

It's been quite a while since I was able to post to ASSTR. I finally recovered a password and tried uploading a new story. If you downloaded it a week ago, the formatting was hosed. I don't know why.

I'm trying again.

If you read it, how about emailing me at oyster1950(AT)gmail.com so I'll know how things turn out.

Colliding

"Mom," I said, "I'm almost twelve. I don't need a baby sitter."

"Maybe, just maybe, if you were going to be here by yourself, but your little sister's going to be here, too, and you two tend to get into fights."

"I won't fight. I promise."

"Maybe another time. Celia's going to stay here with you."

"Mooooommm! Celia's only two years older..."

"Celia's fourteen. She'll be here and that's it. Ignore her if you want."

Mom and Dad and my aunt and uncle were driving off to a town an hour away. They were going to have an 'adult' evening, pick up my other cousin, Celia's twin brother, and come back home late.

Uncle Chuck and Aunt Abby already pushed Leesy out of her room so they could spend the night. That meant that Leesy and Celia would get MY bed and me 'n' Carter would do an air mattress and sleeping bags on the floor.

"Like you're camping out," Dad said, trying to smooth things over.

Aunt Abby and Uncle Chuck were having a house built just down the hill from our house. We live out in the country on the old family farm. It's nice, but being out here makes it hard for us to get involved in a lot of things that kids at school talk about.

Celia walked in with Leesy. That's my sister Alicia. Mom says 'Irish twins', me and Leesy. Leesy's ten months younger than me. Little sister. Sometimes very annoying, but being out here in the country, she's also often the only companion I have for games and adventures.

Well, Mom laid out the plan to Celia - food, other instructions,

emergency stuff. At least, being Saturday we didn't get the 'in bed by eight-thirty' rule.

"We should be home before eleven," Mom said.

"Cee," Uncle Chuck intones, "Maturity is called for."

"Yes, Dad," Cee replied in a serious tone.

The adults took off, leaving us to our own devices. On a normal Saturday, we'd be outside, playing in the fields or something. This Saturday was kind of overcast, promising rain, so we stayed inside. I had a book in my bedroom, so I retreated there while Cee and Leesie looked for something on TV.

That condition carried on until it started getting dark outside. Cee called me to what was going to pass for dinner this evening, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, with chips and dip for later, watching TV.

"Now," Cee stated, "There's a movie coming on at six." She named the movie. Both Leesie and I wanted to see it.

"We can do it, but y'all need to get your baths first."

Old house. One bathroom. Was not an obstacle. As a family of four, we learned to take turns.

"We need to hurry," Leesie said. "There won't be enough time."

Cee looked at the wall clock. "Uhhh, somebody'll miss the first part."

Leesie popped, "I'll go first. I'll try to hurry."

"No, I wanna go... you always take your time..."

Leesie squealed indignantly and Cee looked at two of us. "Y'all used to bathe together."

"Not since I was SIX," I protested.

"Nuh-uh," Leesie said, backing me up.

Cee shrugged. "Fine. Fight over it. I'm gonna be in there watching TV."

I looked at Leesie. "Won't take long..."

"I'll go get my nightshirt."

"I thought y'all'd figure it out," Cee grinned.

By the time I got to the bathroom, Leesie was running water. I started undressing. She glanced, then, "You better not stare..."

"At what?"

"See?!? You're makin' something out of it already."

"Am not," I piped. I stepped into the warm water, taking the back of the tub. Leesie, ten-year-old female body completely exposed, turned her back to me and got in.

I washed myself, then in a moment of inspiration, I washed my sister's back.

"Oh, that feels good," she said. "Want me to do yours?"

"Would you?"

"Turn around."

To do that, I had to stand. That put my eleven year old dick right in front of her.

No, I wasn't aroused. Wasn't even on my mind. I was still having visions of dinosaur mayhem awaiting.

I know she HAD to see. Whether she paid attention, though...

I sat back down, got my back washed and rinsed. Nice.

The bathroom door opened and Cee stepped in. "Y'all better hurry."

We both stood up. Cee looked at me. "Cute!" she chirped.

"What's cute?" Leesie queried.

"Y'all naked. Clean. Here's towels. Dry off."

I thought she'd leave us. She didn't. Blocked my escape to my room, so I dried off, finishing at the same time as Leesie.

Friction on my dick, it kinda perked up.

Cee fixed her eyes on it. "That's a cute one, Andy."

"You're not supposed to be looking," I protested lamely, somehow NOT making moves to cover myself.

"Kinda hard not to look. Just pokes out there, right, Leesie?"

Leesie giggled, knowing that I was being made uncomfortable. At least that's why I THINK she's giggling.

"I ain't seen it since I was five," Leesie said. "It's bigger."

"You haven't seen it since you were FIVE?" Cee squeaked. "Gosh, I'd be playin' with it all the time..."

"Cee!" I protested.

"What kinda playin'?" Leesie asked, curiosity stoked.

Cee got a kind of weird, dreamy look on her face. "How can you look at it and not think about suckin' on it?"

"Cee!" I protested again. "That's..." Actually I was thinking that might be a good idea.

Leesie kinda grinned. "Well, I never get to see it, so I dunno..."

"Wanna?" Cee said. "Andy? Can Leesie..."

"Uh, not s'posed to do that..."

"It'll be FUN," Cee said. "And nobody's tellin' so who'll know?"

"SHE'LL know, an' she TELLS..."

"Uh, Leesie, would you ever tell? Y'all'd both be in trouble..."

"I wouldn't tell," Leesie said. "Just playin' stuff, ain't we?"

"Just playin'," Cee affirmed. "Okay, Andy?"

"Uh..."

"You got the only one here. Cain't Leesie play with it?"

"Uh... I guess so."

"Okay, Leesie," Cee coached, "It's very sensitive, so, gentle, okay?"

"What do I do?"

"Suck on it, just like it was your finger."

Okay. Eleven. It's a little bit bigger than my finger.

Leesie's blue eyes looked at me. She kneeled on the bathmat and tentatively leaned forward, lips parted, and...

Oh, that's GOOD! Just to have it inside her warm mouth. Best feeling ever, and of recent days I'd discovered that I could rub and tug and get some pretty good feelings from it.

This, though... soooo much better.

Then she stopped, backing away.

My sad sigh was audible.

Cee's eyes were oddly brighter when she looked to my face. "Did you LIKE it?"

"Oh, god, yes..."

To Leesie, she asked the same question. "It doesn't have any taste. Feels funny. I kinda like it." Leesie was smiling, though.

"Did you do things with your tongue? Slide it in and out of your mouth?"

Leesie shook her head. "Nuh-uh."

Cee looked at me. "Can I kinda show 'er?"

"You wanna suck on me?" I asked incredulously.

"If it's okay. It's ALWAYS gotta be okay between us before we do ANYTHING. That's the rule. And no tellin'. It's gotta be a secret. Okay?"

"Okay," Leesie and I chimed.

"Now, can I suck on you, Andy?"

"Yeah."

"Watch what I do," Cee said, kneeling.

Leesie scooted closer and Cee leaned toward me, sucking me into wetted lips.

"Mmmm," came out as she stroked me in and out of her mouth. "Like that, Leese," she said, pulling back, then returning, her tongue licking around it. Her mouth engulfed me again and this time her tongue worked. She pulled back again, bright eyes looking at me.

"Didja like that?"

"Oh, god, yes..."

She turned to Leesie. "When he's in my mouth, I use my tongue, too. Wanna try?"

Leesie nodded enthusiastically and gave it a brave try, smiling at me as she released me from her mouth.

"See?!?" Cee stated. "That's what I'd be doin' if I were you."

"That's fun," I said.

"Aren't you interested in Leesie?" Cee asked me.

"Yeah, but..."

"Whyncha try?" Leesie asked. "We can play..."

Movie? "Uh... movie?" I said weakly.

"Or we can play," Leesie said.

"See?" inserted Celia. "We can., if y'all want..."

"I wanna," Leesie affirmed.

"Let's go," I said, a level of curiosity and excitement that I'd never had before.

We ended up on the queen sized air mattress filling most of the floor space in my room, a sheet covering it over the top of an old blanket. Nightclothes? On my bed.

This time when Leesie sat down, I paid attention to between HER legs. Titties? Ten years old, so, nipples a little bigger than bug bites. But between her legs was mystery.

Cee saw me looking. "She's got a pretty little girl pussy."

"Pussy?" I asked. I'd heard the word, knew it was vaguely associated with female anatomy.

"Yeah. Leesie, that's what we call it. Your pussy. Andy's got a dick. You got a pussy." She took a breath. "Andy, what Leesie did to your dick, you can kinda do to her pussy."

Leesie and I both looked at Cee like she was an alien.

"That's where I pee," Leesie said, half-protesting.

"Silly," Cee admonished. "Andy pees from his dick. Same thing. Okay?"

"So what do I do?" I asked.

"Leesie lays back and spreads her legs and you get in between 'em and kinda lick and suck..."

"There's nothing to suck," I countered.

"Leesie?" Cee said, "Lay back and let me show 'im..."

Leesie looked a little apprehensive, but obeyed.

Cee gently spread Leesie's pretty pink folds. "She has these lips, an' this little thing..." Her fingers explored. I saw Leesie shudder, hold a breath, then sigh. Cee smiled. "Kinda feels good, huh?"

Leesie breathily said, "Yeah..."

"An' this," Cee explained, pointing to the deepening of the folds, "is the opening to her vagina. It's where your dick goes when y'all do it...."

"Do it?" I asked.

"Yeah... some people say 'fuck', but I think that's such a nasty word. But your dick goes in here. So, Leese? You want Andy to lick you?"

"If he wants to," Leesie said. Her tone, though, I could tell she wanted me to try.

"It's only fair, Andy," Cee told me. "She sucked you. You eat her."

"I wanna try..."

"Just lay between 'er legs. And tongue and lips. Like you're enjoying it..."

I DID enjoy it. It's actually very pretty and fascinating in some kind of way, and even though there wasn't much taste, it was fun for my lips and tongue. Leesie started wiggling.

"Am I hurting her?" I asked Cee.

"Ask her."

"Leesie?"

"Nooooo... I like it."

"Okay..."

I went back to it. Felt Cee's hand touching my butt, then under my hip, urging me to raise up. I did. Went back to licking my sister and felt fingers curl around my sack.

"Mmmmm," I moaned into Leesie.

"Oh... Andyyyy," she responded.

"Uh, Leesie," Cee said. "Can I try?"

"I thought girls were s'posed to not do girls," Leesie sighed.

"Just kinda playin', "Cee said.

"Okay..."

"Move over, Andy," Cee urged.

I got out of the way. Cee giggled when she started licking Leesie. "First time I ever licked a girl."

I put two and two together. "But you already sucked a boy before?"

Giggle. "You can never tell anyone, but me 'n' Carter do this all the time..."

"Really?!?" I squeaked.

"Uh-huh. That's why I couldn't understand why you 'n' Leesie didn't..."

"We gonna do it now," Leesie said.

I thought that boded well for the future.

Cee lowered her head to Leesie's crotch and brave me, I traced my hand back over the curve of her fourteen year old ass.

"Y'all want me to be naked, too?" Cee asked.

Simultaneous yeses.

Cee stood up and started peeling off clothes, revealing for my first time a teen body. Leesie didn't have titties yet. Cee's were beautiful, slightly rounded cones, pink areolas with perky nipples. And at her crotch, a smattering of brown hair, not so thick as to hide

the skin beneath, nor the rounded mound leading down to the cleft of her pussy.

"You're different," I sighed.

"Yeah," Cee admitted. "Leesie, in a couple of years, you'll be like this. Lemme show you something..." She scooted back, spread her legs. "See, my pussy's the same as Leesie's, 'cept some things kinda grow a little. These lips..." She tugged them a bit, "and this is my hole. Where a dick goes in..."

She looked kind of dreamy. "Carter's dick. I love Carter's dick in me."

Dipping into my meager knowledge of sex, acquired from the schoolground, I blurted. "Y'all go all the way..."

"Yeah..." Cee said dreamily. "Since we were ten..."

I was drawn to the mystical depths of that hole. "Could, like, I put MY dick in there, Cee?"

She shook her head. "Maybe some day. But your first time's gotta be with Leesie. It's only fair. She sucked you the first time. You ate her the first time. First time you're inside..."

"You have to be inside me!" Leesie asserted.

"Can I kinda check something, Leesie?" Cee asked.

"Whatcha checking?" Leesie asked.

"Your pussy. Have you ever had anything in your hole?"

I was more than a little surprised when Leesie raised a finger and nodded affirmative.

"Oh..." Cee said. "You played?"

"Mom puts these things inside 'er when she's havin' a period," Leesie said. "I saw 'er an' asked."

"I just kinda wanna see how ready you are..."

"For what?" Leesie asked.

"If you want Andy's dick in you..."

"I wanna try that," Leesie said. "Really."

"Let's get it good 'n' slick, then," Cee said, planting her face between Leesie's thighs.

Leesie giggled happily.

Cee sat up, gently opened the pink folds of Leesie's pussy, and slowly inserted a finger, a first the tip, then the first joint, then the whole thing.

"Does that hurt?" she asked.

"No. but it feels funny. Am I ready? Andy's thingie's bigger than your finger."

"Lemme try two fingers. I'll be right back." Cee rummaged in her overnight bag and came out with a tube of something.

"This is a lubricant. Sometimes Carter and I use it if we do it too much an' get kinda dry." She squeezed a glob onto her fingers, then repeated the insertion, this time using two.

"How's that?"

"Okay. That lubricant stuff's... it helps..."

"If you want Andy in you, we'll use some," Cee said.

"'Kay," Leesie replied.

Me? I'm watching, but when naked Cee showed us the inside of her pussy, well... "Cee, can I lick YOUR pussy? You got to suck me..."

She grinned. "You wanna lick ME?"

I nodded.

"'S gonna be different. Older girls kinda make this juice so they don't need lubricant. It has a taste..."

She didn't tell me that older girls go crazy when they come. I learned that, and I learned what 'coming' and 'orgasm' meant.

"I wanna come," Leesie said.

"You might still be too young," Cee said. "I didn't start coming until right before I had my first period. But we still did it. Just feels good, you know..."

"Do boys come?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah," Cee said, grinning. "And boys're different. When they come, stuff squirts out. It's called semen and it has the sperm to make girls have babies."

Leesie looked horrified. "I don't wanna have a baby!"

"You can't until you start havin' periods, Leese," Cee soothed.

"An' Carter comes, but you don't have babies?" I asked.

"Mmm-hmmm. But I have this thing in me that keeps me from getting pregnant. It's called an IUD. The doctor put it there. Mom took me."

"Aunt Abby?" Leesie asked.

"Mmm-hmmm. She knows about me 'n' Carter. It's safer if just me 'n' Carter do it together than with other people. That's another rule. You can't EVER do things with other people, cuz diseases."

Leesie and I nodded.

Leesie had rolled over, her face near my dick. "Andy? Can I?"

"Oh, yeah," I said.

Cee smiled as Leesie sucked me into her mouth. I laid back, savoring. Leesie giggled. "I like this."

"Lemme show you something we learned," Cee said.

"What?" I asked.

"Let Leesie turn around and get on top of you, then you can lick her while she sucks you."

We tried that. It's fun. Cee got down with Leesie, though, and helped her eat me, her tongue playing on my balls as Leesie bobbed her head up and down.

Something started happening. First, stirrings. Then, building, like fire, glowing. I lost the ability to concentrate. Everything in the universe was concentrated between my legs as feelings kept building, building... my hips became uncontrollable and <<<FW00SSSHHH>>>!!!!

Leesie's head bobbed up, sputtering.

"He PEED!!!"

"No, that's NOT pee. Keep sucking. He came. Like I did, while ago.

Suck 'im. It's important."

I shuddered. Pulsing. Lips sucking, tentative at first, then firmly, but gently. Finally, I let out a sigh, sagging visibly.

"Leesie, that's very special," Cee cooed. "Andy just had his first orgasm and YOU caused it."

"Stuff came out."

"It does," Cee said. "Carter does a lot. And I get every drop of it if I'm suckin' 'im." Giggle. "Kiss 'im."

"Kiss 'im? He's my brother."

"He's your lover, and you need to kiss 'im."

Leesie pressed her lips to mine. A kiss. Cee watched.

"Noooo, Like this. Andy, open your mouth a little."

Cee's kiss. Her tongue hit mine. "Okay. I can...."

"Mmmm, pretty good," Cee said. "Now Leesie, mouth open just a little. Let y'all's tongues kinda play."

Leesie looked doubtful at the beginning, but then, giggle. "That's FUN!"

Cee was playing with my dick, shaking her head. "First orgasm! And I was HERE! Oh, there's still a drop!" And she sucked me.

When Cee sucked that last drop, I was hardening again.

"I think I wanna try putting Andy in me," Leesie said.

Movie? What movie?

Cee grinned. "Oh, that'd be soooo cool. I can sorta help."

"Tell us what to do," I said.

"Well, there's all kinda ways to do it," Cee told us, "but the first time me 'n' Carter did it, I got on top of 'im."

Leesie twinkled. "I bet I can figure this out." She straddled me.

"Wait," Cee said. "Lube." She squeezed a dollop out, rubbed Leese's pussy, then stroked some on my dick.

"Okay." She laid down at my knees, looked at the juncture between me and my little sister, her hand.... "Okay, sorta ease down, Leesie..."

I felt the head of my dick pushing into something tighter and hotter than Leesie's mouth. She pulled up, then back down. More... Up. Down. Up. Down. Her pussy engulfed what, at the moment, was my entire being.

Leesie was biting her bottom lip, let it go, released a held breath. "Oh, yeahhhh..."

"Now just move whatever way feels good for you," Cee explained. Andy, you kinda push. Go with 'er."

While Leesie and I were exploring the possibilities, I noticed that Cee had a hand in her own crotch. Presently, she went rigid. I know. Coming.

Leesie giggled. 'I can make YOU do that."

She can. Did. Her success marked her endpoint to the exercise. Three of us lay there, ten, eleven (almost twelve) and fourteen, naked.

Cee sighed. "Leesie, you know what I like to do when Carter comes in me?"

"No, what?"

"Suck 'im. Maybe we eat each other. But it's really good."

"You wanna eat me, Andy?" Leese asked.

"Uh-huh..."

"I'm gonna suck you. Me 'n' Cee."

"Uh-huh..."

Hard again. "Cee, can I? Just to see how yours feels?"

"I think that would be lovely."

Feels lovely. Looser than Leesie, and Cee's taller, but she was on top of me, riding, and we both came.

"Now you gotta eat that outta me," Cee said dreamily.

"I wanna," Leesie jumped in.

"I can spread my legs. Both of you...."

Cee tastes a lot different than Leesie.

Somewhere around ten o'clock we got dressed, me in a T-shirt and pajama bottoms, Leesie and Celia both in big nightshirts and panties.

Being dressed made cause for a whole other set of explorations – how to access those important parts with clothes on.

Learned something else. Titties.

Cee shook her head. "No way. You do Leesie's first, before mine," when I made a move to play with those delightful mounds.

"But I don't HAVE none," Leesie whined.

"I didn't either when Carter first started, but it still feels nice that he cared."

Leesie lifted up her night shirt.

"So, what do I do?"

"Just like her pussy. Lick and suck."

Leesie giggled at first, then her hand held the back of my head, cooing. "I might let you do this to go to sleep," she said.

"Or you could use Andy like a pacifier," Cee giggled. "That's neat, too."

"Uh, tonight, the boys are on the floor and the girls are in the bed," I reminded.

Cee smiled. "How long do you think it will stay that way?"

I had an idea.

At a quarter to eleven, the door opened and our parents, Cee's parents and brother came in. We talked just a little bit. Carter went to get a bath, and then we all went into my bedroom. He and I lay on the air mattress on the floor and Cee and Leesie were on the bed. Lights out, just the dimmest glow coming in from the bathroom up the hallway, but a full moon shone in the bedroom window. Dim light. I could see us all.

"Carter," Cee said, "you..."

"Leesie and Andy are in here," Carter whispered back.

"Don't be silly. They're like we are..."

"Seriously?"

Cee giggled. "Tonight was the first time."

"Won't be our last," Leese whispered.

"Leese, trade places with Carter. No, wait. That bed might make noise. Andy, trade places with me."

Carter's a lot bigger than me. I could see. Cee had his PJs down, they were kissing and she was playing with it.

"Sixty-nine for the first one," Carter whispered.

So that's what they call it. Leesie's hand was playing.

Giggle. "Hmm?"

"Oh, yeah..."

I heard muted squeals when Cee came. Carter grunted.

Morning came.

Mom and Aunt Abby came to the door. We were all in the proper locations again.

Aunt Abby said, "Y'all get up and come with us up the road for breakfast."

"Mooommm," Cee whined, "Let us sleep. We'll do cereal later."

I heard Mom say, "Wonder what they did to be so tired?"

When we heard the car leave the driveway, Cee dove headfirst into Carter's crotch.

"Gosh, Cee!" he squeaked. "Lemme go pee!"

"'Kay." And she kissed the head of his dick.

That verbal cue lined us all up for the bathroom. Lined up? We all crowded into the bathroom. Leesie was fascinated by boys standing up to pee.

And we quickly got breakfast out of the way because...

"Uh, Cee... wanna?" Carter asked.

Cee giggled. "Yeah. Leesie? You 'n' Andy?"

"C'mon, Andy! Let's go play!"

Leesie's turn:

One day and everything changed in my life. A day that started out okay, me and Andy running around the farm, handling chores, the normal things we do, then playing a bit. And reading. I dunno why reading's such a big thing to us but both Andy and I read a lot.

We knew, though, that Mom and Dad and Aunt Abby and Uncle Chuck were going to pick up our cousin Carter in a town an hour away and they planned on dinner and stuff, so they were going to be gone all evening, leaving us with Celia, Carter's twin sister.

I was thinking 'booooringggg'.

Then Celia brought up the prospects of a movie we all wanted to see again.

"But we don't have a lot of time, so y'all need to get bathed fast." She thought for a second. "Not enough time. Bathe together."

We hadn't done that since I was five.

Andy's face, though. I think he was trying to NOT look eager.

We got naked and got in the bathtub and I'm curious, okay? I tried not to stare, but he washed my back. It felt good. Mom still does that sometimes, but not often.

And since he made me feel good, I asked him if he wanted me to wash his. He had to stand up so we could turn around in the bathtub. I got to see his thing again. It's interesting. But okay, I washed his back.

We were rinsing off when Cee walked back into the bathroom. We both stood up. Cee handed towels to us to dry off, which doesn't take long.

"That's a cute one," Cee said.

"What's cute?" Andy asked.

I was looking now and I'm kinda curious and yeah, I can see where it's cute."

"You'r enot supposed to be looking," Andy said. But when he said it, he kinda turned so I got a good look at it.

Cee giggled. "It's kinda hard not to look. Just pokes out there, right, Leesie?"

Truth. "I ain't seen it since I was five."

Here's where it started getting funny. Cee said, "Gosh, I'd be playin' with it all the time."

Andy blurted "Cee!"

Me? I wanna know about this. "What kinda playin?" I asked.

Cee smiled at me. "Duh! How can you look at it and not think about suckin' on it?"

I'm thinking exactly the same thing. Mom told me a little bit about sex stuff and that men wanted girls to do all kinds of things. When we were having that talk, I was thinking 'Yuck!' but right no I'm not thinking 'yuck' at all.

"Well, I never get to see it, so I dunno..." I told her. And I'm looking at it, all nice and clean and pink, with that little cap on the end, and it's kinda standing out there.

"Wanna?" Cee asked me. "Andy, can Leesie try?"

Poor Andy. He's trying to be the good big brother. "Uh, I don't think we're supposed to do that."

Cee kinda sighed. "It'll be fun. And nobody's tellin', so who'll know."

I'm the bratty little sister, right? Andy says, "SHE'LL know, and she TELLS."

"Uh, Leesie, you couldn't tell. Both of you are doin' it, so y'all'd both be in trouble."

I shook my head. "I wouldn't tell. We're just playin'."

Now Andy looked a little scared. "Uh..."

Cee looked at him. "You gto the only one here. Can't Leesie play with it?"

Andy's face looked like he really wanted to, but he said, "Uh... I guess so."

Cee told me to be gentle. I knelt down on the bath mat in front of my sweet brother.

"What do I do?"

"Suck on it, like it was your finger," Cee coached.

I'm looking at it right there in front of me. It's bigger than my finger. I leaned forward, mouth open, and

"Mmmmm." I didn't say that. But I thought it. Okay. I let it go.

Andy sighed.

"Did you LIKE it?" Cee asked.

Andy spoke first. "Oh, god, yes..."

I just made my brother feel good. He felt good from it.

She asked me. I didn't want to sound too crazy. "It doesn't have any taste and it feels funny but I kinda like it.

She asked me what I did, then she SHOWED me stuff I was already figuring out. That pink thing is MY new lollipop. I can lick and roll it in my mouth, so that's what I did next. No sweet taste, but it's definitely fun. Andy kept wiggling and making happy sounds.

The next thing I learned is that Andy can do things to me. I mean, I know I don't have a thing like his, but when he started licking me and sucking me down there, it was wonderful. And we could do each other at the same time.

By the time we got dressed before everybody else go home, a whole new world, just like in a Disney movie. I'd had Andy's dick (yeah, it's a dick) in my pussy. I'd found out what it means to have an orgasm, and he had 'em and I had 'em and I'm not ever gonna stop wanting 'em again and again.

Then everybody got home.

The plan was that the boys – Andy and Carter – would sleep on the air mattress on the floor of his bedroom and the girls – me and Cee – would get Andy's bed.

That's how things started anyway. The room was dark – lights out, just a little glow from up the hall where the bathroom is. Andy's bedroom is kinda detached from the other bedrooms – Mom and Dad's and mine, so if we kept the noise down, we wouldn't disturb them.

First thing, we had a discussion because Cee wanted to play with Carter. We decided that Carter's bed might make more noise than the air mattress, so Andy traded places with Cee.

I get Andy.

I heard Cee's giggle and Carter's sigh. I looked over in time to see Cee stop kissing him and move down to where she had his dick out of his pajamas. She sucked him into her mouth. Carter's fourteen. He's bigger there than Andy, but so what. I put my hand inside Andy's PJ's. He was hard.

I giggled.

"Let's watch," he said.

"As long as I can play with this." I noticed that he didn't try to stop me.

They do that thing where they eat each other. Cee says 'sixty-nine'.

Carter saw us. "Cee, they're watching."

"So?!?" Cee said. "I watched 'em do everything we're doing."

"I wanna put it in you," Carter said.

"We can't," protested Cee. "We always leave a mess. Eat each other. No mess."

I think I need to remember that. Andy makes a mess in me.

Anyway, Andy and I copied what Cee and Carter were doing. One more time. And then we got back into the beds we were supposed to be in.

The next morning Mom and Aunt Abby woke us up to see if we wanted to go out for breakfast. We told them that we'd sleep a little more and then eat cereal, so they left us.

First thing, there's a crowd in the bathroom. Cee and I went first, but then I hung around to watch Andy and Carter pee. That's neat. I never paid attention, even when Andy used to pee outdoors on the farm.

After that, back in the bedroom. I got this new thing to investigate. That's me, Dora the Explorer now.

Cee and Carter made it easy. They both started undressing, laying out the day's clothes so that they could quickly get dressed when we heard our parents coming back up the drive.

"Let's do that," Andy said. I'm thinking 'Good! My brother likes all this.' I don't know what I would've done if he didn't. the really fun stuff we learned last night takes two.

It didn't take long before we were naked.

"Now," Cee coached, "you need to have, like, a towel or something in case you do stuff and it starts leaking out."

"Yeah," Carter added. "Sometimes when we're finished, we just wanna lay there, and stuff leaks out and makes a spot. Mom thought I was masturbatin' or havin' wet dreams. Now she knows, so it's not important, but y'all need to be careful."

While he's talking, his dick is bouncing. Cee saw me looking at it. She wrapped her hand around it, bent, kissed it.

"It's beautiful," she said. "Andy's is cute, but this is MINE and it's beautiful." She kissed it again. "Uh, I sucked on Andy's. Wanna try Carter?"

Carter started to protest. "you sucked Andy?"

"Yeah," Cee responded. "Showed 'em how it's done. Stuff that makes YOU happy."

"Uh, okay..."

"C'mere, Leesie."

I wasn't sure about this, but Cee's sort of the one who helped us discover all this, so I kinda thought I oughta do what she said. I slid off Andy's bed and knelt beside Carter.

"It's big," I noted.

"Yeah," Cee replied. "Andy'll be this big before long. We started when it was the same size as Andy is now. Wet your lips."

I licked my lips, then bent over and sucked the head into my mouth, then a little more. Licked it inside my mouth, but there wasn't as much room for that. I heard Carter sigh. I raised back up.

I wish I could describe the look on Andy's face. He didn't look happy and he didn't look curious and I think I understand.

"I like MINE better," I announced, jumping back into bed with Andy.

Just seemed like this was the right time to really hug and kiss him.

I whispered in his ear, "I really rather yours". And then I demonstrated that statement. And then we lubed up and we did the whole thing, me riding him, his dick in me, just really wonderful feelings, all the way through his stuff squirting deep in me, then...

"You need to take care of that so you don't leave spot," Cee said. "Carter eats me..."

God, I love it when Andy eats me.

Andy' turn:

That one weekend forever changed the way things were between me and Leesie. I mean, us living in the country, we didn't have room for a lot of that thing where I run around with boys my age and Leesie's with girls her age and we annoy each other.

Yeah, sometime she's still annoying, but she's my sister and she's smart like me and we get along well, especially since we became lovers.

Yeah 'lovers'. I adore her. She's cute and funny and smart and I love 'er. We'd always had the run of the farm together, but with the discovery of our sexuality, we also found places where we could have a little time together. That happened a lot.

Other development. Aunt Abby and Uncle Chuck built a house next door to us. This is the family land, after all. That meant that we had Carter and Celia next door, which meant that sometimes our parents and their parents would go out for the evening and leave us with Carter and Celia and that meant that the four of us had plenty of time to ourselves.

We used that time well. Me 'n' Leesie would kinda go wild with each other. Once or twice, Cee suggested that we trade partners, but we didn't, not since that first time. I mean, when I saw MY Leesie suck on Carter, it hurt me.

We talked about it. She said she saw it in my face. She's the one that stopped us from doing that. "Carter's too big," she said, even though I was growing. "Andy's mine. It's just the way I like it."

After a while, Cee just didn't ask. Me? I was perfectly happy with Leesie and Leesie's happy with me. Still, it's fun to get together with Cee and Carter sometimes, although it's been a long time since we saw anything new from them.

In two years, I was pushing fourteen, Leesie was twelve, and sixteen year old Celia, repository of knowledge of all things sexual, counseled up on the hazards of Leesie's maturing body. "You'll start

havin' periods..."

"I know," Leesie said. "Mom talked to me about 'em."

"Did she tell you that when you're old enough to have periods, you're old enough to get pregnant?"

MY jaw almost hit the floor.

Cee saw my look. "Yeah, buddy, that's kinda what that whole thing is for – to get your sperm way up in her pussy where they can find an egg."

"But you 'n' Carter..."

"When I got close, Carter used rubbers. Condoms. When Mom and Dad found out, mom took me to the doctor and I got an IUD. It goes inside me, in my uterus, so I can't get pregnant, and I don't have to remember to take a pill and we don't have to keep track of rubbers."

"But Mom has to take me," Leesie stated solemnly.

"Yeah, kinda..."

"Mom and Dad don't know we're doin' things," I said.

"You'll have to use rubbers or you have to NEVER put it in 'er, Andy."

"What if I don't come? I mean, I can pull it out..."

"Oh, Andy..." she sighed. "Leese, you KNOW. When you're suckin' 'im, doesn't stuff start comin out before he really..."

Leesie's head bobbed assent. "Yeah, he starts leakin' that clear stuff right away, right up to the spurt."

"And even If you think you sucked it all out, there's still sperm in there, so next time..." Cee gazed at me. "So, no... pulling out ain't gonna work. Or just stickin' it in for a little bit."

"Where am I gonna get condoms?" I said.

"I can get you some," Cee offered, "But you gotta hide 'em good."

Yeah, I kinda figure that out, okay?

So that changed things. Leesie and I still loved on each other, but there was a lot more mouth stuff, which was okay, especially since she started getting the juice that I'd only tasted that one time with Cee. And Leesie really comes good when I'm eating her. But we used

condoms. Four months after Cee gave us the talk, Leesie had her first period.

It was time for me to be supportive, I guess. It was short of shock to Leesie, for the first time, the bleeding. The pads. And "I asked Mom about the tampons. We went to the doctor and she sys I can use them."

School? Of course there's school. We catch the bus every morning and most evenings, except when Leesie does something with the orchestra or I do my thing – wrestling. No, it's not that fake stuff you see all the time on TV. There's actually an Olympic sport, and I'm learning. I'm pretty good at it. I stay after school a couple of days a week and Mom or Dad pick me up after practice. Sometimes that corresponds with Leesie's orchestra stuff.

Wrestling was my downfall.

My coach thought we were good enough to go to a regional tournament in a city two hours away. Dad and Mom support me and Leesie in our extracurricular activities, so the four of us went. We spent all day in a big gym, ending up with me getting a third-place trophy in my weight class. Dad bundled us all up into the car to drive home.

"We'll save the price of a hotel," he said. "Put that money towards a vacation or something."

So we hit the road kinda late. I'm sore, so I'm stretched out on the back seat of the pickup truck's crew cab. Mom and Dad are in the front seat, Dad driving, Mom looking kind of drowsy. Leesie laid across the seat, laying her head in my lap.

I was just sort of idly petting her head. I love the feel of her hair and she knows it. I felt her fingers under her cheek, searching, finding my fly, opening it, fishing my dick out and...

I had to stop myself from making a noise. That always feels so good.

Brave little Leesie, right? Well, the cab's dark, the headlights of traffic not ;lighting very far down in the seat, and Leesie's not making noise, not moving anything but her tongue, sucking, releasing, sucking, that tongue.

I'm tired, I'm sore, and this feels soooo good.

I thought she'd stop before I come. She knows that sometimes I can't NOT make a sound.

The pleasure went from 'Gee, that feels good' right on up the ladder to "my GOD! I'm..." and I squirted my load into her mouth, at least

the first fiery spasm, because I grunted and...

"ALICIA! What are you doing?!?" from Mom. Loud.

"Wha...?" From Dad. "What's going on?"

Leesie jerked her head up, letting the second and subsequent spurts of come to squirt into the air. I sagged, disappointed.

"Leesie! You tell your dad what you were doing!" Mom commanded.

"Makin' my brother feel good," Leesie said softly, but I know that tone. It's her 'determined' tone.

"She was sucking him off," Mom stated. "Her head in his lap. He grunts like YOU do when he comes. His dick's still out..."

"Mom..." I started, not having any idea where I was going in this conversation.

"Seriously?!?" Dad said. "Leesie..."

"I did!" she said determinedly. "He's tired and sore and he did good today so I wanted to make him feel good..."

'And I could've waited until we go home and you could sneak into my room or something,' I thought.

"Leesie! He's your BROTHER! And you're twelve!" Mom spat. "Baby!" she turned to Dad. "What're we gonna do about this?"

"nothin' while I'm driving," Dad said. "But, gee, kids..."

"Leesie, get over on YOUR end of the seat. And Andy, put you thing back in your pants!" Mom commanded.

I tucked a come-covered flaccid dick back into my pants. A tiny part of me regretted the loss of half of a pretty wonderful orgasm.

"Seriously, Leesie," Dad said. "You DID that?"

"Yes, Daddy," Leesie said, her voice only slightly tinged with remorse. I'm thinking that tinge was due to getting caught.

Mom sighed heavily. Again. Then, "How long has this been going on between the two of you? Andy, YOU answer, son!"

"Two years," I admitted.

A little gasp, then, "Do you know what being a virgin means, Leesie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you a virgin, Leesie?"

"no ma'am."

"With andy?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Damn, son!" Dad sputtered. "Your sister... did your force her?"

"Yes," Mom said. "Did you force her?"

"No ma'am," I said. "Never!"

"It's what we wanna do, Dad," Leesie stated. "It's fun and we can make each other feel good and we like it..."

"Oh, sweet god in heaven," Mom sighed. "My own children... I never..."

The rest of the trip home was harsh questions broken by silence. By the time we got home, they knew pretty much of the truth. We left out references to Cee and Carter, though.

I went to sleep that night expecting to be bundled off to reform school the next day.

Colliding 2

Carrie's story:

Long day it was, following Andy around at his wrestling tournament. I was proud. My son is growing up strong, smart and good-looking, and he's got a trophy from today's bouts.

It's a long trip home, late at night, and Himself is driving. Josh. My husband. Love of my life. Good dad. And forgive me, but I was sort of dozing as we ate up the miles of boring, dark interstate highway. Kids in the back seat, being quiet.

I've got good kids. They NEVER fight, and unlike a lot of kids, they can exist without their noses stuck in some electronic device. They're in the back seat, so I drift. Actually, it's a pleasant drifting. I'm thinking that just maybe he and I can... It really helps sleeping. He's an attentive lover and makes sure I get mine. Him...

When he comes, he does this funny little glottal grunt.

That I just heard. From the back seat. And I turn and there's my daughter's head in my son's lap.

"Alicia! What are you doing?"

In the dim light, her head popped up, OFF my son's glistening dick, and I think I saw him squirting come.

And she said, "Makin' my brother feel good,."

All my idyllic bubbles were bursting at once.

By the time we got home, I found out that they'd been going at each other for two years, that shew wasn't a virgin, that Andy was her first and only partner, and that she was the same to him and that nobody forced anyone to do anything, they just regarded it was a wonderful way to share between the two of them, and that for that last few months, they'd been using condoms for birth control.

Home. What are we supposed to do. This is a 'family' thing, but I never saw any information on it in any of the "How to Parent" books.

I was kind of numb after showering and crawling into bed with him.

"Josh, what do we do?"

"I dunno. What do we do? Are we supposed to separate them? Send one away?"

"You know they're my kids. I can't do that."

"They're my kids, too. I can't stomach the idea of cutting one of them out of our lives."

I tried to go to sleep but my mind kept tossing up the picture of Leesie's head in Andy's lap. I finally cuddled close to him, put a tentative hand down, found...

"Baby?" his deep voice came.

"I need some help sleeping."

That helps.

The next morning, I woke up, blinked realized that the family I thought I had yesterday morning was not the one I have this morning. I walked into the kitchen to find the kids already dressed, dealing themselves bowls of cereal.

“‘Mornin’, Mom,” Andy said, as if nothing had changed.

Leesie bounced up and hugged me. “Good morning, Mom.”

Josh walked in behind me. “You kids up already?”

“Chores, Dad. Just like always.”

They finished their cereal and took off while I was making coffee.

Josh looked at me. “Everything normal?”

“That’s the way they act. The way they ALWAYS act.”

“Who knew...”

“I know, baby. I guess that’s why it’s such a shock. I mean, SEX!”

“Sex is very popular, I’m told. Serves all kinds of functions.”

“I needed you last night,” I said, kissing him and putting two mugs of coffee on the table.

Toast and eggs and sausage soon followed. Over breakfast we talked about some projects he was going to work on.

“You know we can’t leave this alone, Josh.”

“I know, baby. I’m just turning it over in my mind.”

When he left, I quickly took care of the kitchen then called Abby.

“Yeah, girl?” she answered.

“Got time for a chat?”

“Yeah, sure. Chuck’s headed out to meet Josh, I think. The kids? Something about cleaning up the feedshed.”

“I’ll be right over.”

Their back porch, I guess it might be called a patio, overlooks the farmland we share. We sat out there with cups of tea, very civilized.

“Spill it, Carrie. You’re wound too tight this morning.”

“Abby, be gentle with me on this. I’ve never heard of anything like it. I don’t know what to do.” And I rolled out the story.

"Seriously? In the back seat behind y'all? Gutsy little thing!"

"Abby, Andy was just laid back like..."

"Carrie, I know you blow Josh. What's it do to HIM?"

"The world could end..."

"And Leesie said they'd been doing it for two years?"

"Uh-huh. Abby, what do I do with them?"

"Uh, Carrie, you're like a sister to me, okay? My turn to tell YOU a secret."

"What?"

"You ain't gonna believe this, but I have the same problem. Cee and Carter, since they were, like, TEN!"

"You found out? How'd you make 'em stop?"

"D'ya think somebody could make YOU stop? If your partner LIVED with you?"

"How..."

"We didn't. We set rules. Limits."

"They're still..."

"Oh, yeah... They each have their own bedroom, but, well, they like to sleep together."

"They're KIDS!" I blurted.

"Yeah, I know. But they're sixteen now. You want to take a guess at how many kids that age are sexually active?"

She's got me there. "But, brother and sister..."

"Probably more common than we want to think," Abby said. Her tone reeked an air of confidence. "Look, Carrie, you've always had your two out here in the country. We were in town. Celia said she got Carter to show her his after one of the neighborhood boys exposed himself to her."

"I guess mine ARE kinda sheltered," I admitted.

"Thankfully," Abby continued, "Cee didn't want to 'learn' from the

neighborhood boys. She knew her twin brother was somebody she could trust. Twins sometimes have a special bond." She paused. "Your two probably have something like that."

"uhhhh..."

"Look at it this way, Carrie. My two are exclusive. I got that from them and I trust them. I know that nobody's dragging diseases in, I know that nobody's being exploited, that there's love and respect..."

"But they're KIDS..."

"Twelve year olds are aborting or delivering babies. Ask anybody in a hospital..."

"I know..."

"So take Miss Precocious to the OB/GYN, get 'er an IUD like Celia, talk with both of them about limits and rules, then stop stressing."

"What kind of rules?"

"Common sense. They know they must never be exposed, so outside the home, NOTHING. Well, when we travel, we usually get two rooms, or a suite. They get one. It's kinda..."

"Kinky?" I inserted.

"That, too."

"And around me and Chuck, they don't do anything overt. Sometimes that one gets violated. I mean, cold night, watchin' a movie, snuggled up under a blanket, I'm pretty sure somebody gets fondled, but that's just hands under a blanket. I've never seen them do anything."

"Yeah, okay," I sighed. "I saw my daughter with my son's dick in her mouth. Saw 'im squirtin' like a fountain." I paused. "But it works for y'all?"

"What's the other choice? Subject our home to major discord and stress, have two hormonal teens seeking outside release?" She sighed. "Just a week ago we, you and I, were talking about how our kids have such great relationships... no sibling warfare."

"I didn't know they were fucking," I stated, using a word that seldom passes my lips.

"I'm pretty sure our kids aren't fucking. They're playing, using every means for make each other happy, whether it's playing ball out

under the trees or playing with each other in a bedroom."

"So how often?"

Abby smiled a little. "I have no idea, but I suspect they're pretty active. I mean, when you'n Josh started..."

"Every chance we got."

"Probably like, that," Abby said.

"It just seems kinda wrong, though..."

"I know. I struggled myself, Carrie, but the facts... It's a trade. What we've got versus all the horrible things we could have instead."

We could see the kids out in the pasture moving the cattle from one area to the next.

"They're good looking kids, aren't they," Abby said.

"They are."

"Cute couples..." she added.

"That's the next question, Abby. Where does it end? I mean, right now, we say it's okay. I assume we're thinking that at some time in the future they might give each other up and find mates, I mean, outside the family?"

Abby turned to me, sipped her coffee. "That's one scenario. We talked about it. Rule is that if one of them becomes sexually active outside the family, then the internal stuff goes away. You know that mine've gone on dates, but they've sworn that NOTHING happened. First, sixteen – 'dating' is a group thing. Second, they don't NEED the sexual release."

"Forbidden fruit," I injected.

"There's always that, but that's where you depend on what you'd instilled in them."

"What if..." naïve little me, "...they decide to stay together?"

"That's a possibility. We never approached that with mine, just left it unsaid. Girl, with all the weird shit goin' on in relationships these days, 'brother and sister' is pretty tame."

"Maybe so..." I wasn't convinced of that.

I have lunch to fix – a light thing, and a Sunday dinner, and I think meatloaf is what Josh is wanting, so I walked back to our house.

We sat around the table at lunch. I watched my children exchanging wary glances over the meal. I can only imagine the conversation that might've taken place across their morning, but then it occurred that for most of the morning they were with Cee and Carter, and THEN it occurred to me that Cee and Carter might know more about all that than I did.

The two miscreants scrambled a bit faster than usual to clear the lunch dishes. Leesie offered to hang around the kitchen to help me prepare dinner, but one, I don't need much help and two...

"Y'all go do something. Me and your dad need to talk."

Josh raised an eyebrow. Just perhaps, 'do something' now covers a lot more territory than we used to think.

Exchanging glances, the kids took off, heading outdoors. I'm just happy they didn't head for a bedroom. This time.

"What's up, buttercup," Josh said, that corny tone of his now reminding me of how he charmed the pants off me in the first place.

"Had a long talk with Abby..." I began.

"...And let me guess. She told you that Cee and Carter are..."

"Yeah. So Chuck told you..."

"He did indeed."

"What'd you think..."

"Some of what he said makes sense. I mean, the toothpaste's already out of the tube."

"Yeah... Abby says 'better the evil you know...'"

"Kinda what Chuck said."

"Baby," I said to my kids' father, "is that what we want to do?"

"I guess, baby," he replied, shaking his head.

"I guess we need to have a talk with them," I stated.

"Call 'em. They haven't gotten within a yard of each other all day so far."

The kids were shortly standing on the porch in front of us.

“Sit!” Josh commanded.

They plopped down, a good foot separating them on the little patio settee. I can’t remember ever seeing such serious faces on the pair.

Josh intoned solemnly, “Your mother and I have talked. You’ve told us what’s going on between the two of you. It’s wrong. I want you to stop...”

“Yes, Dad,” Andy said.

Leesie hesitated a second, then said the same.

I looked at Josh. “I don’t think it’s that easy, do you?”

Josh shook his head. The kids watched solemnly. He said, “No, I guess not. So, okay...you’re doin’ each other. Mom and I ain’t happy about it, but short of sending one of you away permanently, we don’t think you’ll stop.”

“We think you’d hide and take risks, and kiddos, condoms for birth control is a risk. Leesie, you’re probably perfectly fertile, and one slip and I’m a grandmother... That’s why Leesie’s as close to your age, Andy. Just one happy poke without a rubber...”

Josh looked at me with an exasperated smirk, then picked up. “And if you weren’t tied up with each other, I’m sure that you’d end up taking chances with somebody we didn’t know as well as we know you. Am I right?”

Leesie spoke first. “Dad, I’d never do it with anybody but Andy.”

She slid over next to him and I’m trying to decipher meaning in this action.

“Just me ‘n’ Leesie,” Andy stated.

“Okay, then, “Josh says. “That’s where it stays. We know you have and we know you will, but it’s just you two. Nobody else knows. I know you’ve thought about if others find out. Your reputations won’t ever recover.”

“And,” I said, “if somebody thinks we, me and your dad, know, we’re up for criminal charges. So you carry that little load, okay? Did you ever think about what’s against the law?”

They shook their heads.

"Well, it is... we're risking a lot," Josh said. "So in public, NOTHING shows that you're anything but brother and sister. Here, you are to exhibit the same decorum in respect to your activities that your mom and I show. You have your bedrooms..."

"Can we SLEEP together?" Leesie squeaked.

"Leese!" I spat.

Josh just shrugged. "Seriously, Carrie. Why not?"

"I guess that's it, then," Josh stated.

"That doesn't mean you charge off to the bedroom, though," I chided.

They took off, headed to the treehouse.

Josh stood. I wrapped my husband in my arms, kissed him. "I hope we're doing this right..."

Leesie's turn:

Wasn't QUITE premeditated, but kind was...

We were on the way back from Andy's wrestling tournament, Mom and Dad in the front seat, me 'n' Andy in the back. It was late. Andy was leaned back in the seat, tried from his matches, and Mom was kinda dozing while Dad drove.

I laid over like I was tired, put my head in Andy's lap. He petted me, paying with my hair, something that makes me feel good. 'Feel good'. I do think I could... I turned my head a little, carefully unzipped his pants, dipped my fingers in there and, gosh, it's starting to get hard and I wish I could see it better because I like looking at it, but I just sucked him into my mouth.

Now I usually like to slide him in and out, but that's kinda risky here, so I just suck and push my tongue around it, and I really like this. Andy's stroking my head.

When he's excited, there's a flow of salty juice. I love that. It's hard for me not to go "mmmmmm" but I don't. Just suck and accept your reward, okay?

When Andy comes, he makes this funny little grunt.

First spurt.

Andy grunts.

"ALICIA! What are you doing?!?"

Mom. Caught me. I raised up. Andy's second squirt hit my face. Dunno where the rest went. I know this is the first one since yesterday, so it's a BIG one.

She asked, so I told 'er. "Makin' my brother feel good..."

Things got kinda loud for a while.

I really think Andy was surprised that I'd do something like that, but lately I've been thinking about how Cee and Carter can do it, because their parents know.

By the time we got home, OUR parents know everything except that Cee kinda got us started. Well, THAT night, maybe, but it wouldn't have been too long before I got Andy to doing things with me.

Andy and I didn't get a chance to talk until the next morning after breakfast when we went out to take care of the chores around the farm.

"Well?" I opened.

"I can't believe you did that, Leesie... I was almost unconscious..."

I giggled. "Part of you wasn't..."

"You know that when it comes to you, it NEVER IS... By the way, you owe me the rest of that one. Mom yelling kinda killed it halfway through..." He paused. "What if they send one of us away?"

"They won't. Can't. We're their kids and they love us. Cee said her mom and dad freaked, too..."

Andy was washing out the water trough while I doled out the grain supplements for our cattle, then we both lend a hand to cleaning out the stalls, replenishing the straw bedding. There was no need to hurry.

"What do you think they'll do to us?" I asked Andy.

"I dunno. This isn't something we've pulled before."

I sighed. "Yeah... I kinda knew that sooner or later we'd get caught..."

"In the back seat! God, Leese, you WANTED to get caught."

"Maybe I kinda did. Maybe I kinda get tired of sneakin' around, 'specially when Cee and Carter don't have to sneak."

Cee and Carter. That was my goal. They got to sleep together every night.

I looked over at Andy, him bending over with the pitchfork, moving manure and straw (how sexy!) and I had a burst of love for my brother.

I think that was the first time it wasn't just brother-sister love. I mean, he's my brother, that's a fact. But this time... I'm thinking that we're pretty good brother and sister, very close, made even closer by how we share our bodies.

Not brother, boyfriend. Like, forever... Something Cee and I talked about once.

"I don't want to even think about some other girl getting my Carter," she'd said.

"I sucked 'im once..."

"I know. I wanted you to do that, just so we'd be even, after I sucked Andy..."

"You were teachin' me. And you put Andy inside you..."

"I don't want Carter getting inside you, Leesie. That's MY Carter."

"I totally understand," I said. "I'd be cheating on Andy."

"That's me and Carter. We made a vow."

"But y'all went on dates..."

Cee smiled gently, explaining, "We went with a two other couples, really just a group of us. They thought it was weird that we didn't have anybody, but they sat in the movie and made out. We didn't. Wanted to, but not in public." After a pause, "Carter and I agree that we do 'couples' with other people, but only to look normal, but I ain't letting anybody get anywhere, and neither is Carter. We vowed. So, yeah, dates, if that's what you want to call it."

"Oh..."

"And when we got home, we had a really good one..."

So I think I know my Andy, but I'll let him figure it out.

After barn duty, we met with Cee and Carter and moved the cattle from one pasture to the next. That means opening a gate and hollering. Our cattle are used to this, so it's not anything like the stuff in

cowboy movies. I mean, we have two different breeds of cattle, and there's not even a bull around. Dad orders sperm and a vet comes in and inseminates a cow.

I feel sorry for the cows now that I have Andy servicing me. He laughs when I say that.

"Yeah, but those cows're supposed to have quality purebred babies. Me 'n' you, it's for fun!"

And today, I'm thinking that it means more than fun.

I hear Dad holler for us from the back porch. I look at Andy.

"Here it comes," he said.

I squeezed his hand. "We can do this," I countered. "They love us. We'll be okay."

Andy's turn:

"Sit!" Dad commanded. Leesie and I sat on the patio settee, each of us squeezed to our own end, big gap between us.

"We know what you're doing. I want you to stop," Dad said.

"Yessir," we both answered.

"I don't think it's that easy, do you?" Mom questioned.

"No, I guess not..." Dad said.

Found out that Leesie's the result of NOT using a rubber when they were supposed to.

So rules are laid down, and they make good sense. Me 'n' Leesie are exclusive, and when we're around other people outside the family there'd better be nothing to see but me and my little bratty sister.

Talk about the law and how Mom and Dad could go to jail if it got out what Leesie and I were doing with their knowledge. That's' kinda scary. And nothing in front of Mom and Dad.

I thought that was where it would end, but not Leesie.

Brave Leesie (again)! "Can we SLEEP together?"

Mom hissed "Leesie!"

I thought things would get off track, but Dad just sort of sagged.

"Seriously, Carrie," he said to Mom, "Why not?" Then he said, "I guess that's it, then..."

Mom eyed the two of us. "That doesn't mean y'all go straight to the bedroom, though..."

So we went to the treehouse. It's pretty good sized, built with Dad's help, but most of the work is Leesie's and mine, and it has enough windows to see out of, but a wall, too, so there's privacy if...

"I wanna finish what I did last night," Leesie said. "When we get finished with our baths this evening, we can do EVERYTHING!"

Yeah, I'm gonna refuse a Leesie sucking on me, right? Nope!

Of course, it starts with kisses. We always kissed, even from the very beginning. Cee told us that kissing with the rest of sex was only proper. "Just sex without kisses was kind of abusive," Cee said.

So we always kissed. I always thought my sister had a cute face, and having it close to mine, like when we were kissing, makes me happy.

This time, in the treehouse, she was kissing me, I was caressing her hair, loving the feel, and the kisses took on new meaning. This sweet girl-person was not just a sister and a play-partner, she was who I was supposed to BE with. I kissed her lips, her neck, her face, and whispered, "I love my Leesie."

"The way it's supposed to be huh?" she reacted, kissing me again, fingers fumbling my pants down. "That's why I love doing this and why I love you doing things and when we do 'em together, it's magical. Cuz we're supposed to be together."

I was mulling that statement right up until her lips closed over the head of my dick. Payback!

"Feel better?" she giggled afterward.

"Ohgodyessss!" Then, "C'mon, I wanna eat you..."

"We need to get some padding up here," she said, "So we can make, like, a bed..."

"Pull your pants down and stand in front of me, Leese. That works..."

"Not very well..."

"C'mon..."

"Okay."

Leesie gets juicy now, and I LOVE it, but my neck's at the wrong angle and I can't get to her other than teasing licks.

Giggle. "You're hard again..." and she sat in my lap, impaling herself.

Yeah, that works. Blinded, though, when in the aftermath we realized we hadn't used a condom.

"Period starts tomorrow," Leesie said. "I'm safe."

Small relief.

Down for an hour before dinner. Mom gave us a strange look, but Leese and I headed over and grabbed a couple of books we were reading. Looks completely normal.

We ate dinner in a normal fashion as well, helped clear the table and clean the kitchen for Mom, then we watched an hour of TV.

Okay... Time for... "I'm gonna go take my shower." The shower was an addition to the old house, its addition modifying my bedroom to make space. I enjoyed the feeling of a brisk shower.

When I stood up, Leesie stood up with me. "I'll go, too!" she announced matter-of-factly.

I couldn't believe I heard it and I really expected an explosion from Mom or Dad. Mom's mouth opened as she looked from Leesie to Dad. Dad just shook his head.

No more words.

First time we'd showered together. Matter of fact, it's the first time we'd bathed together since Cee ordered us to do it. I think we were both expecting the explosion to happen any minute, so it was hurried, only superficially intimate, and we were out, dressed in pajamas just like any other evening, sat on the sofa, just like normal, watching a cooking show, then bedtime.

"Y'all said we could sleep together," Leesie stated, getting up. "C'mon, Andy."

My bedroom. Hers is too pink.

It wasn't the first time we've made love in this bed. It was the first time that I knew that what we were doing was making love, at least as far as I was concerned. We did it, this time using a hoarded condom.

Was I brave enough to ask Dad to replenish my supply?

That became a moot point as Friday, period ending, Leesie went with Mom to their female doctor.

"I have one of those IUD things, like Cee's got," Lessie told me proudly. I can't get pregnant now!"

That's good. Those condoms are ridiculous, although Leesie with a baby at thirteen would've been devastatingly more ridiculous. Better, though, is after a few nights of sleeping in the same bed we no longer worried about Mom and Dad finally coming unglued.

And best? Wrapped up with Leesie, positively glowing after we'd done it, she said, "We made LOVE. I know it. You know it, too, Andy. You and me. Like this. Forever."