-year-old boy. Why is that? How else is one to learn the proper way to conduct such activities? Needless to say, I stayed and watched, grateful for the opportunity to observe my parents in action.

It was educational to note that the female of the species, while theoretically reluctant to consent to the act, derives many times the pleasure from sex that her partner does. This was self evident as I listened and watched her body go through the throes of passion at least half a dozen times, before my father reached his peak and collapsed.

Afterwards, they lay together and stroked each other slowly and tenderly for awhile. That would have been a really good time for me to retreat, unnoticed, but still I watched in envy, wishing (as boys do) that I could experience both the passion they had, and the tenderness they showed each other.

I should have left, but then it was too late. She turned her head toward the door and I was caught! Not only that, I was shocked to discover that it was not my mother, but Lucia, who had caught me! I backed away quickly, and as silently as I could, I ran for my room.

---

My father didn't follow me, as I expected he would. No, instead, it was Lucia who came to my room, and sat on my bed as I hid under the covers. She quietly and gently stroked my back, as I waited for the killing blow to fall.

I know what you must be thinking: it was not I who had done a great wrong - other than perhaps a minor invasion of privacy - but my father and Lucia! Why

should I fear retribution, being a mere witness to their sin?

What the question leaves unaccounted for, is that at thirteen, a boy isn't sure of very much in his world. He has likely already experienced a number of head-on collisions with the alpha male in his home, and has come up second best every time. By that age, it has also become readily apparent that being right doesn't confer any protection from one's father's wrath. There will *always* be a successful argument that whatever bad happens, it is *one's own* fault!

When I realized that thirty minutes had passed, and I still had a heartbeat, I pulled the covers off my head and found Lucia, watching me with a sad smile.

An important thing you should realize, at this point, is that Lucia has been a part of my life since the day I was born. She kept house for my family beginning with the retirement of her mother, who kept house for my grandparents. Lucia is also a very beautiful woman, which fact carries its own baggage.

Like every other pubescent boy, I had fantasies about sex with the women I knew best - beginning with my mother. You don't like to hear that? Too bad. *Every* boy does it! Besides, my mother was gorgeous! For most, it remains a fantasy, and eventually they focus on other targets, but perhaps for a few, it eventually goes a little further.

I was fortunate in that I already had an available secondary target that appeared in my home on a daily basis. That was Lucia.

I was aware on a visceral level that Lucia loved me like a son. No surprise there, I loved her in the same way I loved my mother. It should be no great surprise that, my adolescent daydreams about sex with a mother figure starred Lucia just as often as they did my natural mother and *those* dreams had the added advantage of *not* being laden with incest guilt.

So, I sat there, staring at one of the major objects of my masturbatory fantasies, my mouth hanging open, as my mind turned cartwheels.

Why were Lucia and my father having sex? (Yes, I know. In view of what I had just witnessed, it *is* a stupid question.)

Did Lucia no longer love her husband?

Did my father no longer love my mother?

Where in the world was my mother, anyway?

When was my father coming to kill me?

Eventually, I was able to give voice to that last question, which provoked an unexpected reaction in Lucia...

To be exact, she doubled over in laughter! After humiliating me for an eternity (I was being laughed at, after all!) she finally managed to choke out an explanation.

"Your father doesn't know you saw us! Even if he did, he would be too embarrassed to punish you for watching!"

"If he thinks that what you did together is wrong, then why does he do it?" I retorted.

Sobering quickly, she replied, "It is never as simple as that. There are many things about which you remain uninformed."

"So inform me!" I demanded. "Every time I think I know what the rules are, something happens to knock them all down! I'm getting tired of *trying* to do right!"

"What do you want to know?" she asked softly.

"To start with, where is *Mamá*? Does she know about you and *Papá*? Why does she put up with it?"

Lucia took a deep breath (which caused me no end of distraction) and replied.

"Your *mamá* has gone to St. Maarten to help your grandmother. Her sister called last evening, after you had gone to sleep, saying that her mother had been injured. She has need of a caregiver, and your aunt has a job. She can't just drop everything to go stay with your grandmother, so your *papá* put your *mamá* on the first available flight to St. Maarten."

"How long will she be gone?"

"We think it will be about six weeks."

I thought about that for awhile before I responded.

"Okay. That answers the first question, but I can't miss six weeks of school just because she's out of town. Someone needs to wake me on time tomorrow and from then on."

"That is my fault, I'm afraid," Lucia nodded. "In the confusion of getting your mother ready to go, we didn't discuss the need to prepare you for school, and this morning, I ... was distracted..."

"Which brings us back to the other questions..."

Another sigh heaved in that marvelous bosom, and I had to fight my *own* distraction.

"The truth is, your *mamá* knows that your *papá* and I are sometime lovers. We do not rub it in her face, and as far as I know, she isn't specifically aware of this morning's ... escapade ... but I doubt that it would come as a surprise to her.

"She tolerates it because she has come to love your *papá* very deeply, and she knows his need for me goes beyond mere lust. She and I have also come to love each other as sisters."

Her wording confused me, and sounded a bit too precise, but at that moment finding the catch was beyond my meager abilities. Instead of attempting to be clever, I opted for surly.

"That sounds very convenient for the two of you."

"Ask her about it, if you want," she replied, gently, "but you will only embarrass the both of you."

It didn't appear that *Mamá* was to be discarded, and I could tell when I was losing the engagement, so I decided to change tactics.

"What of Carlos? Where does he fit in? Don't you love him any more? What about your children? Don't you care how they will feel about it?"

"So many questions!" she dithered. "Slow down! I still have my job to do, and I can't spend all day just explaining the last twenty years of our lives!"

"I'll tell you what I will do, though. For the rest of today, you can follow me around as I do my work. I'll try to answer your questions and explain things as best I can.

"Anything that we don't deal with, today, however, will have to wait until after school tomorrow. We may even have to stretch things out over several days. I ask only one thing in return."

"And what is that?" I demanded.

"Only that you refrain from discussing these things with anyone other than me or your *papá*, until you know and understand the whole story."

I thought about it, and concluded that I would likely open a discussion on this topic with my father at whatever point Hell started shipping out icicles. Her request hinted that there were some with whom she would rather not share these secrets, and what she wanted came dangerously close to a promise of perpetual silence. She didn't actually cross that line, though, so I decided to cooperate, for the moment.

"I'll agree to that, and no more for now, but you must answer all my questions fully and honestly," I pressed.

"Agreed," she said, smiling. "I think you will not be sorry."

---

Lucia was true to her word. I followed her around as she did housework, asking my questions, and she provided answers unhesitatingly. Some of those answers were very surprising.

At one point, it dawned on me that, in addition to working as our housekeeper, Lucia was also a tenant. The cottage that she and her family occupied actually sat on the residential grounds, a little way off from the *hacienda*. The more I thought about it, the more worrisome it became. Being completely artless, I finally had to ask a blunt question:

"Lucia, does *Papá* require you to provide him with sex as partial payment of your rent? Or as one of your housekeeping duties?"

She whirled to face me, and the shocked expression on her face would likely

have been answer enough, but she had pity on me in my ignorance.

"Oh no, *mi muchacho precioso!* Your *papá* would not take advantage of *anyone* in that way!"

Folding me in her arms she crushed me to her chest, setting off a wild surge of hormones that had a predictable effect on my body. Fortunately, she was a little taller than me, so my rampant member did not make the kind of impression on its desired target that it might have.

When my mind finally came home to roost, I became aware of her soft reassurances of *Papá's* basic good nature, just in time to realize that she was going to say something important.

"I suppose I must tell you the whole story," she reluctantly observed. "Your *papá* and I have been lovers for a *very* long time. Since we were about *your* age, in fact.

"As I serve your family, my mother served before me..." she began.

---

As far as Lucia knew, her own mother did not have an intimate relationship with my grandfather, but she kept his house in order, and lived in the same little cottage that Lucia now occupied, until he died.

Lucia and my father were nearly the same age - he being the older by a few months.

They had been playmates practically since birth, and it wasn't uncommon to find either her mother or my grandmother wet-nursing both babies simultaneously - though they occupied positions were at opposite ends of the social spectrum, they worked together to insure that the children were taken care of. It was the accepted way to do things.

When illness took my grandmother, *Papá* was only about five years old, and Lucia's mother, for all intents and purposes became his *de facto* mother as well.

As they aged and grew, the relationship between Lucia and *Papá* changed in all of the normal ways, until puberty hit them both, like simultaneous freight trains. At that point, they had long been fast friends, but the relationship was continually strained by sexual tension - although they could not recognize it for what it was.

Everything came to a head one afternoon, as the two of them made their way home from school. Pedro, an older boy who lived in a house along their normal route home, had taken notice of Lucia's recent physical development, and had decided that *he* was exactly who she needed to introduce her to the adult mysteries of passion and sex.

He accosted the pair as they walked, pushing *Papá* to the ground, and grabbed Lucia's arm in a vise-like grip. As he attempted to drag her into the bushes, *Papá* managed to get his feet under him and went on the offensive.



There was really no contest - Pedro was a very big boy, and visited a great deal of damage upon *Papá*, but my father was persistent. He succeeded in preventing the larger boy from progressing with his planned debauchery, and eventually inflicted enough pain that Lucia managed to break free, after which she ran to the *hacienda*, as fast as she could, to get help.

In retaliation, the frustrated Pedro proceeded to beat *Papá* to a bloody pulp, and then fled to his own house, leaving his victim to lay unconscious, in the road.

When my grandfather arrived at the scene, guided by Lucia and accompanied by her father, his first priority was to see to the safety and well-being of his son, but as soon as the boy was safely ensconced at home, and someone had been dispatched to collect the local physician, he and few of his loyal staff paid a visit to Pedro's father, with Lucia in tow to provide eyewitness testimony.

It quickly became clear where Pedro had acquired his social skills. His father was completely impenitent of his son's behavior, saying that *Papá* should have minded his own business and "let the little *puta* get what she deserved!"

Lucia's father was again among those in attendance, and needless to say, took umbrage with that statement. He proceeded to violently demonstrate his displeasure upon the offender's body. It was apparently very impressive to the young girl.

When all was said and done, Pedro and his father were no longer part of the village landscape. No one ever spoke about it, but Lucia wasn't sure that they were part of *any* landscape, except maybe as fertilizer.

The most significant outcome of the debacle was that *Papá* became Lucia's hero. Although he clearly did not defeat his opponent, he did manage to preserve her virtue, and in her mind that meant it belonged to *him*. Having come to that conclusion, she made her feelings clear to everyone who mattered, both in his family and in her own.

All of the adults were appalled, of course, that such a young girl would presume to speak so, and at first no one would believe that she meant it. When they finally did believe, it seems, her father did not share my grandfather's amusement, and *that* nearly destroyed their life-long friendship.

Eventually, everyone whose opinion mattered came to realize that opposing her in this would only serve to alienate her, and that would result in more long-term harm than simply ignoring it. Once the fighting was all over, in Lucia's mind, if not yet in body, she belonged to *Papá*.

In order to meet her self-imposed obligations, she became his nurse, personally seeing to, or at least assisting in, his care as his body lay healing in bed. She was the first person he saw when he opened his eyes each day, and the last one he saw before falling asleep. More often than not, at those times, she was dressed for bed, and her thin, almost transparent gown did little to conceal her young charms from his gaze.

As a result, she was privy at a very young age to the effects that such a sight can have on a young man's body. Long before he recovered any ability to move around on his own, she had become intimately familiar with every part of that body, short of actually engaging in any form of sex.

His bruises did eventually show signs of healing, and he had no broken bones or damage to internal organs. As he became stronger, he was able to leave the bed for short periods, in order to take meals and deal with sanitary issues. Lucia still insisted on bathing him, however, so as to enforce her right to see and touch her hero.

When sponge baths were no longer necessary, she *still* attended him as he soaked in the large bathtub. It took some convincing, but she finally got his (and everyone else's) acceptance of the necessity to occupy the tub *with* him. Of course, that resulted in educating him about *her* body.

The day finally came when she judged him well enough to deal with the reality of their new relationship. After getting him settled into bed for the evening, instead of turning off the lights and leaving the room, she climbed onto his lap!

*Papá* may have been shocked, but his body knew what to do, and his manhood rose to the occasion. Lucia was more than pleased, and she promptly took the situation in hand. Two hands, actually. With one hand, she stood his rampant member straight up, and with the other, she opened her body's treasure.

Straddling him, she lowered herself onto his pike-staff until the feeling of stretching at the mouth of her vagina was overcome by the complaints from her hymen. Stopping momentarily, she took a deep breath, and rising up only slightly, she dropped down to envelope his entire member.

She had expected pain, but nothing like what she got! It hurt so badly, that she couldn't even breathe, much less scream. Her eyes were immediately blinded by tears.

Likewise, *Papá*, witnessing her distress also began to weep, and he gathered her into his arms to try and comfort her. It was exactly the right thing to do.

Because of that, several things happened that tended to mitigate the problem: his erection flagged a bit, and that, together with having Lucia lay on his chest, meant that the strain on her previously-untried sex was immediately somewhat reduced.

Secondly, his desperate embrace convinced her that her painful sacrifice was neither ignored nor undervalued. That went a long way toward making her feel better, even if it were psychosomatic.

Third, since the first two factors allowed her to begin relaxing, the pain began to quickly fade. This allowed her to perceive the beginnings of the pleasure to which she knew she was entitled.

Unfortunately for her, her lover was young and had not yet learned any level of control. He immediately fired off a salvo of semen that left her asking, "Is that all

there is?"

Fortunately for her, her lover was young, and had that capacity of youth to recover almost instantly. After a short rest, during which they remained coupled, he began to move again, and this time he carried her over the brink of her first penis-induced orgasm. It wasn't the last one she had that evening.

From then until *Papá* turned eighteen, she occupied his bed every night, all night long. Neither family was happy about it, but at the bottom, it was easier to give in than to fight it forever, and possibly lose both children.

The final capitulation was sealed when Lucia's mother instructed her in the use of the rhythm method of birth control - barrier and pharmacological methods not being readily available in our country, at the time.

---

Thus it was well-established in my mind that the liaison between Lucia and *Papá* was voluntary on her part, and had begun long before any business relationship they had. Every answer, however leads to more questions.

"What happened?" I asked. "Why did the two of you marry other people instead of each other?"

Lucia continued folding laundry as she considered how to answer.

"Well, even then, the social distance between your father and I was considerable," she said. "Our parents were unanimous in their opinion that a union between us would not be proper. I didn't care. I would have been happy to continue as just his concubine, but..."

---

On *Papá's* completion of high-school requirements, the families saw a new opportunity to intervene in the relationship. Collusion between the parents resulted in him being enrolled in a military academy located in Madrid, while Lucia was offered an opportunity to study at a secretarial school in Santiago.

She refused to go, knowing that it would be bad for their relationship, but he had no real choice. Once he had been accepted into the academy, his father made it a matter of personal honor for him to attend and excel.

Once the couple was physically separated, the parents made every effort to insure that their children had and took advantage of every opportunity to engage socially with others of their age, despite their own wishes.

At the same time, the parents took every opportunity to obfuscate communications between the young lovers, frequently intercepting their correspondence.

That they succeeded in breaking up the couple is a tribute to the power of despair. Without constant attention, love and passion will eventually wither on the

vine, not matter how strong it is in the beginning, and the machinations of the two families made sure that the needed attention was lacking.

*Papá* returned home, four years later, to find that his former lover had become wife to another - a local fisherman. The husband was known to be a good and kind man, and Lucia, while not obviously ecstatic about the situation, seemed content.

It was only because of that, that when his own father all but arranged a marriage for him - to the daughter of a business associate on St Maarten - he did not rebel.

His new bride was as lost as he was, in her own way, but she saw it as her duty to make the best of her marriage, even though it hadn't been of her choosing either. Wary of each other at first, eventually the two became allies for the purpose of derailing the excessive influence that the parents had come to see as their due. Such alliances often grow into deeper feelings, and that is just what happened to the newlyweds.

Soon after the wedding, the lonely years began to weigh upon my grandfather, and it seemed that once his son was properly married to an "appropriate" woman, his interest in struggling against poor health waned. Not long after I was conceived, he took to his bed for the last time, and never rose again. He was buried before I was even a detectable lump in my mother's abdomen.

---

By this time Lucia was busy preparing the evening meal, but I was still underfoot, asking questions.

"Okay, so the families messed things up for you and *Papá*, but then you were both married to other people. How and why did you become lovers again?"

"Strangely," she replied, with an odd look, "*you* were involved in that..."

---

On the death of my grandfather, *Papá* became *el patron*, and Lucia's mother felt that it was time for a change in her life, as well. Her own husband had also passed away by then, and she didn't feel she had the energy to manage a household for such a young family. She gave notice of her intent to leave service and move in with her son, who lived some distance away.

With both Lucia and *Papá* safely married to others, she petitioned for her daughter to become her successor as chief housekeeper for the family. Lucia already knew how to do the job, having assisted her mother for many years, and being wed to a fisherman, she could appreciate the perks that came with the job. Without too much thought on the matter *Papá* agreed to the proposal, contingent upon acceptance by Lucia and Carlos.

So it was that Lucia's mother retired, moving in with her son, and Lucia and Carlos moved into the cottage she had formerly occupied. In grateful appreciation for her long years of service, *Papá* established a trust fund which would yield a

small pension for the remaining lifetime of the retired housekeeper.

Lucia moved smoothly into the role vacated by her mother, not even allowing the household to feel a bump in the road. On her own initiative, she made the well-being of her employer's pregnant wife her first priority. By then, the phrase "prenatal care" was actually being heard more often in my country, and Lucia saw to it that *la señora* did not miss a single doctor's appointment or vitamin pill.

Her dedication in this regard may have had something to do with the fact that she hadn't yet had any children of her own - at that time, she even feared that she might be barren. Those fears were later proved groundless. In any case, helping to care for her former lover's wife and developing child gave her a great deal of satisfaction.

Working in such close proximity to both *Papá* and *Mamá* had a down side, however: each time she saw them together, her memories of his embrace would make her heart skip a beat.

It was *Mamá* who finally brought things to a head, perceiving the tension between them in that way that only a pregnant woman can. She demanded that both Lucia and *Papá* explain why they so often avoided looking directly at each other, and why, when either of them thought no one was looking, they spent many long minutes gazing doe-eyed at the other.

*Papá* refused to talk, but Lucia knew that it would be pointless to hide the truth. Over his objections she told *Mamá* everything...

After hearing the whole story, *Mamá* closed her eyes and sat in silence for a few minutes, and then she asked Lucia, "Do you love your husband?"

Lucia was nonplussed. "He is a good and kind man..." she said.

*Mamá* waved off the non-answer. "Do you love *my* husband?" she demanded.

Tearfully, Lucia nodded her affirmation.

*Mamá* then looked sharply at *Papá*, and asked him, "Do you still love Lucia?"

He froze in place, unable to respond.

"Never mind," *Mamá* said. "I can see the answer in your face."

Looking at both of them, she continued, "I also love my husband, and..." she paused, placing both hands on her rounding belly, "I do not fear that my place here is in danger. I will not presume to tell you how you must behave toward one another, but do not embarrass me," and with that, she arose and marched off to bed. *Papá*, being an astute husband, followed quickly after.

That was as close as they ever got to having her blessing upon renewing their passionate relationship, and it was ambiguous enough that the former lovers did not soon fall together in heated embrace. It actually took until *Mamá* entered her third trimester, before anything at all happened between them.

As *Mamá's* belly swelled, and she became ever less physically comfortable, as

well as less inclined to accommodate *Papá's* carnal needs. At one point she actually told him to "get out of her sight, and not come back" until he had "taken care of things." She then immediately called for Lucia, and told her to "find my husband and take care of him, before he does something stupid!"

When they finally came together, it was very similar to the way any other two people might begin a new relationship. Lucia would not give specific details, but she did imply that when the time was right, it all began again with a kiss.

As for *Mamá's* pregnancy, it was not a particularly arduous one, but it convinced her that she *really* didn't want to, as she put it, "be a brood mare" any more. Being a thoroughly modern woman, and not placing much stock in religious prohibitions against birth control, she opted for a tubal ligation immediately following my birth. And *that* is why I am an only child.

---

As it was time for the evening meal, Lucia refused to answer any more questions that day. She felt it would embarrass *Papá* too much, if he overheard us talking. She also insisted that I needed to get to bed on time, in order to be at my best in classes the next day, so there would be no time for further talk after dinner.

Dinner in our home has always been a formal affair. It was the way *Papá* grew up, and *Mamá* insisted that we maintain the tradition. That meant I had to dress for dinner, and report to the formal dining room at the appointed hour, and spend at *least* an hour trying to be polite and unobtrusive while I forced myself to consume tiny portions of many different dishes that I didn't like.

I felt like part of the furniture: decorative, but unnecessary. I would much rather have eaten in the kitchen, with the household staff. *They* at least acknowledged my presence, and engaged me in conversation.

As part of the staff, Lucia would not join us for dinner, notwithstanding the absence of my mother. This was normal: in fact, the major difference between this particular dinner, and all of those that had gone before, was that the normal, light conversation between my parents was missing.

Without *Mamá* there, with whom to interact, *Papá* seemed a little lost, so he simply bent to the task of disposing of his meal. Occasionally, he would glance over at me, as if he expected me to say something, but then with a confused look, he turned his attention back to eating.

At the conclusion of the meal, my father said his usual prayer of thanks, and as was his custom, he arose, walked behind my chair, and squeezed me lightly on the shoulder, before he left the room. That was the signal that I was excused for the evening.

Later on, as I lay reading in my room, Lucia stopped in to make sure I got to bed on time. Usually *Mamá* does that, but since she was so far away, I suppose Lucia felt she had to fill in for *la señora*.

As she tucked me in, I asked "Are you going to stay with *Papá* tonight?"

She looked surprised, then somewhat sad, as she shook her head. "No, " she said, "my day is done here, and I must go to my husband."

"But you love my *Papá*! I know you want to be with him..." I objected.

As she fought the tears, she said, "We cannot always do as we wish, when we wish. I *do* love your *Papá* ... but in a different way, I love my husband as well, and I owe him the expression of that love! Now no more talk of this tonight. You need your sleep, and I must go." She kissed me on the forehead and then left.

---

That was the way things went, for the next little while. Lucia would see that I got my meals on time, and that my school attendance didn't suffer, then each night she would tuck me into bed and kiss my forehead. I never again caught her making love to *Papá*.

In fact, a couple of days passed before I again had an opportunity to ask my questions about her husband and children. She answered my questions, I presume honestly, but the answers left me less than satisfied.

"Tell me how it is that you can say you love your husband, yet have sex with *Papá*," I asked.

"I told you, none of this is simple," she replied. "When your *papá* was sent away to school, I felt abandoned. I knew it wasn't his fault, but I was frightened and alone.

"I wrote to him daily, and I found out later he was writing to me just as frequently, but neither of us was aware that our parents were blockading our correspondence.

"It would have been difficult enough, to wait for four years, even if we had been successful at staying in touch; but when I heard nothing, maintaining hope became impossible..."

---

It took the better part of a year, but eventually, in her despair, Lucia gave in to her parents' wishes and began to accept date invitations from their hand-picked group of suitors.

It was the rare man who managed more than a first date with her: many of the men were locals, who were aware of her prior relationship with *Papá*, and most of *those* assumed that, in her desperation to land a husband, she would be found to have round heels. They were wrong.

Carlos was a few years older than the rest of the field. He had actually *been* married, but had been widowed, and left childless, early on. Rather than a heated romance, he was more interested in finding a good companion and helpmeet, and

hopefully someone with whom to raise a family. Drawing his livelihood from fishing in the local waters, he had neither plans nor expectations of gaining significant wealth, but he knew he could eke out a reasonably comfortable living for himself and any family he accumulated.

He was a local man like the others, and he also knew something of the prior relationship between Lucia and *Papá*. Like her parents, though, he felt that those events were far enough in the past that, if he could get her agreement to marry, they would have little relevance to him. His interest in Lucia was not just as an object of passion, but as a partner in life.

There was no whirlwind romance, just the sure, steady pressure of availability. By avoiding the "macho" game, and simply allowing Lucia to have good time, he made her comfortable enough that she began thinking seriously about committing to him.

Carlos succeeded where all of the others had failed. Lucia had never known any man - in the Biblical sense - other than *Papá*, and before she would wed, she had to know if Carlos could make her feel as good. If not, or if he decided she was a *puta* for having yielded to him, he would be no great loss anyway, so she surprised him one evening in his home, and took him to bed.

By this time, it had been almost *two* years since *Papá* had been banished, and one wonders if her memory of the quality of their lovemaking might have eroded a bit. In any case, Carlos knew how to love a woman, and was kind and gentle, and provided her with a very satisfactory experience. Overwhelmed by her gift, he proposed again, and *that* time, she accepted.

As a consequence of her decision to wed Carlos, Lucia decided to send one last letter to *Papá*. In it she told him of her decision, as well as her reasons - most of which reflected her feelings of abandonment by *him*! That was one of the few letters that the parental conspirators allowed to pass, unmolested, to its intended recipient. It must have confused him greatly.

When *Papá* returned after graduation, some two years following Lucia's wedding, Carlos was cautious, but not overly worried. Any concerns he might have had evaporated quickly after *Papá* married *Mamá*, and later on, he was actually pleased with his wife's good fortune when Lucia entered *Papá*'s employ in her mother's stead.

---

"So you see," she concluded, "I have many reasons to love my husband, and I *do* love him, but not in the way that I love your *Papá*. I would sooner *die* than cause him pain. I am not sure, but I think my love for Carlos is probably akin to the way your *Mamá* loves your *Papá*."

"Carlos does not know that I have rediscovered passion with your father, and it would hurt him terribly, if he found out. For the damage it could do to me, I care not, but I hope that it is not in your heart to hurt him in that way."



I knew what she was asking - she wanted me to promise that I would keep her secret. It would be easy to be suspicious of her motives in this matter, but at least some of her reasoning rang true. I like Carlos, and since no one seemed interested in rocking the boat, I could see no good reason to cause him distress over this. Besides, Carlos takes me fishing sometimes. *Papá* couldn't catch a fish if it jumped in the boat with him!

"I will not knowingly hurt him, nor Esmeralda nor Jorge in that way. You have my word," I said.

She looked startled that I had mentioned her children, but she recovered quickly. She drew me into a hug and planted a kiss on my cheek. I reacted predictably, but managed to avoid making a fool of myself.

---

Thus passed the first two weeks of my mother's absence. Another sea change was in the offing, however.

School was out for the weekend, when the call came in from St. Maarten. Lucia took the call, as was our custom, and talked for some time before calling *Papá* to the phone. Curious, I asked her what was going on.

"That is your mother," she said "calling to report on your grandmother's condition, and to check up on you fellows. And maybe something else..."

"What might the 'something else' be," I queried, my curiosity further piqued.

"She said that I had been monopolizing her husband long enough, " she grinned, "and that it was high time he hauled himself over to St. Maarten to take care of her!"

I was a bit taken aback at how blunt the conversation had become, especially since I wasn't sure that *Papá* couldn't hear every word! As it turned out though, my fears were unfounded. He entered the kitchen shortly afterward, telling me to pick up the telephone and talk to my mother.

"*Hola Mamá*," I offered.

"Hello yourself, my darling boy!" she greeted me brightly. "I've asked your father to come spend the next several weeks here on St. Maarten, with me. I wish you could come too, but you would miss too much school ... Instead, you must stay there and be *el patron* in your father's absence!"

"I will do my best, *Mamá*,"

"I know you will son, but you must also avoid the temptation of *hubris*. You will have many responsibilities, but the greatest of them is to take care of yourself and go to your classes."

"I understand, *Mamá*. I will make you proud."

"Good. Now pay attention. Lucia will be moving into the house for the duration

of our absence. This is to allow her to better take care of your needs, including the need for companionship. You must tell her to spend the daylight hours, when you are in school, taking care of her personal business. If you don't, she might neglect Carlos and her children!"

"I doubt she would do that, *Mamá!*"

"So do I, my son, but it is a good excuse to give her some free time. Now, I need to talk to her again, so kiss me goodbye..."

We made the usual kissy noises into the telephone, and I passed the handset to Lucia.

To make things easier, I prevailed upon Lucia to allow me to take all of my meals in the kitchen, for the duration. *Mamá* wouldn't have been pleased, but I wasn't going to tell! I went so far as to suggest that Carlos and her children should join us at mealtime, in order to make things easier all around.

Carlos seemed grateful, the few times that he *did* join us, but it wasn't that often. I think he was a bit of a snob. Esmeralda, at just short of eleven years, and Jorge, at eight, were really too young to be playmates for me, but their irrepressible enthusiasm with life made me feel good. It was almost sad when, soon after dinner each evening, Lucia packed them off to the cottage.

Lucia did spend her nights in the *hacienda* for the remainder of my parents' absence. I have to say that, although I found it enjoyable, it made things particularly hard on me. Having no need to go outside after tucking me in each night, she very sensibly prepared herself for bed before her evening visit with me.

To my hormone-ridden gaze, there could never have been a more beautiful, more alluring, or more desirable woman than Lucia in her dressing-gown. While her voluptuous bosom merely lifted the fabric away from her upper body, her nipples nearly pierced it! I could hardly speak, I was salivating so ... Oh how desperately I wanted to get my lips around those confections!

That same bosom neatly defeated the sash that she used in a vain attempt to close the gown, which her breasts held open to display what seemed like acres of cleavage. The only perceptible effect the sash seemed to have, was to accentuate a waist that remained firm and slender, despite her having borne two children.

Her ample hips informed my male eye that she was supremely adapted for the purpose of creating those children, and the rounded buttocks promised a secure, satisfying grip for impassioned hands. As she strode into my room each evening, I would be blinded by flashes of sensuous thigh and calf, terminating in the tiny, delicate feet that supported the whole package.

When I was able, by no mean effort, to tear my gaze away from the pulchritude of her body, I was immediately captured by her face.

That face was framed by hair so black and shiny that, under bright lights, it seemed to have a blue tint. On these occasions, that wonderful hair, which normally was held in a bun, or in netting, fell to her waist, sometimes draping over

that magnificent bosom.

Unlike most of the women of my village, her face was a perfect, classic oval, with a small nose, arching eyebrows, and delicate ears that lay almost flat against the sides of her head. Her eyes were unusual - they were violet in color! She also had very long lashes that sometimes gave her eyelids a heavy, sleepy appearance. Bedroom eyes, I think they are called.

Her mouth was a work of art. When closed, her sensuous lips formed a perfect Cupid's bow; when open, it most often held a huge smile, showing even, white teeth. To kiss that mouth would be the first step on a journey to heaven.

If you think I did not willingly accept this torture, it has been much too long since you were a youth!!

---

I have heard that history repeats itself. My own opinion is that history, while *cyclic*, does *not* repeat itself exactly. There are always important changes in detail from one cycle to the next. A case in point occurred only a couple of days following my father's departure for St. Maarten.

At that time I was walking home from cricket practice (yes, cricket. Britain was one of the *many* colonial powers that had ruled our country in the past!), and for that reason I was alone. Normally I follow fairly closely behind Esmeralda and Jorge, since our classes all end at nearly the same time, but that day I trailed them by some distance.

After walking for some time, I could see them halted up ahead, being accosted by an older boy whom I recognized.

Tomás was a year ahead of me in school, and was known to be a bully. He and I had not had any prior interaction at that point, so I had no idea what he wanted with Lucia's children. When I saw him push Jorge to the ground and grab Esmeralda by the arm, though, I began to get some inkling. It was *déjà vu*, like hearing the story of Lucia and *Papá* all over again.

I didn't really understand the why of it, though. At thirteen, I expect that Lucia was already a very hot package. At not quite eleven, Esmeralda still looked more like a boy than a girl. I suspect that Tomás simply chose a victim based on the likelihood that she was defenseless. In any case, his actions offended my sense of propriety. I was *el patron*, and these were *my* people. He could *not*, with impunity, victimize them!

As I hurried toward the fracas, I yelled at Tomás to let go of Esmeralda and leave the children alone. He turned toward me only long enough to grin and ask me what I was going to do about it.

I closed the distance, and again shouted for him to let go of Esmeralda, but he just waved me off with his free hand. Seeing that I would be forced into violence in order to protect her, I unlimbered my bat - I had been at cricket practice,

remember?

In retrospect, I probably should have been less concerned with his well-being: I mean, I *really* didn't want to kill anyone at the time. My first impulse was simply to get Esmeralda free, so rather than try immediately for a crippling blow, I simply swatted him across the buttocks, *very hard!*

It surprised him enough that he lost his grip on the girl, and I yelled at her to take Jorge and run home as fast as she could. She followed my advice, as Tomás turned toward me.

Now you might be thinking that history was about to repeat itself, and that I was likely about to get myself beaten to a pulp. I'm sure that Tomás thought something similar, but both he and you would be making a critical error.

You see, I didn't know the reasons at the time, but the ease with which Pedro had bested *Papá* had weighed heavily upon him. Until he attended the academy in Madrid, he had never been trained as a fighter, and as part of the local aristocracy, he had none of the experience with street fighting that was part of a normal childhood for boys in our village.

Likewise, I had never engaged in street fighting with the local boys, but *Papá* made sure that I knew how to defend myself. I had spent several weeks, every summer since I learned how to walk, in intensive instruction in several forms of martial arts, including the use of the *jo*.

As we circled each other warily, I pointed out to Tomás that continuing to fight would be a waste of his energy: his intended victim had already fled the scene. Instead of appealing to his presumed intelligence, however, that just seemed to infuriate him further.

"I shall just have to use *you*, instead of the little *puta!*" he declared.

"Are you *marica* then? I thought you were just a pedophile..."

That was apparently the wrong thing to say, since it seemed to shut down any vestigial process akin to thinking, and he charged me with a roar. I was able to side-step and avoid the charge, though, and as he rushed past, I swung the bat as hard as I could. It connected with the side of his knee, and he collapsed to the ground.

I'm sure his knee was shattered, but in his rage, he seemed immune to pain. While he couldn't actually walk, he kept lunging for me. I felt it necessary to bring the matter to a close, so I very methodically broke both his elbows and his other knee, leaving him pretty much immobile.

By this time, a sizable crowd of children had gathered, and laying the bat over my shoulder, I looked around, asking, "Did anyone see who did this?"

The crowd was unanimous in their ignorance of how Tomás had come to acquire his injuries (it seems he was particularly unpopular), so I dispatched a couple of them to go find some adult help, and drafted a few others to help me

move him out of the road. That done, I made the crowd disperse, so I could have a few private words with him.

"We need to talk," I told him. He just glared at me, so I went on.

"The only reason you still breathe, is that killing you would unnecessarily complicate my life. You may or may not fully recover from the damage you suffered today, but you need to realize something: those children you attacked are family to me. Today, I only did what I felt was needed to insure their safety and mine.

"In the future, you would be well-advised to avoid them and me. If I even *hear* of you being involved in an attempt to harm them, or me, or any other member of my family, I will come for you, and you will *not* survive it. Do you understand?"

He maintained his glare, but nodded his head.

"I'm glad we had this little talk," I said. "Let us *not* have to do it again."

About that time, I saw we were being approached by adults from both directions: the doctor and a couple of other men, from the direction of town, and Carlos and a couple of my father's staff from toward my home. Both groups arrived at nearly the same time.

The doctor examined Tomás, and decided that he would probably heal, but it would likely take years for him to regain the full use of all of his limbs. One of the other men turned out to be Tomás' older brother, and for awhile, he acted as if he wanted to punish me over the incident.

Carlos had a few choice words about the matter, though. "I might be inclined to let you *try*," he said, "but I suspect that we would end up carrying both you *and* your brother home in a wagon. On the other hand, if I allow our *patron* here to expose himself even to the *possibility* of harm, Lucia would probably make me sleep in my boat for at least the next ten years.

"Your brother preyed upon defenseless children. He got what he deserved. If you think the penalty was too great, then let us call the police in to investigate."

The brother backed down rather quickly at that point. *La policía* were not known to act kindly toward those who victimize children.

Carlos laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Let's go home, *hombre!*" And we did.

---

Later that evening, Lucia came to my room, as usual, but she was not her usual happy self. Instead, it almost appeared as if she had lost her most treasured possession. As it turned out, that wasn't far off the mark.

"Do you remember how I told you things came to be, between your *papá* and me?" she asked. I nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, it seems that Esmeralda is truly her mother's daughter! She now

considers herself to be yours ... It was a major battle to keep her out of here tonight!"

"That is silly," I replied. "She can't dedicate herself to someone that way ... she is not even eleven years old. Still a baby, in many ways. Only a pervert like Tomás would take advantage of her like that!"

"She'll be eleven before your parents return," Lucia pointed out, "and girls mature physically much earlier these days. Right now her feelings are all driven by hero-worship, but soon her body will begin changing, and she'll be feeling the effects, much as you do now!" She gazed pointedly at my concealed erection.

I took both her hands in mine, looked into her eyes, and said, "Lucia, I would never, ever intentionally hurt Esmeralda. She is part of my family. She is also much too young to be *anyone's* lover right now, and thus she is quite safe from me.

"I cannot lie to you, however. If she becomes even half so beautiful as her mother, and still feels the way you say she does about me, I will be unable to resist her."

Lucia did not change her expression very much, saying "That is very sweet, but it doesn't make me feel any better." She took a deep breath and let it go in a sigh. "Unless Carlos is more convincing than I was, she will likely be here to wake you for breakfast..."

She pulled me into her arms and kissed my forehead, saying, "If you reject her, it will probably break her heart. I do not expect that you will do that, but make sure that you control yourself around her. She will not be under *any* control."

She squeezed me and then left.

---

Sure enough, the next morning I opened my eyes to find a pixie staring at me, with a huge grin on her face.

Grinning back, I yelled out, "Lucia, hurry! There's a little *hada hermosa* in my room!"

The little girl blushed and said, "I'm not a fairy! It's just me, Esmeralda!"

I opened my arms and she crawled into my lap for a hug, as I asked, "So then its-just-me-Esmeralda, why do I awaken this morning to find you watching me?"

About then Lucia entered my room, unseen by her daughter. She gave me a glare, but kept quiet so that she could hear what we said.

"You saved me, yesterday." Esmeralda began. "I may be young, but I know what that wicked Tomás wanted to do to me.," she added very seriously. "You stopped him. I know about the old ways: when you save a maiden, she belongs to you. You saved me. I am most assuredly a maiden, and now I belong to you."

She laced her fingers in her lap and studied them for a moment. "I know that

the no one will want to believe me, but this is what I feel in my heart." Looking up at me again, she finished with, "I also know that I am but a girl. My body is not ready to meet the obligation I have to you, but someday, and soon, it will be. When that day comes, you must make me your woman, otherwise, I shall just die."

Hearing that, Lucia almost collapsed, but she managed to control herself.

Esmeralda was very convincing, especially when the tears began to fall. I pulled her to my chest and stroked her back, saying, "Sweetheart, I love you as much as I *can* love anyone, at this point in my life, and I did only what was needful to protect one whom I love. Your mother, your father, and my parents would have done the same. Would you have felt this way toward them?"

"Even little Jorge would have done it, if he hadn't been so much smaller than your attacker. We all love you and want to protect you. You don't need to feel you owe me anything more than you would owe your own father, and you know that debt is only a debt of love."

She pulled away and looked me in the eyes, saying, "It is because you are *not* my father or my brother, that what you did for me was so special and important! They are obligated by blood to protect me. Your parents are *el patron* and *la señora*. They have a duty to protect those who are dependent upon them.

"*You* have no such duty, at least not while your father lives, except what you feel in your heart - yet you protect me anyway. Yesterday, you earned my love, my trust and my lifelong service. You took responsibility for my life. Please do not turn me away when the time comes."

"Oh my sweet baby..." I groaned, pulling her back into my chest.

Lucia finally decided that the time was ripe for intervention, so she loudly cleared her throat, and asked, "Are you two ready for breakfast yet?"

Esmeralda blushed furiously, but did not move away from me. She looked at her mother and answered, "I'm ready but *he's* not."

Lucia gave her a grim smile and said, "Then perhaps you should leave him alone, so that he can *get* ready!"

In a manner that would have better befitted a new bride, Esmeralda arose from my lap and stood glaring at her mother for a moment. Then she lifted her nose and sniffed, and said "Okay. For now," and then she marched out of my room.

Lucia looked at me seriously, and said "You, young man, are in deep trouble!"

"What did I do?" I complained.

She shook her head and sighed, "Nothing that you shouldn't have. But you are still in trouble. Hurry up and come to breakfast." And with that, she left the room.

---

That pretty much set the tone for the rest of the time my parents were away.

Upon their return, however, things were a trifle tense, for a short while.

Neither of my parents questioned the need for my intervention against Tomás, but *Mamá* was unhappy that I had exposed myself to potential harm. On the other hand, I am given to understand that she rewarded *Papá* handsomely for his foresight I having me trained in the martial arts.

For his part, *Papá* was as proud as a peacock that his son had not only stood up to be counted, when the situation demanded it, but that he had carried the day. I suspect that it was in some way a vicarious compensation for his own, earlier failure.

Esmeralda's decision, however, was the source of extreme disharmony. Neither of my parents was any more pleased about it than was Lucia. I had heard that Carlos was unhappy, too, but he had not said anything about it to me. *Papá* seemed to take it worst of all, and for my part, in view of his history, his attitude seemed somewhat hypocritical. I couldn't call him on it though, because I wasn't supposed to know about that bit of his history. *Mamá*, of course, being the dutiful wife, took his part against me.

I suspect that I was somehow supposed to somehow magically change Esmeralda's mind, and in failing to do that, the situation somehow became my fault. As the vitriol built, my parents became more intractable, and I became embittered. I finally had had enough of the subtle accusations, and I informed *everyone* in the house that I was an *honorable* man, and that if they couldn't have faith in that, then I had nothing else to say to them - ever!

Following that blow-up, I continued to go to school and to execute my duties around the house. I didn't speak to anyone unless it was a matter of utmost importance, and when I wasn't otherwise busy, I spent my time in my room, reading or playing my guitar.

*Mamá* would come into my room to tuck me in at night, and try to draw me into a conversation, but I remained angry and adamant. At one point I reiterated that I had nothing to say to her, or to my father. I told her that I knew I couldn't leave home until I was of age, but that the recent display of distrust that they had shown toward me insured that when that time came, I would be departing for good. She left my room in tears.

Shortly thereafter, Lucia came storming into my room, demanding to know why I had hurt *Mamá* so badly, and not being in the mood to accept any more verbal abuse, I let her have both barrels.

"In the first place," I told her, "like the *rest* of the adults in my life, my mother has impugned not only my judgment, but my honor, leaving me with no option for a viable relationship with her.

"Secondly, *you* and my father, in particular, are world-class hypocrites, and have no right whatsoever to criticize *any* kind of relationship I might enter with Esmeralda.



"I have done all that I can reasonably do to reassure you that I will behave honorably toward Esmeralda, in recognition of her young age, but that apparently that wasn't good enough.

"I have been *honest* with you about my reservations concerning how binding that obligation would be, when Esmeralda is no longer a mere child. It is *possible* that, when the time and circumstances are right, we *might* forge a romantic relationship; and furthermore at *some* point, sooner than any of you so-called adults will be willing to admit, these matters will no longer be *any* of *your* business!"

I left my chair and walked toward her, backing her up into a corner and said, "I will be leaving here when I reach the age of majority, to make my fortune on my own. When I succeed, I will come back to deal with you, *and* with my parents. I will never hurt Esmeralda, but on that day, I may take her away from *you* forever!"

Whirling away from her, I spat, "Now get out of my sight! I can't stand to look at you!"

She, too, left sobbing.

---

The next day was Saturday, so of course I didn't have to get up to go to school. Regular habits die hard, though, so around six o'clock my eyes popped open. Imagine my surprise, when my sleepy eyes alighted on my smiling pixie!

She had not been allowed in my rooms since the uproar began, so I was worried for her.

"Good morning, sweetie. I'm happy to see you, but we'll both get in trouble if you are caught in here..."

She shook her head in the negative. "*Mi papá* said that I should come tell you that he wants to take you fishing."

"I'll have to get permission from my parents, first..."

Again she shook her head. "*Papá* has already spoken with your parents, and they have given permission."

This was very strange. Carlos almost never took the initiative. Shrugging my shoulders, I said, "Okay *mi hada hermosa*, give me a hug, and then leave me to dress. Go tell your *papá* I'll be right there." As requested, she left me after a quick squeeze. I got dressed and then met Carlos at the dock where he normally tied up his fishing boat, and helped him prepare it for the day's work.

In some ways, I envy Carlos his career. The work isn't complicated, but it is somehow satisfying. Everything you do has a definite result. None of this dithering around and around, and finally getting to the end of the process, with no evidence that anything has been accomplished.

Of course, there is always a down side to anything. Long hours in the hot sun

when the weather is good; stark, raving terror and fear for one's life, when it isn't. The fish don't always cooperate, either. Some days they just seem to jump into the hold, and other times they want to play hide and seek.

On balance, though, Carlos is happy with his chosen profession, and on those rare days that I spend with him, I enjoy it too. Coming as it did, though, on the heels of Armageddon, I knew that this was to be no ordinary fishing trip, so I waited for the axe to fall.

Carlos was in no hurry to get down to brass tacks ... we had all day long ... and probably the first three or four hours, we did nothing but fish. There came a point though, when he felt we needed to take a break, and maybe have a snack; and that was when he decided it was time to talk.

"That must have been some conversation you had with Lucia last night," he opined.

I just looked at him and waited.

He sighed, and said, "She was in a terrible state when she came home. I gather you and she are having differences over Esmeralda..."

"Not so much over Esmeralda," I said, "as it was over my own honor and judgment."

Carlos nodded, "I suspected as much. The mothers of daughters *never* put much faith in young men. Fathers, either, for that matter."

"If that were all there were to it, I could probably live with it. I could even understand if you felt the same way. What I don't understand is why my own *parents* have withdrawn their faith in me!"

"It's the wildness," Carlos said, nodding his head. "All young people get it, starting at puberty. Some never outgrow it, others never notice it, but it is always lurking there in the background. Parents have traditionally distrusted youth because of the wildness."

I nodded, "I have felt this wildness myself, but I have always until now been able to keep it in check. Only when my parents and Lucia broke faith with me did I feel it overwhelm me."

"I understand perfectly," he responded. He placed his hand on my shoulder and looked into my eyes, saying, "Donato, though you are young, I know you to be a good man."

"I will not lie. I was not happy to hear my daughter swear herself to you at the age of eleven years, but I am convinced that she means it. She will not change her mind before she gives you her virtue. I also know you will take care of her and not hurt her, even though you did not choose this path."

"Her mother will come around, not only because she loves her daughter, but because she loves you as well." He sighed before continuing, "I sometimes think she feels that you are as much hers as are Esmeralda and Jorge!"

Looking over at me he said, "She was very hurt by whatever passed between you last night, but she will get over it. Please be kind to her when next she sees you?" I nodded my acceptance.

"Your parents, too, will come around. It will be more difficult. They will want to apologize, but they cannot do so without eroding their authority. If you are wise, you will not hold out for an apology.

"Apologies are mostly empty words anyway. Look for real change, instead. If you keep your wits about you, and your eyes open, you will know that they really do trust you by the kind of changes that they will make in your life. One of them you have already seen this morning."

I was confused, and it must have shown in my face.

"Did not Esmeralda awaken you to the new day?"

Oh. "Yes, but she said *you* sent her to me..."

"I did. But would I have done that without your parents' agreement?"

"I guess not..."

"You guess correctly. Nonetheless, my sending her to you is an expression of my trust. By allowing it, Lucia and your parents have also expressed their trust. If this acceptable to you, Esmeralda will be your wake-up alarm for as long as she is motivated to do it. Whatever relationship develops from that, we will all just have to live with."

I was humbled by this simple man. He had pretty much single-handedly given me back my life, and had all but given me his precious daughter as a chattel in trust. I could not disappoint him.

"I will be good to her," I said. He nodded once more, and our conversation ended for the day.

We continued to fish until the light began to fade, and then headed for home.

---

By the time I arrived, I had missed dinner, but I wasn't particularly hungry anyway, so I just headed for my room to prepare for bed. I smelled like fish, so I really needed a shower. I stripped my clothes off in the bathroom and spent a long time under the hot water. It felt good to be clean again.

Wrapping myself in a terrycloth robe, I made my way toward my bed, and was met with several surprises. First, I was not alone in my room. Both my mother and Lucia were there. Second, someone, probably Lucia, had prepared a tray of food and brought it in for me.

I could tell that I was supposed to react in some positive way to the presence of the women, but I didn't know exactly how. I had to wing it. I decided that protocol demanded that I first acknowledge and greet *la señora de casa*, so I approached

her and held out my arms.

She had been wearing a troubled expression, as if she were about to burst into tears, but upon my invitation her relief was palpable. She rushed into my embrace, and she *still* burst into tears, but I believe that they were tears of happiness. No particular words were uttered, but I got lots of motherly hugs and kisses before she took her leave.

The scene with Lucia was almost a verbatim repeat of that, with the exception that she stayed to make sure I ate some of the food she'd brought to me, and we actually *did* talk for awhile. She told me how Carlos had explained the importance that I placed on trust and honor, and how she had dishonored me by withholding her trust.

She also said that, while she really did trust me, she knew something of the kind of tension that puberty brings on in young people. She promised not to break my faith with me again, but added, somewhat mysteriously, that when the time came, she would be taking measures to keep me strong against temptation.

I'm not sure I *want* to know what that meant!

---

Like most people in my part of the world, I and my family are nominally Catholic. Not necessarily *good* Catholics, but we are occasionally moved to try to make up for our neglect of the spiritual side of things.

The next day was Sunday, and I suppose the extreme harshness of the preceding week weighed on everyone in the house, so in silent consensus, we all decided to attend mass.

Going through the motions helped empty my mind of the turmoil, and I think it did the same thing for my parents. I could see Lucia, Carlos, and their children from where I sat, and watching them pray, I could feel the peace descend upon them, too. It was quite cathartic for us all.

On our return home, *Papá* asked me to join him in his office, for a light lunch. This was a clue that something was about to change: our normal custom, on Sundays, was to have our formal dinner at the noon meal, rather than in the evening. Even so, when we entered his inner sanctum, I was unprepared for what he did next.

I knew that my father kept and maintained a sizeable collection of firearms, but they almost always stayed locked up in the cabinet behind his desk. As we approached his desk, he said, "I find that I have been neglectful of a necessary part of your education."

Having said that, he proceeded to open the gun cabinet, and draw out a selection of long and short firearms. Laying them on the desk, he said, "Today we will remedy that."

"Why now, *Papá*?" I asked. "We've never done this before."

"I know," he replied, sadly, "and I had foolishly hoped that it would never be necessary. You know that I am proud of your success against Tomás. The fact is, though, that in crippling him, you have made lifelong enemies of his entire family.

"I believe that, even unarmed, you are capable of defending yourself against any one, or perhaps even two or three, of them; but if their bitterness becomes a *pelea de sangre*, you will need more than just the talents of your body in order to survive."

So it was that I began training to qualify me in the use of firearms.

*Papá* also instituted other changes as well. From that point forward, none of the family left the house unless accompanied by an armed companion. If another, preferably male, family member was not available, then one was required to take along one of the trusted staff members. For these purpose, Carlos (when he wasn't fishing), Lucia, and their children, were to be considered family.

Unknown to me, *all* of the staff had already been qualified to use firearms.

I was to wear a concealed firearm at all times when I was away from my room, except when actually attending school. In order to facilitate that, the staff member that accompanied me would divest me of my weapon before I entered the school grounds, and return it to me upon my exit.

Another change was that I was to accompany *Papá* when he made his rounds to collect the rents. This had the dual purposes of educating me in the protocols for performing that function, and of informing our tenants that I was actually authorized to do so. This continued for the remainder of the school year, until toward the end, when he started sending me out on my own - in the company of a staff person, of course.

By the time summer arrived, *Papá* had built enough confidence in my ability to keep things going, that he finally acceded to *Mamá's* pleadings for a real vacation. I was a little miffed, for not being invited, but I realized that being left to manage the family business was a *huge* expression of trust. I did not complain.

*Mamá* and *Papá* began to take vacations frequently, after that, which meant that much of the time I was required to act as *el patron*. It also meant that Lucia spent many nights in the *hacienda*, looking after me. She remained as beautiful as ever, and I did not object.

Esmeralda proved very adept at pushing the envelope of her mother's control, and my parent's tolerance - much to everyone's dismay. With increasing frequency throughout that summer, I would awake in the morning cuddled up to a pixie bedmate, until it became so commonplace that even the adults no longer raised an eyebrow.

---

Birthdays had come and gone for everyone well before school resumed in the fall. In fact, since mine occurred during the school year, I was halfway through my

fourteenth year by the time summer ended, and Esmeralda was several months past her twelfth.

As I realized that, I began to notice that her tiny body was beginning to change subtly. It was especially noticeable in the mornings, because it no longer felt like I was cuddled up to a sack of rocks. I didn't dwell on it, however, and in fact scarcely gave it any thought at all ... until late one evening after the new school year had begun.

*Mamá* and *Papá* had had quite a bit of fun in their travels over the summer. So much so, that they were loath to give them up. Since the collections aspect of the business only required attention about once a month, they correctly assumed that I could continue to handle that part of it without interfering substantively with my school work.

They decided that they could travel more often, particularly if they kept the trips short. They were usually gone no longer than two weeks at a time, but it happened nearly every month. This meant that, again, I was delivered to Lucia's tender care for a couple of weeks every month, throughout the school year.

You can imagine my surprise when, one evening at bedtime, Lucia did not follow her usual pattern of tucking me in after a hug and a kiss on the forehead. Instead, she turned down the lights and then returned to my bedside. Sitting sideways on the bed, she pulled me up and into an embrace, then looking deeply into my eyes, she planted a kiss on my lips that went on forever.

At that point my manhood took over the blood supply, leaving little or nothing for my brain. She noticed this, and after allowing me to fall to my back, she uncovered said manhood and began to caress it.

Being a teenaged boy, I was quite familiar with the pleasures of masturbation, but nothing had prepared me for how good it felt to have Lucia touching me there. It didn't end with that, though. As if my mind were not already completely destroyed, I saw her lower her face and open those gorgeous lips to take me into her mouth.

If her hands felt good, her mouth was heaven. I didn't even have time to warn her. I simply exploded and passed out.

When I regained consciousness, she was still there, but the concealment of the dressing-gown was gone. For the first time since I had seen her with *Papá*, Lucia was completely naked before me. I have to say that the view was much better without *Papá* in the way.

My member had unashamedly resumed its impersonation of a railroad spike, and seeing this, she re-enacted her first sexual encounter with my father - that is to say, she took me in one hand and spread herself with the other, then lowered herself down to envelope me in paradise. There was no pain for either of us, this time.

We must have remained coupled for hours. I know that I came at least five or

six times, lasting longer after each cycle. Surprisingly, in view of my lack of experience with women, she also achieved several orgasms - many more, in fact, than I did.

When she finally decided I had had enough, we just lay together, panting, my member still embedded in her treasure.

When I could speak, I looked at her, and asked, "Why?"

She gave me a wan smile and said, "Esmeralda began her menses today."

I knew what that meant, and it wasn't totally unexpected (she was already twelve, after all) but I couldn't see the connection, and I said so.

"It means she is starting to become a woman, at least physically," she replied. "She will begin to feel many of the same things that you have felt for the last couple of years, and waking up in the same bed with you every morning, it will be very difficult for her to deny them. It will be difficult for *you* to deny them too, because *your* body will recognize the woman in her."

"So this is to..."

"... help make you strong. If I can keep your body satisfied, it will not be able to override your good intentions concerning my daughter. I hope."

"I see your point ... but this is a great sacrifice on your part ... who knows about it?"

"Not such a great sacrifice ... making love to someone whom you love anyway is not so difficult. There are problems, however, and you have hit upon one of them. No one but you and I can ever know about this. Others, especially our families, would see it as a betrayal rather than the act of love that it really is."

"So how long do you plan to keep this up?"

"As long as it works," she replied, as she extricated herself. Donning her dressing-gown, she said, "I would love to spend the night in your bed, but we both know that it would lead to our discovery. Goodnight, my sweet boy!"

She kissed me, again on the lips, and left for her quarters. Thus ended my first sexual experience with someone other than my right hand.

Yes, I was a virgin until that night.

If you could perform an accurate survey, you would find that in my homeland, the fraction of teenaged boys who are virgins is *much* larger than the fraction of teenaged girls who are virgins. This is especially significant, given that in any particular generation, girls outnumber boys about five to two.

My country isn't so different from many others in this regard. It isn't that the boys aren't interested in sex - I can tell you that I know, *a priori*, that they most definitely are! They simply can't find willing partners of the opposite sex with whom to explore sexuality, and that is a difficulty rarely experienced by a girl. So who is assisting the girls in dispensing with their innocence?

For the most part, girls younger than I was still believed that being a boy meant that you were somehow subhuman, not to mention automatically infested with some deadly, communicable disease. Girls my age and older were only interested in "older men," for all of the usual reasons; i.e. the older boys often had significantly greater liquid assets and unsupervised time, as well as a more effective sales technique with which to part a girl from her maidenhead.

In other words, they were able to show a girl a lot more fun.

My own opinion, after years of observation, is that many pubescent girls enjoy feeling a bit helpless. The girls accurately perceive that the older boys have a clear advantage over them in social negotiations, which (to them) means that said girls are blameless for anything that happens. It's all the boy's fault.

Young girls also crave excitement, and what can be more exciting than being the prey in a game of sexual pursuit? Even if you lose, you win!

---

Lucia's strategy to protect her daughter worked for nearly a year. In the process, she taught me much about how to please a woman, and how much a man could enjoy the results of that. When it finally failed, however, it was by some measures, catastrophic.

But *that* is another story.

~ Fin ~

copyright © 2009 Iguana Don

Dear Reader:

Your comments are the only pay that I will ever receive for creating this story. If you have comments about the story, either kudos or constructive criticism, I would greatly appreciate hearing about them. You can send me your comments using your web browser and [this convenient form](#).

Thanks,

*Iguana Don*