

Cabin at the Lake



All the characters are over 18. There is a hint of male bisexuality but the action is all MFM. I owe a special thanks to LarryInSeattle for his editing assistance. Please be assured that any mistakes that remain are my own. Enjoy.

Chapter 1

Something scurried along the wall under the window. I tried to convince myself it was just leaves brushing against the window. There were at least two things wrong with that theory. The first could be dismissed as exaggeration brought on by near panic, namely that the sheer loudness of the sound suggested claws that were at least six inches long, much too noisy to be attributed to a couple of dry leaves cavorting in the breeze off the lake. The second problem with my leaf theory was harder to get around. There were no trees on this side of the cabin.

I reached stealthily for my phone, not sure why I was trying to be stealthy. My heart was pounding so hard in my ears the walls were probably vibrating. I fumbled with the phone, nearly dropping it several times. I could never remember how to turn on the flashlight app without keying in the code. A fact my twin brothers attributed to stereotypic female technologic ineptitude. It was their fault I was stuck in this sagging bed, in a dark room with some woodland monster about to eat my face off. Assholes.

The room was nearly pitch black. The glow from the screen would be bright enough to allow me to at least identify what it was that was about to dispatch me in that utterly indifferent manner of nature in the raw. I flipped the phone open and pointed it at the wall beneath the window. A pair of yellow eyes glowed back at me. Before I could muster the breath to

scream, a shadow shifted and two blue eyes glowed. They swiveled, fixing on my phone. As they did, they too turned yellow. When a third pair of eyes - blue again - blinked on, my paralysis broke.

I skipped the scream and bolted from the bed, pulling the door closed behind me. I ran down the hall, skidded to a stop in front of the first door, Terry's room. I was too spooked for protocol, besides he was my brother. It was only the three of us in this demon-infested hovel. A light glowed softly beneath the door. Good - he was still up, probably reading one of those covert military novels he devoured. I pushed the door open and ducked into Terry's room, closing the door with my butt in the event the demons had made it out of my room and were at this very moment racing over the ceiling hoping to leap through the door and decapitate me with a swipe of a paw or the snap of a toothsome maw.

My terror melted in surprise. Terry was in bed. So was Gary. Terry was on his hands and knees gaping at me. Gary's erection bounced just beneath his slack jaw. Gary was peeking around Terry's leg, one hand on Terry's leg, the other still wrapped around his brother's cock.

Terry and I found our voices at the same time.

"What the fuck?" we shouted in passable harmony.

I heard Gary groan as his head dropped back on the bed.

"Ever hear of knocking, Donna? Jesus fucking Christ." He scrambled out of bed, reaching for his, or maybe Gary's, boxers lying on the floor.

"What the fuck do you want?" He screamed. Neither of my brothers even screamed at me. I was their baby sister.

"There's something in my room." My voice tittered, recovered and then broke. As I began to cry I got pissed. It wasn't my idea to spend the summer in this shithole. Plus, how the fuck was I supposed to know my brothers were gay for each other?

Gary climbed out of bed and glanced around. He could find nothing to put on. It wasn't the fact they were naked that bothered me. Our family was not hung up on our bodies. We, mom and pop included, often went skinny-dipping. We didn't go out of our way to flaunt our bodies but we weren't ashamed of them either.

Gary was the quieter twin. I would often find myself looking back over the day trying to recall if I had heard him speak. He communicated with smiles, shrugs and soft eyes. He reached for my shoulder. His boner was fading but not yet gone. It was distracting and it stoked my anger.

"Hey, sis relax. Probably the wind."

"The fucking wind doesn't have fucking eyes that fucking glow yellow and blue, not even in this hemorrhoid on the ass of the earth fucking dump."

"Come on," Terry snapped at our brother. "The sooner we check it out the sooner we can get back to bed."

Gary's mouth twitched but I ignored him. Terry stomped out of the room. Gary followed, not stomping. I crouched behind Gary. Three demons but two of them seemed on the small side vs. two brothers. I might have a chance to run for it.

"Okay you big scary monsters here come Donna's mean old big brothers," Terry sing-songed as he opened the door to my room.

I heard a hiss and a scramble. Terry yelped. It was a high-pitched yelp and I found it immensely satisfying. He jumped back and slammed the door.

"I fucking told you asshole. There is something in my room," I hissed as I hit him on the back of the shoulder with the heel of my hand.

He spun around and grabbed my wrist before I could whack him again.

"Did you leave your window open?"

"Yeah, it's like 130 fucking degrees in there."

"Uh," he snarled. "Did you happen to notice there were no screens?"

"So? I'm not afraid of a few mosquitoes. I was baking in there."

"Oh, okay you aren't afraid of mosquitoes but apparently you're a teensy weensy bit put off by raccoons?"

"Raccoons?"

"Raccoons." He replied with a smirk. "A momma and two babies and by the glance I got they are thoroughly enjoying eating your granola bars." He smirked again. "I think the momma has your panties on her head."

My own lack of clothing was not something I had paid attention to, up until that moment anyway.

"So I sleep in the buff? So what? At least it isn't so I can suck my brother's cock." I was still pissed that he had screamed at me.

I felt Gary's arms wrap around me from behind. I also felt his soft cock press against the small of my back. His arms crossed over my chest and his hands wrapped around my upper arms. He began to rock me. Terry had always been my protector. Gary was a protector, too but his primary role was as my comforter.

"Is that why you're so upset?" he whispered and his breath tickled the side of my neck.

"Why would that upset me?" I snapped sarcastically. "I find out my brothers never bothered to tell me they're gay and that they are incestuous lovers. No, I'm not upset by that at all. Or the fact that you two stuck me way the hell down the hall. Or that when I was scared you fucking screamed at me."

The final sentence was screamed at Terry. Gary's grip tightened and he shushed me.

Terry managed to look halfway contrite. "Yeah, I screamed but I think an independent jury would concede I had justification."

Terry grinned at that and stepped toward us. He hugged me from the front, his arms reaching around Gary and me. They had hugged me like this before but we were much younger - and clothed.

I tried to squirm out of their grip but just as when we were younger, the effort was purely a matter of good form. It felt good to be swaddled between my two brothers who I knew would do anything for me.

"We aren't gay," Terry whispered.

"Uh huh, you both went to med school on top of law school without telling anyone and were just checking each other for ticks. I see. What a dumb fucking blonde I am." I could feel Gary stifling a giggle against my shoulder and I elbow him. "I am going to med school boneheads and I am pretty sure smoking pole makes you gay."

Terry pulled away, laughing. "Smoking pole? Seriously? What? Are you a closet Penthouse reader?"

I gave him my best don't-make-me-kill-you glare. He laughed harder.

"Seriously, other guys do nothing for us. This will sound even more stupid than 'smoking pole' but it is more like masturbating than having sex with someone else."

"Give me a huge, gigantic, fucking break."

"No sis," Gary spoke from behind me. I realized he had been kissing along the top of my shoulder. "It's true. Terry and I are almost like one person who somehow got split in two. I know what he's going to say before he says it. He knows what I'm feeling. It used to drive mom and dad crazy. They tried to separate us but we cried so much they always put us in the same crib. Later, before we could walk we'd both climb out and sleep cuddled on the floor."

That part I know is true. Mom repeated that story often enough. It was getting hard to ignore the feel of Gary's lips on my shoulder and back of my neck.

"Later," Terry took up where Gary stopped. "We would start out in our own beds, then jump into one bed or the other as soon as mom and dad said 'good night' and click off the light. We learned to wake up and move back to our own beds before mom came in to get us up for school. I swear we had our first wet dream not only on the same night but at the same time."

He stopped suddenly, a look in his eye and he turned back toward his, Gary's, their, whoever the fuck's room.

"Come on," he called over his shoulder.

Gary let go of me and a wave of disappointment washed over me. I noticed his penis had started to get hard.

I followed him not even trying to pretend I wasn't watching the way his butt cheeks moved against each other as he walked.

When we entered the room, Terry motioned Gary to join him.

"Close your eyes," he instructed.

"Why?" Even at twenty-two I could not shed my instinctive distrust of my older brothers.

"Just do it, " Terry snapped. When Gary nodded I closed my eyes.

"Our bodies changed at the same time, at the same rate and in the same way." I heard them moving around. "I bet you can't tell us apart. Open your eyes."

They stood side by side, each holding one part of a sheet that hid their faces.

"Oh come on. I never paid any attention to your dicks." That wasn't totally true. What girl doesn't wonder about what a boy looks like and if that girl has brothers, how does she deal with her curiosity? By peeking of course. I didn't think that was weird.

"Fine but do you see any differences?"

I was disconcerted to realize I wasn't sure who had spoken. Where their voices really that much alike?

"Don't be bashful. Come look."

I stepped closer and a floorboard creaked loudly enough to make me jump. It was easier to start with their chests. The hair was the same dark color. The thickness was the same. It spread across both sets of well-defined pecs in the same pattern. It sprouts around two identical sets of dark brown areolas. Each areola had a matching small mole orbiting it. The hair coalesced and ran down two identical bellies, widening a bit around two perfectly shaped belly buttons and then raced in a thin line to meet a coarser, curly clump of hair.

My eyes fixed on their dicks. As if aware of my stare, both began to lengthen, both pulsed in time. How could that be? Their heart rates are the same? Surely that is impossible?

My wonder is lost when I realize I'm getting wet. My nipples are hard and the room is as hot as mine. They are not hardening from a chill but a very special kind of heat.

I shake my head. What the fuck am I doing? I'm staring at my brothers' wangs and getting turned on. How fucking sick is that?

I stifle a sob and turn to go.

Someone's arms wrap around me from behind.

"Sssh, little sis, it's okay. Don't run away. It would kill us if we repulsed you."

"I'm not repulsed. I was getting excited looking at you. I don't even have the bullshit excuse of 'we are as one' twin crap you're trying to pull."

I let myself be led over to Terry's ridiculous bed. Who puts a California king in an, as yet barely renovated, old cabin? My brother that's who. He was also the one that added the Texas touch, a headboard made of entwined branches.

Terry hopped in and scoots to the middle. He held his hand out and I took it. Gary did not let go of my other hand until Terry's fingers wrapped around mine. I crawled into the bed on my knees, as Terry wiggled further toward the far edge. I felt the mattress shift as Gary followed me.

I lay on my back. My eyes trace patterns in the knotty planks that covered the ceiling. My hands were clasped between my breasts. My posture reminded me more than a little of a laid out Victorian corpse, newly dead, of childbirth or some silly

bug that now could be cured with a few dollars' worth of antibiotics. I shivered.

Two warm bodies nestled against my sides. One twisted away and with a click, the lamp on the bedside table went out. The darkness was nearly complete. The moon had yet to rise and the normally brilliant stars lurked behind clouds that teased the parched earth but refused to rain.

The bodies snuggled closer. Their warmth radiated from the hard cocks that were pressed against both my legs. As if my body had become a mirror, identical kisses began on my upper arm and moved across my collarbone and up the side of my neck. Identical noses caressed my hair away from my ears, clearing space for identical tongues to nuzzle behind my ears. It all happened simultaneously, every kiss, caress and touch identical.

I told myself this was sick, sick and wrong on so many levels. But their kisses soothed me as no other lover's had. Their bodies warmed me as no other's had. I knew they loved me more than any of the men I had dated.

I unclasped my hands and reached down, closing my hands around my brothers' cocks. Identical moans soothed my fears. Two mouths found my breasts. My chest arched and heaved as hot wet tongues and lips pulled and teased my nipples.

Two hands tugged at my hair. Two hands met at my waist and waltzed their way to my crotch. The fingers of one began to play across my clitoris. The fingers of the other softly probed until my pussy lips parted and allowed them entry.

My left ear heard, "Your pussy is so wet sis, so wet and so hot."

My right ear heard, "Your clit is hard as a rock, a rock that twitches beneath my fingers."

A few minutes later, in stereo, "I want to feel." The hands were gliding over one another.

"Oh my, you are wet. Lil sis has a hot sappy pussy."

"And a quivering clit." The fingers on my clit were wet with my own pussy juice.

I enjoyed the feeling of mouths nipping at my nipples and fingers in my pussy and on my clit. Desire flowed from their mouths and fingers filling every crevice of my body and mind.

"Feed me my cunt. I want to taste myself." My voice was soft and seemed to fade into the dark as both hands left my crotch. Two fingers, one from the right and one from the left, began to trace the outline of my lips. I could smell my pussy on their fingers. I wanted to take one of the hands into my mouth but I waited. Soon both fingers slipped past my lips. My tongue wrapped around one and then the other. Two new fingers made their way along my lips to meet in the middle and presented themselves to my eager mouth. Two more. Two more. Then the thumbs. The thumbs had not been in my pussy but I wanted them anyway.

"Kiss me."

The laws of physics would not allow two heads to occupy the same space above my mouth at the same time. I loved the lips that touched mine but missed the illusion that my body was a mirror, a focal point. My sorrow was assuaged when the other mouth kissed its way down my chest and found my breast once more.

The kisser's fingers rolled and pulled at my nipple and I moaned into his mouth. The breast teaser's fingers returned to my pussy, sawing in and out. The fingers left my cunt and began to spread my juices over my nipple. The fingers found their way between our faces. As the kisser and I began to lick and fight over the pussy slicked fingers a tongue began to lap at my breast.

The fingers left our mouths and found my clit. I felt my orgasm gathering deep inside. I gasped and panted as it cascaded out of my belly to screamed through my body. My body bucked as my orgasm faded and my body began to relax. Both nipples were being pinched and rolled and pulled. It hurt and I drew in a breath to gasp in pain. Before I could, the pain crackled like lightning through my body and exploded from my clit. I saw the flash as a second wave of convulsions shook my body.

Fingers thrummed over my clit, dragging my orgasm out for what seemed an eternity. My body bucked so violently my muscles ached. I couldn't catch my breath enough to gasp for them to stop. They were killing me, *la petite mort* was transforming into *le grand mort*.

The fingers left my clit and the mouths left my nipples. Simultaneous kisses graced my shoulders and soft hands gently stroked my belly. My body relaxed into the bed, still shuddering. Legs draped atop mine and soft murmurs surrounded me.

I rolled onto my side, one arm slipped under the head of the brother I faced, the other reached behind me to rest on the hip of the brother behind me. My breathing slowed. It dawned on me that I was not satisfied. I had, for the first time ever, either multiple orgasms or one long nearly unendurable one. Yet I craved more. I wanted to be filled. I wanted their cocks in my mouth, in my pussy, and in my ass. I was hollow and longed to be filled, to be complete.

The realization awoke a fierce desperate desire unlike any I had felt before. It was not desire I realized. Desire was what I had felt moments earlier. This was lust, the unrefined ore of animal craving, the sexual equivalent of a shark's feeding frenzy.

"Let me up. Turn the light on."

They misunderstood.

"Sshh, baby sis don't freak out. Take it easy."

I darted my head forward, my mouth hitting the side of his nose before sliding down to find his mouth, Gary I thought but not really caring. I sucked his tongue into my mouth, bit his lip then pulled back.

"Just let me up."

Their bodies moved away. I could barely make out their shapes but their caution and concern surrounded me. The closet in my room had a light, a bare bulb with a string. I wanted to see them but didn't want to be blinded. I climbed out of the bed and crossed to the closet door. I flung it open, my mind on fire. I batted my hand in front of my face and clutched at the string that grazed my wrist. I tugged. The light was blinding and I squeezed my eyes shut as I backed out of the closet.

My brothers, my identical twin brothers, eyed me from the bed. I strode toward the bed, my hands clutching at my breasts, trying to signal to them that I wanted more, much more.

I grabbed a pillow and dropped it on the floor by the bed.

"Stand up. Both of you." I demanded as I knelt on the pillow. Terry obeyed first and I swallowed his cock first. His groan acted as a draught of fresh air and the embers of lust in my belly went from red to white hot.

I heard the bed creak and blindly groped for Gary's cock with one hand. My other found Terry's. God he was so fucking hard. I nearly fell on my back and begged him to shove it deep into my cunt, to beg him to fuck me.

Instead I attacked his cock with my mouth and hand. I gagged but didn't stop until his pubes tickled the inside of my nose. I

wrapped my hand around him and pulled as if somehow his pubic bone and my teeth would no longer serve as unbreachable barriers. I wanted to swallow him whole, cock first. Perhaps then I would be complete.

"Easy sis," he moaned above me as his hands caressed the sides of my head.

I let him slide out of my mouth. I darted my mouth over just the crown of his dick, letting my puckered lips snag briefly on the ridge of his cockhead. I did this a dozen times and then deep throatied him again. This time I did not gag.

I pulled away, slowly, slid my mouth along the side of his cock, and kissed his belly just above the twisted thatch of his pubic hair. I rubbed my hand over the head adding his precum to my spit on his dick, making it silky smooth for my hand.

I watched my hand slide over his cock, trying to do the same to Gary, trying to mimic the twin treatment I had just been treated to.

I didn't immediately take Gary's cock into my mouth. I swiveled my head, watching as my hand milked clear fluid from the slit in the head. I did not love Gary more but I had always felt he loved me more than Terry. I'm not sure why. Terry was always there when I needed him, often even before I needed him.

I kissed the head of my brother's cock and probed his slit with my tongue, straining to see if I could detect a difference in the taste of their cocks. I opened my mouth and very slowly walked it over his cock, feeling my cheeks flatten as my mouth

opened to accept him. As with his twin, I had to arch my head up and hunch my shoulders to take the last inch or so into my mouth. I held him there, breathing slowly through my nose.

And there it was, the faintest barest discordance in their scents. They tasted the same. Their cocks felt the same in my mouth, weighed the same as I fondle them with my hand, looked identical to my eyes but their scent in my nose differed every so slightly. I smiled as well as I could manage with my mouth full of my sweet brother's cock and pulled back so I could show him what my mouth could do.

He surprised me, my quieter older brother. He was not content to play with my hair, to brush it away from my face to watch me suck him off. His hands were firm on my head and he began to thrust, meeting my mouth, fucking my mouth.

I felt Terry shift in my grip. I turned my head as well as I could without surrendering my mouth's hold on Gary's cock and gazed upward. They were kissing.

I took my mouth off Gary's cock and began to lick the shaft, giving myself a better look at them kissing. As he was with me, Gary was the aggressor. He set the pace. It was his tongue that forced its way into his twin's mouth. Interesting.

I licked my way down his cock and took one of his balls in my mouth, mulled it, let it plop out and took the other. I could feel his ball sack constrict in my mouth.

It was Terry's turn. I had ignored his balls. I licked and kissed his cock for a moment, spending time with my nose in his pubes, confirming what I had suspected, that their bodies did not give off identical pheromones. I smiled to myself as I began to mouth Terry's heavy balls. As I felt the heft of his cum laden testicle I was seized by the determination that they would both come in my mouth. I would slack my thirst on the very essence of their physical selves.

I stood. When they stopped kissing each other I kissed them both, one at a time, one hand resting on each of their cheeks, loving the feel of their stubble against my palms. I longed to feel it on the inside of my legs.

I leaned to look at them. Concern no longer in their eyes. They wanted me as much as I wanted them, maybe even as much as they wanted each other.

"You're wrong." I smiled at them. "I can tell you apart."

They smiled back and shook their heads, perfectly in time.

"Want to bet?" I offered with a cock of my head.

"Bet what?" Terry asked.

"If I win, if I can tell you two apart, I get to pick what we do next, no arguments, no hedging. I say it and we do it."

Always playing the lawyer, Terry objected. "Too open ended, define it, or at least a time limit. I reserve the right to tell you 'no' at some point in the future."

"Fair enough. I get to pick the position and who does what to whom until we have all three had orgasms."

Terry held his hand and we shook. I turned to Gary and we shook. I picked up the pillow from the floor and stripped the cover off.

"Blindfold me," I instructed Terry. I turned my back to him. "Then you guys can bounce on the bed, or better yet go outside and come back in at random. I'll know which one it is."

"Wait a second," Terry protested. "What if you lose? What do we get? Same option?"

"No," I stated as I turned and lifted the bottom edge of the blindfold to peek at him. "No, if you win you each get to take turns fucking me in the ass."

He actually gulped in surprise. Fuck yeah. I couldn't help smirking, wondering if I won if that's what I asked for anyway. A true win win situation I had on my hands.

He nodded. I pulled the blindfold back down and backed up until my legs encountered the bed. I sat down. I waved a hand at them.

"Go on. Come back in one at a time. Don't speak. Just come over here and touch my face so I know where you are."

I heard the floor creak as they left the room. It was only a moment later that the floor creaked again. Soft fingers touched the side of my head. I reached out with my hands and pulled him between my legs. I kissed his belly as my hands roamed over his back and ass cheeks, pretending to feel for a telltale mark or blemish. My lips followed his happy trail down, through his pubic hair and along the shaft of his cock, forcing it down so I could suck it into my greedy mouth. I didn't need to. As I had kissed my way down his belly I luxuriated in his scent. It was Terry's cock in my mouth. I sucked him a few more times then sat back.

I could simply identify him but then I wouldn't get to put Gary's cock back in my mouth.

"Next," I whispered. The floor creaked as Terry left the room and then creaked again. Fingers touched my hair.

I repeated the process and smiled, those cheating cocksuckers.

"Very funny, Terry but you've already been in. Now send in Gary, you cheater."

I pulled the blindfold off and giggled as he cursed.

"Son of a bitch. How did you do that?"

I shook my head. "A girl needs to keep a few secrets. Now send in my honest big brother."

Gary entered, smiling. He stepped between my legs, his hand already offering me his cock that I took happily enough.

Terry watched me suck his brother's cock for a few minutes before growling. "Okay, you won. What's next?"

I let Gary's cock fall from my mouth and scooted back in the bed.

"First, I love the way you two do almost everything at the same time, I really do but at least this time you can't cum at the same time. I want each of you to finish by cumming in my mouth. Okay?" They nodded, both stroking their cocks.

"Okay great." I had changed my mind when Gary began to fuck my mouth, decided to switch up where I wanted each of my brothers. "Terry I want you to lie down on your back. I'll get on top." I reached out and patted Gary's cheek. "And you Mr. Surprisingly Aggressive, I want you behind me, in my ass."

He looked skeptical. "You sure? You ever done that before, ass sex?"

I nodded with a smirk. "Yeah I have. Are you shocked big brother? Lil sis likes to take hard cock up her ass."

His eyes got wide then he squinted as a half smile played over his lips.

"You got it then, sis."

I smiled and started to climb into the middle of the absurdly large bed. Gary touched my shoulder and I turned.

He glanced at Terry. I couldn't figure out what was up. They actually looked embarrassed, hesitant.

"What?" I asked, suddenly afraid they would ask me to leave.

"Before we do that could we eat your pussy?" He shook his head looking confused. "The way you tasted on our fingers, the way your pussy smells, how wet it gets, it's almost too much."

I smiled at him. "Well that's quite a sacrifice on my part but I'll do it for my big brothers." I flopped on my back, put my heels together, let my knees wall apart and spread my pussy lips with my right hand. "This pussy? This what you want? Who gets to go first?"

"You underestimate us, sis," Terry growled. He settled along my right side and Gary lay down on his elbows between my legs. He moved my right leg to lie alongside his body, my left hooked over his shoulder, rolling me just a little onto my right hip. Gary's hands worked their way under my ass and lifted.

He pushed his chin into the mattress and moved his head forward. He extended his tongue and the tip flirted with my anus before sliding into the bottom of my cunt, burrowing into my pussy. As his tongue began to work in and out of my snatch, Terry's lips found my clitoris.

I pushed myself into their mouths while my hands clutched at handfuls of the sheet. I controlled myself enough to rise up and watch them attack my pussy with their mouths. Sweet Jesus it felt good.

Gary rolled his head and his tongue plowed a furrow up my slit. I imagined I could see my pussy juice pool atop his curved tongue. If true he offered it to his brother, who greedily sucked his sister's secretion off his twin brother's tongue. The sight of their tongues sharing my pussy caused me to drop my head back and growl.

Terry leaned over my leg and began to fuck me with his tongue. His head draped across my cunt, blocking Gary who slid along my side and began to kiss me. His face reeked of my pussy.

I threw myself into his kisses as Terry added his fingers to my pussy while his tongue began to play with my clit. He had all four fingers pressing inside me, stretching me, stroking the inside of my cunt. He pulled his fingers out and I felt his thumb slide over my clit and down my swollen slit before slipping inside me.

His fingers began to slide back and forth and around my anus. I lifted my hips, giving him more room. When his finger

pressed against my backdoor, I pressed back and his finger slid easily into my ass. He worked it in and out for a moment before a second finger slipped past my sphincter. His fingers and thumb pressed against each other massaging and pulling at my pussy from the inside.

His mouth sucked my clit between his lips and his tongue began to dance over my sensitive bundle of joy. I grabbed Gary's head in my hands and screamed into his mouth as his brother's relentless tongue and fingers teased another orgasm from my over-stimulated body.

My body still burned to be filled. The orgasm, orgasms, had been unbelievable yet oddly unfulfilling. I reached down and got one hand under Terry's arm and tugged. He climbed over my body, stopping to kiss my breasts before smearing my face with his wet cheeks.

"Fuck me," I whimpered, appalled at the pleading tone in my voice.

He pushed himself upright, kneeling between my knees. Gary's mouth fell upon my breast. Terry rubbed the head of his cock up and down my slit, then began to slap my whimpering clit with his dick. He was teasing me.

"Fuck me." I pulled my legs up to my chest, offering myself to him. "Please."

He jerked his hips forward, jamming his cock into my cunt, burying it to the hilt. I screamed, mostly in pleasure though it

felt he would cleave me in two at first. His thrust shoved me several inches up the bed. I groaned in relief. My clit might protest but my pussy had longed for this. If I was honest with myself I had yearned for this for far longer than the past hour.

I knew my brothers were twisted into knots. Two - maybe more - orgasms had ripped through my body. They must be desperate for release but not yet, not so soon.

Terry continued to pound into my pussy, grunting with each thrust. I had to reach over my head, press my hands against the headboard to keep from being driven into it.

"Fuck me hard, big brother but don't cum yet. Don't cum." He slowed, staying inside me for long seconds before pulling out. "You like fucking me or do you always fuck like that?" He didn't answer. "Fuck me slow if you want but fuck me hard, make my ass sing when your balls smack against it. Don't cum though. I want you to watch me open my mouth wide so you can jerk your load all over my face and tongue. That make you hot big brother? Make you horny? You want to cum all over your sister's face?"

He did not answer except with his cock.

Gary knelt at my side, stroking a cock that was the twin of the one slamming into my pussy.

I reached for his cock and pulled it toward me. I turned my head to the side.

"Fuck my mouth Gary. Fuck it. Gag me with your cock." Unbelievably I almost giggled thinking of earlier. "Gag me with your pole." As he reached for my head I added, "But don't cum yet. I want you to cum in my mouth but not yet. Remember before you cum you have to fuck your little sister in the ass."

He held my head with his strong hands and I opened my mouth. He fucked it. I wasn't giving him a blowjob. I wasn't sucking his cock. I wasn't doing anything except lying there. My mouth was just another hole, just another orifice in need of a cock.

He did make me gag and wretch. My mouth filled with hot liquid that ran down the side of my face onto the bed. I opened the eye that looked upward. Terry was watching. He wasn't fucking me anymore. His cock was deep inside me but he was no longer moving. He was too engrossed in what his brother was doing to my mouth.

I was enthralled by what was being done to my body. I did not feel violated. I felt in control. Yes my brother was shoving his cock into my mouth but that was what I wanted. If I didn't want it he would stop. I knew that was true deep in my soul. I also knew that it wasn't true because of some silly bet but because he loved me.

I loved him and I wanted him to find release but not yet. I could feel his hands tightening so I pulled my head away. He groaned. I wiped my face on the sheet.

"Soon, big brother, soon."

I pressed with one leg against Terry's side. He understood and rolled onto his back, taking me with him. I would not have thought it possible but sitting straddled on his cock, it seemed to push even deeper into my belly. My pussy expanded, enveloped his cock and drew him in.

I leaned over his chest, keeping his cock inside me but putting my ass in the air, making it available. I kissed Terry. His face still smelled like my cunt. I could taste myself on his tongue. It made me greedy. I imagine how my pussy would taste on his cock as he filled my mouth with his jizz. Enough already.

"Don't you think it is time for our big brother to put his cock in my ass?" I whispered to Terry. Gary was his older brother by about ten minutes.

Terry had no answer, at least verbally. His eyes shone and when he kissed me it was soft and tender and loving.

That was great but we had work to do.

"I want you both to cum in my mouth at the same time. I want you to make that 'we are as one' shit work for me. But right now I want both your cocks inside me."

Gary was already moving behind me. He had to straddle Terry's legs. I felt his hand against my pussy as he fondled his brother's balls and what little bit of cock that wasn't buried in my cunt.

His other hand fondled my pussy. I could feel his thumb rub up and down the underside of Terry's cock. Then the hand rested on my back and the slick thumb began to toy with my rosebud. I tilted my pelvis, moving my ass higher. My pussy slid up Terry's shaft as I moved. Gary's fingers filled the space and felt his hand flexing and stroking the base of Terry's cock.

Gary's tongue found my ass. He let his spit run over my asshole. I felt it run down my ass and onto Terry's cock. His mouth left me. His thumb returned, pressing harder now. I relaxed and suddenly my sphincter was squeezing around Gary's thumb. He pressed down and I wondered if Terry could feel it.

"Can you feel him, inside my ass, on your dick?"

"Oh yeah," he whispered. "I can feel it."

They began to fuck me, slowly. Terry's cock sliding in and out of my cunt, Gary's thumb in and out of my ass.

There was little I could do except kiss Terry and reach back to stroke Gary's leg. I could feel the tension building again deep inside my guts.

"Mmm," I murmured. "This feels unbelievable but I want your cock in me big brother."

Gary's thumb left my ass. He rubbed his cock head up and down Terry's shaft, even working it part way inside the

entrance to my pussy. He leaned over and I felt his spit drop atop my anus. Then I felt the head of his cock press against me.

I had a moment of panic. I was not an ass slut. I had exaggerated a bit. I wasn't an anal virgin but getting my ass reamed was not something I had done regularly. I had only slept with two guys. I almost giggled again realizing I had double the number of lovers I had had in the space of an evening.

I forced myself to relax. I concentrated on the way Terry's tongue felt in my mouth, the way his cock felt in my pussy and the way Gary's hands on my ass conveyed deep passion yet deeper caring. He would not hurt me.

Something gave and I gasped as the head of his cock slipped inside me. He held there for a moment, waiting for my breathing to settle and then slowly pushed deeper into my ass. It didn't hurt. I felt full, fuller than I had ever been. My pussy was full, my ass was full, the entire center of my sex was occupied by hard cock - hard cock desperate for my body. Even my mouth was filled with Terry's tongue. A cock would have been better. My mind filled with visions of triplets. I told myself I was a greedy bitch and almost felt bad about it.

Gary pulled his cock out of my ass and I gasped again, not in pain but at the sudden feeling of emptiness. When he pressed forward my body welcomed his cock back without resistance.

Satisfied that I was ready, that he would not hurt me, he began to fuck me, not my mouth this time, but my ass. As he began

to move so did Terry. They fucked me in perfect synchrony, one going in as the other was coming out. My brain could make no sense of the sensations pouring in from my pussy and my ass. My brain might be lost but my body wasn't. The gathering heat and pressure in my guts was building. I had never had more than two orgasms in a day and now my third (or was it my fourth?) was threatening to overwhelm me.

I fought it back, pushed it away. I wanted to cum as I drank my brothers' hot cum. They had to be close.

Maybe they could read my mind as well as they could each other's. Gary slammed into me hard and then pulled out. Terry's hands lifted me off his cock. I saw Gary surreptitiously wipe his cock on the sheet. I scurried off the bed, an eager puppy ready to beg for a treat.

They followed me as I knelt, one hand working in and out of my pussy and fingering my clit. They stood before me, side by side. Their cocks were gorgeous, rock hard and glistening, their plum colored heads looked ready to explode. Good.

They had one arm around each other's shoulders. Their hips and sides pressed together. Their other hands were guiding their cocks toward my waiting mouth. They pressed the heads together and I could just managed to get my lips half way over the crowns.

I alternately flicked the slits that already leaked hot jizz. Their hands began to stroke faster, bumping against my cheeks.

Suddenly my mouth filled and they pushed harder. One of their cocks slipped completely into my mouth, the other pushed in at the side of my mouth, both spurting gush after gush of hot cum into my waiting mouth.

I might have been able to handle one of their loads but handling both was impossible. Their nectar began to run over my chin to drip onto my breasts and into my lap.

It seemed forever before they were finished. My fingers dug in desperation at my cunt.

My brothers dropped to their knees beside me. They began to lick my face, my chin. One of them licked a long trail of cum from my chin to my lips and then shoved his cum coated tongue into my mouth.

The other lapped at the jizz on my breasts. He licked his way to my nipple and bit it, gently but that was all it took.

My body stiffened. I couldn't even scream. As my body jerked and shook, my brothers wrapped me in their arms.

When I became still, they lifted me onto the bed, put a pillow under my head, and each covered half my body with his own. I fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 2

The heat woke me. I am burning up. A trickle of sweat slithers down the back of my neck. Gary's face is buried in my neck. He's lying nestled against my side, holding me close, one leg draped over my legs. My left boob rests in the crook of his elbow. My right is cupped in his hand.

His erection is pressing against my hip. Random memories of last night flit through my mind. I try to feel shame. I want to feel ashamed. Shame seems the only sensible emotional response to what we have done. I try to feel ashamed but I fail. All I feel is hot, sleepy, well fucked and already getting turned on by the feel of my big brother's cock pressing against me.

I manage to move Gary's arm from my chest and let it rest between us. Terry is missing. I raise my head and look behind Gary, wondering if the heat has driven Terry to a less densely populated portion of the bed. Nope. He has gone.

I have no idea what time it is. I am not sleepy but I am tired. Right now wiggling from under Gary's leg would require more effort than I am willing to expend. If great sex always leaves me this drained I might have to give it up. I won't have the energy for anything else. Last night was unbelievable but I am not ready to contemplate a life as my brothers' kept woman.

I've had two other lovers in my twenty-two years. I had set a goal, a silly one but a goal nonetheless, to lose my cherry as a freshman in college. I was almost nineteen at the time. I had let a couple guys play with my pussy, during my senior year in high school, but that was it. I had turned eighteen the

summer before my senior year and I was desperate to do more than kiss. The first guy was a neighbor home from college. He was nineteen. He claimed to be experienced but all his experiences must have sucked. He was a terrible kisser and he scratched me with his fingernail. Good-bye.

The other I known all my life. We had been classmates since kindergarten. We even shared birth dates and as kids our parents held combined parties. We both hated that. I'd turned eighteen with a quite dinner with mom. He turned eighteen with a kegger at the lake and was nearly arrested. His parents begged and the charges were dropped, and he was allowed to finish his senior year.

We had been friends, why not boy friend and girlfriend? The petting and pawing had gotten pretty heavy. He unzipped his jeans and I gave him a hand job. After he came I eyed the whitish fluid that ran over my fingers and the back of my hand. I don't recall thinking about it. I simply raised the hand to my mouth and started to lick the cum off my fingers. I think I was more curious than anything else. My more experienced girlfriends had made such a big deal about how nasty cum tasted, swearing that no matter how much they were into a guy they'd never let him shoot in their mouth.

I sort of liked it. Not the taste so much. I thought it had a metallic taste and afterward my mouth felt numb. I was pretty sure there was no oak in a guy's balls but it reminded me of the way my mouth felt after drinking a wine with a lot of tannin. Weird huh?

My just-satisfied beaux's face was twisted in disgust. I asked him what was wrong and he explained that eating cum was

gross and, well, slutty. I asked him how the fuck that made any sense, especially since it had been a blowjob not a hand job he'd been begging for.

I had been terrified he'd tell everyone I was a slut if we stopped dating. I ignored that fear that was our last date. His was the first cock I'd seen other than in a porno. He was pretty much a total D bag but he had nice cock.

I only took a few days before my girlfriends, who felt just awful about having to tell me, informed me that Mr. Eating Cum is Gross was, in fact, telling everyone that I was a slut. They felt just awful but for my sake they summoned the courage to make sure I knew about it. I had less than a month left of high school so I told myself I really didn't care. Even if I didn't care I refused to fall in the habit of letting anyone walk all over me.

I went to a private school and mom was one of their favorite donors. I could have stunned him with a Taser and cut his dick off and gotten no more than an in-school suspension. I decided to wait until after graduation anyway and avoid potential hassles. It was easy enough to find him at one of the zillion or so impromptu grad parties around the lake. He looked nervous. I ignored him. I sipped on the same beer for a couple hours while he downed one after another.

The longer I ignored him and more beer he chugged, the more I saw him look at me, say something to his friends and then crack up. My own stalwart companions hovered nearby totally unhinged and trapped. They couldn't ignore me. Despite the D bag's stories, I was cute, smart, popular – and rich. At the same time they couldn't risk getting pulled under if the Titanic actually did sink. Pathetic.

I waited, mostly to be a bitch, mostly to watch my girlfriends squirm. D bag had become almost an afterthought. As I waited, I stoked my anger, not so much at D bag but my friends. D bag was a hormonal sack of jizz and would remain so for at least another decade. It wasn't entirely his fault he was a D bag, I mean he'd been born with a genetic defect, a Y chromosome. My friends were another story. They were simply shallow superficial twats.

For what it is worth I felt bad almost immediately. He was pretty wasted when I finally got angry enough and bored enough to walk over to him. I truly, honestly meant to do no more than tell him he was an asshole. Honest.

"Hey hey Donna," he slurred more than sang, as beer sloshed out of his cup and down the front of his shirt. Fucking up a perfectly catchy Ritchie Valens tune was bad enough but he didn't stop there.

"How you doin'? You hungry for some more c...?" I think it is safe to assume he was going to say "cum" but my left knee smashed into his balls before he finished.

His face went white then purple as he dropped his cup and went to his knees, both hands cradling his nuts. When he looked up at me I intended to take the cheap shot and see if I could break his nose. My brothers may have adored the baby me but they were still older brothers. When I got older, of necessity, I learned how to punch.

I didn't hit him. More than pain, I saw sadness in his eyes. He knew he was a dick. He felt he had to be a dick for his friends. Instead of hitting him I simply looked at him, told him that he of all people should know I wasn't a slut and he should be ashamed of himself.

I left. My girlfriends crowded around, tossing off "oh my God" and "awesome" and worse still, one even offered a "you go girl". I ignored them. As I walked away I knew I'd never hang out with any of them again and I haven't.

I did see the D bag a few years later. I was a senior in college. Mom, off somewhere in Asia, begged me to run some stuff to one of her old friends in Waco. He came in to pick up his lunch as I was enjoying a burger from my all-time favorite diner. He'd done a couple years at a tech school and opened an auto body shop. He had not ballooned out like so many of his HS football teammates. He was in remarkably dirty shop overalls, his name embroidered above his heart. We chatted. He was engaged. I apologized for kneeing him. He said he deserved it, offered that he didn't drink anymore. We hugged. We wished each other well and meant it. I finished my business in Waco and headed back to Fort Worth with a little piece of guilt off my shoulders. I really shouldn't have kneed him in the nuts when he was too drunk to do anything about it.

I should have kick his sober ass so he couldn't claim he'd only been bested by a chick because he was drunk.

I had made far too big a deal out of losing my cherry. It would require almost zero effort. Freshmen orientation week was a weeklong fuckfest. The following week most of the freshmen guys wandered aimlessly, clueless as to the location of their

classes but probably with a better understanding of how to find a girl's clit. If true, orientation week would not have been a total waste of time.

I decided, however that I didn't want a freshman. I wanted a man of experience. Now, with a little more perspective of my own, I know how ridiculous that idea was and how lucky I was to stumble upon a guy with a little experience but a lot of heart. With freshman guys removed from the equation, my options were limited. The only upperclassmen on campus were frat dudes, on campus early for rush.

Two tits and two eyes got you into any frat party at the beginning of the year and an exemption to the two eyes rule would not have been hard to obtain. I have both my eyes and, if I say so myself, a nice rack.

My tits are big enough to get noticed but not so large to sag half way to my bellybutton if I don't have a bra on. I love my boobs but bras are a pain. Most B cups are too tight and some of the C cups are little big. It's easier to not wear a bra, so unless I'm at work or it is a formal setting I tend not to.

I love my nipples. Like my boobs, my nipples are middle of the road, they are big enough to play with easily but not so long as to threaten to poke a lover's eye out.

I think I could make myself cum just playing with my nipples. I've gotten close but in the end I always forget my promise and hurry the process along by detouring one hand to my pussy.

As far as looks were concerned I applied what I still call my boob philosophy, namely stay toward the middle of the road. I don't mean to sound like a bitch but I wasn't into a dumpy guy with poor hygiene. He could be a nerd, just not an overweight greasy haired one. But a pretty boy was not an option either.

Why are girls attracted to someone who is quite clearly more interested in their own looks and bodies than their girlfriend's? How could someone who devotes hours a week perfecting their six-pack have time to spare for you? The idea of losing my virginity to some pretty boy narcissist who thinks he is doing me a favor by deigning to fuck me left me feeling queasy.

Nope, give me a guy who was trim but not necessarily ripped. Nice looking but not Brad Pitt. (Although if Brad is reading this; Brad, I'd so totally let you fuck my socks off.)

I got to the Sig Ep frat party on the early side. I hoped to snare my target before the pretty boys made their fashionable 'we are now among you worship us' entrance. The guy who greeted me at the door would have been perfect but appeared to be the social chairman or something. He'd have no time to spare for the quick de-flowering of an innocent.

The actives were easy to spot. They had lapel pins, dorky lapel pins in my opinion. As I mentioned, I had already written off the freshman. There were already a few girls milling about looking like hungry barracudas trying to hide their sharp teeth before savaging their prey. Fucking bitches. Unbeknownst to me, my future BFF was one of the schooling bitches.

I spotted my target. I didn't realize it at the time but he bore a superficial resemblance to my brothers. He was not quite as tall, not quite as cute and he had black hair, not their light brown. He had a four or five-day growth of a heavy beard. It looked good on him. I decided to see if he wanted my cherry.

I stopped at the keg and got two cups of beer and then made my way purposefully toward him. He was chatting up a couple of prospective pledges. I waited politely for a lull and mentioned he didn't have a beer. Would he like one? Sure.

We settled into the typical disjointed multi-tasking conversation that is the bane of any party involving booze. I managed to determine he was from Salt Lake City before standing awkwardly as he chatted up another pair of freshman. Guys trying to rush a frat are like chicks going to the bathroom, they never go solo.

I sipped my beer. I had no intention of drinking more than one beer. This was my plan and I was determined to remain in charge. I was on the verge of thinking it was time to move on when he managed to ask me where I was from. He'd never been to Waco. I'd never been to Salt Lake. We took turns asking each other about what home was like and telling each other; "Waco's okay, too small," and "Salt Lake is okay, too big."

We had exhausted the usually preliminary chit-chat. I was saved from digging for a more obvious, yet not retarded, pick up gambit when the music started. I was opening my mouth to ask him if he wanted to dance but he beat me to it.

We made our way to an open space and I moved in close and pressed my boobs against him whenever the opportunity arose. By the time 'Bad Romance' started to vibrate the floors, I was pushing my ass against his very obvious erection.

As the party grew louder, we found ourselves seeking a quieter spot and ended up in the kitchen sitting crossed-legged atop the prep table. The stainless steel top felt cold and strangely erotic pressed against my over-heated bottom.

The table was not large and our knees were pressed together. It was easy to lean into each other. He was a very nice kisser. Sometimes he cupped my face in his hands. Other times his hands rested on top of my legs or waist. With his hands on my waist, his thumbs rested agonizingly close to my pussy.

We talked more than we kissed. He was an only child. His dad had been a longhorn and not going to UT was never considered an option even though Chad had been born and raised in Utah. He was happy to get out of Utah for a spell. His dad told him it had been a helluva lot worse when he'd moved to Utah but not being Mormon left Chad feeling like he was always on the fringe.

I confessed I was looking forward to big city life after growing up in what to me felt like a very small town. I avoided talking much about my folks. Discussing my deceased father would not have set well with my intended purpose.

It was probably easy to view my purpose as slutty but I didn't think so. I wasn't asking to pull a train for all the frat brothers. I had simply decided I no longer wished to be a virgin and had

elected to remedy the situation. That felt practical and adult to me, not slutty. Even so, I had no desire to discuss my dad at the moment.

Chad loved UT and Austin. He tried to hide his disappointment that I had never been to either the Austin City Limits or SXSW. I redeemed myself by knowing some stuff by Fleet Foxes, Kaki King and The New Pornographers.

Chad was a construction engineering and project management major with a near double major in computer science. His dad ran a construction company. He was a junior but hoped to finish a semester early. I had four semesters before I had to declare a major but I was leaning toward biochem or genetics. I told him my plan was med school. I couldn't stand the idea of adding another JD to the family pedigree.

Lying here with Gary's soft snores tickling my neck I can still see the look of unease that settled over Chad's face. "You're pre-med then?" He'd asked as he sat straighter looking at me as if he might have missed something on his first perusal.

I understood the look. Already I was sick of ass wipes introducing themselves as pre-med in a tone suggesting that genuflecting was not required but not entirely unreasonable.

I grimaced and shook my head. "There is no such major as pre-med. Anyone who says their major is pre-med has immediately and unalterably labeled themselves as a totally pretentious fucktard. I am thinking of going to medical school

but please, if you want to become friends, do not lump me in the pre-med cesspool."

Chad grinned. "Are you always this introverted? Dragging an opinion out of you could get boring."

I started to think of an appropriately snippy retort but found myself blurting out the truth.

"I'm a virgin. I'm tired of wondering what, if anything I'm missing. I'm not a slut but I want you to unvirgin me if you are willing. You seem like a nice guy."

As the words hung there, I considered throwing myself backward off the table. A fractured skull or even a simple concussion would distract him from the fact I was an idiot.

His grin widened. "Follow up question. Are you always this tangential? I mean should I be taking notes on topics covered?" He regarded me for a moment before adding, "What do you think of Quentin Tarantino?"

I stared at him.

"That was a joke," he added after a moment. "Tangential. Get it?"

It took me a couple of attempts before I could squeeze any sounds out of my throat.

"No, I got it. I just can't believe what an utter dumbass I am. In my head, my plan sounded coolly adult but as soon as I heard the words, it sounded hopelessly stupid. I'm sorry."

I started to uncoil my legs, wanting to flee more than I had earlier wished to be caught.

Chad rested a hand on my knee. "Hey don't go. I don't think your idea is stupid, not very romantic perhaps, but not stupid. It is a lot less stupid than what some of those girls upstairs are doing. The guys here are cool, mostly anyway, but they are guys and they'll probably be as drunk as the girl. None are the kind of asshole who'd drug a date and I don't think any of them would bang a chick too out of it to participate but a drunken bounce in the sack you might not remember much of doesn't sound very bright or very fun."

He cocked his head. "Did you bring condoms?"

My jaw unhinged. How could I be that stupid? I was sure whoever the guy I picked (how arrogant that sounds now) would have protection but a truly adult woman would not have left that to chance.

He smiled. "Don't worry if you really want to do this I have some."

His smile faded a little. "You're in luck. My girlfriend wrote me that over the summer, she couldn't help falling for another guy and hoped I'd understand and to believe her when she says

that some part of her will always love me. Presumably she meant the parts not occupied by some other dude's dick."

He shook his head. "Sorry. That was dumb. My only beef is I wished she'd have said something to me before fucking him. If they are fucking, maybe it is platonic? Nah, probably not. She's a fucking horn dog."

His smile returned brightly. "You serious about this?" I nodded.

"I've never had sex on the first date," he continued, looking bemused. "So Ms. Practical what's the plan? If we do this do I owe you breakfast? A phone call? Or is my role limited to, pardon the expression, a dump and run, no obligations?"

I shrugged. "My plan was to just get laid. I wasn't planning on anything other than that." I paused and added, "But breakfast is always good."

"Shall we go upstairs then?"

I nodded, suddenly nervous. We avoided most of the party by going up the backstairs and pretending to not notice one of his frat brother's groping a girl on the landing. She was not complaining.

We stood inside the door to his room and kissed. He was a good kisser. His hands moved from my ass to my boobs. I let

him pull my top up over them. He already knew I wasn't wearing a bra. Anyone with eyes knew I wasn't wearing a bra.

I let him suck at my nipples for a few minutes, loving the way it made my pussy get wet. I wanted to be very wet for what was coming.

I squatted down and unzipped his pants. He helped me get his cock out. I was surprised to see he was uncircumcised. I had never sucked a cock before. I had streamed a ton of free porn though, purely for educational purposes of course.

I held the shaft with one hand and put the head in my mouth. It felt kind of weird but I liked it, soft but hard at the same time. I squeezed, curious about how hard it really was but not wanting to hurt him like a spazzy newbie. I played with the head of his dick with my tongue for a minute. I pulled my mouth away and kissed and licked the shaft. I bent my head to lick his balls but they were still trapped inside his pants.

I reached up and unbuttoned his pants and slipped them off his hips. His boxers took a little more effort since his boner jutted out of the fly. His cock didn't seem that big, maybe six or six and half inches and not too fat. Bingo. I couldn't have selected a better cherry popper.

Now that his clothes were bunched around his ankles, he looked a little like a newly planted tree, a newly planted tree with a wooden stob. How apropos. I caught myself before I laughed.

I leaned toward him again, pushing his cock against his belly and began to lick and mouth his balls. That was okay but I liked his cock more.

I sucked his cock, pleased to discover it wasn't that hard to take his dick all the way into my mouth. From the sounds he made, I was pretty sure I was doing it right. I remembered to use my hand, gliding it over his spit-slicked shaft as my mouth and tongue slid off him.

I stopped long enough to help him get his shoes off and get his pants and boxers off completely. He tossed his jacket over a chair then unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it over the jacket. I stood and pulled my shirt off. I unbuckled my belt, undid my skirt and let it fall. I stepped out of it and tossed it into the air with one foot, snatched it with my right hand and tossed it over his shirt.

He smiled, acknowledging the trick. I had seen my brothers do the same with their trunks or underwear. It was a great way to avoid bending over.

I slid my panties off, hoping he'd notice I'd shaved my pussy. If he did he didn't say anything. He did notice the panty liner.

"Are you having your period?" How he would feel about fucking a chick having her period had been evident in the tone of his voice.

"No. I was worried I might bleed afterward."

His frown faded. "You always this organized?"

I shrugged.

Chad turned me and gestured that I should sit on the bed. He opened the drawer by the bed and retrieved a condom. He opened it without speaking. I watched with curiosity. I'd seen condoms in pornos but never seen one put on. It didn't look too difficult.

He surprised me by pushing me back in the bed. He knelt between my legs and stroked my thighs with his fingers before moving them up to my pussy. He ran a single finger down my pussy, separating my inner and outer lips. He did that on both sides. He drew one finger up my slit, wetting it and then circled my clit with it. I remember thinking I would need to be careful or I would fall in the love with this fucker.

He pushed a finger inside me. It went easily and without pain. I often masturbated by putting a couple of fingers inside my pussy. What he was doing did not scare me.

He leaned forward and sucked the right side of my labia into his mouth, then released it and slowly licked upward, flicking my clit with his tongue at the top of the motion. He shifted his head and did the same to the left side. All the while, his finger was circling and pushing deeper into my cunt.

After flicking my clit, he sucked it between his lips and tugged softly. His finger was as deep inside me as he could go. The curled up fingers pressed hard against the bottom of my pussy and the space between it and my asshole. My disgusting brothers once told me that area was called the 'taint' because 'it taint pussy and it taint ass, it just taint'. Whatever it was called, the pressure from his fingers felt nice.

He continued to use his lips and tongue to torment my clit. I had seen this done a zillion times in pornos but this was my first time. Could fucking really be better than this? If so I was in for a major treat because what he was doing to me was driving me wild.

He had slipped a second finger into my pussy and continued to move his fingers in sweeping circles as he pumped his fingers in and out of my cunt, stretching and spreading my hymen. He added a third finger.

He had to push this time and it hurt, not a lot, but enough that it caused me to tense. He immediately stopped pushing and simply let his fingers rest inside me. His tongue never stopped playing with my clit. He began to trace circles around it. I could feel it pulsing against his tongue. He would close his lips over it and tug, letting it snap back just before pleasure turned to pain.

Ever so slowly, he increased the pressure with his fingers. The pain subsided and my body relaxed. As it did, his fingers were able to penetrate more deeply and without pain. He resumed the twisting, spreading movement of his fingers. With his fingers spread, they felt bigger than his cock had looked.

The fullness of his fingers and the constant flicking and pulling at my clit had me racing toward an orgasm. The feel of his mouth on me was heavenly but I had come here planning on having intercourse, on fucking someone. I pushed against his head and he stopped.

He looked over my belly at me and I swallow a groan. His chin and cheeks were shiny and wet from my pussy.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Uh huh but don't you want to have sex?"

He smiled and kissed me right on top of my clit.

"We will baby, we will. Relax, go ahead and cum. It will make it easier."

He turned his head and bit my leg, pretty hard actually, and I yelped. He laughed and returned to my clit.

I took his advice and relaxed. I tried to remember the tidal wave of pressure and fullness that had started to build somewhere between my belly button and ass. I remember how it twisted and coiled on itself as more and more tension flowed from his tongue and into my body through my clit. My breath started to come in quick gasps.

Lying here, I can easily recall how my body grew still as the tension could no longer be contained and the coiled ache in my pelvis freed itself and flashed through my body. The tiny part of my rational mind that was not overwhelmed in the sensations radiating from my center noted that clearly no two orgasms were the same. I had fingered my clit, fingered my pussy, gotten myself off since I was fourteen or fifteen and I had never produced anything like what I was experiencing at that moment.

I was hardly aware of Chad rising up and pulling me toward the edge of the bed. He lifted my ass with one hand and positioned his cock against my pussy. My body was still shaking from my orgasm when, with a steady firm push, he relieved me of my virginity.

There was a brief flash of pain and then he was inside me, bigger and deeper than his fingers. I could feel his cock pushing against my insides. He withdrew slowly and then pushed back into me. No real pain this time.

My orgasm had begun to fade but the feel of his prick moving in and out of my pussy re-awoke it. I don't know if it was really another orgasm or just a prolonging of the first one. All I know is I found it impossible to stop panting "uh huh" as the speed of his thrust increased.

I could feel my breasts bouncing back and forth as his body pounded into me. I untangled my fingers from the sheet and began to play with my nipples.

"Yeah baby," Chad panted. "Play with your beautiful tits. That's hot, Donna, fucking hot."

He stopped talking then. He shoved deep inside me. I could feel his cock bounce against my cervix, feel my uterus forced deeper into my body by his cock. Instead of pulling all the way out he started to twitch his hips, hardly moving. With the condom on I couldn't feel his cum fill me.

He let my butt fall back onto the bed down and covered my body with his, gasping. I remember loving the way my breasts felt smashed against his chest. After a few minutes, he raised his head and grinned.

"God your pussy was tight. I should fuck virgins more often."

I started to chuckle and was amazed to feel my eyes fill.

He had scrambled onto the bed and stretched out by my side.

"Hey are you okay? It seemed like I didn't have to push very hard. Are you in pain?"

"No," I managed. "It hardly hurt at all. That was unbelievable. I was ready for pain and blood and you were so sweet. I've

never had a guy go down on me before. That was totally fucking awesome. And having you inside me felt even better. All my girlfriends had me expecting a horror show and this was so perfect I guess I'm just a little overwhelmed." I turned on my side and kissed him. "Thank you for that. And I agree, if half the first time stories I've heard are true, you should fuck more virgins. They would be lucky fucking bitches."

He leaned over my face for a quick kiss and started to play with my boob.

"I'm glad you enjoyed that. You know the night has only started."

I looked at him wide-eyed. Then thought, "Why not? The night has only started."

Until last night, that remained the most intense orgasm I had experienced. How many women can say that about their first time? I try to remind myself that I'm a lucky bitch.

We had dated for almost two years before he graduated and left school. We tried to keep it going, me in Austin, him in Salt Lake City but it wasn't to be. My heart broke a little as the Skypes grew less frequent and then stopped. I dated a few guys but only one long enough to sleep with. Jeff was sweet but I was definitely the more adventuresome one. I had to practically get a notarized statement confirming that yes, I wanted to try anal. As graduation approached, I gave Jeff the usual spiel about how we needed to grow and learn to be ourselves ya da ya da ya da. I think he was relieved.

Chad emailed me a month or so ago that he was engaged. I was genuinely happy for him but couldn't help a little cry. I had the summer off. Med school loomed in the fall but from May until late August I was at loose ends.

One afternoon when I was a sophomore in high school and the twins were sophomores in college, dad stood up, started to say something and then dropped to the floor, dead. He was a nut job about insurance and his law practice had done very well. We had no money worries but after I graduated high school, mom sold our little, for Texas it was little anyway, ranch and the cattle. She moved to a nice but unpretentious apartment in Fort Worth while I moved to a dorm room.

Spending time with mom would have been fun but she never got over dad leaving her at such a young age. As far as I know she has never dated. She traveled a lot. She was spending the summer in Haiti. She felt like everyone had forgotten how devastated it still was. She was an atheist and felt it her duty as an atheist to prove to all those religious nut jobs, as she called them, that atheist were as moral and committed to doing good in the world as any Jesus-jumping buffoon - her words not mine. At loose ends until med school started in the fall mom had offered me the run of her apartment.

So there I was, staring at the walls of mom's apartment. I only been 'home' for a week and already going stir crazy, when my brother, Terry called. Our folks had bought a cabin on a lake when we were kids. As we got older and lost interest, and dad got busier with his law practice, the place sat empty. Mom wanted to sell it but the twins, Terry and Gary, convinced her to hang onto it. They planned to fix it up and even expand it, make it a place we could bring our families, once we had families, to spend a few weeks each year.

They were finally doing it. Dad's partners had kept the practice going and growing. The boys both had jobs waiting for them. They had convinced Henry, their soon-to-be boss, to let them have a year off to study for the bar and fix up the old place. He and dad had been friends since the first day of law school. He'd said, "Sure boys, take your time but you'd better keep a bunk reserved for me," and left it at that.

Terry wanted to know if I'd like to spend the summer at the cabin. He assured me that even if I only ran errands and helped with the cooking I'd be doing them a big favor.

I'm not a fan of roughing it. Civilization, for all its flaws, has been a constant effort to leave the bugs and dirty and fucking raccoons behind. I, for one, don't miss nature but anything sounded better than sitting in that apartment missing our old house, missing my mom and missing my dad even more. I let the building super know I'd be gone for most of the summer and was packed and on the road before suppertime. I pulled in last night just as the twins were sitting down to eat.

Lying here naked next to one brother, last night's supper seemed a lifetime ago.

I'm suffocating. I don't want to wake Gary but I need to get out from under his leg before I melt. Not only am I hot in the sense

of being too warm, I'm hot from thinking about Chad. Remembering the way his mouth and hands and cock felt on and in my body has me hot and bothered in many ways.

Gary's bent leg lies across my upper thighs and guards my pussy. At a minimum, I need to get from underneath his leg so I can touch myself. I use my heels to lift my ass enough and try to scoot from under his leg.

Like the wheezy start of an old tractor, Gary's breathing catches in fits and starts and I freeze. A sigh flutters across my cheek and he rolls away. The rush of cool air over my sweaty body is so pleasant that, for a moment, I forget why I wanted to move from under his leg.

I stretch my arms over my head and fail to suppress the shudder that runs through my body or the yawn that threatens to dislocate my jaw.

I run my hands lightly over my breasts and belly. My left hand stops to play in the wet spot my brother's cock has left on my side. I find myself hoping he was dreaming of me, hoping it was me and not his need to pee that made him hard.

My right hand begins to stroke the dark, close-cropped landing strip that hovers atop my sex. I roll up onto my left arm to gaze at my brother.

His right hand is tossed over his head and his face is buried in the crook of his elbow. He's a little boy trying to hide from the morning light and sleep a little longer. His right leg hugs

my own. His left is bent so that his left foot rests against his right leg.

I've seen my brother naked often enough but I've never regarded his body as a lover.

My right hand continues to loiter about my sex but my mind is on my brother. I am fascinated by the scant dark hairs that lie atop his big toe and the trail of hairs that run over the arch to extend into the dark hair that covers his legs. I notice how the hair grows in large swirls that swoop away from his shin.

Was he too hairy? I don't think so. Chad had been hairy but kept everything trimmed and in order. Jeff had been a serious biker, ten-speed not Harley. I had not minded his shaved legs nor had I minded Chad's shaved chest. I hadn't minded, but neither was it particularly erotic. It just was.

No, I decide I'm okay with the hair, unless it's on his back. I scan my memories. I'm not sure. I let it go. I'll have time to check it out later.

My eyes continue up his legs. The twins bike some but prefer running. I enjoy the defined muscles of Gary's legs and thighs. My thoughts get derailed by the hope that my cadaver will be well toned. I've heard horror stories of trying to dissect the cadaver of a really old person. It is hard to identify muscles that are barely there. Old will be better than fat though. Please don't let me be assigned a fat cadaver to dissect.

What? Get those thoughts of dead bodies out of your head while you're perusing your brother's body with one hand between your legs. Christ, Donna you are a total fucking ditz sometimes.

The head on the pillow might resemble a little boy hiding from the sun but the cock standing guard over Gary's taut belly is not a little boy's. My brother, brothers, have beautiful penises. I am not great with estimates but they are definitely bigger than Jeff and a little bigger than Chad. I decide to go with seven inches. Seven is a lucky number isn't it?

His dick is well proportioned. It doesn't look long and skinny or short and fat. The crown rests comfortably on the shaft, looking neither like it is about to topple over under its own weight or incapable of providing adequate coverage. As with most aesthetics, it is the proportions that count.

I never really liked Jeff's cock. The head was the size of my brothers' but the shaft was smaller, thinner. Jeff's cock looked too much like a toadstool to be really attractive. I feel like a total bitch for thinking that. Jeff was a sweetheart and a competent lover. He deserves better.

Chad's cock was fine, more than fine, probably better than my brothers' I decide because it was intact. God, I wish mom and dad had let my brothers' penises alone!

My fingers have moved past the remaining smudge of my pubic hair to begin to tease my clit. All this reminiscing and thinking about cocks and what makes a cock hot is getting me hot. I dip a finger into my pussy and moisten it.

My eyes look past Gary's cock to his belly. I love the way his hair sweeps together and dives toward his cock as if drawn to it.

And oh my, his nipples with their druid's circle of crisp brown hairs around the areolas. His outdoor time is spent shirtless and his areolas are dark brown, the nipples encircled by a ring of even darker flesh topped by the lighter, pinker hue of the nipple itself.

My fingers bury themselves in my cunt. He's not even doing anything and he has me raging.

I fight the urge to bury my face in his armpit. Does it have the same distinctive musk as his crotch?

I can't stand it.

I pull myself to my knees, spreading my knees and giving my hand plenty of room to work at my pussy. I turn my head to the side and wrap my mouth around Gary's cock.

Once it is in my mouth, I can pull it away from his belly, making it a simple task to begin to bob up and down on his beautiful dick. My fingers brush softly through his happy trail.

Part of me is aware that his breathing has changed. He is probably awake but I don't care.

My fingers waltz up his belly to dance around his right nipple. I don't pinch it or pull it, perhaps he is still asleep. Like his cock and like my own nipples, I'm amazed at how hard his nipple becomes.

I need more hands. I need one hand to play with his chest hair. I need one hand to play with my pussy. I need one hand to stroke his cock while I suck it and I need a fourth to play with his balls.

The bed creaks and the mattress shifts beneath my knees. Terry's sixth sense has summoned him. That ought to freak me out, the way they both seem to read my mind but I have nothing I wish to keep secret from them.

Terry's body presses against my back. His hand reaches around my waist.

"Need a hand?" He whispers and both his breath and the way he knows what I'm thinking causes goose bumps to prickle across my shoulders.

His right arm reaches around my waist and his fingers push my hand aside. It's an awkward position. He can't really do more than finger my clit. He begins to kiss and nip at my shoulders. He wets my skin with his mouth and then rubs his stubbly chin over the same spot.

I press my pussy against his fingers, trying not to become distracted from sucking Gary's cock. My left hand is wrapped around the base of his cock and my right is now free to play with his balls.

I force his cock into my throat and let his pubic hair tickle my nose. I can still smell him but what I mostly smell is myself. I inhaled deeply, enjoying the medley of scents.

I keep Gary deep in my mouth and throat and suck. I pull my mouth off him slowly and let the ridge of his crown rest against my lips. I play my tongue over the groove on the underside of the head before swirling it around the ridge. I can't help remembering how much different it was doing that to Chad with his foreskin intact. Poor Gary.

I fall into a pattern. I slowly swallow, pushing deep, holding for a moment then pulling back a little faster to the head, teasing with my tongue and down I go again.

All the while, Terry's fingers toy with my pussy but can't really do more than toy. He is still biting and kissing and licking and dragging his stubble across my shoulders. I want to take my mouth off Gary's cock long enough to tell him to fuck me. My pussy is bereft.

The weight of his body on my back immediately leaves me. I don't know how he and Gary read me so well but right now I don't care as long as he's shifted position so he can fuck me.

It isn't his cock I feel next. It's his mouth and his tongue and his stubbly cheeks. And I don't feel them on my cunt but on my ass.

A twinge of regret catches in my throat. I wanted him to fuck me. His tongue and mouth are great but I want his cock deep inside me. My childish regret pisses me off. I hate being such a baby, always having to have exactly what I want instead of appreciating what I have.

His cheeks scratch my ass cheeks. He doesn't try to penetrate my ass with his tongue. He simply teases me, twirling his tongue around my pucker and then dragging it over, pressing for a moment as if he intends to spear me before moving on.

It is deliciously maddening but does nothing to fill the emptiness between my legs. Is his telepathy failing him or is he teasing me by deliberately denying me his cock?

His tongue takes one more long slathering trip along my crack and his mouth leaves me. His hands find my hips and I push my ass toward him, my body language begging for his cock.

He pushes it between my legs. I lower myself, feeling my wet pussy lips cradle his cock. The head is pressed against my clit. I let go of Gary's balls and reach between my legs. I grab hold of Terry's cock and begin to rub it in circles over my clit.

He lets me do this for a few minutes as I attempt to keep my focus on sucking Gary's cock.

Terry pulls away, leaving my fingers to take his dick's place on my clit. I feel him lift his cock up and this time when his hips move forward he fills me. I whimper a little around Gary's cock. It feels so wonderful to have Terry inside me. When he was licking my ass, I wondered if that was where his cock would end up. That would have been okay but I was hoping he'd fuck my pussy again.

His strokes are deep and slow. I wish he'd pound me. I want to hear the sound of our bodies slamming into each other but he can't. I think he knows that he'd jar me too much and with a mouthful of teeth around his brother's cock, he didn't want to take the risk.

I am congratulating myself for keeping the rhythm of my blowjob going, despite the desperate need I feel between my legs. Gary has not moved. He has not put his hands in my hair or raised his eye to watch his cock slide in and out of his sister's mouth - nothing. There's no way he can still be asleep.

I am at the top of a cycle, my lips tight against his ridge, my hand sliding up his shaft to meet my lips, my tongue just beginning its trip around the head when he fills my mouth with cum. It takes me completely by surprise. It startles me to the point I start to pull away and part of his load slips past my lips to run down his shaft.

I hurriedly get the entire head in my mouth and enjoy the feeling of his cock twitching against my tongue as the last few spurts of his jizz fill my mouth.

I'm getting ready to swallow, getting ready to clear my mouth so I can take his cock deep into my throat once more when his hand touches my cheek. I pause and he pulls his cock out of my mouth. I close my lips but a bit of his cum drizzles onto his cock.

Gary slides his body down. His feet and legs must be off the bed. He is lying right under me. One hand finds the back of my head and pulls my head down. He lifts his head, his eyes dark and shining and finds my lips.

I'm not expecting this. I'm not sure what he wants me to do.

His tongue pushes between my lips. Holy fuck! His tongue presses harder, caressing the inside of my mouth. I open my mouth.

I'm shocked at how greedily his tongue attacks me. He sucks my tongue into his mouth and then licks my chin. I recover from my surprise enough to begin to kiss him back. Soon both our faces are slick with cum and saliva.

Now that my teeth are no longer a danger to his brother's dick, Terry begins to truly fuck me. The sound his body makes slapping against my ass fills my ears and brings my excitement to a higher pitch.

The pounding thrusts cause my nipples to sway in circles through Gary's chest hair.

Gary pulls away from my mouth and turns. It takes me a moment to figure out what he's doing and to move my arm. I balance on my knees and one hand long enough for him to wiggle under my belly.

I can't believe there is room enough but his tongue finds my clit as his younger-by-ten-minutes brother continues to slam in and out of my cunt.

Gary's cock is mostly soft but it shines with the cum I had missed. I stretch and he accommodates me but raising his hips. His cock lolls down his stomach. It is close enough I can lick the head and part of the shaft.

Terry's thrusts and Gary's tongue become more frantic. I pull my mouth away from Gary's dick. I press my mouth against his lower belly. I bite off a scream and he presses harder against my mouth. I hope I'm not hurting him but I have to bite something or I will scream bloody murder. No one is around so I'm not sure why I care.

I feel the familiar tension gathering force deep in my belly. I lift my head. Gary's stomach bears a bright red oval lined with white teeth marks.

I can't stand it any longer. I brace my hands against the mattress and begin to slam back into my brother, needing him deeper than he can get on his own. Gary is reduced to simply

holding his stiffened tongue out and letting my cunt drag over it.

My orgasm screams through my body, making it quake. I hear a voice crying, "oh my fucking God" over and over and don't recognize it as my own.

My orgasm is beginning to ebb when Terry thrusts hard and then holds still. His hands are gripping my hips so hard I'm sure I'll have bruises.

I can feel my pussy swell as his cum fills it and my orgasm pauses and begins to surge.

Now that my body is still, Gary's mouth latches back onto my clit. I'm so sensitive it hurts. He must sense this because he lets go. I feel his tongue sliding back through my slit until it meets Terry's cock. I can't see past his chin but from the movement, he has to be licking his brother's cock.

Terry slowly withdraws. I rise up enough to see his softening cock fall from my cunt and into Gary's mouth. Gary sucks as greedily at his brother's cock as he had at my chin.

I watch, fascinated, as drop after drop of Terry's cum leaks from my pussy and lands on Gary's chin and neck.

I start to move, start to get off his face. As soon as I do, Gary pivots his mouth and clamps it over my pussy. I feel his

tongue push into my cunt as his mouth sucks at me, pulling his brother's jizz from my pussy and into his mouth.

Sated at last, he lets his head drop. I swing my leg over and collapse with my head on his belly. The hair on the back of my head draped over his cock.

I watch as Terry leans over his knees and my twin brothers begin to kiss. Terry is as eager to clean his brother's chin as Gary is to clean his sister's.

What a fucking mess. All I can do is laugh.

My laughter is like oil on the waters, it smothers the sexual energy in the room enough to allow for rational thought.

My brothers continue to tongue wrestle for a few minutes before Terry straightens.

He slips his thighs under Gary's head. They appear to form a perfect pillow for his head.

"What's so funny, sis?" Terry asks. I find it strange that, at least so far, when we are fucking each other, Gary takes charge. Once the fucking is over, he lapses back into his quiet acquiescing ways.

"Nothing. Everything. Us. What isn't funny?" I reply. I give them a quizzical look. "Are you two sure you aren't gay or at least bi? I mean come on."

Surprisingly it is Gary who answers. "No. I told you. I have never, ever, been turned on by any guy except my kid brother here." Terry nods agreement.

"If we were, why wouldn't we admit it for Christ's sake?" Terry asks as a crooked grin grows on his face. "As you say, 'I mean come on', we have spent the better part of the last fourteen hours fucking our little sister's pussy, eating our little sister's pussy and fucking her in the ass."

"Speak for yourself asshole," Gary pipes in with. "I never fucked my little sister's pussy. You did. Twice counting just now, you fucking perv. I only ate her pussy and fucked her in the ass, thank you very much."

The last is stated with the exaggerated innocence of a toddler who doesn't realize his mom can see most of the candy bar he is denying having eaten smeared around his lips.

I start to giggle then burst out bawling. Before they can react, I bolt off the bed and out of the door. I start to turn toward my room but it is infested with raccoons. I execute a pivot Adrienne Peterson would envy (I'm from Texas but I loathed the fucking Cowboys) and race down the hall.

The shame I had failed to locate this morning engulfs me. There is something about hearing those words coldly hanging

in the warm air of the morning - "I only ate her pussy", "fucked her in the ass", "eating our little sister's pussy" – made what we had been doing real.

Jesus Christ, I am a slut. I'm one step away from blowing a goat in Tijuana. Fuck, maybe I was a step below that. At least the goat wouldn't be my brother.

I'm vaguely aware of my brothers exiting the room behind me as I run across the great room heading for the front door. I have no idea where I'm going.

I hit the scrap rug in the entryway at an angle. It shots from under me. I fall hard on my left hip and the side of my head raps against the floor. Over the sound of the crack I hear one of my brothers, Gary I think, gasp, "oh shit" as I scramble to my feet and yank the door open.

I'm bare-ass naked. My face and thighs are smeared with two men's cum and the two men happen to be my twin brothers. I don't care. There is no one around here. The cabin is at the end of a shallow bay. Dad was a canoe guy not a speedboat guy. He wanted to be away from the noise from the body of the lake. Between the cabin and the county road, lay almost thirty acres of east Texas pine forest.

The twins have finished most of the work on the porch. They wanted a place to sit and wait for the evening breeze. They had resurrected, rebuilt and rehung the old porch swing that I drop into, mindless of the risk of splinters on my bare ass. I pulled my feet up, wrapped my arms around them and buried my face in my knees.

Before my brothers can even make it to my side, I am trying to lose myself in the rhythmic creak of the chains that held the swing. Those creaks are as comforting to me as the memory of the way mom's rocking chair always popped when it rocked back.

It had been many years since I was able to crawl into my mom's lap and lose myself in the comfort of her whispered voice in my hair, her strong arms and the rock and pop of that old rocker. I miss it. I want to talk to her. But what would I tell her. "Mom I just let the boys fuck me and sucked both their dicks. What should I do?"

I sense the boys standing in front of the swing but I don't speak.

"You should let me look at your head. You might have fractured your skull or something." Terry is trying to sound gruff and put out but all I hear is worry in his voice.

I don't answer. I can't. I don't have the energy.

"Donna are you okay?" I hear the same tone of worry in Gary's voice but the question is so fucking ridiculous I take the time and energy to give him a glaring WTF-dude-look before burying my face in my knees again.

The silence stretches and I know without looking that the twins are looking at each other, doing that creepy talking with their eyes thing mom and dad pretend not to believe in.

I hear the pad of bare feet moving away followed by the long squeal of the screen door spring as someone opens the door. I know it is Terry.

One of the porch chairs scrape across the floor. I don't look up but I am sure Gary is sitting by the swing that has stopped swinging.

He pushes the swing. Since he only pushed one end it swings in an oddly disconcerting figure eight pattern. Again, no words are spoken but I hear the chair creak. The swing stops for a moment and then he pushes against both arms.

The sound of the creaking chains settles over me. I can see Gary in my head. He is sitting by me, looking out at the trees, waiting until I need him to set the swing in motion again.

Chapter 3

Donna, a new college graduate has joined her twin brothers at the family's old cabin on a lake. The twins have some type of twin-twin telepathy. Donna discovers them blowing each other. They insist they are not gay, just very close. She joins them. Later she freaks out over what they have done. Running out of the house she slips and hits her head. She flees to the porch swing and hides her head, as Gary, the oldest twin, rocks the swing with his foot.

There is very little action in this chapter. It primarily moves the story forward and introduces some new characters.

I hope you enjoy. And as always, helpful criticism is not only welcome but craved.

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The chair is killing my ass. I make a mental note to router the wooden edge of the seat. I scoot back, not too worried about splinters, I sanded and painted the chair myself and I'm something of a perfectionist. I rest one foot on the edge of the porch swing and resume rocking the swing.

Donna has not moved since looking up long enough to give me the evil eye. Her arms are wrapped around her knees; her forehead rests atop them. Thank God she has stopped crying. The way she is sitting I can't see if her hip or her head is starting to swell or turn black and blue. I cringe, remembering the sound her head made hitting the floor. Jesus.

I was expecting a meltdown at some point. Forget Bible belt Texas, incest is as close to a universal taboo as one can get. Even our atheist libertarian parents couldn't soften that blow much. Personally, I think Ayn Rand was an obnoxious nympho cunt who would have fucked anything with a dick whether or not the person the dick was attached to was related to her or not. It certainly hadn't matter to her if the dick was married or not, as long as the dick worshipped her. It would be great if the old man were still around to debate the point.

Thinking about pop only makes me sad. I don't need that on top of worrying about my sister. Her breathing is slow and even and I wonder if she has fallen asleep. Her reaction shouldn't have surprised us. Donna has never been one to do anything by halves. Despite the situation, I can't help smiling as I remember her in action last night and this morning. If Donna is going to fuck, by God she fucks. On the other hand if she's going to have a meltdown, you better grab a hold of something and hang on for dear life.

The rusty spring on the screen door squeals and I remind myself to oil that damn spring. Over my shoulder I see Terry struggling to carry three mugs of coffee without sloshing the scalding blackness over his hands. I stretch one arm behind me and take one of the mugs and nearly drop the damn thing. I hiss as I fumble the mug around to get ahold of the handle. Very carefully, fully aware of how much worse I'll hiss if I spill coffee on my belly or dick, I set the mug down on the arm of the chair.

Not once have I stopped rocking the porch swing with my foot.

Terry sits on the porch railing. He puts one of the mugs on the railing and blows over the top of the other. He tips his head at our huddled sister as he takes a tentative sip of coffee and grimaces, whether at the taste or the temperature is unclear.

"How is she?"

I shrug. "Sleeping I think,"

Terry frowns. "Is that a good idea? Aren't you suppose to keep people awake after they get whacked on the head?"

I take my foot off the swing and sit up in the chair. "How the fuck should I know? She's the pre-med student. I'm a stupid fucking lawyer."

As I speak Terry stands and steps toward the swing. He touches Donna's shoulder. "Donna? Hey sis, want some coffee."

She does not respond.

I haul myself out of the chair and join him. I jostle her shoulder, less gently than Terry has. "Donna? Hey wake up kiddo? Are you alright?"

There's no response. I don't need to look at Terry to know his worry is rocketing skyward as quickly as my own.

We both shake her this time. We both shout, "Donna, hey Donna wake up!"

When I lift her chin with my fingers her head lolls back. Her eyes are closed. The flesh around her left eye is red and swollen. I hear Terry murmur, "oh fuck". I open her left eye. The pupil shrinks down. I thought I remember hearing that is a good sign.

I smack her cheek, not hard but not gently either. "Donna, goddamn it wake up."

"Let me sleep." Her voice is soft, almost inaudible and slurred. She sounds drunk. That does it.

Terry turns without a word and sprints for the door. He's back in few minutes, dressed in jeans, tee shirt and flip-flops. Donna's robe flutters in his arms, under it are my clothes. I dress quickly while he slips Donna's arms into the robe.

"Come on sis, stand up," he urges, tugging her to her feet. She mumbles incoherent protests but she can almost stand on her own.

As if she is in fact drunk, we each take an arm and half-carry her down the steps in the classic Christ on the Cross position. Her legs seem to understand they are supposed to be doing something but can't quite manage to figure out what, exactly, it is they should be doing.

Terry opens the back door of our crew cab truck and scoots in. I hand Donna in to him. As we settle her she says very clearly, "Mom we never go to church, let me sleep."

I stare at her until my brother snaps, "Gary let's fucking go."

It is forty minutes to a town with a hospital, but it's a good size hospital. My brother and I take turns hectoring her, keeping her muttering demands to be left alone. I push our old Ford as fast as I dare without risking it bouncing to pieces on the potholed county roads.

After what feels like an eternity, I skid to a halt in front of the emergency room doors and hop out. A nurse is hustling through the automatic doors before I get all the way around the truck.

"My sister fell and hit her head. She's acting all out of it." I shout as I change course and head back to the truck. The nurse waves at someone behind her and by the time Terry and I are easing Donna out of the back seat, the nurse and two orderlies arrive with a gurney.

"You sure her neck is okay?" The nurse snaps without looking at me. She is gently opening first one eye and then the other. She frowns as her fingers probe the swelling around the eye. Her left hand holds Donna's head up by the chin

"I think so. She was walking around after she fell then got really sleepy. She landed hard on her left hip and really

cracked her head. She didn't say anything about her neck hurting."

"Hold her steady a second," one of the orderlies requests in a soft east Texas drawl. He positions a plastic collar around Donna's neck. When he's done the nurse nods her head in satisfaction and steps back.

"Okay, get her on the stretcher."

The two men take Donna from us. We try to help, reluctant to surrender our sister to strangers. The nurse, Margie, according to her name tag, either with intuition of her own or simple experience, rests a hand on Terry's shoulder. "Don't worry. Let them do their job. We'll take good care of her. Come on, we'll need a little more information."

The next few hours pass in a blur. We answer the same questions a dozen times, or so it seemed. Some kid comes out after a few minutes, announcing that he's Dr. Berger. Donna's vital signs are stable. A quick neurologic screen is okay, other than the obvious decreased level of consciousness. He thinks she just has a bad concussion but wants to get a CT scan of her head. That's where she is now, in radiology.

He asks a few questions about what happened. We tell the truth, or all of it other than why she was running. He reappears, striding past the swooshing doors, somehow looking even younger, and tell us the CT shows no signs of swelling in her brain but she does have some bleeding under the lining of the skull. It will need to be drained. He reassures us this is not as serious as bleeding in the actual brain itself.

The neurosurgeon is on his way down to see her and then she'll be taken to the OR. It will probably be a few hours before we can see hear.

He asks if our parents are around and mutters the standard sympathy at hearing our father died years ago. Our mother is in Haiti. One of us will sign the consent. He holds it out. I sign. He tells us again she should be fine. I start wondering how to get a hold of mom.

"One other thing. There are signs of recent sexual activity." He voice is emotionless.

Terry nods. "Her boyfriend was down last night. He had to get back to Houston." Terry scowls. "They made quite a racket."

The boy MD frowns. "You didn't mention that before. Were they fighting? Are you worried about violence?"

Terry jumps. He's not acting, the idea truly startles him. "No, no doc, nothing like that. It's just pretty weird to hear your sister going at it down the hall, especially when you still think of her as a kid. We didn't mention it because it didn't seem relevant. Chad left early, probably a couple hours before Donna rolled out of bed. She was fine. Chad treats her like a princess. There was no violence. It was just a stupid accident. She was farting around on her way out to the porch. The rug went one way she went the other. Bam. She seemed okay, just upset. She sat out on the porch swing. When we came out with coffee we couldn't get her to wake up. That's when we high-tailed it here."

Baby-face nods, apparently satisfied. "You can come back but just for a few minutes. Dr. Mallory, the neurosurgeon, will want to get her upstairs ASAP."

We follow him. I try not to gasp. One of the orderlies is clipping the hair away from the side of her head. Her robe lies in pieces in a trash can. They've pulled a sheet over her but one of her breast is exposed. Two IVs are dripping clear liquid into both arms. Terry and I crowd together on the side of the bed that is the least occupied. One of us strokes her arm, above the IV, the other her hand. We whisper all the usual homilies, feeling weirdly inhibited by the audience.

Mallory appears, looking as if he's surprised he hasn't been heralded by trumpets. I don't give a shit as long as he's good. He adds his reassurance that she'll be fine but cautions the brain is a mysterious organ. It is possible there has been permanent damage. There will be no way to tell until she is conscious. Baby Face Berger remembers to tell us the CT of her hip was fine, nothing broken but she'll have a "helluva" bruise but all I hear is the phrase "brain damage" ricocheting around my skull. I'm an atheist but cannot shake the suspicion we are being punished for our sins.

We're ushered out, someone, Margie maybe, points towards the elevator and a flood of instructions neither of us hears spew from her mouth, floor number, left, left, last room on the right. Or was it the left? We end up numbly reading signs that seem to suggest where we need to be and somehow find the surgery waiting room.

The chairs aren't plastic like downstairs but they aren't very comfortable.

I forget about trying to get a hold of mom. We wait.

--

My brothers tell me later they remembered all most nothing about that first day in the hospital. How it felt as if they sat there forever but were left with only enough memories to account for a few minutes. I have less than that.

I was left with wispy impressions of events rather than memories. It was like half waking from a really whacked out dream. You grab at the images, wanting to remember them, wanting to be able to tell everyone at breakfast what a bizarre dream you had, but before you can close your hand everything turns to smoke and drifts out of mind and memory.

I remember falling. I remember that quite clearly. What sticks with me is how I seem to hang there in the air, as if someone had paused the film, then wham my body slams into the floor. I recall being surprised I didn't feel hurt. Sitting on the swing my hip began to throb but that was about it. I remember my brothers hovering and wishing they would just go the fuck away and leave me alone.

And I remember why I was so distraught in the first place.

I have no memory of "racing to the hospital", as Terry puts it. I have no memory of the ER or even of Dr. Mallory. Given his ego I'm sure if he'd be hurt to know that.

I woke up knowing, somehow, where I was. Perhaps part of me had been awake, getting oriented before I was aware of it. Whatever, I knew I was in a hospital before I even opened my eyes. I knew Gary would be sitting in a straight backed chair, a chair designed to discourage prolonged sitting at the bedside. And I knew the nurse fiddling with the IV pumped was pissed at him because he refused to obey the ten minute per hour visiting rules.

I peek from under my eyelids. I can't see everything and I don't want to turn my head but I can see enough to know my mental picture of the room is dead accurate.

I know once the nurse realizes I'm awake there will be a lot of futzing around and commotion. I lay still, enjoying the sensation of being awake. I take a mental inventory of my body. My hip aches but it doesn't actually hurt, not laying here at least. I'm not in a cast. Good. I can't feel anything wrong with my head other than it aches. I try wiggling my toes, check, they work, same for my fingers.

I lick my lips. They felt cracked and dry. My mouth is dry. I'm not sure I will be able to talk.

I turn my head a little to look at my brother. He is sitting as I had imagined. He has one elbow on the small bedside table with his hand propping up his head. His tee shirt is inside out and his hair looks ridiculous.

I lick my lips again, wishing desperately for a drink of water, and try to speak. All I manage is a croak. I sense the nurse turn but all I care about is the flutter in brother's eyes.

"Hey stupid head, what did you do to piss off the nurse?" My voice is as creaky as the screen door at the cabin.

Gary's eyes pop open. To my surprise and horror he begins to cry. He had not cried once during the days after pop died.

I'm too parched to cry and I don't feel like crying anyway.

"Don't be a pussy big brother. I'm the one hurt."

That draws a snorting half laugh. He sits up and the eternal eight year-old he will never entirely shed, wipes his snotty nose on his arm.

The nurse hustles around the bed and blocks my view of my brother.

"Donna? Donna, look at me."

Her voice is soft and soothing as a cool drink on a Texas afternoon. What a stupid simile. It reminds me of how thirsty I am.

"May I have some water?"

The nurse gives me a grimace of sympathy. "Not yet but I can wet your mouth for you."

She turns. "Excuse me," she directs at Gary, and her voice loses those dulcet tones. I'm right. Gary has done something to really piss her off.

"Sorry," my brother whispers and hear the chair scrape back. He sounds intimidated and I try to recall if I have ever seen him intimidated.

She opens the drawer of the table and when she turns back she's tearing open a foil pouch. The scent of lemons fills the room. She offers me a plastic stick with a pink star-shaped sponge at the end.

"Here, you can wet your mouth and lips with this." I take it from her with a nod. It tastes less like lemons than it smells but I don't care; it's wet at least.

As I swab my mouth and lips the nurse pulls a pen light out of her pocket. I pause, holding the swab in my mouth as she flashes the light several times in each eye. She doesn't say a word as she re-clips the light in her pocket.

"Donna do you know where you are?"

"The ninth circle of hell," I croak and, seeing the frown on my nurse's face, instantly regret it. Behind her Gary snorts.

"Family joke, Ms. Julie," he informs her. "As kids that's what we called any place we didn't want to be."

"I'm in the hospital," I whisper. "Sorry, didn't mean to be a smart ass. Is it Julie or did my brother, stupid head over there, screw up your name."

The frown doesn't quite leave her face. "No. I'm Julie. You're in the neuro ICU. Do you remember what happened to you?"

I still can't see Gary but I can feel him tense.

"Yes. I managed to slip on a rug and whack myself in the head. Funny, prat falls aren't so funny in real life."

Julie nods and seems to relax, as if I've passed an important test. Understanding washes over me. She has been worried that Gary was staying to make sure I didn't say anything.

I reach out with the hand holding the swab. Julie reaches to take it and her fingers touch mine. She stills.

"I was running for the porch, teasing my loving, if not very bright brothers, for sitting on their butts swilling coffee and missing a beautiful morning. I was also feeling all wound up after a night of the best break up sex I've ever had." I try to look around Julie. "Sorry brother, I know that's TMI for you." Julie is still holding my hand, looking at me. I smile. "Don't judge. He came to tell me he's getting married. We use to

imagine that would be us. It was good-bye sex. I woke up not feeling sad, which surprised me. I hit the rag rug in front of the door and the next thing I knew I was suspend in mid-air. I felt like Wil E. Coyote, super genius, until I hit the floor."

"I sat on the porch swing, humiliated by my klutziness. I made my brothers go away; I hate people hovering. I started to feel really sleepy. Part of me knew I should holler for my brother's but it was too much work."

I sit up and look past Gary. He's sitting there, slack jawed, looking gobsmacked. Luckily, Julie's eyes are on me.

"Don't tell Chad what happened," I tell Gary, hoping he'll get his shit together. "He'll just feel guilty and I'm fine. Okay?"

Gary mumbles a "sure" and manages to close his mouth while still looking totally baffled. I want to chuckle but I have to settle for a subtle wink.

When Julie lets go of my hand her face is calm, the tension lines around her eyes are gone.

"I need to go update Dr. Mallory. I'll see if it is okay to let you have clear liquids." She turns to my brother and her voice is no longer frosty. "Be right back."

He says nothing but nods and gives her a no-hard-feelings smile.

After Julie leaves Gary hurries to my side. He leans over and brushes my cheek with his fingers. I smile at him and his eyes begin to fill.

"Jesus bro, cut out the pussy shit already. I'm fine."

"Are you? Really?"

I nod. "Fine as frog's hair split four ways." That was one of pop's favorite sayings.

Gary frowns. "How did you know we told them Chad was with you?"

I shrug. "Beats me. How do you and Terry always seem to know what's going on inside each other's head, or my head for that matter."

He frowns, not satisfied. Too bad.

"Look Gary, I don't know how. I just knew it. And I'm fine, really. I'm fine with everything all of it."

He cocks an eyebrow. I nod.

"All of it. Dad said it was okay."

Gary starts to respond but before he can speak there's a single brisk rap on the metal door frame, the privacy curtain is thrown back as if its presence is an offense. Dr. Mallory strides in.

He's a short man, well not short but not tall. Dad always warned us not to trust a short surgeon, their egos over-compensate and get them in trouble was his opinion. I like him though, like him on the spot. He's so pompous it's almost refreshing. I can't help smiling at him.

"The nurse here tells me you've decided to wake up."

Okay sometimes pompous isn't refreshing. What's this "the nurse" shit I wonder? "You mean Julie? Yes, I'm awake. I'm also thirsty."

If he recognizes my sarcasm he ignores it. "Let me look you over. Any nausea? Headache? Double or blurry vision? Pins and needles or numbness anywhere? Trouble finding words? Squeeze my fingers hard as you can."

I do my best to crush his fingers as I answer, "No, no, no, no and no."

He nods and steps toward the foot of the bed and presses down on both legs. "Raise your legs. Good." He puts his hands on the bottom of my feet. "Step on the gas. Both feet. Hard as you can. Good."

He steps back toward the head of the bed. "Excellent. You had quite a nasty little subdural but the brain itself looks okay.

You can have liquids but no solid food until morning. Your nurse, Julie, will set you up with the house's finest clear salt-free broth. It will taste wonderful, tonight at least. Tomorrow, not so much."

His mouth, involuntarily I'm sure, twitches into a smile when he speaks Julie's name. Satisfied he has established his dominance and made clear he knows he's a bit of a tool, he leaves.

Julie swallows a giggle. "Never seen anyone have him eating out of their hand that fast." She grins down at me. "He's single you know."

I see Gary glare out of the corner of my eye. "Hhm? I suppose it would be unethical to ask him out until after I'm discharged."

The bandages come off the next morning. Both brothers are in attendance as I get my first look at my hair. I've always been vain about my hair. Terry had not gotten a hold of mom until after I was out of the OR. He convinced her I was fine and not to rush home.

I want to go home the next day but Dr. Mallory pulls a stern - I-am-the-doctor-here look and tells me I'll be here at least a week. When I begin to protest he cuts me off.

"It was a small subdural but it was still a subdural. You bleed into you skull. You had enough pressure on your brain to make you comatose. You've barely been out of bed and don't

think I haven't noticed you're a little weak and a little clumsy in your right foot. So, in a word, 'shut up'. You are going up to the rehab floor and you are going to have several days of therapy and when I decide it is okay for you to go home. I will tell you."

I give him a look that would have my brothers ducking for cover. He's totally unfazed. Damn it. Glaring having failed I resort to pouting.

"'Shut up' is a phrase not a word, so 'in a word' isn't really correct is it?" Not even a flicker of irritation crosses his face. "What if I leave against advice?"

He shrugs. "You could. You won't. You're not that dumb." With that he leaves me fuming.

He sticks his head back in the door and I swear he's hiding a smile. "Hypertension is not good for a healing brain Donna. Take a breath and relax or you'll be hooked up to an IV for your blood pressure."

Smug bastard. I consider throwing a pillow at him. He seems to know it and seems to know I won't. He makes no effort to hide his smile as he leaves, of course that is probably because Julie has come up beside him.

"Problem Dr. Mallory?" She intones sweetly.

"Not really. Ms. Augustini was adjusting to the fact that she doesn't get to walk out of the neuro ICU, barely two days after having a craniotomy and trot off home."

"Can we send her upstairs?"

"By all means. I already ordered a PT/OT consult. What's the name of that old ex-Marine dragon lady they have up there? She'd be perfect for Ms. Augustini."

He actually chuckles when I pull back a pillow to throw at him.

"None of that." Julie admonishes through a grin as Dr. God walks away.

"This is crazy. I don't want to stay here another week."

Julie shakes her head. "You'll be surprised how weak you feel when you are up more. You'll need a few days to get some strength back and let the pain in your hip ease up a bit."

In the end it was a day short of a week of rehab. There was no dragon-lady of course. I was surprised that Julie stopped by nearly every day, either before or after her shift. Dr. Butthead I saw every day and every day he enjoyed demonstrating his authority, however temporary it might be, over me. I tried to stay mad at him but failed miserably.

"Seriously?" I asked when he said her was discharging me, half afraid he was teasing me although I knew that was not the type of teasing he would find amusing.

"Seriously." He assured me.

"Give me my clothes."

"You weren't wearing any clothes, just a bathrobe. I hope you didn't have a sentimental attachment to it. The last I saw of it the ER crew had cut it off you in pieces."

"Nope, it was just a bathrobe. I'll tell my brothers to bring me some clothes. Hell, I'll go home in this backless gown and cute little yellow pajama bottom you force me to wear. I can really go home today?"

He nods. "Your brothers mentioned you were starting med school in the fall." I nod. "Where?"

I'm embarrassed to tell him. "Harvard."

He nods. "Nice work. They'll bust your ass but you'll be fine. If you notice problems concentrating or studying don't be bashful about telling them you've had a TBI, traumatic brain injury. They'll work with you. Do you have any idea what you want to do yet?"

"Oncology."

"Medical or surgical?"

I shake my head. "I'm not sure."

He stands and puts a hand on my shoulder. "Doesn't matter. You'll be great. Julie's right you have a way with people. Most people never get me, what did she say? 'Eating out of their hands'." He smiles, a real smile. "Since your discharged I suppose you could ask me out. You're still my patient so it would be unethical for me to say 'yes' but you could ask." I must blush because he laughs. "One little detail Julie left out. We're engaged."

Julie chooses that moment to come sweeping into my room. "Hush, Dr. Mallory, only half the state knows I'm taking pity on you." She winks at me. "Beat it boss, let me get this young lady ready to go home."

He pauses at the door. "How's the hip and your head of course? Do you need something for pain?"

"No. Ibuprofen is a wonder drug."

He nods. "I'll give you something a little stronger just in case but if you don't need it don't take it."

"What about activities?"

"You can't drive for another month. There's a small chance of seizures still. You'll have to keep the incision dry for 6 weeks, tape a piece of plastic wrap over it. If it does get wet, pat it dry. I'll see you in ten days or so to take out the staples. If the headaches get worse, you have pain, swelling or redness at the incision call my office."

"Can I exercise? Swim?"

He shakes his head. "No swimming, you need to keep it dry, but even after you shouldn't swim or do other activities in which having a seizure means you're going to die."

My worry must have shown because he steps back to the bed and rests his hand on my foot.

"The likelihood of a seizure is very low, but not zero. I want you to be careful, that's all. You can walk for exercise but no strenuous exercise, like running, for three months. You are more vulnerable to a second injury so I recommend no contact sports in the future, no hockey, soccer, etc."

"What about sex?"

He shakes his head and my heart sinks. "Not for six weeks. During orgasm the blood pressure spikes to as high as 160 to 180 even in healthy people. I already told you high blood pressure is a bad thing for a healing brain. So, sorry but no sex."

Julie looks at me a little too thoughtfully for my comfort. "I thought you just broke up with your boyfriend?"

She has me there. "This is Texas. You don't go to a honky-tonk for the music."

Dr. Mallory shakes his head and turns to leave.

"Dr. Mallory?"

"Hhm?" He half turns.

"What about masturbating?"

He thinks for a moment. "It is true the HR and BP don't spike as high with a masturbatory orgasm as a coital orgasm."

"I love it when you talk dirty doctor." I drawl, smirking at him. Julie hides a chuckle behind one hand.

Dr. Mallory simply looks at me. "Would you like an answer to your question?" Trying to appear properly chastised but still smiling, I nod.

"If, and I mean IF, you have not had any headaches with routine activities around the house and no other neurologic symptoms, remember the ones we discussed?" He pauses until I nod. "Good. As long as you can do typical housecleaning

chores, climb a flight of stairs, without any headache or other symptoms, then you may masturbate to orgasm."

He says this as if offering absolution, which I suppose he is.

Julie is all business. "Seriously, take it easy for a while. If you need something for pain, take it. Don't get all macho about it."

I can't get the boys, cell reception is the shits in the boonies. They are surprised and worried I'm going home too soon. I politely but firmly tell them to shut the fuck up before they screw the deal up. Gary goes to buy me clothes to wear home. Terry fusses around worse than my mother. He's been very reserved around me. I'm anxious to get home and have some time to talk with him alone.

I want to kill Gary when he returns. He comes back with a pair of cut off Daisy Duke shorts that show the bottom crease of my butt cheeks and a tank top with a pair of hand prints over the boobs and a logo that reads, "I love my mechanic".

He refuses to go get something else.

"I don't want them staring at your head. Get dressed, no one is going to see you anyway."

I'm standing looking at myself in the mirror, ignoring Gary's smile, when Julie comes in with the mandatory wheelchair to take me down to the lobby. She doesn't even pretend not to laugh.

"Where did you get that outfit?" She squeals.

I jerk a thumb at Gary. Julie raises an eyebrow at him. "Nice work."

"Don't you dare take his side. Look at me. I look like a white trash slut."

Julie nods in agreement. "Pretty much, yeah."

Dr. Mallory strides in, does a double take, opens his mouth, closes it, shakes his head and then gives in to his smile.

"You let your brothers bring you clothes didn't you?"

I nod.

Mallory turns to the broadly grinning Gary. "Excellent. I have an older sister. Next time she visits I may call you for advice," he intones solemnly.

"Happy to oblige doc," Gary chortles. "The only way to keep women from the running the world is for us to stick together and oppress them."

Dr. Mallory shakes his head sadly. "I don't think my future wife will allow any oppression."

Gary shakes his head in mock sympathy. "Pity doc, that's a real pity."

Julie harrumphs at the two of them and slips an arm through mine. "Screw them Donna. You want me to go get you some other clothes honey?"

I square my shoulders, push my breast forward against the tee shirt. I can't blame him for not bringing me a bra, I rarely wore one.

The smile slips off Dr. Mallory's face and transfers itself to his fiancé's. He takes a sudden interest in whatever is visible outside the window.

Without another word, Julie settles me in the wheelchair and we make our way out of the unit. The boys follow. I imagine having Dr. Mallory escort me out was a special treat. Julie tells me later that he makes a point of walking all his patients out of the hospital if he possible can She tells me that's when she realized he wasn't a total ass.

"Guys, slow down when you get off the highway. Don't bounce her around too much if you can avoid it."

"Will do doc." Gary replies and shakes his hand. Terry shakes as well but remains silent. Gary leans out of the driver's window.

"You fish doc?"

Mallory looks embarrassed. "No, but Julie loves to fish."

"Bring her out some time. Place is still more holes than cabin but the lake has some of the best bass fishing around here."

"Sound fun." He nods and Julie does the same.

I look past Gary. "Bye Dr. Mallory. Thanks for putting a hole in my head."

"You are very welcome. I think at this point you can call me Mark. Bye. Call if you have any problems."

--

It's late afternoon by the time we get on the highway. The old Ford's AC had given up the ghost around the time Dubya's old man woke up to realize some slick dude from Arkansas had beat him out of a job. I don't mind. The sun feels great and the wind whipping my hair over the denude spot on my scalp feels strange but sort of good as well.

The sun and the wind dry me out. I ask Gary to stop at the 7-11 when we get off the highway. We are almost home but I'm parched.

I climb down out of the truck and stretch. I can feel Gary's eyes on my chest. Gary is fine. It's Terry I'm worried about.

I lean back in the window. "I'm going to grab a Coke. You guys want anything?" Gary says "no". Terry shakes his head.

"We need anything at the cabin? Milk? Eggs?"

"Nope," Gary responds for the both of them. "Terry stocked up last night. He said you would be coming home today."

"Okay then." I go inside, said "hi" when the kid behind the counter says "howdy". I grab a Coke and decide to get a second one for later. The cold air from the cooler makes me shiver. I can feel my nipples crinkle. I keep a straight face as the kid behind the counter stares at my nipples. I pay, trying to think of a reason to bend over and let him ogle my ass in these ridiculous shorts Gary has bought. I can't think of one.

I wedge my change into one of the pockets and pick up the Cokes. I don't know what comes over me but as turn I pause with my hips cocked at an angle. A throw the kid a glance over my shoulder.

"Are these shorts too short do you think?" I ask sweetly.

"No ma'am," he stammers. "They look pretty near perfect to me."

"Aren't you sweet honey?" I tip him a wink and walk to the door, slowly.

Gary is grinning as I approach the trunk and I wonder how much he saw through the store's dusty windows.

I walk around the truck and climb in the back seat beside Terry. He glances at me but doesn't speak.

Gary swivels in his seat. "What are you grinning at sis? Were you teasing poor Randy? He's a good kid, preacher's kid you know?"

"I was not teasing anyone. I wanted a Coke and I wanted to sit by the sweeter of my two brothers for a bit." I wave an imperious hand at him. "You may drive on."

"As you wish Majesty," is followed by, "bitch."

I take a long drink of Coke, relishing the burn. I offer it to Terry but he shakes his head. I try to recall if he's said a word since being in the truck. I screw the top back on and sit the bottle on the floor. Trucks didn't have cup holders when this old beast rolled off the line.

As Gary backs out I scoot over and buckle myself into the center seat. I lean against Terry's side. He stiffens. I reach across his body, take his hand and hold it in mine, and press both against my chest.

As we drive home I can feel him relax, slowly. With one finger he traces the outline of the bandage on the side of my head. I can feel his chest quaking underneath me.

He turns and pulls me into his arms and begins to cry against my shoulder, whispering "I'm sorry" over and over. There's no point in telling him there's nothing to be sorry about until he gets it out of his system. Gary turns on the radio and pretends not to notice. I let myself enjoy the feeling of being wrapped in the arms of someone who loves me.

--

He holds me the rest of the way to the cabin after I fall asleep on his chest. Terry helps me to my room. It's clean and smells of furniture polish. New screens shimmer in the windows. A ceiling fan that hadn't been there before stirs the hot, close air of early evening. I stand on tiptoes and kiss his cheek and then each of his red-rimmed eyes before I collapse on the bed and fall fast asleep.

I wake to the clatter of pots and pans. My stomach rumbles. I'm famished. Dr. Mallory, Mark I remind myself, had been correct that first sip of broth was heavenly. By the next evening I had had my fill of hospital food. It didn't taste bad. It simply didn't taste at all.

I stretch, yawn, rub at my scalp where it itches under the edge of the bandage. I press, lightly, and run my finger over the row of staples under the soft cotton dressing. I picture my shaved head, yellow-brown from the Betadine, the whir of the drill and the smell of burning bone. The circle of bone set aside I can

see the dura, purple and tight with blood. A shiny pointed silver blade punctures the dura and blood, the color and consistency of plum jelly oozes out. I shake my head to clear it. Yuck. I'm not sure if this is my imagination or a memory I should not have.

I slip my Daisy Dukes over my ass as I cross to my bathroom. I pee for what seems like an hour, wash my hands, splash water on my face and make my way down the hall to the kitchen. Gary's door is open. His bed is a mess, fitted sheet pulled off one corner and the top sheet a balled mass near one edge. I wonder if the boys had been comforting each other in my absence.

Two smiles greet me. It's good to see Terry smiling again. I offer to help, assuming they would refuse and try not sulk when Gary asks me to grate some cheese. He stirs the pot a few times and I can smell his signature dish, posole. A spicy pork stew might sound awful on a warm night, but with a big dollop of sour cream and a nice cold beer it will go down just fine.

Stuffed to the gills, the bowls are pushed back. I had join my brothers in a hearty round of burps. They are sipping their beers. I'm sticking to Coke. My hip is throbbing and I think I might take a pain pill to help me sleep. The good doctor has informed me booze and narcotics don't mix. Well, duh.

I begin to explain why I am no longer freaking out over what we had done.

I don't get very far before Terry cuts me off. "What does that mean Donna? 'Dad told me it's oaky'? That's crazy."

"I mean just what a said. Dad told me it was okay." I am not angry. I would be confused to if it hadn't happened to me.

"But sis that's crazy," Terry insists. "It has to be something to do with the whack on the head. None us believes in an afterlife, pop certainly didn't. And if there is one thing I have a hard time imagining he be okay with, it's his sons fucking his daughter." His voice grows harsh, almost angry. He sighs and runs a hand through his hair. "I don't mean to yell. It's just crazy so unlike you."

I shrug. "I know it sounds crazy but that's the way it is." I see Gary open his mouth and close it.

I nod, "Go ahead, tell him."

Gary gives me a funny look.

"Tell me what?" Terry snaps.

I nod again. "Tell him about when I woke up."

Gary looks uncomfortable. "I'm use to doofus being in my head sis, not you." His look lingers on my face a moment longer before his gaze shifts to our irritated brother. "She knew the whole story, the story we told the docs, as soon as she woke up. She told Julie that Chad had been here, that she had some pretty wild sex with him but that the fall was a complete accident." He paused. "I was never alone with her. I hadn't

said a word to her about what was going on, not a fucking peep." He rubs his eyes. "I think they were worried we hurt her. That's why they never left her alone with us."

I shake my head. "No, it never occurred to them we might have been having sex but they were worried you were covering for Chad for some reason. Not that Chad needs to be covered, I think he's in Hawaii celebrating his engagement."

Terry picks at his beer bottle. His fingernail makes a soft clicking sound when it hits the glass. In the quiet of the kitchen the sounds echoes. When he speaks I can barely hear him. His eyes are glued to the beer bottle and the pick, pick, pick of his finger.

"They knew we were guilty of something, just not what. It is our fault you got hurt."

Gary is at the head of the table. He moved into pop's spot without any discussion that I can recall. He just began to sit in pop's chair. Terry sits on the built in bench, opposite me. I scoot my chair back and he jumps at the scraping sound it makes. I move around the table, limping a little, my hip has stiffened up, and slide in beside my middle, by ten minutes, brother.

He doesn't move when I drape my arm over his shoulders and lean against his side.

"It isn't your fault." I insist. "Any more than it is Gary's fault. If it is anyone's fault it is mine. You didn't force me to do

anything. I wanted to do it. That's why I freaked out that morning. I freaked out when I realized that not only was I not ashamed of what we had done, I wanted to do it again and again. I don't know if that makes any sense."

I rescue one of his hands from the beer bottle and hold it in my lap. "That's what I trying to make you understand. I'm okay with it. I'm not upset anymore. I don't feel guilty anymore. That's what dad explained to me."

"I still don't understand what you mean sis." Gary offers in a quiet voice.

My head rests on Terry's shoulder. My voice is directed at some spot just behind the stove.

"Maybe it was just an echo of my memories of pop. Maybe my jostled brain constructed one of the best rationalizations ever. I don't know. I could hear his voice telling me no one would ever love me more than the two of you."

Gary interrupts. "Lots of brothers love their sisters but most of them don't sleep with them."

"I know. Pop told me that too. He warned me, warned us, that people would most definitely not understand. He wants us to understand that there is no future in this. A happy ending is a very, very long shot. We'll want families. We can't have that. We'll want lives and that will be almost impossible together. We can cherish our time, maybe even find more time in the future but there is no together forever for us."

"Sounds pretty bleak," Terry's voice reflects his assessment.

"Doesn't have to be. There's always pain. That's life. Enjoy what we have, while we have it and while we can. Sounds like pop to me."

Gary snorts. "What sounds like pop to me is him kicking my ass and Terry's ass for touching his baby."

"I asked him about that."

Terry stirs under my arm; I've been rubbing the back of his hand with my thumb the whole time. "You did what?"

"I asked him. Why is that any weirder than saying I hear him?" Neither of my brothers had an answer. "He told me that someone asked George Harrison how he felt about his wife leaving him for his friend Eric Clapton and George replied something like at least she didn't leave me for some wanker."

The boys both give half-hearted laughs. Terry opines, "Sounds like dad."

I nod. "It does. Plus, why would I know that story? I don't even like the Beatles, that was all you two and pop."

"You still might have heard him tell that story."

"Maybe, but have you ever heard that story?" Gary shakes his head. I tilt my head to look at Terry and he shakes his head as well.

I shrug and sit up. "Maybe I did hear that story. Maybe part of me was awake and heard you guys offer up Chad as an explanation. I don't know but I don't care."

Gary shakes his head again. "You weren't there when we told the doc about Chad, and it wasn't Mallory, it was Berger, the guy in the ED. We were in the waiting room and you were in the CT scanner. You couldn't have overheard us."

"Still doesn't matter. The way I see it we have a little over half the summer left. Let's enjoy it. Let's fix this fucking dump of a shack up and enjoy each other's company. Maybe someday the three of us will be alone here again, maybe not. Let's carpe diem the fucking shit of this summer."

Gary throws back his head and laughs. Terry settles for a smile. As Gary pushes himself away from the table he grinned at me. "What's Latin for 'we cooked so you do the dishes' little sis?"

Terry begins to protest but I cut him off. "I have a hole in my head but I'm not crippled. I can do a few dishes. Besides I'm tired of laying around on my ass."

We do the dishes together, not talking, brushing against each other, savoring the intimacy of such a quotidian activity. Who would believe washing dishes could make you feel so beloved?

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Dishes put away, the boys grab a couple more beers and we made our way to the screened back porch. You want to live by water, learn to deal with mosquitoes.

The air is finally cooling off but it is a long way from chilly. There is no breeze. The air is too heavy with moisture to move. My bandage starts to itch. A line of sweat begins to run between my breasts.

I stand and pull my top off over my head. There's no breeze but the air on my breasts is a delight. I sit back in my chair and slump. I drape my arms over the sides of the chair and spread my legs, maximizing the amount of skin available to be cooled.

If my brothers notice they say nothing. At the moment my only regret is I didn't bring a pillow. The back of the chair is not a very comfortable head rest. I try to ignore everything but the feel of the twilight on my skin.

No one speaks. The cicadas begin to wake and the crickets and tree frogs join in, each trying to outdo, or at least drown out, the others. After a time I stand up long enough to rid myself of my shorts and panties and let the air caress my pussy.

I experiment with my seemingly new-found ESP. I picture my brothers in my head and think, "Why don't you join me? The air feels amazing on your skin."

I'm not surprised when I hear two chairs creak as my brothers stand up. The creaks are followed by the almost imperceptible whisper of cotton tee shirts gliding over skin. Their movements stir the air and I swear I can smell their scent and I feel my body shift gears, feel my pussy begin to stir.

The quiet is interrupted by the sound of two zippers. Their jeans make a lot more noise falling to the floor than their shirts did. The scent of their crotches further inflames my sex. I can feel myself begin to get wet but resist the urge to touch my breast or my cunt.

I begin to play a movie on my closed eyelids. Terry is pulling at his still soft cock while Gary watches. Gary does not touch himself but his cock begins to twitch and grow. I crack open my eyes. The light is fading. I can't see them as clearly as in my head but I can see enough. My vision, my movie, is true.

I dispense with playing coy. I open my eyes but keep my hands resting quietly on the arms of the Adirondack chair.

I picture Terry rising from his own chair and standing in front of his ever so slightly older brother. He does. I imagine Gary shifting forward, sitting on the edge of the chair and he does. I "hear" him think to himself he has another seat edge to router and for a moment I see myself sitting, hugging my knees on the porch swing. He is sitting on the edge of the chair, leaning forward and pushing the swing softly with one

hand. The edge of the seat is digging into his ass. I share his memory so completely that I feel an identical line of pain blossom across the bottom of my ass.

The phantom pain in my rear fades as Gary's attention shifts from the hard seat to his brother's not quite hard cock. When he takes Terry's dick in his mouth I can taste it too. Or I remember how it tastes. Or I imagine how it tastes. It doesn't matter. I can taste it. I can feel it grow hard as I slid my mouth and tongue over it. It as if I'm the one sucking Terry's cock. I want them closer.

The thought has yet to fully form in my mind but Terry steps away, his cock swaying as it is freed from his brother's mouth. Gary rises and they both walk toward me. It is my turn to sit on the edge of my chair.

"Hang on a minute." Terry says, looking at me carefully. "Didn't the doc tell you know sex for six weeks?" Gary stares at me accusingly. He had been out looking for inappropriate clothes and had not heard Julie reviewing my discharge instructions.

"I'm not having sex am I?" I snap. "I'm watching. "Besides," I add glaring at the two them towering over me. "Dr. Mallory said it was okay if I masturbated."

"Really?" Terry demands. "When?"

"Earlier, before you two got to the hospital." I know that is not what he means and I know he knows. I sigh. "Fine, fine. He

said I could get myself off in two weeks if I was feeling okay. I'm not masturbating either am I? I'm watching my two 'straight' brothers get all gay for each other."

"Hear that Gary? Gay for each other? Should we go in?"

Gary shakes his head and gives me an evil grin. "Nah, let her watch."

They don't offer me their cocks. They stand in front of me. Gary squats and once more takes his brother's cock in his mouth. He begins to move his hand and mouth slowly up and down the shaft, stopping to tongue the head. The floor is too rough to kneel on and the position is too awkward to allow him to suck on his balls. He contents himself with massaging and tugging at them with his free hand.

With one hand I stroke Gary's head. With the other I rub Terry's back and butt. That's all I need, all I want at the moment. I'm safe, cocooned in their love.

I sense Gary wondering if this is too much, too soon for me. I silently tell him "no, I'm fine, more than fine". Whether he hears me or not his cock sucking becomes more aggressive. His mouth and hand move faster. When he pulls his mouth off Terry's cock he tightens his lips. There is an audible pop.

Terry tenses, the muscles in his ass grow firm under my caressing fingers. I lean forward, wrap my arm around his waist and rest my cheek on his hip. I have a close up view of his cock stretching my brother's mouth wide. I can feel Terry's

orgasm building, in my head and under my fingers. I realize I want to see him cum. I want to see the physical manifestation of his love and his desire.

Gary sits back on his heels. He holds his mouth open, points his brother's cock toward his waiting tongue and use his hand to stroke him, slowly.

Terry cums without making a sound. The light is nearly gone but the opalescent streamers that arch from his cock to decorate Gary's tongue seem to glow. Most hits the target but not all.

I twist sideways. Terry meets me and I suck and massage the last few drops of his nectar into my mouth. When he pulls away, satisfied. I turn to my waiting brother and clean his face with my tongue before kissing him.

I move back a bit. Gary stands, cock jutting toward the ceiling. Terry kneels. The tableau is reversed. My hands find Terry's head and Gary's back. I find myself wishing I had a video camera or total recall. It seems to me Terry's actions mimic his brothers down to a tee. The exact same movements, in the exact same sequence, and the exact number of strokes, licks, and squeezes before he sits back and opens his mouth.

My head is back on a hip, Gary's this time. I watch the same scene play out. I swear the number of spurts and the volume are identical. Terry's face wears the same splatters in the same pattern, perfect mirrored symmetry.

The only thing that differs is their taste. The symmetry collapses when Terry takes my head in his hands, careful to avoid the bandage, as I enjoy what is left of his lust. I can feel him choking up and tell him, silently, I'm fine. I hear him choke off a sob and his hands continue to pet my head and neck as I clean Gary's face and kiss him.

When I sit back they each hold out a hand and help me stand. I don't need help, not in the physical sense, but the gestures touches me. It is my turn to choke up.

We huddle, arms around each other, heads touching.

"Welcome home sis," they whisper in unison.

I am lost in sensory overload. I smell their breath and I don't mean they had bad breath, far from it. I smell the cumin from the posole. I smell their cum. I can tell one from the other. I smell the beer. I smell my wet cunt. I imagine I feel the individual hairs on the arms draped over my shoulders and resting on my hips. I hear their hearts beating. And I feel their love and contentment.

It all swirls around me. I wonder if it has always been there. I wonder it took a hole in my head to allow it to enter. I hope not. I prefer to believe the knock on the head jostle a loose connection into place.

I break the huddle.

"Let's go in. It's too dark to see out here." My brothers walk in front of me and each opens one side of the French doors into the cabin. When they bow it is too much.

"Knock it off." I growl.

"Yes ma'am." I hear the old teasing in Terry's voice and smile.

"You want to do something for the princess? How about a light and ceiling fan out here. It's only going to get hotter."

"Good idea." Terry it seems is back to doing all the talking. Gary nods.

"One other thing," I giggle. "I think we should have a no clothes rule the rest of the summer. Unless we have company or are doing something, like frying bacon, where no clothes would be a bad idea."

"Fine but you have to wear a hat. Remember the doc warned you about burning your scalp. It's not covered by hair anymore."

"Deal." It's Terry's stipulation but I shake both of their hands. A ginormous yawn threatens to split my head in two.

"You should be in bed. You're exhausted."

"What about you two? Taking turns in that hospital chair can't have been very restful. Come to bed with me."

Gary's eyebrows shoot up.

"To sleep. My pussy is soaked and I should be horny as hell but all I want to do is sleep. But, I want to sleep between my brothers. I'll behave myself. I promise." I cross my heart to seal the deal.

They exchange glances and without a word turned toward the bedrooms. We separate long enough for me to brush my teeth. I examine my hair in the mirror. I'll need to do something about it. It looks silly, long brown hair over three quarters of my head, surrounding stubble and a rectangle of tape covered gauze.

When I walk into Gary's room they have made the bed, sort of. The fitted sheet is tucked back in. The top sheet has been straightened but apparently tucking it in at the foot of the bed would have taken too much effort. I love my brothers but underneath it all they are still guys.

I fall asleep with my head on Terry's chest and my hand on his cock. Gary's rests against my ass.

I wake to a different arrangement. Gary is asleep on my chest, his hand cupping my pussy and his morning wood prodding my hip. Terry is on his side, face pressed against my shoulder, his own wood presses against my other side. I feel rested,

restored. I'm wide awake so I know immediately I'm not dreaming.

Our mother stands silently at the foot of the bed, staring at us with a passive face.

Chapter 4

Donna chafes under her doctor's no sex instructions. She and her brothers learn more about her new found abilities.

I'm frozen in shock. The sheet is off the bed. The three of us are lying in one bed, naked, and our mother is staring at us. I struggle to sit up but Gary is lying on my chest. I open my mouth.

Before I can speak, mom holds a finger to her lips, shushing me. A sad little half-smile flits over her lips. She walks into the room. A single floorboard creaks in accompaniment. My brothers don't stir. I hear the water running in my bathroom. I hear mom brush her teeth. I hear water splashing and know she is washing her face. This is her usual "I'm home" ritual after traveling.

When she returns, the hair on her forehead is damp. Her face glows. She's naked. I've seen her naked before. No one in our house was overly shy, not that we flaunted it. I forget sometimes she is still a year shy of fifty. She has smallish breasts, which has minimized the sag. Her tummy is flat. I'm

not really surprised to see she has an allover tan but wonder if nude sunbathing is safe in Haiti.

There is more room on Terry's side of the bed. Mom lies down. It can't be a comfortable position. She is wedged up against the headboard in order to reach over Terry's head and gently caress the outline of my bandage. I raise my head and look at her over my brother's shoulder. Her eyes are wet but she's smiling. She nods at the door and I nod back.

She rises from the bed, silent as a figment of my imagination. As I extricate myself from my brothers' double embrace, I mentally tell them to stay in bed, sleep. Whether that had an effect or whether they were simply exhausted is irrelevant. They don't stir except that Gary rolls onto his other side and Terry follows. I leave them spooning, part of me wishing it's my ass Terry's cock is nudging. I blush at wishing for such a thing in front of my mother.

As I cross the threshold, mom reaches behind me and pulls the door closed without a sound. She turns and hugs me. I lower my head to rest it on her chest and hug her back. I feel her lips press against what is left of my hair.

She takes my hand and leads me toward the kitchen. There's coffee in the pot and I wonder how long she's been here. I glance around for her luggage and don't see any. She must have put it in one of the bedrooms. I hope she put it in mine. I'm not anxious for a re-play of the raccoon incident.

She pours two cups and walks over to join me at the table. She sits at the head and I scoot a chair to the corner so I can

sit closer to her. We both sip our coffee. It's hot and even stronger than the boys brew it.

"What are you doing here? The boys said they told you I was fine and not to rush home."

"They did," she nods. "I couldn't stay in Haiti if you were hurt."

"I'm fine mom, really."

"Yeah, I see that." She smiles as she says it and I blush.

I open my mouth, looking for the right words but she hushes me with one hand.

"I know all about it dear." She smirks a little. "Your brothers were always so smug, always convinced that only they could read each other. It is easier for them, after all they're twins but they got it from me. And their father. I thought you'd missed out. I felt so sorry for you but apparently that bump on the noggin woke something up." She shrugged. "Or maybe it knocked something out that was inhibiting you."

With very little forethought, I form a question in my mind, a test.

Mom smiles. "Yes, your father and I knew about the boys extra-curricular activities. They aren't fibbing to you, you know. They really don't have any interest in any other men. Your father and I weren't snoops. We learned to shut them

out. It was hard sometimes, they can be...enthusiastic." She finishes with a smile.

She pats the back of my hand. "Don't worry sweetheart. I've never sensed a thing from you, not until last night. Like I said, I'm not a snoop. As long as I know you are okay I have no desire to know what's going on inside that pretty little head of yours." She grins. "Although too bad about Chad. Hubba Hubba."

"Mom," I shriek, but softly. I'm not ready to share her with the boys.

She giggles and at that moment I can see myself in her or vice versa. Whatever.

"You aren't mad at us then?"

"No," she says shaking her head over her coffee cup. She swirls the coffee, looking for answers perhaps. "No I'm not angry but I do worry. I don't really know what happened to you before your injury. I knew, from the boys, the gist of what was going on but not the details. I don't want the details. If this new ability of yours runs both ways I'll ask for the same respect of my privacy."

"Does it run both ways with the boys?"

"I don't think so. Neither your father nor I ever saw any indication they could read us the way they read each other or we could read them."

"Did it work that way for you and dad?"

Mom looks up from her coffee and her eyes glow. "Oh yes honey. We knew as soon as we set eyes on each other we were meant to be together."

"I thought you guys didn't believe in God?"

"Psst," she snorted. "There is mystery enough in the world without making up another layer of baloney. Fine, 'meant' is the wrong word. We knew we 'should' be together. Better?"

She doesn't wait for my answer. "Making love to him was the most glorious feeling in the world. Before I could fully imagine what I desired, he fulfilled the wish. And the same was true of me for him."

Images fill my head, images of my mother and father naked. These are not nebulous fleeting images. It's as if I'm standing in the room watching them. As mom's memories jump, so do the images. When I see my mom in a leather corset, I've seen more than enough. I squeeze my eyes closed, exactly as I would had I inadvertently walked in on them in flagrante delicto .

"Settle down mom," I gasp. "I just discovered it works both ways."

She smiles. "I know. As I was remembering being with your father, suddenly I could see you standing by the bed." She pats my hand again. "Just close your eyes like you did. You'll learn that all you need to do is imagine closing your eyes. It works just as well."

"You can learn to block others, not completely. You'll never be able to lie to me, or to your brothers, not that you were ever in the habit of trying. But you can block the specifics. What am I thinking?"

I picture myself listening for a faint sound, a song playing in the background that sounds familiar but can't quite make out. The picture is clear in my head but all I see is my mom. Her face wearing that mischievous smile that meant she was up to something.

She pushes her chair back. "You're strong, stronger than your father. Even knowing you were going to try, I was barely able to keep you out of my thoughts." She pushed the chair back from the table. "Come on honey. We need to do something about that hair of yours."

I follow her back to the boys' room. When she opens the door, Terry stirs. She gestures with one hand and he mumbles and resumes snoring softly. She goes into their bathroom, a Jack-n-Jill that connected with what was nominally Terry's room. She returns carrying the hair clippers my brothers use to trim their body hair.

I follow her out onto the screened porch, out the screen door that leads to the back yard, and down the path to the pier. The boathouse looks to be in better shape than the cabin and I wonder if the canoe is still there. The sun has barely cleared the trees. I'm not worried about getting burned. Will-o-wisps are dancing across the surface of the lake. It's beautiful.

We walk to the end of the dock and I sit and dangle my feet in the water. The inlet is shallow and the waterweeds tickle my feet. When I was a kid I was always afraid it was a snake or something. Now, I let myself enjoy the tickling feeling.

Mom kneels behind me. I hope the wood isn't hurting her knees.

"I saw what you did to Terry. Can you, can we, control people?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. Last night I imagined certain things and then they did it. Now, sitting here, I don't like the idea. I don't like it at all."

Mom wraps her arms around me. Her breasts are hot against my back.

"That's my baby girl. You shouldn't like the idea. It's a horrid thought." She releases me. "The answer is no, you can't control people even if you want to. You can feel what they want

and point them in the right direction but you can't make anyone do something they do not want to do. Terry wanted to sleep. He's tired. I simply reminded him of that and let him know everything was okay; there was nothing going on he needed to worry about. So he went back to sleep. It was the same last night. You knew what Gary wanted to do and let him know it was fine to go ahead."

I don't bother to nod. She knows I understand. Besides, I hear the clippers buzz to life and touch the back of my neck. I lean my head forward. Now my head tickles, matching my feet. I can see minnows darted back and forth, nibbling between my toes. A lock of hair falls into the water and they scatter. There is just enough breeze to push the hair away from the shore. The minnows gather their courage and dart toward it. They sniff around, if that's the right word, and then return to feast on my feet.

Even being careful of the bandage it doesn't take long. Mom sweeps the hair aside and sits beside me, swirling her feet in the water.

"How's Haiti?"

"Beautiful and ugly. Joyous and sad. Easy to love and easy to despair of."

We sit side by side, swishing the water with our feet. I kick water over the clump of hair to break it up. The sun crawls upward over our shoulders and our shadows begin to drag themselves toward the shore. The air warms.

Mom stands. "Come on. If you sunburn your head Dr. Mallory will have your ass. And mine."

We walk hand-in-hand back to the house. Mom goes to my bedroom and right to the dressing supplies. I still don't see her luggage. It must be in Terry's room. That's fine. He doesn't spend much time there anyway.

She gently removes the bandage. I see her grimace as she catches site of the curved line of staples. She moistens a cotton ball with hydrogen peroxide and dabs it along the incision, lets it sit for a minute and pats it dry with a second cotton ball. Ever the perfectionist, she uses her fingernails to retrieve a couple of strands of cotton that are stuck to the staples. Satisfied, she lays a new piece of gauze over the wound. I hold it with a couple of fingers while she secures it with fresh tape.

She brushes a few stray hairs off my shoulders. I stare at myself in the mirror, trying to decide if I like how my head looks. I think to myself, "I'm not Demi Moore but I'm not totally hideous either."

Mom smiles at me in the mirror. "No you're not hideous, sweetheart. You're beautiful."

This having your mind read is going to be hard to get used to.

She turns and I follow. We resume our seats at the table.

"Is what we've been doing wrong?" I ask, afraid of the answer.

Mom sighs and is silent for a long moment. "I told you I wasn't mad but I am worried. Is it wrong? From a biological standpoint the answer would have to be yes. It would certainly be wrong for you to have children with your brothers." She sighs and takes a moment to collect her thoughts. "Honey, most people would say unequivocally 'yes' that what the three of you are doing is wrong. That's a big part of my worry. I worry you are setting yourselves up for a lot of heartbreak. I worry about people judging you. I'm a mom. That's a big part of my job, worrying."

I wish I had re-filled my cup. I need something to do with my hands.

"On the other hand, I don't sense any anger or hurt or jealousy coming from any of you. Such feelings may yet come to be; I'm not a seer. The little bits of what you three are up to that I let myself feel are full of love and joy. So is it wrong? I don't have an answer."

My stomach breaks the mood by growling. Mom pats my hand and smiles.

"Go get cleaned up. I'll get breakfast going."

I don't bother to protest. I pause long enough to tape a piece of plastic wrap over my bandage and climb into a shower that is as hot as I can stand it. I luxuriate in the feel of the soap and body sponge on my skin. My fingers play, almost

innocently, in the folds of my sex. I remind myself I've been instructed not to masturbate for another twelve days. Technically, it's thirteen but I am dropping day zero and starting with day one. I try to get used to the feel of the water on my nearly hairless scalp.

I force myself to shut the water off. It seems selfish to lounge in the shower and keep mom waiting. My stomach agrees. It gives forth with a long low rumble as I'm toweling. It sounds like the rumble strips they put in the road to wake you up to the fact you're about to run off the road. It's such a low, absurd sound to emit from my belly that I laugh. As I do, I hear the toilet in the boys' bathroom roar.

In the kitchen, the table has been set but only for three. I frown. Did she eat already? I don't see her. Maybe she ate and is getting ready to take a shower. A long flight followed by a long drive leaves you feeling pretty grubby.

As I stand there I hear Gary behind me.

"Hey sis, you didn't have to go to all this trouble. We're fine with cereal."

Terry is too busy yawning and scratching his balls to say anything. They both are honoring the no clothes rule or maybe they're too lazy to get dressed.

I shake my head. "I didn't. Mom did."

They both stare at me. "What do you mean?"

"Mom is here. We've been chatting." A rubbed my stubbly head. "She clipped off my hair, helped with my dressing and made breakfast while I showered. Her bags aren't in my room. I assumed she put them in yours." I nod at Terry. "Did you see her?"

Their faces wear identical looks of concern.

"Donna. We talked to mom last night. You talked to her. She wasn't coming home. Even if she was, she can't have gotten a flight, not from Haiti to Miami to Houston or Dallas and then driven here in that short a period of time."

Terry nods agreement as he brushes past his brother. He holds me by the shoulders and looks me in the eyes.

"You must have been dreaming, little sister."

I start to get angry. "No, I wasn't dreaming. Look at my head." I spin on my heel and snap, "Follow me." They do. I almost run down the dock. "Look," I say, pointing. "I sat there and dangled my feet in the water while she buzzed my hair off. You can see the clumps of hair still. We had coffee first. She changed my bandage and sent me to get cleaned up while she made breakfast. Go feel my towel, it's still wet. I did not make breakfast and mom is here."

The boys glance at each other.

"Come on," I snarl and stride past them. "I'll prove it." I really do run this time, calling "mom" at the top of my voice.

We go through every room in the house. No one is there. There is no extra luggage. There is only one coffee cup in the sink. I feel like crying. Of all the things I don't want to be in this life, crazy is at the top of the list.

Gary peers into my eyes then speaks into the phone. "They look the same size to me."

I hear a voice on the phone. I can't tell what is being said but I know it's Dr. Mallory. Gary listens and holds a hand over one eye then the other. He nods. "Yes, even the pupil in the uncovered eye changes size." He holds a finger out and makes me follow it toward my nose, nods again. "Yup, both get smaller."

He has me walk. He has me stand with my eyes closed and a half dozen other maneuvers. Each time stopping to report back to the disembodied Dr. Mallory.

"Should we bring her back to the hospital?" More nods, more staticky words. "You sure? Okay then. Sure, of course. Thanks doc. Uh? Oh sure." He holds the phone out to me.

It's a decade or two old, a wireless phone from the era when wireless phones still had telescoping antennas. Cell phones get sketchy reception out here.

"Hello." I try not to sound as despondent as I feel.

Dr. Mallory is all business. "Any headaches? Loss of feeling? Loss of vision?"

"No, nothing. I feel great, except apparently I'm a total whackadoodle."

"Don't be ridiculous Donna." He sounds irritated. "You don't get mental illness from a knock on the head. Amnesia can occur but obviously you haven't forgotten anything. There are rare reports, poorly documented in my opinion, of dissociative fugue states after brain trauma but in that case you should have found yourself looking at breakfast with no memory of how it got there. You remember: it's just that the memory doesn't appear to be possible. Unless something changes I'll drive out to see you this evening. I don't want you bouncing around over those damn roads."

"You don't need to do that. I'm fine."

"I'd feel better if I was able to examine you in person."

"Dr. Mallory, seriously I'm fine. I'll see you in, what, three days to have the staples out. I'll call if I have any worries. Okay?"

There is silence on the phone for a few moments. "Okay but call if anything else unusual happens. Let me talk to your brother."

I hand the phone back. I can hear the good doctor telling Gary to call if there is the slightest change.

I watch as Gary says good-bye and hangs up the phone.

The phone rings immediately. I snatch it out of his hands, certain it is Mallory changing his mind, telling Gary he's coming out here to check on me. I'm sick of other people making all the decisions about what I should be doing.

"What?" I snap into the receiver. "You can talk to me you know. I'm over twenty-one. I don't need a keeper."

"Hello dear. I love you too."

"Holy shit! Mom is that you?"

My twin brothers crowd around me.

"You expecting Martha Stewart? Put me on speaker if that antique phone has a speaker."

I scan the unfamiliar pad then stab the button that appears to have a speaker icon.

"Can you hear me mom?"

"Yes sweetheart. There's a lot of static but that is probably on my end." Her voice is sharp when she speaks again. "Why are you boys making trouble for Donna?"

It is Terry who protests. "What do you mean 'making trouble' mom?"

"Oh don't get all defensive on my sweetheart. I'm not talking about the late blooming sexual curiosity that seems to have afflicted the three of you."

I smile. The boys look open-mouthed at each other.

"If she says she and I had a little visit this morning why shouldn't you believe her?"

"Oh for fuck sake, mom," Gary yells. "Because you're in Haiti. You trying to tell me you've secretly been learning to teleport? You skip Haiti and went on to Hogwarts?"

"Why is it the quiet ones are always the biggest smart asses underneath it all?" She muses. "Look behind you."

They turn and frown. I smile.

"Hi mom," I call.

"Hi baby girl." The voice comes from the mom standing in the hall and a couple seconds later from the phone.

The boys jump back a step. Terry nearly tumbles over the ottoman. I steady him with one hand. Two subdurals in the same family in the same week would be tough to explain.

"What the fuck?" They whisper in unison.

"Did you see her?" I demand.

"I thought I saw something for just a second, thought I heard something, too," Gary whispers and Terry nods as they turn to look at me.

"Hi boys," mom says over the phone.

"I don't understand." It's Terry's turn to whisper.

"Donna will explain it. I don't want to tie up the phone. It's the only one in the village. It's easier for her. She's stronger than us, maybe all of us put together. She'll explain. Bye. Love you all. I'm going to wrap things up here. It'll take a few weeks. I'll keep you posted. I'll need someone to pick me up in Houston."

"Uh, sure mom. No problem." Gary mutters. We all chorus, "Love you, too," and the line goes silent.

"What did she mean you are stronger than us?"

"Not now. Put the oven on warm? Does the oven work?" Gary nods. "Good, put it on low and set the biscuits and bacon in it to re-warm. The eggs are cold. I'll make some more. You got eggs?"

Two heads nod, both faces confused.

I pull the egg carton out of the fridge and open it. "Did you buy these the other day? When you said you stocked up?" Another set of nods. "Did you eat any of them?"

Gary shakes his head.

"I've stuck to toast or cereal," Terry offers.

I show them the carton. Six eggs are missing.

Terry starts to protest. "We know someone made scrambled eggs. The question is who."

"Oh for Pete's sake, did you or did you not just see mom in the hallway?"

"Maybe." He sounds angry. "I thought I did but it was just a flash, like something you glimpse out of the corner of your eye, except I was looking straight at it."

"What was she wearing," I demand. "I saw her clear as day. Just like I saw her this morning. I hugged her," I insist.

Terry's eyes drop to the floor. It is Gary who answers.

"She was nude."

Terry jerks his head up to stare at his brother but says nothing. His face flushes a darker red and I realize something.

"What did you dream about this morning Terry? Don't answer. Think about it. You and Gary do your little Vulcan mind meld trick."

Gary snorts. "The Vulcan mind meld requires touching."

What a dork.

I know when it happens. It is more like seeing the thoughts enter Gary's head than it is overhearing a conversation. As soon as I become aware they've shared the memory, I speak.

"You dreamed mom was standing at the foot of Gary's bed. Only in your dream you were alone. You were embarrassed that she was seeing you naked, even though she's seen you

naked a million times before. You were ashamed because you had a hardon. You were afraid she knew the three of us had been fooling around. You started to reach for the sheet to cover yourself when she pulled her dress off over her head. She was braless. You became more ashamed because you were looking at her breasts. Not just looking, but admiring, admiring how tan they were, how small but still shapely they were. You were staring but couldn't stop. Mom slipped her panties off and climbed into bed and snuggled against your back. Her breasts felt hot on your skin. You were terrified at the thought of her reaching over your side and holding your erection in her hand. You were even more terrified of the idea that that was what you wanted. She shushed you and you went back to sleep."

Terry's mouth sags open.

"Later, you dreamed that you woke up and told her where the hair clippers were in the bathroom. She blew you a kiss and told you to go back to sleep and you did."

Terry's face is white. He takes a step back and sits on the ottoman.

"Mom and dad were like you two. They could read you, not your minds, it is more than that. They could read each other. I couldn't, not until I tried to brain myself." I touch the bandage.

"But you guys couldn't read mom or dad, or so she thinks. I can read you. I can read mom. I think you can read me." I smile. "At least the other night the two of you seemed to know exactly what I was hoping you'd do."

Gary is staring at me.

"Don't worry. She and dad had no interest in your sex lives, or anything else really. They stayed out of your head."

I could see Gary didn't believe me.

"Scratch your left butt cheek," I think and speak simultaneously.

As the words were leaving my mouth, that's what he did. He looked at his hand, looked at me.

"Hit Terry," I think but this time I don't say it aloud.

His fingers twitch but that was all.

"I don't want to hit Terry." He whispers. Terry looks at his brother, confused, then looks at me.

"I told Gary to hit you. He didn't. I, we, can't make anyone do something they don't want to do. I can make suggestions but I can't force anyone to do anything, any more than you can. It's not mind reading or mind control. It's more like mind sharing." I say none of this out loud. I simply think it.

"What the fuck you talking about? You can make suggestions? What the fuck does that mean?"

I smile at Terry. "I didn't say anything out loud middle brother. You read me, just like you read Gary. Anyway, I meant exactly what I said. I knew Gary had an itch. I 'suggested' to him that he go ahead and scratch it; so he did. When I 'suggested' he hit you. He didn't. What I 'suggest' to him is irrelevant. All that matters is whether the suggestion is something he wanted to do in the first place."

Terry glares at me. He isn't angry; he's confused.

"Seriously, put the stuff in the oven. I'm tired of standing here with a carton of eggs. I'm starving."

As I crack the eggs into a bowl and begin to scramble them with a fork I review what mom had told me, about suggestions and not being able to make anyone do anything. They still look unconvinced as we sit down to a long overdue breakfast.

"Look," I mumble around a mouthful of eggs. "Are you trying to tell me you never ever wanted something from me or from one another and suddenly we did exactly what you had been hoping for?"

They glance at each other.

"Oh come on. I know you have. You told me having sex with each other wasn't gay because it was like having sex with

yourself. Of course it is. You don't even have to ask. You read each other: you sync yourselves together. You both get what you most want from each other exactly when you want it. You work out any conflicts without saying a word. Of course, you love having sex with each other."

I wait till they take a bite. "Mom said it was the same with her and pop, that they fucked each other's brains out."

They both splutter but only Terry lets a bit of egg rocket out of his mouth to land in the middle of the table.

I can't help it. I giggle.

Gary looks serious. "So how do I know you aren't 'suggesting' I take a bite, or drink my coffee or fart. This is very creepy."

"Why would I bother to do any of those things? That makes no sense. I already told you none of us can make anyone do anything they don't want to do. This isn't mind control. The best I can explain is getting in sync with each other, grooving to each other without needing words to do it."

They look uncertain, even afraid. I feel sick to my stomach.

"Can't you feel how upset I am right now? I can't stand the thought of either of you being afraid of me. Have I ever hurt you? Really hurt you? I'm not talking about kid stuff, like kneeling you in the balls for cutting the hair off all my Barbie dolls, but really hurt you?"

Terry grimaces. "Actually, that did really hurt. I was afraid you had killed me for a few minutes." He smiles but I feel like crying.

Gary's voice is a whisper. "You're the new superstar psychic in the family. Are we afraid of you?"

The both look at me. I forget all the words and open myself. It's warm and bright without a trace of darkness or fear.

Fuck it. I go ahead and cry but it's for the right reason.

I sniffle my little crying jag to a close and we finish breakfast in silence. Between the three of us, it only takes a few minutes to clean up the dishes. It is only mid-morning but it feels like I've been up days.

"Why don't you and I head into town and get a light and fan for the back porch," Gary suggests, looking at his brother. "Plus, it sounds like we have to get that fourth room ready for mom."

Terry glances at me. "You think it is okay to leave her alone?"

I glare at him. "I'm fine but can't you two take a day off? Mom said it would take weeks to wrap up. I might already be in

Boston before she gets back. Besides, she might as well take Terry's room. He's never in it."

Terry opens his mouth to protest but I silence him with a shake of my head.

"She knows you two fool around. She's always known. Dad knew, too. Relax."

My brothers exchange a look and I smile, knowing their decision.

"Excellent," I chirp.

We spend the day lounging on the grass by the lake. We only move to stay in the shade, or we only move to keep me in the shade. My brothers work on their tans. I remind them their cocks and asses are not as tan as the rest of their bodies. I consider keeping my mouth shut. If they sunburn their cocks I won't be the only one around here celibate. They repay my kindness by making a big show of putting lotion on each other's cocks. When they begin to spread the lotion between their ass cheeks, I roll over and ignore them. They make it up to me by using the lotion to massage me, even though I'm avoiding the sun.

Three days later we bounce our way back into town. Surprisingly, Dr. Mallory is right on time. He runs me through my paces, seems satisfied and then removes the staples.

"I see you decided to shave off the rest of your hair." He comments.

"I clipped it off." I leave it at that, not wishing to get into another recital about my mom doing it from a few thousand miles away.

"If you decide to clip it again be careful around the incision. It would be easy to nick yourself."

I shake my head. "No, I miss my hair. I'll let it grow back."

He nods. "Okay then. I'll see you in a month. If you're doing this well then, I'll say adios."

"Does it have to be here, in your office?"

He looks confused.

"Why don't you come out to the cabin? Bring Julie, make it a weekend. You can even charge me for a house call."

He looks uncertain. I cheat. I take a quick peek inside his thoughts. He wants to. He's beat. He's worried my brothers will feel like he's an interloper.

I hop off the table and stick my head out the door and call for my brothers. They walk in like they are expecting Dr. Mallory to tell them I have a week to live.

"I'm trying to talk Dr. Mallory into coming out to the cabin. He needs to see me once more in a month. If he comes on a Friday he and Julie can spend the weekend, do a little fishing, a little sunbathing, relax, take it easy."

The boys jump right in. "Excellent idea sis. What about it doc? You fish?"

"Not really." He still looks uncertain. "Julie does though."

"Best bass lake in the state. Come on doc bring her out. In a month we'll have the place ship-shape, we've got plenty of room."

Dr. Mallory walks behind the desk and flips through an old-fashion appointment book. WTF, the guy has never heard of scheduling apps?

"I don't have coverage for a whole weekend until the first weekend in August. That's a little more than four weeks." He looks at us with a question in his eyes.

"Perfect doc. Let's shake on it." As usual Terry does most of the talking. Mallory makes a point of shaking both my brothers' hands.

July passes quickly, mostly because it is miserable. The sun is grinding its heel into Texas. It's hot as sin and I'm still not supposed to swim. The boys refuse to as well until I tell them

they're being idiots. They stay busy putting the place together. I help do a little sanding and painting here and there. They get a fan and light on the screened-in back porch which makes it so much nicer.

Two weeks into the month, I put my foot down. I pull a swim cap gingerly over my stubbly scalp and wade out into shoulder deep water. Normally, I dive in and swim to avoid the weeds but I'm so hot I don't care. The boys join me.

We've kept to our no clothes rule. We all tan nicely due to dad's Italian genes. My head looks ridiculous. It is a perfect white bowl atop my tanned body. I've been very careful to wear a stocking cap outside. I'm amazed at how dark the boys' scrotums have become. They both look fucking gorgeous and I can't have them.

It's been more than two weeks. I've been painting and helping clean up the construction mess and haven't had a twinge of a headache.

My brothers decide I'm not going to drown and begin to horse around. I smile at them and hope they never grow up so completely that they won't think it isn't hilarious to dunk each other. As I watch them splash and cavort in the water, I wade back to the dock, trying not to flinch every time an underwater weed wraps around my leg.

I clamber onto the dock and rest back on my hands letting the setting sun dry my body. The weathered grey boards are hot on my back when I stretch out on the dock. I consider getting a towel but let it go.

It's been more than two weeks. I haven't had a headache and I've had to watch my brothers beautiful and inaccessible bodies the entire time. Hot boards on my back or not, I'm going to finger my pussy until I cum. And if my brain explodes at least I'll die with a smile on my face and a wet cunt.

My eyes are already closed. Images of my big brothers float behind my eyelids, images of Chad as well, quite a few actually. I miss him more than I have been willing to admit. Julie appears, not too surprising. Dr. Mallory, now that is a surprise. He's a good looking man, no doubt. I think he is a very good doctor but I haven't thought of him as sexy, until now. I'm I such a cliché that I've fallen for my doctor? Christ.

I push him aside and picture Julie naked. I picture Julie naked with me. I picture Julie naked with me and Chad. Now we're talking. I imagine Chad fucking me from behind, that lovely uncut cock of his pushing deep into my belly. I'm on my knees, Chad taking me doggy style. Julie is under me. I'm eating her pussy. She's licking my cunt and Chad's cock. Mmm, that sounds like fun and I flip-flop us. Now it is Julie getting nailed by Chad's cock and my tongue slithering over her pussy and his cock. Much better.

A shadow falls across my eyes. My brothers are standing on either side of me.

"Should you be doing that?" Gary asks quietly. His erection suggests he hopes the answer is 'yes'.

I nod, biting my lip. "More than two weeks and no headaches, I'm following doctor's orders." I glance at my brothers. "We can't have sex but join me?" They look uncertain. "Please? You can touch me, touch my breast. Cum on my breasts. Please. I need to feel some part of you. It's been too long."

They kneel beside me and I feel a momentary pang for their knees on the rough wood of the deck before my thoughts return to my mental threesome. I imagine Julie's cunt spread above my mouth, spread by Chad's cock.

It's been over two weeks. I didn't realize it but it has been more than two weeks for the boys as well. The sweet ninnies have been abstaining out of sympathy for my plight.

As soon as the first splash of hot liquid sprays over my breast, I cum. In my head Julie cums and then Chad except it isn't Chad anymore it's Mark. Mark's cum is squeezing around his cock, dripping from Julie's cunt, where I lap it up, desperate not to miss a drop.

My chest is covered with jizz as my back relaxes against the rough wood. I continue to stroke my pussy as I feel my brothers' warm tongues begin to clean their cum off my tits. I peek at them through my eyelids. They pause to kiss, heads hovering over my body and they swap cum with their tongues.

Two more weeks I have to wait before I can fuck them but kissing is not fucking. I reach above me and pull them to my mouth.

"On the count of three, let's say what each of us would like to do with the day."

"So, one, two then say it or one, two, three, then say it." Terry asks.

"Say it after three, otherwise it would be counting to two," our brother snaps.

"One, two, three," I chant then offer, "Picnic in the meadow."

We all say the same thing, no surprise there.

I scramble to my feet and hug my brothers. As we amble our way back to the house, I tell them I'll put the picnic together. When Terry said they had stocked up he wasn't kidding. There are a variety of cheeses in the fridge, two types of hummus, grapes, apples, and wine. I decide I'll have a little wine with them. I haven't needed any narcotic pain pills for several days. My head and hip aren't bothering me much.

I can hear the boys, in my head, I don't need to be psychic to know they are talking about me. I envision myself wearing the big fluffy pink earmuffs I had as a kid. Their voices become muffled and indistinct. Good. I check for crackers, bread, and water bottles before joining them on the porch.

Terry is in one of the Adirondack chairs and Gary is on the swing. I sit on the arm of the chair and put one arm around Terry's shoulders.

"So, what did you guys decide?"

Gary answers. "Well it is clear you can, what did you call it? Read us, as well as we can read each other. We always thought we could do that because we were twins. You say mom and dad could do it too?"

I nod. "Yeah, plus mom said they could read you two. I think they were surprised you couldn't read them. Maybe you could and it was just too weird for you. You've always seemed to know what I needed or wanted before I knew it myself, even when we were kids. So, it seems to go both ways with us, maybe not as strong as between you two."

Terry and I turn toward each other and I lean over to kiss him. Our tongues touch and his hand reaches for my hip. He strokes it. When I lean back, I look at Gary.

"Is that what you wanted?" He nodded. Terry looks back and forth between us, confused.

"What do you mean?"

I point at our brother with my chin. "He 'suggested' we kiss. Did you feel it, feel the 'suggestion'?"

He shakes his head "no".

I shrug. "Let's not over think this. It's weird but you two have dealt with it all your lives and seem to have made peace with it. Is it so hard, or so much weirder, for me to be part of it?"

They don't say anything. I sigh. "Fine but please stop second guessing every thought. Quit wondering if I'm fucking with your head. For the billionth time I am not interested in your every thought and I can't control you any more than you can control me. Okay?"

Gary's face pulls into a "whatever" grimace. "Okay, but it still doesn't explain that breakfast. Are you trying to say you 'brought' mom here, turned her into some sort of disembodied poltergeist and had her make breakfast?"

"No. I didn't make her do anything. Ask her when she gets here. I don't remember doing it. Is it possible I did? Yeah, of course. Mallory mentioned something called a 'dissociative state' but I think that is a load of crap. I'm not crazy."

After a moment, Gary pats the seat of the swing. "Sit by me."

I join him, giving Terry a peck on the forehead. I pull my feet under me and lay on my big brother's strong chest. His hand strokes my upper arm.

"I like your new haircut," he whispers and kisses my head, signaling that for now the conversation is over.

We sit, not talking, listening to the soft sounds of the world.

When the wooden swing and chair become uncomfortable, we spread an old blanket in the shade and laze the early part of the afternoon away. I doze. I wake to feel one or the other of my brothers rubbing my back, or leg, or arm. Gary retrieves a book and I lay with my head resting on the small of his back as he reads, propped up on his elbows.

Terry stretches out beside me and I reach behind and fondle his cock in more of a bonding fashion than an erotic one. He gets hard but does nothing about it. I roll over and lay on his chest. Gary sets the book aside and when he rolls on his back, I fondle him in the same amicable fashion.

It's Gary who announces it is time for the picnic. He's hungry. It doesn't take long to pack up the food. They refuse to let me carry anything except the water bottle. The blanket we've been lying on is draped over my shoulder. Before we leave, Terry runs inside and returns with the stocking cap. That cap is bound to itch like a bitch and I contemplate refusing. We can stay in the shade.

It's clear if I don't wear it we aren't going anywhere. So I yank it on, as sulkily as I can manage. It's a short walk to the meadow and once we have the blanket spread in the shadow I remove the cap. My look dares them to say something about it but they don't take the bait.

Terry opens the wine while Gary and I set the cheese, crackers, and bread out. He starts to say something when I hold my little tin cup out for some wine.

He pours without saying a word. When I pull the cup back, the bottom is barely covered. I scowl at it but it is his turn to dare me, with a look, to say something. Instead, I drain the cup and snatch the bottle before he can react. I pour some in my cup and tip it so he can see it is a small pour and hand the bottle back.

"I haven't even needed Advil for a week. I can have a glass of wine," I snap. I had hoped getting myself off would relieve a little of my tension. Wrong. It only served to remind me of what I was missing.

I'm not very hungry. I nibble at some cheese and have a few crackers while the boys polish off the bulk of the food as I watch them in amusement. There won't be much to pack up except trash. They finish off the wine like a couple of winos, passing the bottle back and forth.

They dump everything in the basket, set it off the blanket and stretch out on their backs on either side of me. I sit, cross-legged, between them, facing their identical pairs of feet, munching on the few grapes I had managed to keep away from them. I pluck one with my lips, turn and offer it to one brother, pluck another and offer it to my other brother. I love the feel of their lips and tongues on mine. I open my mind and hope they can sense it. Their hands stroke my back and I know the message was received.

I toss the denuded grape stem into the grass and begin to stroke each of their cocks, loving the feel of the growing firmness beneath my fingers. I feel my pussy begin to swell and dampen. Soon both my brothers are rock hard.

I'm desperate to fuck them, to be fucked by them. I wonder if they can go down on me. That's not fucking. It's not masturbating exactly but it is not fucking.

"No." The boys' voice are perfectly synched. I'm not looking at their faces. I'm not sure if they spoke out loud but the message is clear enough. They intend to follow the doctor's orders to the letter. Damnit. Assholes.

"Assholes who love you."

I don't know if the words were spoken but I choose to reply the old-fashion way. "I know that. Not that it does my cunt any good."

I turn to face them, putting a brick wall in front of my thoughts. Confusion fills their faces as the connection is broken. I give them my best I'm-just-a-sweet-innocent-little-girl smile before I take Gary's cock in my mouth in one quick, fluid, motion. He's surprised but his body reacts before his mind engages. He pushes his dick deeper into my mouth. I consider deep-throating him but guess that gagging would not be good for my head. I flash them both a relax-big-brothers-I'll take-it-easy message of reassurance and feel my brother's body relax. I savor the taste of my brother's cock as Terry rolls on his side and begins to stroke my back.

I play it safe, taking less than half his cock in my mouth. I do the rest with my hands. I stroke his shaft, letting my spit coat his cock. I twist my hand as I stroke, knowing he likes that, knowing it without any mental telepathy bullshit. My other

hand squeezes, softly, at his balls, then tugging. When he starts to fuck my mouth more than I'm sucking his dick, I pause.

I urge both of them on their feet. They stand side by side, arms around each other's waist. They start kissing, as I turn my attention to Terry's cock. It's just as savory and just as missed. I approach his cock as I had his brother, mostly using my hands. My mouth, my lips flit back and forth over the flare of his crown.

I stop long enough to wet the middle finger of my right hand. When I return to Terry's cock, my right hand reaches behind his balls and my finger rubs over his asshole a few times. When he relaxes, I enter him and begin to massage the firm mound of his prostate. In my mind, I picture what I want and Gary twists so that his cock presses against my cheek.

I let Terry's dick slip from between my lips and wet the middle finger of my left hand. I find Gary's pucker and I'm inside him, rubbing him. My fingers force their cocks to start to drip and I lick each head, alternating, trying not to miss a drop. I 'suggest' they jerk themselves off. I 'suggest' they put the heads of their cocks in my mouth.

They oblige. The heads are all my mouth can accommodate. Their hands move slowly; they are careful not to hit my face or lips as they stroke their cocks. I continue to press and rub inside their asses.

They cum at the same time. Criss-crossing jets of hot jizz fills my mouth to overflowing. I swallow what I can. The rest runs

down my chin and falls onto my breasts. After the boys catch their breath, they kneel beside me. Clean my breasts with their tongues. We kiss and then fall asleep on the blanket.

When we wake the sun is setting. We fell asleep in the shade and though luck rather than planning avoid a nasty sunburn.

The next two weeks pass slowly, baked away by the Texas sun. The grass yellows. The lake turns into a bathtub and the shore weeds explode. The boys know how much I hate the weeds. They rescue one of the kayaks from the boathouse, clean it up and I use it to float past the weeds. They make me wear a life jacket, even though I don't go into water over my head.

My scar is fading I think. The vivid red giving way to a softer pink. It doesn't itch anymore. My hair is maybe a quarter inch long, still not enough to hide the scar. I want to let my hair grow, but I want to cool off in the water even more and the stubble makes it hard to cover the scar. I think that's over kill. The damn thing is clearly healed. The boys continue to treat Dr. Mallory's words as divine revelation. How happy he will be to discover that.

I relent, even if it means starting Harvard with a shorn head, and Terry very tenderly shaves my head. He doesn't nick me once, earning himself a blowjob. Gary gets one for lending moral support. They still refuse to go down on me, though technically it is only a day or two shy of six weeks.

They threaten to wait until Dr. Mallory comes out and gives me the all clear, even though that is closer to eight weeks than six, so I relent, and forgo badgering them. I do convince them

that I like blowing them, even if they can't reciprocate. They know I'm not lying. I can't lie to them.

So I get plenty of chances to work on my oral skills, which weren't too shabby to begin with if I do say so myself. I never imagined I'd end up loving sloppy sno-ball kisses as much as I do.

My nitwit brother's stick to their 'celibacy' rule to show their solidarity with my plight. They've sucked each other off a few times but no fucking. I give up telling them they don't need to do that. They know they don't, not for me. And I know they do, for themselves.

Despite the heat, they have completed the work on the cabin. It's in better shape than it was when dad bought it. He'd be proud of the boys', and my, work. I finished painting the bathroom while the boys napped. They had gotten up at dawn to shingle the roof. By mid-morning it was too hot to shingle. By then the sun would turn the shingles into more of a liquid than a solid.

When they woke, I convinced them to celebrate in style, or as much style as we could muster given their fanatical adherence to the good doctor's dictates. I sucked them, they sucked each other, when they were close I rolled onto my back. I hooked my arms under my knees and pulled my knees to my head. I spread my legs as far open as I could.

My ass and pussy were in the air, gaping. The boys knelt beside me and sprayed their cum over my pussy and ass. I

hoped the sight of all those beautiful gobs and trails of jizz would overcome their fanaticism.

I used their cum as a lube, as I worked my clit with one hand and shoved three fingers in my ass.

There is no way I could have cum any harder by having a cock in me. I don't care what Dr. Mallory's literature search claimed about the difference between masturbatory and coital orgasms.

Chapter 5

Mark and Julie arrive for a weekend at the cabin.

As I climb to my feet I wonder if my brothers or Chad ever feel stupid, or slutty, after they have cum. It may be hard to imagine, that a girl who has been fucking and sucking her twin brothers, would worry about being slutty, but I did. My legs and ass were slick with their jizz. I'm not feeling panic. I'm not on the verge of a meltdown like the one that ended with me being in a hospital having blood drained out of my skull. It is more a sense of wonder than panic. Did I just lie on my back, put my knees by my ears and let my older twin brothers cum on my ass and twat? Yes, I did. Shouldn't I feel shame, at least a twinge of shame? Forget the fact it's my brothers. Would I have done that for Chad? For Chad and a friend? Did I have no sense of propriety, no standards?

Two pairs of arms wrap themselves around me. Two foreheads rest against my head, the one on the left gingerly, careful not

to wake my still tender scar. A feeling of peace descends over me, as gently as the hammer and feather dropped by the astronaut on the moon. My dad loved showing us that clip, explaining things fell more slowly on the moon because the moon has less mass than the earth. I understand that I have neglected to tend to my mental wall. My distress is all too clear to my silly, over-protective big brothers.

I allow myself to be comforted by their thoughts, their love.

"You aren't a slut."

"Think that about yourself again and I'll kick your ass."

"Your sense of propriety is to be kind, to not hurt anyone, to protect and care for others. So why don't you quit being so fucking stupid?"

I swear I hear my mother's voice. "Sweetheart you're just horny."

No words are spoken. No words are needed between us. I allow myself to indulge in their comfort for a few minutes before pulling free of their embrace.

My eyes are wet. "Assholes." That I say aloud. It seems more appropriate that way.

The last few days before the good doctor and his lady are to be here drift by lazily. The heat returns the next day. We do little

more than take a couple dips in the lake and sleep. Late in the night, I snuggle against Gary's back, I wake to the crash of thunder. The cabin shakes. The wind roars and I hear something turn over on the back porch. As quickly as it blows up, the storm blows over, taking the heat with it. Neither Gary nor Terry so much as twitch in their sleep. I dream of mom and dad, of my brothers when they were little but seemed so big to me, of Chad, and sea monsters and more I cannot recall when I wake.

I crawl out the bottom of the bed. It's easier than lumbering over either of my sleeping brothers. I head to my bathroom, pee and brush my teeth. Julie and Mark are coming tonight. I stop by my bed and pull the covers back, tousle the pillow, hoping it looks slept in.

I wander down the hall to the kitchen, deciding on tea rather than coffee. As the water heats, I check the back porch. The light lawn chairs have been blown into a heap by the door. I right them. They seem none the worse for the experience. I look out over the yard. I can see a few small tree limbs down. The dock is fine. The lake is as flat as rolled steel. I step out into the yard. The grass is damp. I can't tell if it is from rain or dew. If it rained, it was brief, just enough to settle the dust.

I walk around the cabin, scanning the roof. The shingles look fine. I spot a few more branches down but nothing serious. Terry is standing at the stove, glaring at the screaming tea kettle. Before I can call a warning, remind him that the ancient kettle's handle no longer insulates, he picks it up and promptly drops the kettle back on the stove. He waves his hand in the air, no longer glaring but cursing. I hurry to his side and pull him to the sink and hold his hand under cold water as he hops from foot to foot. I try not to let him see me

smile. Hopping like that he looks like such a little boy, much as he did splashing and dunking his brother in the lake. I have to remind myself he is a grown man, a lawyer, soon to be a junior partner in our father's old firm. There is nothing child-like about his body or his cock.

I look at his fingers. They're red but no blisters. I kiss each one softly.

"Sorry. I was checking the roof. You two slept through quite a little storm." I kiss his cheek. "You okay?"

He grunts and peers at his fingers as if expecting to see the flesh peeling away from the bone. Like all men of my experience, he appears vaguely disappointed the wound is not more serious, or at least more serious looking.

"There was a storm?"

"Yup, you two could sleep through Pickett's last charge. It blew over some chairs. There's a few branches down but the roof is fine. It would appear my highly educated brothers know how to shingle."

He grunts again. I step behind him and use a much battered and stained pot holder to pick up the kettle and pour water into the teapot. Terry stretches, drawing my eyes to his cock. Damn. He walks to the front door and opens it. I watch his taut ass ripple as he walks. He stands in the doorway, head swiveling as he assesses my claim that there had been a storm last night. When he turns, I can see the cold morning air has

tightened his scrotum. The air has done nothing to his cock, however. It hangs there, swaying as he walks. Damnit, I'm already wet. I'm sure they'll refuse me. Dr. Mallory won't be here to give me the all clear until this evening. I'm regretting my offer to have him stay for the weekend. I'll have the okay for sex but no opportunity while we have visitors. Fuck me, which seems a distant prospect.

"Good thing there wasn't a tornado," Terry offers, returning to join me in the kitchen. "We might have woke up dead." He shakes his head. "I can't believe I slept through a thunderstorm."

I shrug. "Not much of a storm. Just enough to break the heat and settle the dust." I pour him a mug of tea without asking. I add his usual morning two heaping teaspoons of sugar. In his way, Terry is a creature of habit. Coffee or tea, if it's the first cup he uses sugar. After that, black. He limits his indulgences, at least when it comes to sweets. My thoughts circle back to yesterday. Do I know my limits? Terry's? Gary's?

Before I can turn to hand him his tea, his arms go around my waist and he rests his chin on my shoulder. His body feels warm and firm against my back. I relax into his arms.

"Relax," he whispers in my ear. "Now you're the one overthinking this." He rocks me in his arms and I feel my body relax.

"My limits are your limits," he murmurs in my ear. "I won't hurt you, or anyone, unless they threaten to hurt you or Gary. I'm not interested in convincing anyone to do anything. I want

someone who knows what they want. I don't want anyone weaker than I am. I want a partner not a servant. I've no interest in poo." He gives me a squeeze. "But I haven't totally ruled out water sports."

I giggle and elbow him, but gently.

"Room for me?" A sleepy voice asks from behind us.

I turn and open my arms to be engulfed in a brother sandwich.

When Gary's stomach growls we all laugh and move apart. There is no need to speak as we twist and bend, collecting bowls, spoons, boxes, and for Terry, a couple of eggs. We eat in silence. I make a second pot of tea and we move to the screened-in porch. For the first time Gary notices the branches down.

"We have a storm?"

Terry shrugs and I just smile.

The second pot of tea doesn't last long. We rouse ourselves enough get dressed, no one clears downed branches in the nude. A couple of the branches are large enough it takes both men to carry them away. We stack them near the edge of the woods. By next summer, they'll be dry enough to use for a bonfire, or in the stove.

By the time we finish, our forearms are smeared with pine sap and our shirts are soaked with sweat. We need a bath. I'm thinking a group shower would be a perfect way to close out the morning.

I can tell the boys are thinking the same thing. I re-chink my mental wall and gesture toward the house.

"Come on."

They follow without speaking. The master suite, the one the boys had commandeered, has the largest bathroom and the largest shower. It occupies one wall and has two shower heads. I try to recall if that was true when we came here as kids. I think so. Now that I know what horn dogs my parents had been, it makes sense.

We don't need both showers. I turn on one and let the water run as hot as I can stand. I soap a washcloth and beckon Gary.

"Oldest first," I ordered.

He steps under the shower and hisses, "Hot." I let him get used to the water and then reach behind him to shut it off. I don't want to run out of hot water. I begin to work at the smears of sap on his right arm. I work my way up his arm, stopping to start the shower and re-soap when needed. I take my time. I enjoy the feel of his toned body under my fingertips. I enjoy the idea of bathing him, caring for him, knowing he would do the same for me.

The tough part, getting rid of the pine sap, over, I wash the rest of Gary's body with my soapy hands. Terry joins me. We trade, Gary and I wash Terry. I insist on washing his beautiful cock. I turn him and he leans against the wall as my fingers probe and clean his crack and ass.

When it's my turn, I do my best to turn my mind off and simply feel their hands roam over my body. Eventually, the water runs too cold to continue. We shut the water off and I feel a sense of loss.

"What's going on in that pretty bald head sis?" Gary whispers but his whisper is more than a question. He expects an answer.

I look at him, a question in my eyes.

"Not a peep sis. You're locked up tight as a bank vault. We're not getting a peep from you."

As he speaks, I realize I've felt nothing from them. Perhaps that's the reason for my funk. I feel a sense of panic. What if it isn't my wall that's keeping them out of my head? What if whatever it was the fall did to my brain has worn off? What if I'm back to 'normal'?

In my mind I envision a barn door rolling open. Wham. Feelings of worry and confusion hit me so hard I stagger. Terry and Gary reach for my arms to support me, concern lighting their eyes.

"I'm fine. I panicked. I was sure I was back to my old silent self." I shake my head and try to laugh. "Nope. You're both coming through loud and clear."

The worry fades from their faces. I smile at them.

"Better?" I ask.

"Much," Terry announces as, once again, I become the happy, and lucky, victim of a brother sandwich.

The feel of their bodies along my sides re-ignites my desire. I step away from them and hand each of them a towel before grabbing my own. We dry off in silence but it is an easier, more comfortable silence, one in which the background noise is the soft amorphous hum of their thoughts and feelings.

As I hang up my towel I open myself to them, hoping they can sense, and believe, how good I feel, how ready I feel.

"It's been more than six weeks, almost eight. Please, can we make love? We have time before Julie and Dr. Mallory get here. Please?"

It's Terry who answers. "Don't you think we should wait? Let the doc check you over one more time?"

I sense his conflict. He's as anxious as I am but he's still terribly afraid of hurting me. My eyes find Gary. I see the same conflict on his face. I know they want to but the idea of using

my ability to "suggest" they act on their desires is repulsive to me. Instead, I open my mind to them. I let them see how good I feel, how unconcerned I am about enjoying my body and theirs. I truly feel it is okay; that Dr. Mallory's blessing is just that, a ritualistic act not a statement of fact.

A smile brightens Gary's face and he takes my hand. I follow him to the bed. Without looking, I reach behind me for the hand I know Terry is holding out.

"You guys better wait," I tell them as I put my knee on the bed.

They look at me with identical faces of confusion. I run my hand over my nearly smooth scalp.

"Your hair is still wet. You should wait till it dries or you'll both have hideous cases of bed head," I say with my best sultry sigh, as I stretch out on the bed.

"Fuck that," Terry snaps. That's my middle brother. The man with the way with words.

They crawl in and lie on either side of me. Each of them rest their head on my outstretched arms and nuzzle my neck and the side of my face. For long minutes we simply lie beside each other, imbibing the sensation of skin on skin, our scents, the sound of our hearts placidly going about the business of keeping us alive. They are semi-hard against my leg, equipoised between action and meditation.

I love this feeling, this sense of being physically and emotionally wrapped in a bubble of protection. I love it but at the moment I want more.

I signal them to lie on their backs. They do. I pull my legs under me and sit on my knees, facing their feet. I feel one hand begin to massage my back and ass. Another hand works its way between my legs and tickles my sensitive skin on its way to my sex.

My own hands trail over their identical taut abs, trying to stimulate not tickle. They don't need stimulation. Their cocks are off their bellies, bouncing with each heartbeat, each bejeweled with a drop of pre-cum. I lean forward, wrapping my hands around their cocks, running my palms over the heads. I'm more open to them in this position. Fingers begin to dance over my asshole. Fingers probe my pussy, stroke my clit.

It's time.

For no reason that I am aware of, other than it is easier to move my right leg, I throw that leg over Terry who happens to be on my right. I'm still facing his feet. I hold his cock in my hand and rub my pussy up and down its rigid shaft before sliding him deep into my cunt in one fluid movement. I hear his sigh of pleasure behind me. His hands find my hips and he helps me begin to ride up and down on his cock. I let my full weight settle onto him at the bottom of each stroke, wanting him as deep inside me as is physically possible. He feels so good. His cock feels so good. I've missed the sensation of being filled inside, as if without his cock inside me I am not entirely whole, not complete. My feminist mother would have my head for such a thought.

The head of his cock presses against my cervix and a deep ache blossoms inside my belly. The feel of his cock in this reverse cowgirl position almost makes up for the fact that it is impossible for me to kiss him. As if in answer to a request, Gary rolls onto his knees and moves toward us. He's stroking his own cock. He straddles his brother's legs and, still stroking his dick, leans toward me offering me his mouth.

I do my best to empty my mind, make it an open conduit, letting what Gary feels flow through me and into Terry, and vice versa. I want Gary to be able to feel what Terry's cock is feeling. I want them to feel what I'm feeling, to feel the sensation of being stretched and filled by another's flesh. Even more, I open myself, hoping to feel what Terry feels, to feel what it is like to have part of me surrounded by another's flesh.

Suddenly, it works. A dam has bursts and my mind and body are overwhelmed with sensation. It's too much and an orgasm rips through my body. It is so intense and so unexpected I cry out. My brothers must have experienced some of what I've just felt. Gary's cum splatters my belly and chest. Terry is so deep inside me when he cums it feels as if he's ejaculating straight into my uterus, not my pussy.

I start to laugh. "Jesus. We need to work on that. A little more control is required."

"What the fuck was that?" Terry pants behind me.

"I was wondering if we could share in what each other was feeling. Apparently we can but all at once like that was a bit much." I laugh again.

"A bit much? That's how you put it. Christ, sis, I thought my body was exploding," Gary says. His voice is muffled. His head is buried in my neck.

As we catch our breath, I feel my brothers exchange a thought. I keep my mental ear muffs in place.

"Raise up," Terry commands, lifting with his hands. As I sit forward on my knees, Gary flips onto his back and slides his head under me. His hands replace his brother's on my hips and he pulls me to his mouth. As he tongues and licks and sucks me clean, Terry moves around and does the same to my chest and belly.

They don't stop when they're done. Gary's tongue probes my cunt and flicks my clit while my other brother's mouth and hands work at my tits and nipples. It takes only a few minutes of their concentrated attention to draw another orgasm from my body. I want to share the feeling, but this time I imagine not a dam but a tap, one I can control and open a little at a time. My brothers are still and I feel their bodies begin to shake. They start panting again and Terry's mouth leaves my nipple. I can see both their cocks twitching as subdued looking streams of cum ooze from their cocks.

Gary is easier to get to. I simply lean forward and take his cock in my mouth. When I turn my head, Terry offers me his and I

happily take it before turning around to kiss and lick my other brother's face clean.

We loll in a post-orgasmic haze as the shadows begin to stretch across the yard. I'm amazed that I feel so sated. We'd barely started before my little sharing experiment resulted in a three-way simultaneous orgasm. If someone had asked me yesterday, once I was given the okay to have sex, how long would the session last, I would have said "days". Yet, here after at most ten minutes of fooling around all I wanted to do was fall asleep.

I don't want to fall asleep. I rouse myself and sit up. The boys roll around me, one arm thrown across my lap, their foreheads meeting behind my butt. Their top legs flop atop mine. Typical, unless I was blowing them or sprawled offering my pussy to them, they'd want to take a nap.

I smack each of them on the hip.

"Come on," I say, trying not to sound hectoring. "If we fall asleep we'll be here all day. Let's go outside. Enjoy a little sun. It's August you know. In three weeks I'll be packing for Boston."

Saying that out loud made the fact real to me, real for the first time. In less than a month, I will be leaving. My brothers will have each other. I'll be alone.

"Donna? Sis? This summer has been unbelievable but don't imagine Terry and I have this much fun in the real world." Gary's voice is gentle, soothing but I'm not buying it.

"You guys live together," I protest. "Forget sleeping together, you get to see each other every day."

"You spent four years in Austin, sis? How is going to med school any different?" Terry asks as he caresses my back. I know it's his hand, not Gary's. Weird.

"Of course it's different," I object. "When I left for TU we weren't fucking. Austin is a couple hours by car, Boston is half a continent away."

"Don't go then," Gary offers. I gape at him.

"What do you mean 'don't do'? Give up med school?"

"Or go here. If you really don't want to go, don't go. I'm not saying that's what you should do but that's the only option I see."

The fact that Gary is being reasonable does nothing to assuage my irritation or dismay.

"I'm not dropping out of med school before I start."

"Good," Gary booms, rolling out of bed. "If you don't get the fuck out of Dodge we'll get fired from our own practice. You didn't think we'd spend the next fifty years fucking and eating did you?"

I grab a pillow and throw it at him. He dodges, not even bothering to pretend it was hard to dodge my throw.

"Fucking and eating? You forget sucking, bro."

Terry easily dodges the pillow I throw at him. I want to stay irritated, maybe even a little sad but it's impossible.

The light in the room takes on that certain quality that announces to the observant that it is mid-day. I make my way to the kitchen and make myself a sandwich from leftover chicken. Cold barbeque chicken on white bread. Call me a redneck; I don't care. It's the best sandwich ever. Top it with a cold beer on a hot day and you're damn near in Heaven.

I take my sandwich and beer out onto the front porch, stooping to grab a throw pillow off the couch. I set my beer on the porch rail and use my free hand to adjust the pillow behind my back as I ease myself into the porch swing. I keep one foot on the floor and use it to rock myself. I eat my sandwich slowly. I'm content.

At some point, my brothers join me, each with their own sandwich, each with their own beer. I don't need to be psychic to know Terry has made his favorite, fried bologna, no mustard, just bologna and bread. He wolfs it down in four bites and turns his attention to his beer. Gary methodically eats his way through his PB&J. PB&J with beer? Yuck.

Gary throws the last bit of crust over the railing and into the grass as he sits in one of the Adirondack chairs. Terry takes the other. I sip on my beer and rock. The storm broke the back of the heat wave but it is still August in East Texas. I feel sweat begin to trickle down my side. An occasional, too occasional, puff of wind bestows a cool kiss to my skin. I'm too sleepy to finish my beer. I lean over and sit it on the rail before curling up on the swing, tuck the pillow under my head and begin to drift into sleep.

I'm vaguely aware of my brothers grabbing the picnic blanket that we left lying on the porch and spreading it on the grass. They stretch out in the shade of the house. As I drowse, I catch snatches of their dreams and I know they are asleep.

The crunch of car tires on gravel wakes me. I'm confused, not sure where I am, as I sit up. I recognize the front porch but not the car pulling up to park in the shade of one the trees in the front yard.

Dr. Mallory and Julie. Fuck! I didn't think they'd be here until supper time.

I stand and lean against the porch rail, intending to wake my brothers. They're awake.

It doesn't take a psychic to feel my brothers grow tense. "Relax," I assure them. "Texas is full of nudists. If you act normal, it makes it hard for people to do otherwise."

Both car doors open. Dr. Mallory climbs out from behind the wheel. Julie peers at us over the top of the passenger door. Her grin is evident as she waves at us before turning to retrieve something from the car.

"Goddamnit. Fuck." I hear Gary whisper under his breath.

"Just chill, big brother. Relax."

Julie calls out a greeting as she closed the door with her hip. Mark, Dr. Mallory, was trying too hard to look unfazed. I take pity on him.

"We're pretty isolated out here. We tend to not bother with clothes. Our parents were libertarian hippies if that makes any sense. We weren't expecting you so soon. Give us a sec, we'll throw some clothes on. Make yourself at home."

"When I told you to cover your scalp I didn't mean that your scalp was exclusive." Dr. Mallory drawls.

Julie's grin is wicked. There's no other way to describe it.

"I don't know about Mark but I'd like to join you. It's a beautiful day. I love the feel of the sun on my skin."

I skip down the porch steps and walk toward their car.

Mark looks at Julie as if she were a spot on an X-ray he's never seen before. She laughs and hugs him.

"Relax, Dr. Mallory, sir. We're not at the hospital or at your office. You're not really that aghast at your fiancé are you?"

He shook his head. "No," he says with a rueful grin before his face turns serious. "We may not be at the office but I am here to see a patient. Can the frivolity be saved until later?"

"Frivolity?" Julie rolls her eyes and grins at me. "Underneath that young man exterior lives the heart of a 60 year-old grandpa."

"Don't tease him," I insist and smack her on the arm. I look at her fiancé and my doctor over my shoulder. "Let me go slip on some clothes and I'll meet you in the living room." Turning back to Julie I tell her, "Make yourself at home, clothed or nude, your choice."

I don't wait for an answer but head back toward the front porch. The boys are on their feet, backs turned to our guests. They are pretending to shake the grass off the blanket and fold it but in reality they are trying to hide their sleep boners. I want to feel sorry for them but I'm their sister after all and all I feel is a delicious enjoyment of their predicament. I duck into my room and slip on a pair of decent shorts, not the Daisy Dukes. I top the shorts off with an old and immensely comfortable tee shirt I've had for years.

Mark wears his professional face as I enter the living room. I can see my brothers and Julie on the front porch. Julie and Terry sit atop the blanket on the railing. The two of them are both nude. Gary is back on the swing and has on a pair of shorts. Terry is evidently happy with simply crossing his legs and letting his hands rest in his lap.

I consider trying to probe Mark but decide that would be rude so I ask him. "You okay, Dr. Mallory? We didn't mean to shock you. We are actually pretty considerate to guests most of the time. It's a southern thing."

"I was a little taken aback I admit, but no, I'm fine. It's your house. We were very reserved in my house but I don't think I'm the old fuddy-duddy Julie likes to portray me as."

"She's teasing you. You know that, right?" I look at him closely. "She adores you." He looks unsure and suddenly I feel irritated. "Oh my God, men are such morons sometimes. I guess I'm lucky you're way smarter at doctoring than with relationships."

He grunts before throwing himself into full doctor mode. He repeats all the tests he's done a dozen times before. He runs a pinwheel over my arms and legs and gives me the policeman's drunk driver test, heel to toe, touch my nose - the works. Finally, he peels the edge of my bandage back, probes along the incision, asks me about headaches, funny odors, seeing funny colors, or things that aren't there.

"Like my mom?" I snap and for the first time, he allows himself to smile.

"Other than the scar on the side of your head your exam is totally normal. If you keep having hallucinations, go see a shrink. I think you were sleepwalking or something."

I tell myself to stop being irritated and be grateful he's letting it drop.

"Okay, Dr. Mallory. You finished playing doctor? Ready for the beer I owe you?"

"Please." He puts his rubber hammer and pinwheel thingamajig away as I fetch him a beer. I get myself one and he raises an eyebrow.

"I haven't needed anything for pain for a month. A beer is okay isn't it?"

He nods, takes one of the beers, and eyes it with suspicion as he follows me onto the front porch. Gary notices his look and offers reassurance. "It's a local brew, not one of the fancy ones they over-charge you for, but give it a try. I think you'll like it."

Mark takes a sip, nods at Gary and takes a long pull. He smacks his lips. "Excellent. I'll have to look for it. Thanks." He looks at Gary. "Hey you guys know how American beer is like making love in a canoe?"

Gary shakes his head. I shrug. When Mark looks at Terry, Terry shrugs. Julie smiles.

"Fucking close to water," Mark tells us with a smile. The boys laugh a little, real laughs not faux polite chuckles. Mark continues, "But this is a good beer. Thanks again."

"No problem, doc," Terry replies.

"Don't let him tell any more jokes," Julie pleads. "That's his best one."

Mark smiles at her. "Don't listen to her. Want to hear my favorite joke?"

Julie groans. "Please Mark, not that one. We're guests here."

Terry shushes her by waving his beer at her. "Don't leave us hanging doc, shoot."

"Why did the monkey fall out of the tree?"

We all shrug as Julie grimaces.

"It was dead."

We sit there for a second and then Gary laughs. "I like it."

Julie rolls her eyes at him. "You do not!"

"No, I really do." He insists.

Terry toasts Mark. "Don't give up your medical practice, doc."

I smile at Julie as she shakes her head. "Come on, Terry get up and let me have that blanket. Julie and I are going to sit out by the lake before the mosquitoes wake up for their nightly feast. You big strapping boys can bring your own chairs or grab another blanket. Come on, Julie."

As we walk away from the house, I holler over my shoulder. "Oh, and bring us a couple of beers when you come."

We spread the blanket near the pier and as Julie settles herself, I relieve myself of the tee shirt and shorts. I pick my beer up from its precarious perch in the grass and sit down beside her.

She takes a drink of her beer before she speaks. "Mark is a wonderful doctor, really. He's one of the best I've seen and I don't mean just his hands. He can cut and sew with the best but that's only part of it. He really seems to love his patients, even the ones the rest of us would like to take out back and shoot."

I nod. "I agree. We don't put much stock in God in this family but that doesn't keep me from saying a little prayer of thanks he was around when the boys brought me in."

Julie nods. "So what's really going on with you guys?" she asks in the same voice she might have asked, "Do you like chocolate ice cream?"

I glance at her. "What do you mean?"

"Mark is a great doctor but he's not a woman." She chuckles, "Thank God," then looks at me hard. "You weren't just sunning in the nude. I'm not stupid. Just tell me, are you okay? You aren't being forced or anything are you."

I stare at her for a moment. "No. My brothers would never do anything to hurt me. They'd kill anyone who tried. They love me and I love them. I don't expect you to understand." I'm quiet for a moment. "Do you want to go?"

She shakes her head. "No. I can't claim it doesn't freak me out a little bit but I don't want to leave. Be careful around Mark though. He really is a babe in the woods in many ways."

"Of course." We take another sip of beer. "It freaks me out sometimes, too. That's how I fell. I was running out of the house." I see her sharp look. "No, nothing like that. No one was chasing me, except to help me. It just all overwhelmed me. I freaked and went running for the door. It was no one's fault but my own."

"Bullshit." Her voice is sharp. "If you are okay with it fine, but your brothers are grown men. They are every bit as responsible as you are so cut the 'it's all my fault' shit. You

just told me you weren't a battered woman so don't sound like one."

"You're right. I didn't mean about the situation per se, just the slip on the rug."

Julie seems satisfied. She finishes off her beer and stretches out on the grass. I wasn't sure before but now that I see her naked, it's clear her breasts are all her own. I try not to be jealous.

"Don't be jealous." I hear her say. "I love your boobs. They look good enough to eat."

My eyes jerk toward Julie. I'm surprised she would tell me she loves my boobs. She is lying perfectly still, eyes closed, not smiling.

"Did you say something?" I ask.

She opens an eye and looks at me, curious and maybe a little concerned. "No. Did you hear something?"

"I guess not. The wind must have carried the sound of the boys' voices. Here they come."

My brother's each have a chair upside down on their head, safari -style. Mark follows with five beers. The boys set the chairs down at the head of the blanket and plop into them. Mark passes around the beers.

As he hands me mine, I ask him, in a cloying voice. "So Dr. Mallory sir, am I discharged from your practice? Officially?"

He nods. "Yes. Unless you decide to try cracking another safe with your skull, you are no longer my patient."

"Okay. Now, since you are no longer my doctor, I'll scoot over and you can take off your clothes and sit by your beautiful fiancé." He starts to frown. "Sorry, Mark, but I'm afraid this blanket is not 'clothing optional' but 'no clothes allowed'," I tell him with a smile.

Out of the corner of my eye I see Gary stand up. He steps out of his shorts and drops them by the chair. "Don't let my sister push you around Mark. She can be a complete, total, fucking pain in the ass. If you want to join us, I promise you you'll fall in love with the feel of the sun and breeze on your skin. If you don't want to join us that's fine. No one cares. Just tell my sister to shut the hell up and move over." He glares at me. "Be nice."

"I am nice, asshole."

Julie giggles. "Ah the joys of family. Mark's sister is quite a bit older. He was basically an only child. Sit down by me, babe. Take your shirt off and I'll rub your back. Don't worry about the rest."

She gives him such a bright smile he can't help but smile back. He unbuttons his shirt and slips it off. He starts to fold it but

Julie pulls it from his hands and tosses it over her shoulder. It lands in Gary's lap. He laughs but I notice he folds the shirt before laying it on the grass beside the chair.

Mark tries to glare as he balances on one foot to take his shoe and sock off. He continues to glare as he turns his attention of this other foot. As the second shoe drops to the grass, Julie reaches up and grabs him as he's tugging at his sock. He falls across her lap with a grunt. Before he can speak, she wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him. It is a long deep kiss and I can see the wave of relaxation spread through his body.

Terry gives them a two-fingered whistle and Gary offers an "Attaboy, doc." My blanket mates ignore them. When they separate, Julie cups his cheek.

"Sit beside me and I'll rub your back. Nurse's orders."

"Yes ma'am."

He sits beside her, looking more than a little silly in khakis with no shirt and no shoes or socks but the look of childlike adoration he gives Julie is so sweet, who the fuck cares if he looks silly?

I stretch out. Everyone is quiet. I can hear the whispery sound of Julie's fingers trailing over Mark's back. I'm half asleep when I realize I can feel her fingers on my own back. Fuck, I'm in his head without meaning to. I start to retreat but before I

can, I sense his fear, longing, confusion, and love. For a smart and accomplished man, his head is a mess.

He loves Julie, that's easy to see the normal way. It's also easy to see he is afraid she is not kidding when she teases him about being a fuddy-duddy. I'm surprised he can't see that it doesn't matter to her, then I'm surprised that I'm surprised. Most relationships are misread cues, followed by correction, then misunderstanding and over-correction. It is a wonder we aren't all hermits.

I can tell he wants to get naked for Julie, wants to lie skin-to-skin beside her, wants to prove to my brothers he's not a stuffed shirt. It's me that's the problem. He may no longer technically be my doctor but his sense of what is appropriate and what is not won't allow it.

I want to tell him, suggest to him, it's okay but I'm afraid he'll beat himself up with guilt afterward. I open myself to him, not sure it will work with anyone not part of the family. I let him see that I'm okay, that it won't change anything. Seeing him naked doesn't mean he can't be my physician again, should the need arise. What if we meet at a resort? I also try to share the whiffs of Julie's mind I've seen, try to reassure him with more than words that she's nuts over him.

I feel a shift, not just in Mark but in Julie. It isn't as evident as a change in body position or even a change in breathing or heart rate. Something clicks, thoughts re-align, energy flows. Though my eyes are closed, I see her pat him on the shoulder in a go-ahead-it's-okay-I-love-you-regardless gesture. Mark stands. My ears hear the sound of his belt and zipper but I can see much more clearly in my mind. I see it from Julie's

angle. His mind is full of images of Julie's naked body stretched out in front of him. Terry's mind, I realize in a rush, is full of me, with side glances at Julie and an approving glance at Mark's decision to join us.

I don't want to linger. It seems wrong but I'm interested in how differently Terry views Mark's body. As my brother has said all along, I sense he has no sexual interest in Mark, just surprise at how muscular the man is. Terry has noticed things I had yet to see, the firm V of Mark's lats, and, now that his pants are coming off, the size of his legs. An image of Mark speed skating fills my head.

It's too much. I'm appalled I've let myself spy on my friends like this. I flip a switch and all I see behind my eyelids is the play of sun and shadow. A brief yet intense pain lights up my head and I envision a cable under tension snapping whipping through the air. I tell myself next time, if there is a next time, I'm not sure there should be, not to flip a switch like that. No, a dimmer switch is a much better idea.

I tell myself not to feel guilty, tell myself that I was only trying to help and I think I have. The shift I felt between Mark and Julie felt good, felt right. I very clearly hear my father saying all interventions carry unexpected consequences. It was a rule he lived by. He didn't mean you shouldn't get involved, not at all. But if you were going to get involved, go in with your eyes open and prepared. I fall asleep missing him.

Terry's toe pokes the top of my shoulder, waking me. I can't have slept long. I tilt my head back and peek at him from under my eyelids. He's smiling. He points with a toss of his head. I rise up and look to my right. I join him in smiling.

Julie has rolled onto her side her head is on Mark's arm. She has one arm draped across his chest. They are both asleep. Mark has a boner. His cock is huge.

I look back at Terry with an exaggerated look of surprise and wonder and his smile widens. I get to my feet silently. Gary is also awake. The three of us walk quietly back to the cabin. The sun is too low to burn them and the air is nice and warm.

When I glance over my shoulder, I see Julie reaching for her fiancé's cock.

Chapter 6

The guests get caught up in the action and sex ensues.

Julie's hand on my cock feels amazing. It amazes me that anything made of flesh and bone can feel so good. I've dissected hands. I can name the muscles and tendons. I can draw for you how the muscles and tendons and joints work together to curl the fingers into a fist. With a little effort I can recall the layers of the skin, the structure of the sweat glands, the nerves - Meissner, Pacini and Ruffini corpuscles - and Merkel cells.

I can draw the pathways that lead from my penis back to my spine and up to my brain. I can explain how those signals are processed and sent back, how changes in sympathetic and

parasympathetic impulses alter nitric oxide production and cause blood to fill special chambers in my penis, making it hard, causing tumescence.

What I can't explain is why it feels so amazing. Or why I love her.

I'm half asleep, lost in appreciation of the mysteries of the body. It takes a moment before the realization hits me that I'm lying in a patient's, former patient's backyard, naked, getting a hand job from my naked fiancé. I stifle the urge to spring up and grab my pants. That would only call attention to myself. Besides her hand feels amazing.

"Sweetheart, what are you doing?" I whisper, eyes still closed. I feel Julie shift closer to me. Her breast brushes against my arm. That feels amazing as well.

"Playing with your dick love," she whispers in my ear.

"Sweetheart, we're lying here right out in the open. Maybe you should stop."

"Hush, they went inside ages ago. You were sleeping with a very hard, very beautiful, and exceptionally large erection. I couldn't stand it anymore."

My mind is numb. All I can feel is her hand. I struggle to find the right words. "But Julie, baby..."

Her mouth falls over mine and my words are lost. As my hands reach for her hair, she throws her leg over me. Before I can protest, or decide if I even want to protest, she grabs my erection, positions it between her labia, and lowers herself on me. She sighs in my mouth. She allows her weight to press my penis deep inside her. I'm always afraid I'll hurt her. Having a large penis is not the plus it's made out to be. In the past, I've been dumped because of it.

"Julie what if they're watching?" I moan into her mouth but I don't stop kissing her.

"Let them. I don't care. I love you. I'm hotter than blacktop in August and I want that giant cock of yours inside me." She raises herself, slowly pulling herself off my erection. She tightens and relaxes the muscles of her vagina as she does so. "You really want me to get off? She whispers against the side of my neck.

I don't. I want her. I had wanted her from the day she introduced herself. I was afraid it would look badly for the new guy on staff to ask out the hottest nurse so I spent the first six months pretending not to stare at her. We happened to walk out of the hospital at the same time one evening. She stopped me with a hand on my arm and proceeded to ask me if I was gay. I was flabbergasted. I sputtered out a "no" worrying my splutters made it sound as if I was trying to lie.

"Good," she answered. "It's freezing. I haven't been grocery shopping this week. I'll let you take me to dinner." I remember it being in the low 50's that day, which I was to learn, is "freezing" in this part of the world.

We had dinner and several more after that before we slept together. She asked me a second time if I was gay which irritated me. I attempted to be circumspect, explain that, in the past, when relationships had progressed to a more intimate level, they went sour.

Her concern had been almost comical. "Oh my God. I know you aren't a veteran. Did you have an accident or something? Are you missing parts or is it just trouble, you know, getting it up?"

"What? No! I have all my parts and they all work fine."

She stared at me with evident confusion. "So what do you mean 'gone sour'? Are you trying to say you're bad in the sack?" Her confusion changed to mild concern. "You're not into kinky shit are you? Whips? Stuff like that?"

"No. Come here." We had been sitting on her sofa. "Kiss me." When she looked at me, I moved toward her and pulled her close. It didn't take long. A few minutes of kissing, a few times running my hands over her breasts, and I was fully erect.

"This is the problem," I whispered as I put her hand over my erection, afraid that once again that would be the end.

At first she just looked at me with a baffled expression but as her hand moved along the bulge in the left leg of my pants, her eyes widened.

"Holy shit, Batman," she whispered.

"Well, that's not how the women I've been intimate with phrased it but, yes, that is the problem. I've only had a serious relationship with two women. Both broke it off after trying a few times. I was as gentle as I could be but they said it was just too much."

"Take your pants off."

I was caught off guard. In my head I was already closing the door behind me. As I hesitated, Julie smacked me on the arm. "Come on Mark, take 'em off. I want to see this monster."

I admit I was taken aback by her forwardness, I still am, but I didn't wish to leave. I stood and reached for my belt but Julie beat me to it. She undid my belt, unbuttoned my trousers, pulled the zipper down, and yanked the trousers and my boxers down in one swift motion.

My erect penis sprang out. I've never been clear how one measures the so called, "angle of the dangle". Is zero degrees the belly? Or the thighs? If it is the belly then my angle was obtuse, if the thighs, acute. I mean when I'm standing it mostly points down, because of its size.

"Holy shit doesn't do it justice, Batman," Julie whispered. I'm still not clear on why she says this so frequently. I haven't seen the Batman movies but the TV Batman reruns I watched as a kid did not contain any profanity.

At the time I wasn't worrying about Batman. I sat back down on the couch and Julie began to fondle me. Her soft hands and fingers explored my erection. Her touch was maddening. It was all I could do to not beg her to let me have her.

Begging was not required. Julie had moved a little ways down the couch and put as much of my penis in her mouth as she could. If her fingers had been maddening, there was no word for what her mouth was. With her mouth and both hands she was able to stroke all of me. I swallowed a whimper of disappointment when she stood up. I consoled myself by vowing to remember exactly how her mouth and hands had felt.

Instead of leaving, she reached behind her back and unzipped the sundress she'd been wearing. She slipped it off her shoulders, let it fall to her feet, and kicked it aside. Her hands returned to her back and soon her bra followed the dress. She had beautiful full breast with wide aureoles. She hooked the top of her thong with her thumbs and tossed that aside as well. She had no pubic hair. She had no tan lines either.

Her right fingers dabbled between her legs. I couldn't help but stare. Her fingers and the smooth skin of her labia had begun to shine and glisten. My pants and boxers were still around my feet. Julie stooped and slipped them off my bare feet and tossed them atop her own clothes. She pushed my legs apart and knelt between them and took my penis back into her mouth. Only one hand stroked me. The other was between her legs. I was torn between a desire to throw my head back and moan with delight and the fear if I took my eyes off her she'd disappear.

I watched, fascinated, as the skin of her cheeks stretched and flattened. I was amazed that she could get that much of my penis in her mouth and not feel her teeth. She pulled her mouth away and started to lick my erection, up and down, swirling her tongue around the corona. I was nearly to the point of warning her I was about to ejaculate when she stood again.

She used her knees to push my legs together then knelt on the edge of the couch, straddling my legs. She buried her fingers inside her vagina and then wiped them up and down my erection.

I can easily recall the heat in her eyes when she looked at me. She told me to hold still, to not move, to let her do all the work. When I agreed she reached between her legs with her left hand and held my erection up. Her right hand spread her labia. I was enthralled at the sight of her sex. I wanted to touch her, wanted to help.

I rested my hands on her hips as she lowered herself. When her labia touched the head of my penis, I jumped. It felt so hot, not in a sexual sense but temperature. She moved the head back and forth in her wetness and once again I had to fight the urge to simply let go and ejaculate.

She held my erection still and let more of her weight press against me. The head of my penis entered her and she whispered a soft "umm" sound that was more beautiful than anything I had ever heard before. Her legs relaxed and she settled lower. The "umm" grew lower and when she grimaced, I tightened my grip on her hips and held her still.

She had opened her eyes then and smiled at me. "It's okay baby. I got this," she had told me and I believed her. I relaxed my hands. She rose up slightly, keeping the head of my penis safely inside, then lowered herself. She did this very slowly but with each movement more of my erection was engulfed by her warm body.

Soon, too soon, I felt the firm dome of her cervix pressing against my penis. At least two inches of my penis remained outside her welcoming body. Julie held herself there and began moving her hips in small circles. Her fingers were a blur as they buzzed over her clitoris. I was engrossed by the emotions that flitted across her face before she stilled and let out a long low, "Oh fuck yes." Her vagina contracted so violently I was afraid she would squeeze me out of her body.

Drained, she fell onto my chest. I still had my shirt on. She nuzzled the side of my neck and whispered, barely audible, "That was the best orgasm of my life." I accepted that graciously but didn't entirely believe her.

I had not ejaculated. I was very close but had held myself back. I considered reaching around her hip and stroking the part of my penis that was not inside her but that struck me as a bit rude. Instead, I rubbed her back as she caught her breath.

After a few minutes she had begun to move her hips again. She called me "poor baby" and asked me what she should do with "that hard monster cock" before lifting herself off me. She sat on the couch and once more took me in her mouth. I told her she didn't have to. None of the women I had dated had

ever wanted to perform oral sex on me after my penis had been in them.

Back then, I was still trying to learn not to be surprised by this volcanic woman, I still am. She had not appeared to mind fellating me even though my erection was slick with her moisture. The excitement of that, combined with the feel of her mouth and hand brought me quickly to the brink. I hissed a warning and pushed at her head but she would have none of that.

Instead, she pushed her mouth even further over my penis. I shouted as I ejaculated, something I had never done before. As my orgasm subsided, I reconsidered whether or not Julie had been exaggerating when she said she had had the best orgasm ever. I certainly had.

That was over a year ago now. We didn't live together but we might as well. If she didn't sleep at my place, I slept at hers. It had taken a few more times but eventually Julie was able to take all of my penis, she keeps trying to get me to say "cock", inside her. She keeps telling me I can relax and, as she puts it "really let loose" and stop worrying I'll hurt her but I still worry.

After that first time together and after we rested long enough for her to get me erect again, she insisted on measuring my penis. She appeared to not believe me when I said I'd never done so but I hadn't. She kept jamming the ruler into my belly, trying to make it an even ten inches. I had to resort to raising my voice before she stopped pushing and accepted the fact my penis was $9\frac{3}{8}$ inches. I was okay letting her round it up to $9\frac{1}{2}$ " for length and an even 6" for circumference. I had

sarcastically asked her what she planned to do with the information. I almost panicked when she told me she planned to post it in the nurses' break room. That's how uncertain I had been with regards to her boundaries and sense of propriety.

Quite clearly my own sense of propriety has expanded over the intervening months. How else can I explain laying here in someone's, not just any someone I force myself to admit but a former patient's, back yard, naked with my naked fiancé sitting atop my erection.

I try to occupy my mind. I really do. I'm trying to learn to control this new shit that flows through my head. I am not sure I'm cut out to be a voyeur, at least not a mental one.

I'm trying to stay out of Julie's head but it's like she's screaming in my ear. The little glimpses I catch of what Julie is feeling make it really hard not to dive straight into her skull. The feeling of being totally full is overwhelming.

"Donna? Wake up?"

I open one eye and look at Gary. "I'm not asleep."

"Why are you moaning then?" I turn to look at Terry who is standing behind me.

Did I want to risk it? What if it didn't work with strangers? What if sharing physical sensation was limited to my brothers and I? Worse, what if it wasn't? I feel I'm on thin ice, ethics-wise, when it comes to dipping into other's minds, even my brothers. If it was wrong for me to share Julie's or Mark's sensations, wouldn't it be an even greater wrong to share them with my brothers?

I decide to risk it, salving my conscience with the thought that at least I had stopped to consider the implication of what I intended to try.

I hold my hands out. "Take hold of my hands. Make a circle."

"Huh? Why?" Terry demands. Gary simply takes hold of one of my hands and holds his other out to our brother. Terry scowls for a moment and then steps close enough to complete the circle.

"Now what? Do we sing 'Kumbaya'?" He snaps. I lean over and kiss the back of his hand.

"No." I smile at him as I speak. "Now close your eyes and listen."

His lips part and I can feel the retort forming in his mind. Though he does not speak, I can feel, almost see, Gary's wish for him to relax. Terry shoots a look at his brother but I feel the tension ease out of the fingers clasped around my own.

Our eyes close in unison. I let my thoughts float away on the breeze that stirs the curtains. The warm air carries me out toward the lake. I can see them quite clearly. I might as well be standing over them.

I keep the vision of Julie's beautiful body accepting Mark's magnificent cock clear in my mind as I concentrate on my brothers' breathing. Our breathing synchronizes. I focus on the feel of their hands around mine. I trace where our skin touches. I feel the pulse of their beating hearts in my hands. Soon our hearts beat in time as well.

I open a pinhole in my thoughts, the tiniest of openings, nothing more than a single speck of light in the darkness. When I'm sure they see it, sure I have their attention. I let the pinhole expand until the darkness is gone.

The image is a blur, shades of color, a suggestion of movement, a pattern that suggests coherence but lacks clarity. I begin to turn the mental equivalent of a focus ring in my head. The image begins to coalesce.

"What the fuck?" Terry whispers, sounding dazed.

I pause. I let them take in the vision of Julie's hands entwined with Mark's, how he supports her with his strong arms as she lowers herself onto his cock. I don't direct their attention but I can feel their eyes darting as they gaze: her breasts, the hard nipples, the look of concentration on her face, on Mark's, the way her juices flow down his cock, preparing the way, the proud thrust of her clit, a bead of sweat clinging to her left nipple. They look. They take it in.

Time for stage two.

I almost begin with Julie then chicken out. It might be too much, too strange for my brothers to process. It is better to move slowly. I start with Mark.

How do her hands feel against his? What's it like to have her weight pressing down on his palms? Can he smell her hair? Her cunt? Or is the breeze blowing over the grass all he can smell? Is her cunt warm? Wet? Tight? Can he feel her stretching to accommodate him? Is that her cervix? There's still a good two or three inches of cock that needs to find its way into her cunt.

As with the vision, I let myself feel what Mark feels. I stay away from his emotions. I feel what his body feels. I have no wish to intrude on what his heart feels. I make sure that part of him is sealed off before I allow the sensations to pass through me and into my brothers. Seeing is one thing. Feeling is another. Will they be able to feel as well as see?

I first it seems they can't, but as I open myself to them I hear a gasp. It is Gary this time. "Oh my God she is so tight."

I feel confusion in Terry but before he can voice it I feel the barrier fall and he too feels it.

"It's like it's my cock inside her." He pants in wonder.

They lapse into silence. Mark sighs and we sigh with him as he feels Julie's ass rest, at last, atop his thighs. We feel the pressure of her hands on his when she lifts up. We share the sensation of her cunt hugging his cock. The head of his cock swells, anxious to stay inside her and that, too we feel.

She lowers herself more quickly this time. When her ass touches Mark's legs, she swivels her hips. The three of us groan with him. I can tell that neither of them will last long. They are too excited, too excited in the way their bodies feel, too excited to be making love outside, and trying not to pry, I can tell they are both too excited at the thought of being watched to hold out for much longer. I take the liberty of suggesting to Mark that he not feel guilty about this after he cums and then retreat back into the physical sensations of his body.

I want to see if my brothers can follow me to stage three. It will be more foreign but maybe not totally. They know what it is like to have a cock inside them.

I let my attention move from Mark to Julie. How does Mark's cock feel inside her cunt? I let the fullness of that monster dick penetrate me. As I do, I can feel how close she is to her orgasm. I move more quickly than before. I let my feelings wash out of my arms and into my brothers'.

Their grips tighten painful on my hands and they gasp as if in pain. I let the growing tension in Julie's body wash over me, over them.

She cums. I feel my own pussy clench and begin to pant. I feel Mark's cum force its way into her cunt. I feel his orgasm and it mingles with hers. They are different. Both intense. Both beautiful. But different.

I lose the connection. All I can hear is my own breathing and the pants of my brothers. All I can see is the play of pink and black on my closed eyelids. All I can feel is my pussy clenching as my orgasm fades.

When I open my eyes, my brothers are still gasping for air. The floor in front of them is wet with cum. Their cocks still twitch. I want to get out of the chair and take each of their cocks in my mouth but I'm too spent to move.

Plus, I can no longer sense Mark or Julie. I don't want to risk getting caught with one of my brother's dicks in my mouth. Julie knows, but Mark has no idea.

I can't help shuddering when Julie's weight rests on my legs. God it feels good to be inside her. She rests for a moment. I imagine I can feel her vagina reshaping itself around my erection. I'm so afraid I'll hurt her but when I open my eyes there is no pain visible on her features. Her eyes are closed. Her lips twitch into a brief smile.

Her fingers tighten and I feel more of her weight on my arms as she lifts up. I don't want to lose her. I squeeze with my belly, willing my penis to swell to new dimensions, wanting to keep her ensnared.

As if reading my mind, Julie whispers, "Relax baby. I'm not going anywhere until you make me cum with that big cock of yours."

Saying this, she takes me back fully into her body. She begins to move more quickly. I let her. I want to meet her body with mine but I don't want to hurt her. It's safer if I let her set the pace. For a moment I am certain that Donna and her brothers are standing over us. I open my eyes, turn my head to look toward the cabin. Nothing.

I realize I don't care. Let them watch. I'm shocked to realize that I'm excited by the idea they might be watching. I'm more shocked, amazed really, that I don't care if that idea excites me. I don't have time to ponder this. Julie is moving faster now. I've learned to read her body over the months we've been together. I do my best to time my orgasm with hers. It doesn't always work but when it does. Well, wow!

Her vagina begins its rhythmic clenching of my penis and she stills. She is so tight that when I ejaculate it is almost painful. It feels like my semen will have no escape. I picture a cartoon gun, barrel plugged, expanding before exploding into a metal flower. I feel her vagina bulge away from the head of my penis, the space filling with semen. When even that is not enough, I feel the walls of her vagina relax and the hot fluid flows back along my erection, out of her body, and over my testicles. My scrotum contracts.

When Julie collapses atop me, all I can think about is how much I love her and how much I hope what we've just done results in a baby.

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"Oh my God Mark," I pant into his ear. "Baby, you're making one helluva sinner out of me. My daddy would be shocked. So would my momma." I giggle at the likely truth of what I'm about to say. "At least until she saw that cock of yours, then she'd be more jealous than shocked."

"Don't be silly Julie."

I roll to the side and prop my head on one hand. "I'm not. My momma loved my daddy to pieces. She'd rather cut her arm off than hurt him. He felt the same. But she made it clear to me, when I was older and he was out of earshot, that the notion that women don't, or shouldn't, enjoy sex was a bunch of a baloney. She wanted me to know I should enjoy it, that it was important to enjoy it, and like anything of importance it was not something to take lightly."

I roll back to lie on his chest and kiss the side of his neck. "No, baby, momma would approve."

Mark strokes my shoulder. I love the feel of his cock growing soft in my pussy. Unlike past lovers, Mark's will not slip out of me. He's a shower not a grower. Even unaroused, his cock is bigger than any of my past lover's, black or white. It will stay put until one or the other of us decides it is time to move.

"I've met your mother. She seemed a very proper lady."

I smack his chest, lightly. Men, especially the smart ones, can be so damn dumb. "She is proper and she damn sure is a lady. That doesn't mean she can't appreciate a good fuck."

I feel his body tense in surprise and chuckle. "Shock that east coast blue blood of yours again did I?"

"I admit that I find your," he pauses, "openness disconcerting at times." I hear that undercurrent of worry in his voice. How I hate it.

I rise up and kiss him, hard. "Sugar, listen to me. I love the holy hell out of you. Hear me?" I kiss him again, the hollow of his neck this time. "The fact I can 'disconcert' you is one of things I love, baby. Believe me."

Mark moves his hand to stroke my hair. His other rests casually on my ass.

"I believe you Julie. You couldn't chase me off with a stick."

He's quiet and for a change, I use my head and shut my yapper. I feel more of my lover trickle out of my pussy and I think of a way to keep my big mouth occupied.

I sit up and he frowns. "Are you getting up Julie?"

I wiggle my hips. "Maybe. What's it to you?"

"I like you here, like this." His hands stroke my hips and I shiver.

"Baby, why do you always call me Julie?"

"It's your name. What should I call you?" His face wears a look of confusion. Damn it. Why can't I learn to shut the fuck up? It would be worse to leave him hanging.

"I don't know. 'Baby', 'sugar', 'honey', something sweet."

He smiles. "You are very sweet but you're also quite tart at times. Can I call you 'vinegar'?"

I pretend to scowl at him, happy to see him smile. "You do and I won't let you eat my pussy anymore."

He shakes his head. "See what I mean? Tart and cruel. What if I call you 'Jewel'?"

He blushes and my heart melts. I rise up and he slides out of me. I feel more of his love run from between my legs.

"You are the sweetest thing aren't you baby?"

Before he can respond, I scoot between his legs. His cock is covered in cum and my pussy juice. A thick line of liquid runs

down his ball sack. I stick out my tongue and drag it up the line, savoring the taste, waiting for my beautiful repressed lover to object.

I nearly faint when he pulls at one leg. "Sauce for the goose," he whispers. I know the saying. It was one of Granny Jean's favorites. I know it but can't believe he means what I think he means.

"Swing around, Jewel. I have not called you 'vinegar' and therefore you have no reason to follow through on your threat."

I still can't believe what I'm hearing. When he speaks again, his voice is low, demanding, full of lust.

"Come on, Jewel. Don't make me beg. I want to eat your pussy."

He has never ever said the word "pussy" before.

That's good enough for this gal.

I move around, swing one leg over his head. Before I can do more, his hands grab my hips and he pulls me onto his mouth, sucking greedily.

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"Way to go, doc." Terry chuckles. I smack him hard.

"Come on. We shouldn't be watching." I try to sound stern but my eyes are glued to the way Mark is devouring Julie's cunt.

"Are you kidding me?" Terry snorts. "You just took us on a complete tour of their heads. We were practically fucking them. I don't think watching is that big of a deal."

I jerk him around and the smirk slips off his face.

"I did not take you on a tour of their heads. Their bodies, yes, but not their heads. Don't make me regret it more than I already do."

Gary's hand drops lightly on both our shoulders.

"Terry is just running off at the mouth, sis. What you did was, well unbelievable. I appreciate the fact you limited to the physical. That was the right thing to do. Was it right to share what they were feeling without asking? Probably not but I know you won't make a habit of it. The fact you are feeling a little shitty about it is a good thing. Still, I'm glad you did."

He's quiet. The three of us find ourselves watching the couple out on the blanket again.

"Is that what it feels like to have someone inside you?" Gary's voice is soft, wondering.

"Of course. You were feeling what she was feeling." I hesitate but see no reason not to ask. "Does it feel that much different than having Terry's dick in your ass?"

"You tell me. You have an ass and a pussy and you've had a dick in both. Does it feel the same to you?"

I nod. Fair enough, he has a point. "Yes and no. Both make me feel like I'm filled up but it is different."

It's Terry's turn. "Did you feel it when Mark came?" He's talking to me. I nod.

"That's what surprised me," he continues. "I felt it when Julie came. It's totally different than how I feel when I come."

"Really?" I ask. "I'm surprised. Mark's didn't feel so very different from my own."

Gary is shaking his head. "I agree with Terry. Julie's orgasm was unlike anything I've felt."

"Really? Maybe I wasn't paying enough attention. Or maybe it was because I was feeling my own orgasm, Mark's, and Julie's all mixed together."

The twins stare at me.

"Didn't you?" I ask them in confusion.

They shake their heads. "No. All I felt was Julie's. I was surprised when I looked down and there was jizz all over the floor." Gary nods while Terry speaks.

"Weird." It's all I can think of to say.

"Amen to that little sister."

The tableau on the grass has shifted somewhat. Julie's ass faces us. It is easy to see that Mark is eating her pussy for all he's worth. I can't really see what Julie is doing but the bobbing of her head gives me a pretty good idea. I catch myself wondering how much of his cock he can get in her mouth.

The twins' comments make me want to slip back into Mark's thoughts, try to feel only his orgasm but I resist the temptation. I had my chance.

I've never been a believer in multiple orgasms. I've had some very long, slow, shuddery ones but once it was over it took a few hours to recharge.

The way Mark is attacking my pussy, a pussy that's sopping wet with my excitement and his cum, is making me change my mind. He'd never call my pussy anything other than "your sex" or "down there". Just hearing him say he wanted to eat

my "pussy" was a huge turn on. I have always felt this deep passion he seems to be afraid to let go of. I have spent months trying to get him to relax, embrace his passion.

It has been nerve wracking. I can tell that at times I've made him feel more, not less, insecure. I do love his fussy, proper manner. But I also love the idea that I am the one that can break through that barrier, wind up his motor, and get him racing, pedal to the medal, inhibitions forgotten.

Hearing him say "pussy" was a major accomplishment.

Having him suck my pussy into his mouth and drive his tongue deep into me was an event I had not expected for months, if ever. It isn't that he doesn't go down on me. He does. Let me tell you baby, his fear of scaring women off with his monster cock meant he had plenty of practice with his mouth. I'd like to track down every single one of those tight cunt bitches and buy them a drink but he won't dish out their names. I love the fact he's afraid I might actually do it.

No, he's eaten my pussy often enough but never while it was leaking his spunk. To be honest, it pisses me off the way a guy thinks nothing about shoving his dick back in your mouth after he's had it in your pussy or even after he's cum in your pussy, especially, after he's already cum. I mean what the hell? He just came. Now he needs a little more?

That really doesn't bother me. I happen to like the way my pussy tastes. When Mark is stuck at the hospital and I have to scratch my own itch, I keep one hand working my clit and the other moves back and forth from my pussy to my mouth.

What pisses me off is guys never return the favor. I'm supposed to put their dick back in my mouth after they cum? What about little old me? Usually, I haven't cum yet. Instead of sliding up the bed and shoving their drippy dick in my mouth why the fuck don't they slide down and use their mouth to finish what their dick didn't?

For the most part, that has not been a problem with my gorgeous big dick baby. I don't think it is the size so much as how sweet and patient he is. Whatever it is, most of the time when we make love I cum. If I don't, well then I fall asleep knowing the next time it will be a bed shaker of an orgasm. I don't think we've ever gone at it more than twice without me getting off.

Even then, even after those bone-cracking orgasms, I never had more than one. Most of the time I just want to curl up along his body and fall asleep listening to his heart thud inside his chest.

Not today. What he is doing to me is really revving my engine. I can barely concentrate on his cock. I can never get more than the head and a couple inches of that monster into my mouth, so I spend most of my time licking and stroking. I like the taste of my pussy. I like the taste of his dick, even his cum. I like them all mixed up even better.

He's getting hard again. I can't reach his balls with my mouth but I rest one arm across his thigh and tug at them. They are slick with cum and pussy. I stroke him with my wet hand and then go back to licking his shaft.

He sucks a little too hard at my clit and I gasp, "Easy baby, not too hard." I whisper into the head of his cock, like it's a microphone or something. I regret the gasp and my words. I'm afraid he'll stop. That's what sometimes happens. When he gets all antsy and guilty feeling, everything grinds to a halt and he apologizes for hurting me and I try to convince him it was no big deal, just a little feedback about what feels good and what doesn't.

It's different today. Hallelujah. He pulls his mouth away but only long enough to kiss the inside of my leg and whisper, "Sorry love," before his mouth finds my pussy again.

I lower my head and dip my tongue into the pool that has gathered just above his pubic hair. I don't taste any of myself here, just my sweet baby. I kiss and lick while his cock caresses the side of my face.

I rest my head on his stomach and take as much of him as I can into my mouth. I use my free hand to stroke his cock. He's hard enough to fuck me again but I don't want to move. I bring the hand on his cock all the way to my mouth, keeping him nice and slick.

Mark's hips start to move. "That's right baby, go ahead. Fuck my mouth while you eat my pussy." I'm speaking into his cock again but he hears me. His hips move faster through the tunnel of my hand and the O-ring of my lips. I dart my tongue over the head and press it a little ways into the slit at the top.

His body trembles and my mouth fills with his seed. There isn't a lot, most of his spunk is smeared over his mouth and cheeks.

I'm so close and thank goodness he doesn't stop.

He reads me well and as my orgasm starts to rip through my body, he sucks on my clit and dances the tip of his tongue over it.

I let his cock fall out of my mouth.

"Oh my fucking God!" I scream as my legs clamp onto the sides of his head. "Oh my fucking God. Don't stop!" I don't care who hears me.

Each flick of his tongue sends a new wave of pleasure zipping through my body. I don't try to count. I just let each roll over me until I can stand it no longer. I collapse on top of him, freeing myself from this mouth and tongue.

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"Holy shit," Terry breathed near my ear. "I think he killed her."

I elbowed him the ribs but gently.

"Did you, uh did you listen in on that?" He whispered, ignoring the elbow.

I elbow him harder, hard enough to make him grunt.

"No. I feel bad enough about doing it earlier."

Terry shrugged. "Too bad, from here it looks like you missed quite an experience.

"Come on. Get away from the window. At least let them imagine they had some privacy." Gary insisted as he turned away from the window.

"I don't know about that big brother," Terry said as he turned from the window and opened the fridge. "I may not have little sis's mega-mind reading skills but my Spidey sense tells me they were getting off on being watched."

I twisted the top off another beer and tossed it in the trash before grabbing two beers with my other hand and pushing the screen door open. I let it slam, something I hate, to give Julie and Mark a head's up that someone was coming out to join them. I was pleased to see Mark resist the urge to jump up and spring into his clothes.

I sat in one of the chairs, sat my beer on the wide arm and held the two beers out toward the very satisfied looking lovers.

"Thirsty?"

Mark didn't reply but reached for the beers. I tried not to stare at his shiny wet cock. He twisted the top off one of the beers and offered it to Julie, who shook her head. He turned and sat the unopened beer in the grass. His cock rode up his thigh as he did so. Julie caught me staring.

"Who knew neurosurgeons were hung like horses?" She giggled. Mark flushed.

"Who knew critical care nurses were such exhibitionists?" He retorted.

Julie snorted. "I didn't see you running for cover, sugar."

"Stop it." I sighed. "It's a beautiful day, the sun was nice and the breeze off the lake kept it from feeling like an oven. You two are nuts about each other, and horny, and you had a good time together. So what? Relax. We're all adults here."

Mark was shaking his head. "No, it isn't alright. What was I thinking?" He groaned. "Jesus you're my patient." He started to reach for his clothes. Julie's face fell. I leaned forward and touched Mark's bare shoulder.

"It is alright. You aren't my doctor anymore, remember? Plus, I don't care. I thought it was beautiful." I let the truth of that flow into him, not wishing to intrude but not wanting him to tear himself up over this.

I could feel some of the tension drain from his body then coming roaring back. "You thought it was beautiful? Where you watching us?"

Julie started to laugh. "Give it a rest sugar. You might be able to fool Donna but not me. You knew they were watching. So did I. The idea of those white boys seeing that porn star dick of yours turned my heat way up. You ought to refund the house call charges." She laughed again.

My hand was still on Mark's back. I could feel the mix of pride and shame he was feeling. I nudged him toward the pride side of the equation before removing my hand.

Mark stared at his fiancé. "Are all African-American woman so brassy."

Julie roared. "Brassy? Oh my God, now I'm brassy."

I started to giggle. Mark sat, looking befuddled.

"Ignore 'em doc. I don't know much about women but I know that's the only way to deal with most of their shit." Terry called out as he approached from the house, Gary trailing. They were both holding beers.

Gary sat in one the chairs. Terry remained standing.

"Well," Terry started, swallowed a drink of beer and continued. "Not to be weird or anything but should we talk about the

elephant in the room people?" He smirked, tip his bottle at Mark and added, "And I do mean elephant."

Mark started to say something but Julie started rolling from side to side, laughing hysterically.

"Don't listen to my brother Mark. He has diarrhea of the mouth." Gary's voice was steady and serene. "But goddamn what a dick you're packing." And he too began to laugh.

I intervened, again, wondering if I was making a mistake. I let Mark see how much my brothers appreciated his skill as a doctor, how much they appreciated the care he had shown me, and how much they liked him. They had accepted him as one of the family. I wanted to make sure he knew that.

Mark's face stretched into a smirk. "You like it so much I'll have a casting made. You can put it on the mantle."

Terry and Gary stopped laughing long enough to stare at him.

"Make mine silicone please," I chortled. "I have a latex allergy remember?"

Terry leaned forward. "You might be on to something there sis. All those porn star guys sell dildos made from impressions of their dicks. Doc here could double his income without lifting a finger."

Gary joined in. It was unusual for him to be this talkative. "Are you kidding? Lift a finger? Shit it probably takes both hands to lift the thing. Doc, how do you shake off after you take a leak without dislocating an elbow or something?"

Julie was clutching her sides and gasping. "Stop it. I can't breathe."

I clapped my hands with delight when Mark stood up and stretched. His cock swaying only a foot from our faces.

"Can you swim in the lake?" He asked, trying and almost succeeding in sounding nonchalant.

"Hell yeah." It's a little weedy right off the dock. And don't go diving off it. The water is shallow."

"Good to know." He held out a hand to Julie. "You want to join me?"

Julie looked at me. "Go ahead. Go take a swim with your fiancé. Take my idiot brothers. I'll watch from the dock," I told her. "I could use some peace and quiet."

The five of us walked toward the dock.

"Just a quick dip," Terry advised. "The skeeters will be out soon."

Julie and Mark swam out a ways and cuddled. The boys ducked beneath the water a few times and then joined me on the dock.

"Come on," I said, standing. "Let's get the grill fired up."

I turned to our new friends, raising my voice so they could hear me. "There's a shower here at the end of the dock to wash the lake water off. It's cold but clean. We'll get the grill going."

Julie waved. I waved back and my brothers and I turned toward the house. They stopped to rinse off first. I swatted the first mosquito on the walk back to the house. I lit the citronella candles around the perimeter of the patio. For the umpteenth time this summer I was glad we had screened in the porch.

It was an hour or more until sunset but it had been a long day. I was beat.

As I lit the last candle, I heard the rattle of charcoal and the clang of metal. Gary was already lighting the kindling under the charcoal when I joined him.

He gave me a one-arm hug.

"Go inside and sit, or lay down, sis. Terry and I got this."

I nodded. "I'll get the burgers ready first."

Gary eyed me for a second and then gave a single nod of his head.

I was chopping onions when Julie came in, drying her hair with a towel the boys had provided. Her areolas were darker than the rest of her, a deep ebony that made a beautiful contrast to her mocha colored skin. I must have been eyeing her breasts because she shook them at me and laughed.

"Sorry," I muttered. "You look beautiful."

Julie smiled. "Thanks. So do you."

"Mark going to be okay or is he going to crucify himself over this?" I asked, turning to the jalapenos.

"He'll be fine," Julie said, not sounding overly confident. "He's likely to twist himself into a pretzel but I'll pat him on the head and hug him and in the end he'll relax."

"Let me help." Julie offered, shaking herself as if she's on the edge of falling asleep.

"Naw, I got this. My hands are already dirty. Get a beer, or there's booze in the cupboard. Sit down and keep me company." I hesitate, not wanting to over-step the bounds of our new friendship. "He loves up to pieces you know."

"I know," Julie acknowledges, her voice soft, almost wistful.

"Be easy with him," I offer in as normal a conversational tone as I can muster. "He worries he really is a fuddy-duddy, or that you think he is. He knows you don't but at times he can't make himself believe you don't."

I focus on chopping the peppers. I don't look up but I can feel Julie's eyes on me. When she speaks her voice is not sharp, not angry, but it has lost the wistful tone.

"How do you know that?"

I look at her, worried. Her face is calm. "Oh, he's never said anything to me," I hasten to add. "He'd never do that, even if it wouldn't violate his sense of what is and isn't appropriate for a doctor to share with a patient. I just sense it, women's intuition, that's all. I'm sorry if I said anything out of place. You two just seem so good together. I worry too much I guess."

"Women's intuition?" Julie inquires in that carefully neutral voice, her head cocked to one side. "You 'sense' or you 'know' how he feels?"

The look in her eyes makes me nervous. It seems important to end this.

"Well, I can't 'know' anything for sure, can I? I see a look in his eyes at times. I'm probably wrong. The look in his eyes is probably lust." I try to laugh.

Julie lets her gaze rest on my face for a moment and then lets me off the hook.

"You said you got booze," Julie says as she opens the cupboard door I had indicated. "Oh la la," She whispers. "Macallan 18."

"My old boyfriend introduced me to Scotch. Help yourself."

"I shall. I don't want you to imagine us black folks only drink Colt 40s." Before I could speak, she held up a hand. "Sorry. You've never once given me a racist vibe, sugar. I didn't mean anything by that crack," she sighed. "I just never spent this much time around white folks, except at work, before."

"Better get used to it. You're marrying one."

"I know. Right?" Julie shakes her head. "I can't believe myself sometimes." She chuckles. "He's ruined me for black men. I never dated a white man before and I end up finding one with a dick the size of my arm. Explain that one to me. Lord!"

"Are his folks okay with it?"

I thought I'd put my foot in it. Tears well up in her eyes but before I can apologize, she interrupts me.

"I was so nervous, so nervous I was shaking inside. I knew he came from money, old money, old Boston money, but when we pulled up to his place, I nearly shit myself and ran. A hundred and fifty year old house on Beacon Hill, fucking Beacon Hill,

goddamn bronze lions guarding the entrance, a gate with an intercom, the whole fucking nine yards." She pauses to take a sip of her scotch. I've finished with the peppers and listen quietly.

"I must have looked like some kid he'd caught TP'ing the trees. I stood there on the porch, or I guess in this case the portico, hanging behind him, looking at the ground, fighting this ridiculous urge to curtsy when the door open. I looked up and this beautiful blonde, blue-eyed woman practically leaps out of the door and grabs me. 'You must be Julie.' I opened my mouth to say hello and burst into tears."

She smiles at the memory. "You know what she did next?"

I shake my head.

"Hit Mark on the arm and asked him what did he do to get me upset like that."

"You're joking."

"Nope. Mark just stood there, jaw hanging open like he does when he doesn't know what to do. His dad stepped out and took me by the arm. 'Come in Julie. You must be exhausted.' Then he turned to his wife. 'Don't be daft Milly. The girl is simply nervous and tired. Mark didn't do anything.' Then he led me inside and got me a drink." She tipped her glass at me. "Better scotch than this, no offense. I settled down and we had a wonderful week with them. Don't get me wrong. I spotted a few turned up noses and funny looks from some of their

friends but one glance from Milly, my God that woman could freeze a fire with that look, and off they'd scurry, diamonds a glinting and tails tucked between their legs." She shook her head again. "I love that woman, his dad, too. Mark adores them and they adore him. I don't deserve to be this lucky."

"Bullshit. No one deserves it more." My voice is sharp and hard.

Julie looks up then smiles. "If you say so, sugar."

I dump the onions and jalapenos, hot sauce, a bit of brown mustard, and a good dash or two of Worcester sauce and began to mix it. The secret is to not handle the meat too much. It makes it gummy.

"I hope Mark likes spicy food." It's too late if he doesn't. I've used all the hamburger meat.

"He'll be fine. I've been training him up to love real food."

I quickly form the patties and right on time, Terry walks in to announce the fire is ready. Julie and I follow him out. Gary, wisely, has chosen to don an apron. The rest of us, the good doctor included, are in the buff. I realize the boys are trying as hard not to stare as I am. Even flaccid his hands halfway down his thigh.

Julie gives Mark a kiss and then we leave the boys to argue who has the better football dynasty, New England or Dallas.

"Neither," I holler over my shoulder. "The Packers."

A chorus of boos follows me into the house. Julie is looking at me strangely.

"What?"

She touches my arm softly, just behind the wrist. "Sugar, I can overlook a girl fucking her two honky brothers but if you really are a Packers fan we are done."

As my face falls, she roars. "Sorry. That was mean. I mean saying anything about your brothers but the Packers bit stands. I can't be friends with no Packers fan."

"I adopted the Broncos when I dated Chad. Am I forgiven?"

"Broncos I can live with, unless they're playing the Cowboys."

Julie mixes up a salad and I warm a couple cans of black beans, generously spiked with jalapenos. When the boys come in, the smell of fresh grilled burgers reminds us all of how hungry we are. There's no conversation beyond, "pass me this" or "pass me that".

As he spears the last bean on his plate, Mark sighs.

"I'm afraid you'll have to allow me to sleep right here. I can't move," he said with an exaggerated groan.

"Up and at 'em doc. That bench will cut off the circulation to your legs. There's a clean sheet on the couch. You won't catch nothing by sitting on it."

Terry is as good as his word. He stands, puts his hands in the small of his back and stretches, before crossing to one of the living room chairs and dropping into it. He sits sideways, legs draped over one arm. Gary takes the other chair.

Mark takes one end of the couch. Julie sits and lies on his side. I sit at the other end, feet tucked under me, toes just brushing the bottom of Julie's feet.

No one speaks. The room is quiet. Outside, I hear the first whippoorwill of the night calling.

Chapter 7

My brothers and I make short work of the dishes, debate whether to sit out on the screened porch, and decide to pamper ourselves and stay inside where the chairs are padded with something other than wood. My brothers take their usual chairs. First, they cover the seats, in deference to decorum and simple hygiene. New naturists take note: It is considered gauche to put your bare ass on something others may sit on in the future.

The couch, old and battered, is already draped with a sheet. Mark has staked a claim on one end, crossing his legs so self-consciously that Julie and I grin at each other. Julie sits, legs folded beneath her leaning against her dude. I settle in at the other end of the couch. I brush my feet off and bring them up on the couch. It isn't a very big couch and one foot brushes against Julie's thigh.

"Damn girl your feet are freezing!" She squawks, as she jerks away.

I pull my feet up as close to my ass as I can. "Sorry. My feet are always cold. Chad used to make me wear socks to bed."

Julie reaches for my feet. "Don't be sorry. You startled me that's all. Tuck 'em in." She rolls toward Mark. Her skin looks so enticing she doesn't need to ask twice. I tuck my toes under her leg and she rolls back, trapping them under her thigh.

Terry rises from the comfort of his chair, grabs another quilted throw from the shelf by the fireplace, and drapes it over our legs. Julie is covered from the waist down. My legs are covered. This suggests several interesting possibilities. I glance at my brother, wondering, but keep my mental ear muffs on. He returns the look, his face offering no clue as to his intentions and he sits back down.

The room is silent. There is enough of a breeze off the lake to set the wind chimes singing. The crickets and frogs tune up. God I loved this place. I kick myself for staying away for so long.

I resist the urge to try and see what everyone else is thinking. Me? I'm enjoying the warmth and weight of Julie's leg on my feet.

Julie rouses herself enough to speak. "Someplace out here too far from the hospital for us to live sugar?"

Mark sighs. "Probably. At the least we'd need someplace in the city for when I'm on call. It's is lovely out here though."

Julie settles for a soft "uh-huh".

"Places don't come up for sale very often doc." Gary pauses and glances at Terry, then at me. I am still keeping my mind to myself. I'm clueless.

Terry shrugs then nods.

"When our folks bought this place, the lake was a well-kept secret. They bought three lots altogether, a little over 15 acres. They always intended to build a family campground, room for them here, and plenty of room for cabins for the three of us." He paused. "Anyway, that never happened. If you're ever serious about getting a place out here come to us first. We're not looking to make money off the deal. We'd sell you one of the lots at a fair price."

I can feel Julie tense with excitement but her face falls when she looks at Mark.

He looks worried, puzzled. "That's a terrific offer. Thank you but I'm not sure how it would look for me to take a sweetheart deal from a patient's family."

Terry waves a hand at him, as if shooing away a particularly pesky fly. "Hell doc, we aren't talking about giving it to you. We'd charge you a fair price, just not the price we'd charge some stranger."

Julie pokes Mark in the side. "I got money saved," she tells Gary. "If this fool isn't interested. I am."

Gary smiles at her. "Deal. We wouldn't sell it to anyone else so there's no need to spend the night getting all wound up over a real estate transaction. Anyone want a scotch?"

I'm already beat. I shake my head. The others are all in. Gary rummages around in the kitchen and returns with two glasses for Mark and Julie before getting one for himself and Terry. The room falls silent again.

I wiggle my toes under Julie's leg. She glances at me and I smile. She arches one eyebrow, questioning. I wiggle my toes in reply.

"You comfortable wedged into that corner sugar?" She asks, looking at me with a smile. "Why don't you switch positions? You can rest on my hip. Lord knows I carry enough padding there."

"Oh for Pete's sake," Mark groans "You don't have fat hips. Guys?"

Terry jumps in first. "Nope. Of course I'd have to get a better look, maybe even a better feel," he laughs at the look on Mark's face. "Just kidding doc. But nope I don't see any fat."

Gary settles for a simple, "Look's fine to me."

I ignore them as I snuggle up to Julie's hip. One arm rests along her back, almost touching the hand Mark has draped around her shoulder. The other I wiggle between her legs, down low, nowhere near her pussy. It feels nice lying beside her. I have had only one experience with another woman. We were both drunk. I hadn't been impressed. I had never really had the desire to try again, until now.

Julie pulls the throw up so that it drapes over my shoulders, her hip, her torso, and Mark's waist. My feet stick out the end but they are still nice and toasty. I start to knead the inside of her thigh with my fingers. The fingers on her back began to trace the outline of her shoulder blade.

Julie shifts slightly, moving her top leg forward, letting it rest atop Mark's lap. Her lower thigh is almost completely exposed now and under the cover of the blanket, my fingers began to work their way upward. Before long, my palm is cupped against the lower part of her ass and my fingers are trailing up and down her slit.

I'm certain my brothers know what is going on. Their cocks surely do, given the way they're rolling up their thighs. I'm less sure of Mark. Does he suspect? Does he care? Is he turned on?

I let my fingers work their way up Julie's back, trailing them in soft arcs across her beautiful skin. My fingers brush against Mark's arm. He doesn't pull it away. Julie pushes softly against my hand. I press with my middle finger and it falls easily into her pussy. She is wet and hot and altogether wonderful.

My fingers more or less ignore her back and begin to stoke Mark's arm. I rub the back of his hand, rub between his fingers, wrap each finger in my own and pull gently, one at a time. Below, a second finger finds its way inside Julie's cunt. Pressing firmly against her bottom with my hand, my fingers begin to move in and out of her wetness.

She moans softly, not trying to hide it. I bend my thumb and find her clit. She moans again. Terry is the first to start stroking his cock. Beneath me, I can tell Julie is stroking her fiancé beneath the blanket. I move to begin to kiss Julie's side and the blanket slips. It does not fall away to the floor but it does slide down enough to make it clear Mark is hard as a rock and that Julie is giving him a hand job. The blanket really doesn't matter. Given the size of Mark's cock the blanket would not have kept what is going on a secret anyway.

I can see unease creep into Mark's face. I let myself feel him out. I remind myself I cannot make anyone do something they do not want to do. I feel no sense of jealousy in him. He finds what Julie and I are doing under the blanket incredibly sexy.

He simply cannot imagine not feeling guilty about it. I suggest to him that it's okay. I'm happy. He's happy. More importantly, Julie is happy. No one is getting hurt. It's okay.

His face relaxes. His body relaxes. His eyes close and he leans back against the sofa.

His eyes open when I push the throw to the floor. I mentally remind him to relax, that he is no longer my doctor, and he does. I pivot off the couch, never taking my fingers out of Julie's pussy. I kneel on the throw, grateful it is there to spare my knees the wood floor. As my lips brush the inside of her thigh, Julie shifts her butt, opening herself to me. I tilt my head to glance at Gary. He has begun to stroke his cock. We're all in now.

When I look at Mark, he is looking at me. I wink and he groans. He looks like a kid trying to decide if his dad is going to be pissed he's scraped the car door. I give him another mental reassurance and another wink and he almost smiles.

When I take Julie's labia into my mouth, she forgets about stroking her fiancé. Her hand leaves his cock and gently rests on my buzzed scalp. I miss my hair. I want to feel her fingers wrap themselves in my hair and force my face deeper into her pussy.

I suck at her lips, darting my tongue into her wetness, savoring her scent, her taste. It's different than my own, richer somehow, deeper, more earthy. I love it. I pull my tongue up her slit and flick the hard pebble of her clit. She bucks under my mouth and I wonder if I had already made her cum.

No.

Julie's pelvis swivels under my assault, pressing and then pulling away from my insistent tongue. I gaze up at her. Her head is back, eyes closed. Her hand is warm and soft on my head. Her other hand is clutching at her right breast. Mark has reached across his body to massage her left breast. His other hand rides slowly up and down his cock.

I can't see the boys. I can't help it. I have to know. I seek out their thoughts. They are both dying to come to me, put their cocks in me, put their mouths on me, do to me what I was doing to Julie. I'm surprised to realize Gary is also imagining eating Julie's pussy. And feeling guilty about it, guilty because of me and because he likes Mark so much. Guilt at invading his privacy drives me away. I re-focus my thoughts on Julie, Julie's clit and her gorgeous shaved pussy.

I slip two fingers inside her pussy, pressing against the front wall, feeling for the ridge of her G spot. At the same time, I press down on her tummy, just above the pubic bone, massaging the front wall of her pussy between my two hands. The way she moves I can tell she likes it. Before I can stop myself, I shared the secret with Mark. He is totally engrossed in watching me eat his fiancé out. Good.

I suck and nip at her clit as my fingers firmly massage her cunt. The bucking of her hips slows but the swings becomes more pronounced. She arches her back and freezes. A low shuddery weeping sound whistles through her teeth. Suddenly my mouth fills with hot fluid, it splashes over my chin, and down my chest. I swallow convulsively and then

clamped my mouth over her cunt, sucking greedily as she continues to buck and shake.

Julie collapses back onto the couch panting. She gently, but firmly, pushes my mouth away from her pussy. I content myself with lapping the moisture off her thighs. When I sit back on my heels, I notice Mark and the boys have more or less stopped stroking themselves. I long to suck off my brothers or let them fuck me but I know that would be way too much for the good doctor to deal with. I promise myself I will sneak into their room later.

Julie chuckles. She pats Mark on the shoulder. "Sugar, I love you more than life itself and you are a wonderful lover but no man can eat pussy as good as a woman."

Mark shrugs. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, baby."

"Oh, I more than enjoyed it." She chuckles again and then stirs herself, rising from the couch. "Trade me places girl."

I don't spare Mark a glance or a thought. I want this. He'll have to deal with it on his own. I'm determined to extricate myself from the suggestion business. It's too much responsibility, too much to worry about and too much that could go wrong.

I sit on the couch as Julie stands. She shakes her head and holds out one hand.

"Up there, sit on the arm."

I do as she requests. She kneels on the couch and her hands open my legs. I can feel how wet my legs are. Julie walks on her knees to kneel between my legs. The feel of her full lips on mine is mind-blowing. I can't recall kissing the other woman I had sex with. Kissing Julie is yet another revelation. Women kiss differently than men, softer, sort of. Their lips feel different. They use their tongues differently. When she pulls away, I sigh with disappointment.

Julie gives me a peck on the lips and a smile before she lowers her head to my breasts. Her mouth is hot on my nipple. She pulls away and blows on it. I can feel it tighten and grow hard and then it is back in her mouth. She flicks and swirls her tongue, plucks with her lips, and when I think I will go mad, halts long enough to move to my other breast.

Her hand gropes between my lips, cupping my pussy and moving in small circles. I open my eyes enough to see Mark twist and rise up so he could see more clearly what his fiancé's mouth is doing to my tits. His cock hangs down, long and hard, precum dripping from the head.

When Donna lets the blanket slip down I shoot a quick glance at Terry. He shrugs. I feel around in my head, looking for my sister but she appears to be absent. I assume she knows what she's doing. Terry is jerking himself. I glance at Mark, worried he is going to totally fucking lose his shit. I get no vibe from him that he's ever been involved in something like this.

I'm surprised to see the look of interest on his face as Donna swings to the floor and begins to kiss her way up Julie's thighs. Fuck it. I wrap one hand around my cock and joined the fun. Julie's hand leaves Mark's dick. His hand replaces hers as his eyes are fixed on the sight of my sister dragging her tongue up Julie's slit.

I forget all about the others as my sister starts to really work Julie's cunt. When she cums, I jump, startled by the gush of fluid from her pussy. I have heard of squirters but this is the first time I have seen it.

As Julie falls limply back onto the couch I assume the show is over. I let go of my dick and wonder how long Terry and I have to wait before we can decently say good night. I want to feel his mouth on my cock and mine on his. I'll never get to sleep without relieving the tension in my balls.

When Julie tells Donna to swap places, I perk right up. Terry leans forward as well. We both love the idea of a front row seat for watching our little sister getting her pussy eaten. Julie is taking her time though. I'm not complaining. It's a huge turn on watching the two women kiss. And when Julie starts to suck at Donna's nipples, I nearly cum on the spot.

Julie kisses her way down Donna's belly, stopping to dip her tongue into her belly button. Julie's back is arching higher as she moves lower, pushing her ass up toward Mark.

"Jesus dude," I think to myself. "Can't you see she is begging for your cock?"

As if to make the point crystal clear, Julie reaches between her legs and spreads her pussy lips with her fingers. I think all three of us groan in unison. Donna opens her eyes but she can't see over Julie's ass. I tell her, in my head, that it's okay if she wants to join me, watch through my eyes but I hear only silence inside my head.

No matter, it isn't as if Donna is being ignored. Julie's mouth is now planted over her pussy. I watch, remembering what Julie has just said about women eating pussy better than men. I want to see what she's doing, how it is different.

So far I don't see anything different. She started with kissing. So do I. She moved her way down to the tits and belly. So do I. In fact, I fact I think I spend more time working the nipples than Julie does. I notice Julie has been stroking Donna's slit as she sucks at her nipples. I think I do that. Is she working the clit too? No, it looks like she is just rubbing the outside of the pussy lips.

When Julie lowers her head I notice one difference. I usually go right for the clit. Julie drops her head low, almost to Donna's asshole, and slowly licks her way up Donna's pussy. Donna had done the same thing. Okay, make a note of that.

By now I usually have a couple of fingers inside, not Julie. She continues to lick and suck softly at my sister's pussy lips while her fingers stroke the inside of her legs and her pussy where she can reach it.

Is that all there is? Just go slower? By now I'd be finger-fucking her and sucking at her clit. I don't think Julie has touched her clit yet.

Julie pulls back and lays the flats of her fingertips over Donna's pussy and massages it with slow circles. I think she is blowing on Donna's clit as she is doing this.

Julie's other hand is between her legs, not rubbing her clit but spreading herself. "Damn dude." I silently scream at Mark. "She wants you to fuck her. Do it man or I swear to God I will."

This isn't the first time I've eaten out a white girl but Donna is by far the best. Her cunt is sweet as clover honey. I take my time. I take my time, mostly to make this good for her but also to give my beautiful but inhibited lover time to make up his mind that yes, I want him to fuck me. I want him to fuck me while I eat me some pussy. I want him to fuck me in front of two white guys, who I happen to know probably want to fuck me and their sister. I'd let them, too, but I can't risk it. That sometimes silly, always sweet, lost boy behind me has become my sun and my moon. I'll not do a thing that might drive him away.

Me eating a little snatch is probably okay with him. All men get off on a little girl-on-girl don't they?

I reach between my legs and play with my pussy. I damn near hook a finger and call him to me but I don't. Instead, I find

myself chanting inside my head - "come on baby fuck me, come on baby fuck me, please fuck me."

I have no idea what is happening here. I have no idea why I haven't grabbed my clothes, grabbed Julie and gotten out of here. This is so wrong. I just sit here and watch my fiancé receiving cunnilingus from another woman, not any woman, my patient, former patient. And, I don't just sit here, I start masturbating, masturbating in front of a former patient and her brothers. This is so wrong. I could, should, lose my license for letting this happen.

Why did Donna wink at me? I can tell she doesn't mind me being here. In fact, I think she wants me here but that is irrelevant. Even if a patient truly wants to become involved with their physician it is not okay. Former patient, former patient. I'm not her doctor now but I was a few hours ago. There is not a physician in the state of Texas that wouldn't condemn what I am allowing to happen.

Julie has her hand between her legs. God she's beautiful. I confess, until I saw hers, I never thought of a vagina as beautiful. Hers is though, the thin strip of dark curls, the way the beautiful chocolate color of her labia fades into the dusky rose of her inner labia, the way she gets so wet and her sex shines and glows, like it is now.

And God, the way she ejaculated. I never believed in female ejaculation until the first time I went down on Julie. I am ashamed that at first I was a little taken aback. I thought she

had urinated on me, not on me so much as in my mouth. She knew it too. She scrambled down to me, kissing and hugging me, explaining when she was really excited that happened sometimes. I got over being bothered by it and longed to cause it, knowing it was proof I had truly satisfied her.

I hear myself groan when Julie pushes her middle finger into her vagina. I glance at Donna's brothers. They are staring at what my fiancé is doing to their sister. All at once that fact hits me, really hits me for the first time. Two brothers are watching their sister have sex and masturbating over it. What the hell have I gotten myself into?

Julie's finger is moving in and out of her sex. She pulls her hand away and I relax, a little. Maybe she is coming to her senses. No, she leans over Donna's body, pressing her breasts against Donna's. That is one of the most erotic images I've ever seen. The way their soft breasts flatten against each other. I wish I could see the way their taut nipples press into each other but that is impossible.

Another groan escapes me when Julie holds her shiny fingers up between their faces. The two women begin to lick her fingers, kissing each other in the spaces between my Julie's out-stretched fingers.

When Julie kisses her way back to Donna's vagina, her pussy, I force myself to think, I can't stand it any longer. How could fucking my fiancé be any worse than watching her, than letting two other men watch her?

I am always very cautious with Julie, fearful I'll hurt her, chase her away but it is hard to be careful tonight. I twist and my erection hits the back of her leg. She pushes her bottom

toward me, her fingers once more spreading her labia. I steady her with one hand, grasp my erection with the other, press my penis against her opening and push, hard, harder than I ever have.

As I enter her, she gasps. She doesn't pull away. She pushes back against. A haze of lust overwhelms me. For the first time I fuck her. I've only made love to her prior to this. I love her, I've no doubt of that. But this isn't making love. This is fucking. It shames me to admit it but I like it. I like fucking. Her body tells me she likes it as well.

Out of the corner of my eye I see Gary stroking his cock. We're both watching the doc finally let loose. Julie's matching him stride for stride, or thrust for thrust I suppose would be more accurate. And she's doing it while going to town on Donna's muff. Julie is moaning and panting and licking at Donna for all she's worth.

Donna's fingers are in Julie's hair, pulling her harder into her cunt. Donna's eyes flick from me to Gary and back. She can't see Mark's cock but I'm sure she can feel the way it's bouncing Julie all over the couch. I have to force myself to remain rooted to the spot when all I want to do is take the two small steps that would bring me to Donna's side. Bring me to a spot where I could feed my baby sister my cock. Then I'd summon Gary to complete the chain.

His cock in my ass, my cock in Donna's mouth, Donna's pussy in Julie's mouth, Julie's pussy around Mark's cock, everybody getting something, everybody happy.

I stay where I am. I may not be able to read people as well as my sister but you don't have to be psychic or whatever to tell Mark is a giant ball of conflict. Who the hell could resist having their fiancé stretch their pussy open for him while munching another woman's carpet. Well, not carpet, Donna's silky smooth, whatever. Gary would be pissed if he heard me say that, or think it. He finds me a little "crude". That's his word for it.

I don't know about the rest of this party but I few more strokes is all it's going to take for me. Then what? Bust my nut on the floor? What a fucking mess. Donna's mouth is off limits. Her pussy is off limits: besides it's occupied. Gary's mouth and ass are off limits. It kills me but I let go of my cock. Surely after the threesome on the couch get off we'll all go to bed. I'll wait.

I glance at my ever so slightly older brother. I want to look at the mouth that I'm going to fuck in a little while. I want to take a gander at the cock I want to fuck my own mouth in a little while. He's staring at Julie's pussy. He appears entranced by the sight of Mark's monster cock stretching that gorgeous, drippy, juicy, chocolate brown pussy.

It dawns on me he has the serious hots for Julie. It's more than she's a beautiful woman. Holy shit, is he falling for her? I shake my head. That would be a total fucking shit storm.

"Don't," I whisper in my head and Gary turns to look at me. He understands, not that it helps. He stops pumping his dick and I want to go to him, comfort him, offer him my shoulder as I have in the past and he's offered me on more than one occasion. He's my big brother.

Donna's voice draws our attention back to the couch.

I know Mark is fucking Julie. I can feel her body shudder as he thrusts into her. I can feel her excitement build in the way her tongue moves over my clit. I stick to my promise. I stay out of her head, even though I'm desperate to feel what she is feeling. As worried as I am about Mark, I stay out of his head. I keep my big pink earmuffs firmly in place.

It's getting easy for me to shut others out, or shut myself in, whichever it is. It's especially easy at the moment because I'm about to cum. Both hands find Julie's hair as my body stiffens.

Donna grabs my hair and hangs on for dear life. It doesn't hurt. I can't feel anything except Mark's delicious cock pounding away. He's finally let go, hallelujah. I love the way he makes love to me but if anyone imagines a woman doesn't like to simply get fucked once in a while, they don't know many women, or at least not the right women.

I've been wanting him to fuck and oh, baby I'm getting my wish.

As Donna yanks once more on my hair I can feel her clit quiver between my lips. I tug at it and her gasps fills the room.

"Oh fuck, that's the spot. Fuck, Julie, don't stop."

I don't, even though I can feel my own orgasm ripping its way through my insides. I jam my ass back against Mark so hard that at first I'm afraid I've knocked him off the couch. His hands clutch at my hips and I let go.

I hear Donna gasp and for a second I regret telling her she could have sex. She just had a subdural drained. I recall how high the blood pressure can spike during orgasm. She shouldn't be doing this. Neither should I, I remind myself, but I don't have time to lecture myself on my lack of ethics. With Julie's bottom pressing against my belly, I tense. My body waits, caught in that agonizing eternity between the start of an orgasm and the actual release. I had imagined that I could never have a more intense orgasm than that first time with my love, but then there was the one outside, the hot sun on my back, and six unseen eyes watching. That one moved to the top. It held the record for only a few hours. If this keeps up, I'll have an intracranial hemorrhage of my own.

I cannot believe I have any semen left, yet I can feel it swelling my lovely Julie's vagina, pussy, and begin to ooze around my

erection. I steady myself with one arm on the back of the couch and lean over to kiss her shoulders.

Donna's hand finds its way into my hair and begins to caress my scalp.

I let her, savoring the sensation of her fingers in my hair, my future bride's salty skin under my lips and her exquisite sex encasing my cock.

Chapter 8

Waves of contractions from Julie's pussy continue to milk my cock. I'm vaguely aware she is telling me I had not hurt her. Even in my post-orgasmic fog I note that I thought of it as her "pussy" not her "sex" or "vagina". Why that tidbit should be worthy of notice in the larger context of her eating my former patient's pussy while I fuck her in front of my former patient's masturbating twin brothers is quite beyond me. This is the time when normally I would be having a mental crisis, this time, as the fog of sex lifts and one becomes a rational being once again, this is when I normally "freak", as the kids say, or used to say.

I ease out of Julie's sex. A mixture of clear fluid and thicker, milky white fluid begins to flow down her legs, some dripping directly onto to the couch. I can hear the awakening rational part of my brain screaming at me that this is all wrong, so very wrong and in so many different ways, but this voice is distant. Its stridency is easy to ignore. The animal part of my brain remains alert. It recalls the mélange of tastes I had sampled earlier, lying in the open air, with my cock in Julie's mouth

and her pussy in my face. That part of my brain is insistent. I offer no resistance. I simply turn and drop to my back on the sofa.

I pull her to my mouth. I hear her moan, "Easy, sugar." She long ago tamed the animal part of me. She tamed it before I ever acknowledged it existed; it listens to her. Instead of mauling her with my mouth, I content myself with licking her thighs, working my way upward. Our combined juices drip onto my forehead as I savor her thighs. I'm surprised when I push my tongue into her slit and my mouth fills. I would have assumed she must be nearly dry by then. My nose bumps against her clit and she gasps. When my tongue touches her clit, she reaches down and pushes me away, gently, with one hand.

"No, sugar," she purrs. "Not yet, too sensitive."

Disappointment fills me but only for a moment. What in the world do I have to be disappointed about? That is, beyond myself and my lack of control or sense of right and wrong.

I wiggle from underneath Julie. She pulls away from Donna and tugs at my arm, pulling me down to sit between them. Julie's head falls into my lap. She lifts my cock with one hand, cradling it like it was a small child. Her tongue pushes into my meatus, before licking its way down the underside of my cock to my balls. I let my head fall back onto the couch. I'm tempted to tell her to stop. I know what she means by being too sensitive. I'm tempted to tell her to stop but I don't. Her mouth feels to fabulous as it begins to work its way back up the side of my cock, toward the crown. It's the most bizarre feeling. It feels like my cock wants to get hard. It has that full sensation

but I can tell it's not. I'm not that old and I'm more horny than I ever imagined I could be, but I'm exhausted.

My eyes are closed. I'm lost in the sensations coming from my cock. I'm lost in wonder that I can taste myself and Julie on my tongue. When Donna kisses my cheek, I'm startled. I tense for a moment then relax. I've known this moment was coming. I've tried to pretend it wasn't. Tried to imagine I was a, more or less, passive observer of this Bacchanalia, but that's a lie. In the heat of the moment, seeing her as a patient who needed me to be focused, needed me to be on my game that is what I had done. Later, still the professional but also a man, I noticed how lovely she was, both body and spirit. I don't feel guilty about this. I was not tempted. Nothing could have tempted me away from Julie, but even if I had never met Julie I would not have been tempted to stray past the clear line of what was ethical.

I was well past that line now, however. The fact that Donna was no longer my patient was a flimsy shield, a chimera of a rationalization that almost no one would buy should this become public. I would be ruined, and rightly so. Or so I would have said yesterday.

Today what I do is turn my face, seeking her mouth. Julie's fingers, the ones not cradling my cock, squeeze my hand. I know it is a signal of approval not reproach. I don't fully understand that, but I put a hand on her shoulder and caress it, letting her know her message was received.

I let Donna's tongue enter my mouth. Our tongues dance, two puppies skipping around each other, saying hello. The flavor in my mouth is too intense to taste her. I share it with her and

she grows greedy. When she has devoured my mouth, she pulls away and begins to kiss and lick my cheeks, my eyes, my slick forehead. She growls deep in her throat and the canine metaphor is nearly complete. My inner nerd is never far away and I hear him wonder if it is possible to have a pack without an alpha.

As if one, the two women move away from my body. My hand slips from Julie's shoulder to rest on the couch, cupping her ass. My other hand rests on Donna's leg. When I open my eyes, they are exchanging a glance. As I wonder what they are thinking, it becomes clear.

I try to keep my distance but as Mark finds his release, I feel turmoil threatening to overwhelm him. I open myself, hoping he can see how much I've enjoyed this, how much Julie has enjoyed this. I want him to understand that I'm a rational, mostly grown up woman who understands the risks. I understand what I'm doing. So does Julie. So do my brothers.

I honestly have no idea if he's getting the message but I do sense the turmoil ebbing. Maybe it's me or maybe he's still just out of his mind with lust. He doesn't seem to hesitate but flops on to his back and begins to eat Julie's pussy. A little too fast. I hear her hiss a warning and he drops it down a notch or two.

I glance at my brothers. They're in agony. They have been forced to sit and watch a live-action porno. I can tell how frustrated they are. I want to go to them, offer them relief, but I'm afraid that would be too much for the good doctor. Julie

can't take much of his attention, no matter how gentle he tries to be.

He sits down between us. Julie begins to clean his cock. His head falls back. If not for the rapidity of his breathing, he would appear to be asleep. I tentatively kiss his cheek. He surprises me by actively seeking my mouth. I let him kiss me. Let him? Who am I trying to fool? I want him to kiss me and I want to kiss him. I revel in trying to separate the flavors of my beautiful new lover from those of her hung-like-a-horse fiancé. I discover it's a hell of a lot more enjoyable than a wine tasting. I can't say I appreciate a note of blackberry or a hint of pepper but I don't give a shit. I savor the taste of pussy and cum on his tongue. It gets me higher than any glass of wine I've ever tried.

When I can no longer taste the tang of cum on his tongue, I turn my attention to his face. His cheeks shine in the pale light of the lamp. The hair along his right temple is matted where Julie has dripped into his hair. He closes his eyes again as I begin to clean his face. I can see Julie watching. She smiles.

My orgasm still ripples my pussy as I jump in, trying to head off whatever shit my silly lover is preparing to throw at himself.

"Oh my God, sugar, that is what I've been waiting for," I tell him, with total honesty. "That was amazing. And before you ask, no you didn't hurt me, not a bit."

I watch my love's face as he pulls out of me. I feel so alone, so empty. Is it because my body misses his cock or am I sensing something deeper? I search his face. It's quiet. I don't see the usual look of uncertainty in his eyes. That's a good thing. I hope so at least.

I nearly jump with shock when he rolls onto his back and pulls my pussy towards his mouth. I can feel the nub of my sex still twitching. I put a hand on his head. I don't want him to stop, mostly for his sake. I'm as satisfied as I've ever been in my life. I whisper for him to go gently. My clit is happy but feels on fire at the slightest touch.

Mark's tongue begins to lap at my thighs. My God I must be a mess. My cup sure as hell has runneth over. I hear my mother's cluck of disapproval. Behind it, I hear a soft raspy chuckle that teases my memory. I nearly have it when Mark's tongue pierces my cunt and I feel a gout of cum and pussy juice fill his mouth. He begins to nuzzle my clit and the entire contents of my pelvis spasms. I have to pull away.

I maneuver him to sit between Donna and me. I know what I hope she'll do but I don't have the energy to spare for worrying whether or not she'll do it or whether Mark will let her. I scoot back and lower my body to the couch. My nose fills with the musk of his cock and the spice of my cunt. I let his soft, but glorious, cock rest in my hand. I touch the tip of my tongue to his piss slit and push a little. I can't really get my tongue inside but it does open a bit. I draw my tongue down the thin crooked line of skin along the underside of his cock. His balls are wet with jizz and my pussy. I nuzzle and lick them before kissing my way back to the head of his cock.

I'm keeping an eye on Mark's face and on Donna's. She doesn't spare me a glance as she leans over to kiss my fiancé's cheek. Excellent, I congratulate her silently. That's exactly what I was hoping for. I want to watch my love's face when Donna kisses him. I'm not worried. I know this man inside and out. The only way he'll leave me is if I drive him away and I have no intention on earth of risking that. If I see a shadow of doubt or fear, I'll ride to the rescue.

When he turns to kiss her I give his arm a little squeeze, wanting to be sure he knows I'm okay with what he's doing. I more or less stop doing anything to his cock but holding it and letting my lips brush against it. I'm absorbed in the sight of his and Donna's tongues playing with each other. I feel his cock pulse in my hand but it stays soft. Just as well, if he gets hard I'll want to ride him and I don't think my poor pussy could handle another round, not just yet anyway.

I almost change my mind about my pussy being too tired when Donna starts to lick our mess off his face. Damn that's hot. I'm getting all wound tight again but my cunt really is sore. Fuck. Out of the corner of my eye I see Terry and Gary, watching their sister. And me, at least Gary is, and clearly trying not to. Poor baby.

Donna and I look at each other. She smiles and then jumps, ever so slightly. I smile.

I don't care if the doc might slip a cog. I can't take this shit. I need to either fuck someone or get my cock sucked. This is

bullshit. Gary is just as close to losing it as I am but on top of that I can see he's tying himself into knots over Julie. Poor fucker.

Jesus God she's beautiful. I try not to look at her, her breasts, the silky shine between her legs, that flawless skin that glows like chocolate just before it melts. Fuck. Is Mark going to be any less freaked if I stare at my own sister than if I stare at his fiancé? Any less freaked than if I beg Terry to plow my ass while he jerks me off?

I can tell Terry is about to lose it.

Fuck.

I smile at Julie. Happy for her. I'm glad she talked Mark into coming for the weekend. I think it will be good for him, for them. It's already been great for me.

Then she's inside my head. I jump.

"You too?" I ask, silently, only thinking the question.

Julie smiles. "Uh-huh. You white folks are always underestimating us."

I catch a glimpse of what she wants to do.

"What about your sugar, Julie? Won't he flip out?"

"You tell me? You read him as well as I do, maybe better. Bitch." Again no words are spoken and I don't need her smile to know the 'bitch' was a joke. She's not angry.

"Ask him," I suggest and Julie frowns.

"I don't think he has the tickle," she replies.

"Tickle?"

"That's what my momma calls it," Julie explained.

"I'm not so sure. Ask him."

All of this passes between us as quick as a single thought.

Julie moves up beside her man. She kisses him long and hard. She holds his face in her hands and stares intently into his eyes.

He shrugs.

"If that's what you want, Jewel," he replies to her question. I find myself clenching my hands together. Julie's eyes fill with tears and she kisses him again.

His answer filled her with joy. Not because he said it was okay if she gave one of my brothers a blow job but because his answer had been sure and strong and entirely without the need for words.

Tickle indeed.

Chapter 9

The girls exchange a look and then Julie lays one on Mark. The lucky bastard. When she breaks the kiss, she cups his face in her hands and they stare at each other. I'm starting to feel uncomfortable watching them. Somehow watching them share a moment of emotional intimacy feels more voyeuristic than watching physical intimacy. I look away when I see her blink back tears.

When I look over at Terry, he's rising from his chair. His dick is so hard it's standing almost straight up. I wonder what he is doing. Maybe he's had enough and he's heading to the bedroom to pound one out. No, he crosses the small gap between the chair and the sofa. He stops in front of Donna. I start to sit up. Is he fucking nuts?

I hear a soft whisper in my brain. I glance at Donna but she's eyeing Terry's dick. The whisper grows louder. I notice Julie staring at me. She smiles. The whisper in my brain becomes

more coherent. I make out, "Come on sugar." It's not Donna's voice: it's Julie's. I'm confused. Julie's smile widens. I see Mark start to smile. He nods. What the fuck is going on?

"Yo, dumb fuck," I hear my brother say aloud. "You gonna sit there looking stupid or are you gonna accept the lady's invite?" He nods toward Mark, "And the gentleman's? All the blood in your dick?"

"Shut up Terry. Go on big brother. They're okay. They want you to." I hear Donna say. It's in my head because she can't speak. She's biting my brother on the side of his leg, not too gently either by the way he jumps back.

"What the fuck, sis?" he snaps.

"Quit being such a douche or you can go to your room and jerk off by yourself," she snaps right back.

"I wasn't being a douche. Jesus, he's sitting there all moon-eyed." His voice trails off as Donna's eyes go cold.

"It's alright Gary," Mark intercedes. "Of course you're smitten with Julie. I understand that. I also understand she can be attracted to you, that she can even be emotionally attracted to you but she loves me. I think you understand that as well, don't you?"

I nod and Mark nods back before continuing.

"The only concern I have is you'll want to take things beyond the physical, and beyond the bit of her heart she has to spare. Better to stop now if you don't believe you can settle for this, nothing more. You can't have her the way I have her." He reaches and squeeze's Julie's hand. "The way we have each other. Understand?"

Still, I hesitate. I glance at Donna, at Terry.

"I know about that as well. I never really knew my sister. If you ever meet her you'll understand why I can't fathom someone lusting after their sister. Then again, Donna wasn't my sister. Before today I couldn't imagine lusting after a patient, former patient," he adds before Donna can open her mouth. "I'm being to discover what you all share," he includes Julie in his gesture. "Just an inkling but even so, I can only imagine the power, the allure, of that type of closeness."

He sits back on the couch, one hand resting on Donna's naked back, the other on Julie's, seemingly finished with his oration.

"Sorry bro, sorry sis," Terry says quietly. I send him a mental "no sweat". Donna settles for leaning forward and kissing his belly. His dick is pressed against her chest, poking her under the chin.

Without further ado, she deep throats his cock and he moans as his hands find her head. As horny as I am, I pause to watch her sucking our brother's cock. At first she contents herself with using only her mouth. Her hands cup his ass cheeks. I discover that one advantage of a shaved head is there is no hair blocking the view. Her cheeks flatten as she buries his

dick in her throat. They turn slightly, giving Mark a better view. He doesn't seem to mind being a witness to incest. He begins to stroke Donna's back.

She withdraws, swirls her tongue around his crown and begins to slide her lips up and down the side of his shaft, positioning herself so that we can watch. When Terry can't stand it any longer, he uses his hands to guide her mouth back over his dick. She lets him. For a moment she holds still while our brother mouth fucks her. He stops suddenly. He doesn't want to cum yet. We may be twins but I'm not sure I have that much will power. I think in his shoes I'd have been pumping my load down her throat by now.

Donna goes back to sliding her lips over his shaft, tickling the underside with her darting tongue. Mark is still rubbing her lower back and the top of her ass. Terry lets his hands fall from her head. He clasps them behind his back, a look of deep concentration on his face as he strains to hold himself back. I hear the sofa squeak as someone moves.

Julie kneels on the floor, her side pressed against Mark's shins. She joins my sister, sliding her mouth over the open side of Terry's cock. She pauses when her cheek touches his hip and her tongue plays with his right nut. Donna has moved back to the head. She takes his cock into her mouth and gives a few quick bobs as Julie slides her mouth back up his shaft. When they meet, they ignore his cock and kiss for a few minutes. When they break apart, it's Julie's turn to bob up and down on my brother's dick. They take turns this way, stopping for long moments of kissing, letting Terry settle down, keeping him right on the edge but not letting him slip past the point of no return.

I see Mark reach for Julie's arm. He urges her back to the couch. I wonder if I've waited too long and he's come to his senses. She doesn't resist. They exchange a look. She shrugs and sits beside him.

In an evening full of twists and turns, nothing surprises me more than Mark slipping off the sofa to kneel beside my brother's legs. Donna smiles at him. It's hard to read Terry's face. Despite the fact we mess around with each other, we're not gay. I don't even think of us as bi. We've never had an interest in other men. I probe his thoughts. He surprised as well but not irritated, not turned off.

I risk probing Mark. I don't get much but I can tell he has little interest in Terry's cock, or mine or any other man's. He's mostly interested in being a good companion for Julie. He wants to lessen the chance of jealousy, wants to show her he can match her stride for stride. I think he's going too far but it's not my call.

Having dropped to his knees, Mark looks as if he's lost his nerve. Donna pushes Terry's cock up against his belly and leans past him to kiss Mark. Even with Donna he seems tentative. Julie lies down on the couch, her face opposite her love and my sister. She rubs the back of Mark's head, his shoulders, then brushes his cheek with the backs of her fingers.

He looks at her. She smiles. "You don't need to do this, sugar."

Their eyes remain locked for an instant. I'm trying to stay out of their heads but I catch some of it. He wants to. He's never done anything with a guy before. He's not sure he'll like it. He may never do it again but he's curious. That's really all there is to it. Julie may tease him about being a fuddy-duddy but the guy is one giant ball of curiosity. He wants to go to the moon, wants to climb Everest, wants to experience a peyote ceremony. Underneath that stiff upper crust formality, the man is a raging well of desires and hopes. Permeating all of this, is the crystal clear vision of Julie as his purest desire and highest hope.

She smiles. They are meant for each other. She's up for whatever he has a yearning to try. She kisses him. When he pulls away, he's grinning. He kisses Donna and then wraps one hand around my brother's cock. He looks at Terry. Terry shrugs. Mark puts his mouth over my brother's cock.

I never expected to experience any of this. I hardly let myself imagine it. I've opened myself to Jewel and let her see the craziness that is inside me. She is not appalled. She loves it, loves me. I can quit worrying about keeping large parts of myself straight-jacketed and locked away, sedated to reduce the howling. It's been exhausting work.

Terry's cock throbs in my hand. I know what a tumescent cock feels like in my hand. It feels entirely different in my mouth. The head is spongy, not hard. His precum tastes a lot like mine. At first I am unsure of how to proceed. I've never given a blow job before. I mentally kick myself. No, I've never given

one but I've received a few. I know what I like. That's seems like a reasonable place to start.

I feel Jewel poking around my thoughts. It's getting easier to sense her. I invite her in. I want to share everything with her.

I lick my way down the shaft, knowing it would be imprudent to try to deep throat him right off the bat. I cup his sack with my hand. Jewel has never realized that I like to have my balls played with. Perhaps that was locked away with all the other "craziness". I hear her, in my head, protesting I should have told her. I agree but I didn't so no point in belaboring the point. Besides, I remind her, can't you see I'm trying to work here? She smacks the mental me in the back of the head, uses my own words against me, telling me I'm "saucy" and then sits back to watch. I let Donna know the invitation extends to her as well and then I turn my attention to Terry. I've never liked doing anything just okay; I like to excel.

I suck one of his balls into my mouth. I feel the girl's surprise. Terry's as well. I tug, gently, until his hands find my head. I let his nut fall from my mouth, rest my other cheek against his leg, and suck the other nut into my mouth. I hold it there as my hand begins to stroke his cock. I let go of his balls and slide my mouth over the shaft. I take the head into my mouth and push a little farther, not nearly far enough to worry about gagging. I begin to move my mouth over his cock, following with a wet, slick, twisting hand. When I feel him get close, I stop and mouth the shaft, sucking his balls. I want to prolong this for him. I know he's incredibly turned on. He's watched my fiancé eat his sister's pussy while I fucked her, my fiancé not his sister, from behind. Then, Donna and Julie tormented him with their mouths. Now, it's my turn.

I had been curious about this. I have never been sure I'd like it. I find that I do. It isn't so much the idea of sucking another man's cock per se. It's more about the power it gives me. The ability to drive someone to extremes is intoxicating. I'll have to be careful about that.

I feel Julie kneel by my left. Donna does the same on the right. Gary joins his brother. Now there are three mouths but only two cocks. What a dilemma.

We take turns, knowing without needing to speak when it is time to switch, time to take a break, time to watch. The girls take a break. I don't need or want one. Between my legs my cock is hard again. The girls each have a hand on it, stroking. Each of their other hand holds Terry and Gary's cocks. They hold them for me, angling first one and the other toward my mouth. While I suck Terry, Julie sucks Gary. While I suck Gary, Donna sucks Terry.

I can feel us mentally synching. It's time. I let Julie take Gary's cock. He's wanted her for weeks now. I take Terry's. He hasn't wanted me but that's okay. I can't say I really want him. I like him fine. I'm enjoying what I'm doing but that's all. Besides, he can't say he didn't get a first class blow job out of this deal.

I settle onto my heels. Terry's hand finds my head. I can see and sense Gary's on Julie's. She is back on her heels. We open ourselves and Donna's brothers begin to fuck our mouths. I don't mind. I can cede control at this juncture. I'm the one that got him here. That's sufficient.

My brothers begin to move faster. Julie has more experience. She doesn't gag. I hear Mark start to gag once or twice but Terry always backs off. Mark's hands move to grab my brother's ass. The next time he gags it's too late. Terry can't stop. He's too close. His hands clench on Mark's head and he pushes his cock deep into the man's mouth. Mark wretches some but doesn't pull away as Terry's hip begin to jerk.

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He's gagging me but I don't mind too much. Terry is basically a decent guy. I take it as a sign of my control over him that I can get him so turned on the decent side is eclipsed, if only momentarily.

When he cums I don't pull away. I've eaten my own cum out of Julie's pussy twice today. So what if this time it isn't mine?

Terry is so excited his ejaculation is almost as watery as his pre-cum. It's easy to swallow, hardly any spills out of my mouth to drip onto my chest.

"Oh yeah, Mark," Donna pants, her hand on my shoulder. "That's the way to suck a cock. Holy shit you're a cock sucking natural," she moans. She knows as well as I do this is my first time.

Above me, Terry gasps, over and over, "Fuck, doc, fuck."

I continue to suck Terry as he gently begins to move in and out of my mouth. He wipes my chin with the head of his cock and I take the head back into my mouth. I'd prefer to linger but to my left things are rapidly coming to a head, if you'll pardon the pun.

I turn my head as Julie takes Gary's cock out of her mouth and points it toward me. I barely have time to get my lips around the head before he explodes. Gary is silent but Terry continues to gasp, "Fuck, doc, fuck yeah."

Gary's cock is barely in my mouth and some of his load ends up on my chest. I can take my time with this load so I do. I let his cock grow soft in my mouth before giving it up.

Donna and Julie push me back against the couch. They lick my chest, tease and nip at my nipples. They raise their heads and the three of us exchange sloppy kisses. The entire time they have been stroking me. They know when I'm close. They bend down and start to run their mouths over the sides of my shaft and up to the head. Their hands keep pumping.

When I cum, most of it jets into the air some to fall back onto Julie's face and hair, some to fall onto Donna's face. Donna's scalp is nearly smooth, sporting only a day or two's growth of stubble. A line of cum lies neatly atop her scar, as if I had drawn it there with my cock.

I regain control of my body and lean forward. I kiss the line of cum off Donna's scar before turning to embrace my fiancé.

Chapter 10

This is an explanatory chapter. There is little or no action, just dialogue and an attempt to fill in the gaps. If you've been reading primarily for the sex, I'll pick up with that in the next chapter. If you're not particularly interested in the story you can easily skip this chapter.

Instead of returning to their chairs, Donna's brothers turn and squeeze their way onto the ends of the couch. Gary at one end, leans forward and helps Julie off the floor. She settles back onto the couch. Terry at the other end, repeats the gestures with his sister. I'm left to push myself off the floor. My left knee catches before straightening with an audible pop.

"You okay doc?" Gary inquires, leaning forward to steady me by placing one hand on my back.

"Okay?" Terry begins to chuckle. "Way fucking beyond okay mother fucker. Jesus Christ on a hopped up pony. No offense Donna but I've never had my dick sucked like that before. I take back my earlier offense when you said no man eats pussy as good as another woman. No woman sucks dick as good as another dude."

"You mean 'well'," I offer, keeping my voice steady. "'No woman sucks dick as well', not 'as good' as another dude. And thank you for the compliment."

They all stare at me. I follow Donna's advice except I don't picture earmuffs, I picture a one-way mirror that is opaque until a light is switched on and then it becomes as clear as

glass. I leave the light off and try to keep my face neutral. I fail. I smile and they all laugh, soft at first but escalating quickly to guffaws. I stand there, ignoring the pain from my abraded knees, understanding now all those knee pad jokes, and wait for them to control their laughter. And to realize there is no place for me to sit on the couch.

After a time, the laughter trails off to giggles and snorts. It is Gary, of course, who notices I'm still standing. He starts to get up.

"Hey doc, sit here. I'll pull a chair over."

I stop him with a gesture. I look at Julie.

"Scoot over babe," I asked. She understands.

She pushes her butt up and drops into a very surprised Gary's lap. She holds her feet up. I turn and sit and her feet and legs rest across my lap and Donna's. She turns to Gary with a smile, "I'm not too heavy for you am I, hon?"

He contents himself with a shake of his head. From the dazed blissful look on his face, shaking his head may be as much as he can manage. I feel a twinge of disquiet. I'm not jealous but I do worry that he may not be able to accept the limitations of the arrangement quite as easily as he thinks. I share a little of this with Julie. Her smile never fades. I sense she is not concerned. I wonder, for the first time, to what extent our thoughts are private.

"Mostly private, doc," Gary says, looking at me. Although I'm not looking at them I feel his siblings nodding behind my back as Gary continues.

"We can tell you are sharing something with Julie but not what. I suppose if we tried hard enough we could but if we tried you'd know we were trying and stop. Until Julie whacked her head I thought Terry and I were the only ones, except maybe other twins, who shared that sort of connection. It would appear I was more wrong than I realized." He paused and urged Julie to shift her weight to a more comfortable spot on his lap. "Turns out our parents could, now you, Julie. I don't know why it took a whack on the head for Donna to join the club." He paused again and looked at me. "Have you always been able to read people?"

I shake my head. "At least not that I was aware of," I add. "I mean most care providers have a degree of empathy, or they should. Sometimes it gets worn away in the grind but they have it. But I never experienced anything like this. In fact, I still don't quite believe it. It makes no scientific sense and underneath it all, I consider myself a scientist."

Gary nods.

"So, no I don't know what you and Julie were sharing but I can guess." He gives me a steady look. "I'm in awe of how lucky you are. I appreciate your understanding and willingness to include me. I won't pretend there isn't part of me that's not jealous, that part of each of us that's always wailing 'why not me'. Don't sweat it doc, I have no misconceptions in regards to the situation."

People lie to their doctor all the time. I have a very good bullshit detector. Even without any ESP voodoo shit I think he's letting the truth. Or, more accurately, he's telling me what he thinks is the truth.

Julie turns and kisses the side of his neck, accepting his answer.

We all jump when, from the end of the couch, Terry lets loose with a tremendously loud yawn.

"I'm too tired to join ya'll in a chorus of Kumbaya. Where the fuck we sleeping? Gary has a giant assed California king but I don't know if all five of us will fit. Besides, listening to Donna fart in her sleep is likely to be detrimental to our new found mutual admiration and fuck society."

Julie giggles as Donna turns to smack her brother in the chest.

"Be quiet," she snaps, though her chuckle gives lie to her supposed irritation. "Or you'll sleep by yourself out here on the couch."

As is often the case, Terry's yawn is contagious. One by one, we all find ourselves shuddering as we yawn.

"All I'm interested in is sleep. Sorry boys," Julie says as she gives Gary a quick kiss and rises from his lap. She holds her

hand out to me and helps me off the couch. My knee pops again.

"Football, doc?" Terry asks, pushing himself off the couch.

"Figure skating," I reply, straight-faced. Once more the sibs stare at me while Julie laughs.

"It was hockey," she giggles as she climbs off the couch. "How the hell you imagine he could hide that dick in a pair of tights?"

"Good point," Terry concedes, kissing first Donna and Julie on the cheek and then heading toward the hallway. He pats me on the shoulder as he passes. "Night doc," he offers.

"Yeah, night doc," his brother adds, with another pat on my shoulder. He kisses Donna's cheek and gives Julie a quick hug, but no kiss, and follows his brother.

Donna takes each of us by the hand. "Let me show you to your room. You two haven't had a second to yourselves since you got here."

We follow her down the hall. The door to the boys' room is open. From the bathroom comes the unmistakable sound of someone taking a whiz and someone brushing their teeth. Donna's room is down the hall from the boys. She opens a door across from her room. She shows us where to find a blanket, in the unlikely event we need one. She shows us the

closet with the towels. There is a new bar of soap and a bottle of shampoo. She kisses me and then Julie, a bit longer I notice, and tells us good night.

I pee while Julie brushes her teeth, we switch spots, climb into bed, kiss goodnight. Julie clicks off the light. I think I'm asleep before the light has time to flee the room.

My dreams are a jumble of images, some from my past, some from Mark's, or so I assume since I recognize his parents amid the jumble of faces. Other dreams feature Donna, her brothers, her parents, and others I cannot place. Despite the dreams, I wake refreshed. Outside the open window, I hear a half a dozen different birds. The curtains flutter in the breeze off the lake. Mark's heavy cock stretches nearly to his belly button. I smile at it. I love it. I love him. I stroke him softly. I'm not horny. It's a gesture of companionship, not a wake-up-and-fuck-me gesture.

As I stroke him, the room fills with the residual scent of last night's activities. It's not very strong. Between the two of us, Donna and I had cleaned my sugar's cock off pretty well. Mark had done his best to return the favor but I can tell I'm a mess. The skin on the inside of my legs feels tight with dried cum and my own juices. I rub my slit and hold the finger to my nose. I giggle, I can't help it. I don't stink but the scent is not what anyone would call subtle.

I roll out of bed and head to the bathroom. I need a little privacy. I'm still not comfortable sharing a bathroom, if you

catch my drift. I'm as quiet as I can be. I wash my hands, laugh when I get a good look at my hair, brush my teeth and then spend a few minutes picking out my hair. The shower feels wonderful. I stand with my head bowed and let the water run over my neck and shoulders.

The shower door opens. I wait for Mark's strong hands to grab my hips but the hands that touch me are smaller. I guess I shouldn't be surprised. As seems to be the rule, we had left our door open. The hands leave me and I hear the snap of the shampoo bottle opening. The scent of jasmine fills the shower.

"Lift up your head."

I do as Donna asks. Her fingers begin to rub the shampoo into my hair, then massage my scalp. She rinses quickly. I hear another plastic click. She rubs conditioner into my hair.

"Step out of the water a bit."

I do and she begins to wash my body. Her fingers part my sex. When she reaches behind me to clean my bottom, I let her. She rinses the conditioner from my hair and shuts off the water.

"Don't you want me to wash you?" I asked, pushing my wet hair out my eyes.

She wraps her arms around me. I wonder if my nipples feel as hot against her skin as hers do against mine.

"I do but I was getting out of the shower when I heard you start yours. Another time." She hands me my towel, then reaches for the one she must have worn when she entered our room.

"You don't mind do you?" she asks, wrapping the towel around herself.

"Nah, it's always nice to be pampered."

"What about me?" A sleepy voice inquires. Mark's face stretches into a yawn before I can answer. He's got a hardon. He always does in the morning. It's hard to tell sometimes. He's definitely a shower and not so much a grower. His cock is thicker and sways heavily as he walks into the bathroom. Not having brushed his teeth, he settles for giving me a peck on the cheek.

"You want me to hop back in with you?" I say as I try, and fail, to flatten down his hair with my fingers.

He yawns again before answering. "I was hoping for both of you, truth be told."

"I'll need another towel then," Donna drawls. "This one is wet enough to wring out."

I shrug. "Fine with me sugar."

Mark grins. "Settle down. Now beat it and let me take a leak and brush my teeth first."

I turn but Donna shakes her head. Mark looks at her, confused then his eyes widen.

"You want to watch me pee?" Donna merely giggles and nods. It's my turn to shrug. What the hell I decide. Why not?

I've not had a lot of experience with men but more than Donna apparently.

"Why do you push your butt back like that?" she asks as Mark, having already flipped the seat up, prepares to pee.

"When the penis is erect, it pinches off the urethra where it exits the bladder. You have to straighten it out to urinate, or at least to urinate easily."

That's my sugar, always the doctor. I grin, thinking of yesterday and admit he's not always a doctor.

Donna shrugs. "I never knew that."

Mark returns the shrug. "Why would you?" He stands there a moment. "I'm not sure I can go with an audience."

Donna presses herself along his side. Her hand replaces his own.

"Will this make it easier?" I hear her whisper.

I step to his far side, my hip brushing the wall, and wrap my arms around his waist. I kiss his shoulder. I don't bother watching. I've seen him take a whiz. I'm not sure why Donna thinks it will be such a show.

"Go ahead baby. I gotcha," I hum against his chest.

I hear the splash, tentative then rising to a roar.

"I can feel it, feel the urine rushing through your urethra," Donna gasps. "I've heard men pee before. I had no idea it was so forceful." She giggles. "I bet it would feel like a Vichy shower."

I pull my head back to look at her. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see Mark is still going strong. It seems like he pees for about an hour in the morning. Lord.

"What the hell is a Vichy shower?" I ask. "Is that like a golden shower?"

Mark jumps a little. Donna giggles.

"No, you perv," she smirks at me.

I stick my tongue out at her. "You're the one talking about showers and wanting to watch my fiance take a leak. Who's the perv?"

"Oh me," she snorts. "I admit it. But seriously you and I are taking a road trip. You got to try one. It's amazing. You get a massage and then you lay down on the table and a series of nozzles starts to spray water on your back, it gets warmer and harder. It feels awesome." She makes a face. "Damn it, I hate that word. It feels wonderful, amazing, outstanding, anything but 'awesome'. Shit."

I shake my head. "You need to relax girl."

Mark's stream cuts off, no dribbling for my man. Donna wipes a fingertip over the head and sticks it in her mouth. She must have her earmuffs on tight because I don't think either of us had an inkling she was going to do that. She laughs at the look on her faces.

"Golden shower huh? I might need to keep that in mind," she says trying, and succeeding in sounding sultry. She beckons us with a finger. "Follow me. Bring a couple towels," she calls over her shoulder.

We follow her out into the hall. She heads, not toward her room, but her brothers'.

"They have a giant two-head shower. We'll have more room," she offers as explanation.

One of the boys, Terry I think, cracks one eye, shrugs at the sight of us traipsing through their room, rolls over, and appears to go back to sleep.

"Look at this symbol of excess and hedonism," Donna offers, stepping into what really is a monstrous shower. "We could all fit in here," she murmurs with a glance toward the boys' bedroom.

"Let 'em sleep, perv," I instruct. She nods with a smile. I turn to my sugar. I'm happy to see he's relaxed. I don't sense any of the inner turmoil that usually accompanies anything erotic with him.

"What do I have to be nervous about, Jewel," he says putting an arm around my waist. "I've had sex with a patient and gave two guys a blow job with your help. A shower with two women is relatively banal at this point, isn't it?"

I cock an eyebrow at him. "Banal eh? Let's see about that."

I wake to the sound of the shower running. I'm not too surprised to see Donna in the bathroom with Julie. I was half awake when she walked into the guest room. They look gorgeous, Julie especially. Her whole body glows. I wish I could grab her, squeeze and melt into her. Sometimes I hate our skin, as beautiful as hers is, it is still a physical barrier that limits how close we can be.

I brush my teeth quick. Donna, ever the explorer and pusher of limits, not only asks to watch me urinate, she holds my penis as well. After first requesting a lecture on the mechanics of urinating with an erect penis. If not for the comfort of Julie by my side I'm not sure I could have managed to go. Then she tastes a drop of urine. That's shocking enough but the implication that she's interested in a golden shower almost stops me in my tracks. I wonder for a moment what I think about that but don't reach a decision before we're instructed to grab some towels and follow Donna.

I'm not surprised when she heads to the boys room. I hope we can keep the party small. As hot as these two are, I truly am most interested in a shower and some breakfast. I make a little joke to Julie about showering with her and Donna but it backfires. She takes it as a challenge.

They let me adjust the water and proceed to soap me up. After relieving my bladder, my erection had mostly faded. Their hands on my body brings it roaring back. Donna is kissing me and Julie is sucking me in a most languid fashion when Terry enters the shower. He showers, watching us. Donna moves to him and begins to fellate him. I try to feel repulsed by the sight of a sister giving oral sex to her brother, but fail.

"Can we dry off, sugar?" Julie asks, as she rises. "I'm turning into a prune and my skin is going to flake off, it'll be so dry."

I answer her with a kiss. As we step out, Gary steps in. He showers quickly, joins his siblings for a few minutes, then they join us in drying off.

Donna races to her room. I resist the urge to tell her to quit running with wet feet. If I have to operate on her skull again, she'll be an active patient again and I will have to refuse to go down on her. She returns with an expensive looking jar of body lotion. She hands it to me but gives Jewel a quick kiss.

"No flaky skin allowed, sweetie," she tells her. "Help her out, doc."

I do. I'm happy to. I rub the lotion into places that don't appear to need moisturizing but Julie doesn't complain. I'm rinsing off my hands when Terry's stomach lets out a low slow deep rumble. As if in echo, mine does the same thing.

Gary hangs his towel over a towel bar. "Sounds like it's time for breakfast," he announces, a bit unnecessarily in my opinion. The girls and Gary set to work in the kitchen. Terry gets a pot of coffee going. I feel useless.

"You have a washing machine? Want me to get a load of towels going or something?" I ask Donna.

"Excellent idea, you don't mind?" I shake my head. The washing machine is tucked away, just off the screened porch. There is no dryer. I recall seeing a clothesline earlier. I decide to split the towels into two loads, get the first going and return in time to help set the table.

Breakfast passes with a minimum of conversation. We find ourselves in a lull, as we face the question of "okay, now what?" I hang out the first load of towels while they do the

dishes. The second goes in and we find ourselves congregating on the screened porch. I'm shocked to discover it is only mid-morning. We must have gone to bed earlier than I realized, exhausted from our exertions.

We're quiet. The birds, having breakfasted themselves grow quiet. It's too early and not hot enough yet for the cicadas to begin to screech. The air over the lake and over the land has yet to reach an equilibrium so there is still a soft breeze off the lake. It's not cool, by any means, but at least we're not sweating just sitting here.

"I had the strangest dreams last night," I find myself saying. "They were all mixed up. There were people who I know I have never meet, yet somehow I seemed to know. I don't mean in that funny sense that dreams have of making sense. It was as if I knew them but had forgotten how I knew them.

"There was a man, middle-aged, just the beginnings of a belly but with the look of a man who enjoyed being physical. He wore a suit and a tie. He was dressed formally but felt informal, if that makes any sense. One felt as if it would be easy to sit down and have a conversation."

I can see Donna and her brothers exchanging glances. "Yes," I continue with a nod. "I'm sure it was your father. You all look a little like him, especially the twins, same nose, same chin, same hair. I knew in the dream it was your father. We were in his study, walnut desk, an old-fashion green-shade banker's lamp, a leather office chair so old the leather was cracked. The seat was dented in such away, it was clear it fit this man's butt and no one else's."

Donna's hand goes to her mouth.

"He was standing beside the desk. He showed me a photo of the three of you as kids, posed as if you were about to fall off the dock." I nod. "The one right out there. He showed me a medal Donna won in gymnastics. As we were looking at it the world shimmered and we were there. Donna, you fell, off the balance beam. It dropped you from gold to silver."

"That was the moment I knew I was never going to be an Olympic gymnast," she says in a soft voice. "That was my last competition."

I turn my gaze toward her brothers.

"I watched you play football, baseball. I could tell you specific instances, prove to you I was watching real events but I don't need to, do I?"

They both shake their head.

"And you watched me play college hockey in your dreams, didn't you?" I look at them, all of them, Jewel included. "I saw you. I was driving for the net, a power play, and the four of you were sitting with my parents. There is no way I could have seen you. When I played hockey nothing existed except the ice, the puck, and where I needed to move it. But I saw you, sitting with my parents." I look at Donna. "I would be willing to wager a large sum of money you can describe my parents, though you've never met them. Am I right? You were chatting away with them. You were telling them I was a wonderful doctor and ..."

"And an even better person and they must be very, very proud of you," Donna finishes for me. I nod.

"I saw you, Jewel," I continue. "You were in junior high. I've never heard of junior high, back east, we call grades six through eight middle school. But you were in seventh grade. You were crying because you had not made the drill team. That was bad enough but that wasn't why you were crying. You were crying because you knew what the teachers who were selecting the team were saying to each other. 'We can't...'"

"Do anything about letting the niggers into class but we can keep them off the squad," Julie whispers, eyes dry, voice steady. "I've taken care of those women, as patients. There all 'honey' this and 'you're the best' and they mean it but I still hear their voices saying that word. They don't say it anymore but they still think it. What they are really thinking is, 'Julie honey, you're the best nurse, for a nigger' and I know it and it takes so much energy not to hate them."

Donna's hand is over her mouth once more. The boys stare straight ahead, eyes hard, jaws clenched. The shimmer in Julie's eyes threatens to choke my voice.

"I never knew what was going on inside those ignorant old fools' heads," I tell my love, feeling utterly incapable of making up for the stupidity of the humankind but feeling I must try. "I'm not sure how or if I'll be able to handle this," I confess with a shake of my head. "How will I be able to take care of people if I'm able to see how ugly and rotten some of them are at their core?"

Julie pats my hand. "You won't be able to help yourself. Sugar, you must have learned by now you can take care of people even though you don't like them all that much, some of 'em you may even hate. It's not much fun but you can do it."

I shrug, not as reassured by her words as I'd like to.

The others are staring at their feet. Donna has tears on her cheeks.

Julie starts to laugh.

"All ya'll just knock it off, ya bunch of pussies. You want to feel less guilty? I'll take you to hang around more black folks. Get a whiff or two of what's floating around in their heads and you'll understand that people are people, some are sweet, some are turds and most are a bit of both. So, suck it up, fools."

I feel a half a dozen kinds of shitty about what Mark is telling us about Julie. As soon as he spoke, every detail unfolded in my mind, gymnastics, baseball, hockey, all of it. And he's right, it's more than a dream. The impossible details are there. How could we have been in the stands watching Mark play hockey? Not as kids, as he was, but adults as we are today? Impossible. Yet, I have no doubt what we saw actually happened. Every flash of his blades, every thrown arc of

shaved ice sparkling under the lights, had happened, exactly as we had seen.

Gary and my sister turn to look at me before I begin to speak. They all do.

"We had dinner with Julie's grandmother, Granny Thibideau. Julie called her Granny T because she could make her three year-old mouth say 'Thibideau'. She had snow white hair, wrapped up in a bun at the back of her neck."

"And an ash walking stick, worn to a honey gold by her hands," Gary adds. The others nod.

"Your mother was there," Julie adds.

I had not recalled that until the moment she opened her mouth. Before I can speak, Mark begins again.

"Your mother and Granny traced it all back, my parents and grandparents and great-great-great-how many every greats back, grandparents, and yours," he nods at us. "And yours," he tells Julie, squeezing her hand. "We're all related, distantly, but closer than a supposedly random gathering of people ought to be."

I nod. "We all spring from a mulatto couple, from the part of Africa that becomes Liberia. Mark's ancestors encountered them in the Caribbean before immigrating to Massachusetts, a century before the Revolution."

"They, our common ancestors, were slaves," Julie picks up the thread.

"Yes," Mark agrees. "And they were brother and sister."

I try to be surprised but as before, as soon as his lips began to form the words I knew what he was going to say and that it was true.

"The trader, kept the mother of the children and the daughter, the son he sold. When the mother died, he sold her daughter. She was his daughter, too," I say, shuddering at the thought that I share, even slightly, the man's genes. "They met in what would become Haiti. They had several children but one, the youngest daughter, was very fair. They smuggled her off the plantation. She was raised as white and married a Scot who took her and their children to Boston."

We look at each other.

"It would appear," I continue. "That, whether they knew it or not, mostly not I imagine, the offspring of that mulatto couple seem to have kept seeking each other out over the generations. They married each other at rates far above what can be explained by chance. We're all related." I smile at my sister and brother. "Some of us more closely than others but we're all related."

"That's right," our mother snaps. "I very succinct summation, counselor. Now would somebody help me with my bags?"

We all jerk around to stare. This is no astral projection bullshit. This is my mom, tanned, fit, tired, and standing in the door as real as anything else in this world.

Chapter 11

"Mom!" Donna screams as she leaps up and runs toward our mother with outstretched arms. "What are you doing here? I can't believe you're really here!"

Mom returns Donna's hug with a motherly embrace and pat on the back. Emoting is not her style.

"I'm happy to see you, too, sweetheart. I see no one has gotten around to dressing. How about coffee? Anyone gotten around to making coffee? I don't smell any so I'm guessing the answer is 'no'."

She harrumphs but you don't need a gift for reading minds to know she's bubbling over with happiness and as about as far from irritated as it is humanly possible to be. I climb to my feet.

"I'll get another pot of coffee going, mom, but first let me introduce you to Mark and Julie."

"Gary, I know full well who Mark and Julie are. Go get the coffee going darling. I can give them a hug all on my own. Scoot."

She shoos me away with one flapping hand. I ignore it, step around Donna, and lift mom off her feet in a bear hug. She squeals and bats at my shoulders but she has tears in her eyes and rests the palm of her hand over my heart when I set her down. Terry is waiting.

"Hi, mom," he whispers. She pats his cheek and hugs him.

"I'm sorry, baby boy," she says as she steps away. She includes Donna and I in her gaze. "That includes you two as well. I'm sorry."

"For what?" Donna asks.

"For not being close to you for so long. I needed some time to sort things out after your father died. I was avoiding you. I was drawn to Haiti and I think you've all begun to understand why, but that was only part of it. I saw too much of your father in you. It was too hard. I ran away. That's why I'm sorry."

Terry stares at our mom but speaks to Mark.

"Hey doc, you know anything about senility? My mom seems to have stripped a gear or two while she was away."

"Hush," she smiles at him. "You aren't too big to spank, you know. Although," she continues with what can only be described as a devilish smile, "perhaps you'd enjoy a spanking more than you ought." She pats his flaming cheek again. "Go

on you three. I want a few minutes to get to know the doctor and his princess."

Mark and Julie have been standing quietly behind us. They have manners. You don't remain sitting on your ass when someone enters the room. Mark offers mom his hand. She sweeps it aside and gives him a hug.

"Young man," she says as she steps back. "Don't be bashful just because you happened to be nude. We know too much about each other to settle for a handshake." She turns to Julie with open arms and Julie steps right into them. When they step apart, my mom raises both of Julie's arms and looks her up and down. She might just as well have been checking out Donna's choice of a prom dress.

"My dear, you are simply beautiful." Julie smiles her thanks and gives mom another hug.

"Come on," mom instructs and leads them back to the couch. "You two make yourself comfortable. I'll pull over a chair so I can see you both."

She waves a hand at Mark and I know he was getting ready to ask if they should go get dressed.

"Don't be silly. Sit down. I'd join you but after spending most of the day in a plane and then a car with an air conditioner that wouldn't keep an ice cube cool I need a shower before shedding any clothes. I'll join you all later."

We gather in the kitchen. I can hear the murmur of voices from the great room. They're chatting away as if they've been friends for years. When the coffee is ready, I fill up mom's mug. She hasn't been to the cabin in years but that old porcelain monster with its spider web of coffee-stained cracks will always be "mom's mug". She takes it black. To her mind, the habit of adding cream and sugar to coffee is a certain sign of the collapse of civilization.

I hand her the coffee and ask Mark and Julie if they'd like a refill. They don't.

"You hungry, mom?" I ask as Donna and Terry wander over.

"No thank you." She gestures with the coffee mug. "Make yourselves comfortable. Mark and I were just trying to figure out how far back our last common ancestor was."

I take the other chair. Terry sits on the end of the couch. Donna, appearing unperturbed by our mother sitting right in front of her, leans her naked side against her brother's naked hip. If that bothers mom she keeps it to herself.

"You buy all this doc? That were all cousins or something?" Terry asks, trying to peer around the girls to look at Mark.

"Don't you?" is Mark's reply. "You had the same dreams, visions, whatever they were. Julie and I are distant cousins. You three are closer cousins to her than I but still not that close, though, not to sound like a broken record, but a lot closer than a random group of four people should be." He looks

across the room and out toward the lake. "The interesting thing is," he continues. "Across all those years, I don't sense any of the health issues that degree of consanguinity," He pauses, "consanguinity means..."

My brother interrupts him. "No offense doc but we know what the word means, 'blood relative'. I'm a lawyer, Gary's a lawyer, Julie's a nurse, Donna's a med student and our mother has a degree in comparative literature. Just because we're from Texas don't mean we ain't got no education."

I keep an eye on the doc. His face is calm but his words are a bit clipped to my ears.

"No offense meant on my part either but seems like I can't win. If I use a medical term I'm pompous and if I use a lay term I'm patronizing."

"It's not a problem doc," I tell him with a shake of the head. "Talk how you want to talk. If you loses us we'll say something."

"Anyway," he continues, "given the closeness of some of the relations one would expect to see some of the diseases associated with intermarriage among families. But there isn't, no hemophilia, no mental or physical defects, nothing, unless you count the weird psychic connection as a defect."

"Mom told me we can't make anyone do anything they don't want to do." Donna's voice fills the silence that follows. "Is that true?" She looks around the room. "Anyone recall, or sense,

an ancestor who used this gift for profit or used it to hurt people?"

I search my mind, feeling the others joining me. I shake my head.

"No," I answer. Mom, Mark, and the others look at Donna and shake their heads as well.

"Don't you think that's weird?" Donna insists. "Every extended family has a black sheep or two or three. How can ours be so pristine?"

It's our mother who answers by asking another question.

"How did you feel toward the people who said those ugly things about Julie?"

"Angry, furious," Donna answers immediately. Mom looks at her, calm, waiting.

"And sorry," Donna adds. "Underneath the ugliness, they were scared more than anything."

"Exactly," mom says with a firm nod of her head. "It's my theory that when you understand people, as deeply as we are able to do, it becomes extremely difficult to hurt them."

The room grows quiet. Mom drains her mug and stands.

"Julie," she inquires with a soft smile. "Would you allow me to borrow your brainy stallion for a bit?"

Julie smiles. Mark looks shocked. Mom stoops and picks up his hand off the arm of the chair.

"I'm not that old, Dr. Mallory," she scolds. "I'm afraid you may have offended me."

Mark starts to stammer. Mom lays a finger across his lips.

"I'm teasing you Mark, about being offended anyway, but that's all I'm teasing about." She tugs at his arm and he rises from the couch. "It's been a long time but I may have some tricks these youngsters have yet to learn. Come on."

As she turns, she looks over her shoulder at Julie. "Why don't you join us sweetie?" She throws a look at us. "I'm sure my three children will find some way to occupy themselves."

They disappear down the hall.

Donna's mother pulls me by the hand toward the boys' room. Julie takes my other hand. In answer to my unspoken question, Donna's mother turns and smiles.

"Call me Kat, or Katherine, either is fine Mark."

As she turns, I "hear" her call to Donna, asking her to fetch her small bag. I "see" Donna rise from the couch and pick up the bag. The sensation is disorienting and I wonder if I'll ever become accustomed to it.

"Here you go, mom."

Donna hands me the bag and turns away. Kat smiles after her. She takes the bag from my hand as we enter the master suite.

"You two make yourselves comfortable. I'd love to feel your soapy hands on my body but I feel vile to myself. Give me a few minutes, if you don't mind, and I'll be out shortly?"

"Sure, Kat." Julie smiles and turns toward the bed. "Kat?" The older woman pauses. "Can the others join us?"

Kat smiles. "Let's see how things develop, dear." She's still smiling when she looks at me. "Mark, while it's true I'm a few years older than you two, please stop thinking of me as 'an older woman'. I started my family when I was young. I'm only forty-six."

I feel my face flame as Julie laughs. "Busted," she cries, amused as she jerks me toward the bed.

I sit on the edge of the bed and Julie lies beside me, one hand nonchalantly stroking my back. After the shower starts, I wait a few minutes then tug Julie to her feet.

"Come on."

"Where?"

"I want to brush my teeth," I explain. I do but I want more than that.

Kat doesn't react as we brush our teeth. Neither does she react when, finished, I step into the shower.

"Kat, are you un-vile enough for me to join you?"

She reaches behind her to turn the water off and then opens her arms to me.

She is a small woman, smaller than Donna. Her breasts, not over large, have weathered the years better than most. They sag but only a little. The hard brown nipples stare at me, challenging me. I put my hands on Kat's hips and drop my head to her breast, sucking first one nipple then the other between my lips in rapid succession. Between my legs, I feel my cock rapidly growing stiff. I sense that Julie has joined us in the shower.

Kat's arms go around my shoulders as I kiss my way up her chest. Her greedy mouth finds my own and her hands leave

my shoulders to clasp either side of my head. Her tongue probes deep inside my mouth. Behind me I feel Julie's hands on my shoulders and her nipples begin to draw circles on my back. Goosebumps ripple down my arms.

I grope between Kat's legs and my fingers find her sex. She is already wet but not from the shower. What my fingers dabble in is slicker than mere water. My first two fingers slip inside her and my thumb presses lightly against her clitoris. With my thumb, I replicate the circles Julie's nipples draw on my back. Kat sighs inside my mouth.

Without breaking the kiss, she "tells" me to add another finger, it's been so long, she'll never be able to accommodate my girth without some preliminary loosening. I do as she requests. I move my fingers in and out of her pussy, rotating and spreading my fingers. When I think she's ready, I add a fourth. I can push my fingers nearly all the way inside her. She begins to grind herself against my hand.

No words are spoken, but Kat breaks our kiss, Julie moves to my side and I hoist Kat into the air. Julie's hand guides my cock to Kat's slit and steadies it until the head of my cock makes its way past the opening of her pussy. Kat's legs wrap around my hips and her arms around my neck. I hold her up with my hands under her ass. Julie's fingers trail over both our backs. Kat slowly relaxes her arms, allowing herself to become impaled on my cock. I'm no longer worried I'll hurt her without realizing it. I'll know if she wants to stop.

As Kat settles onto my cock I realize we aren't alone.

I tell my brother's to take a hold of my hands. For once they don't argue.

"Mom?" I call silently.

"I'm busy honey."

Though no words have been spoken, I hear the pant in her voice. I don't need to ask my question. All three of us flinch as our mother opens herself to us. We're with her, part of her.

I don't know what the boys are feeling but I feel Mark's cock bulldozing its way into my cunt every bit as much as my mother does. I feel Julie's nails trace random patterns on 'our' back.

"Can you feel that?"

"Jesus, yes," my brothers answer in unison.

I extend my feelings. I see Mark's face through my mother's eyes. I see his habitual look of intensity and concentration. He's always so desperate to do the exact right thing. How exhausting that has to be.

"Mark," I whisper inside my head. He hears me. I see it in his eyes.

"May I come in?" The phrasing sounds bizarre but I'm not sure how else to ask.

I feel his confusion. I see myself, waving to him, see him peer as if trying to tell if he knows the person he sees just beyond his range of vision. When he 'sees' me, he smiles. He opens his arms. The whole thing is fucking weird because none of it is actually happening. What's actually happening is Mark is letting my mom's ass rest on his muscular thighs as his cock stretches her wide. At the same time, I'm inside his head, feeling how my mother's pussy feels wrapped around "my" cock, while I feel how Mark's cock feels in "my" pussy. To add to the fun, my brothers share every sensation. They are simultaneously feeling their mother get fucked and fucking her, all while sitting in the living room, loosely holding hands with me.

The weird factor is quickly forgotten as the physical sensations build. Mom's pussy is remembering how much it has missed fucking. Far from finding Mark's girth uncomfortable, she is relishing the sensation of being totally full. She lifts herself, using her arms around Mark's neck and her legs around his hips. He helps by pressing upward on her ass cheeks.

I feel my own cunt respond. My eyes are open and part of me is aware that my brothers' cocks are rigid but my attention is focused on the action in the shower. I know what it's like to have my pussy full of cock so I shift my focus to Mark. I want to know what it's like to fuck someone. I had a taste of this earlier in the weekend. Now, I want the full experience.

My pussy fades. I have a cock. I feel the warm wet embrace of my mom's pussy. It's not perfectly smooth. I know this. I've had my finger inside my own pussy, felt the ridges and soft, yet rough, texture of my cunt. I'm surprised I can feel that with 'my new cock'. The idea that a pussy feels good to fuck went from being an abstraction to a fully experienced fact. Cocks like the feel of pussies. Wow, who'd have thunk it?

I picture Mark's cock, the way the foreskin is pulled back as he enters and then slips back over the head as he pulls out. I see the way mom's pussy clings to his cock, milking it. I see the way her pussy accommodates him, molds to him, hugs him in the most intimate way imaginable.

I really must stop assuming life cannot possibly become any more strange. Although, at the moment, I cannot imagine what could be more strange than making love to a woman in a shower with my fiancé rubbing my back AND having the woman's daughter sharing my mind, going along for the ride, if you'll forgive me for expressing it that way. A short moment later, it gets even more strange. For a moment, I am not only fucking Kat, I am Kat, being fucked by, well, myself. I'm in her head, or in Donna's head, which is in her mom's head or some variation thereof. As Kat lowers herself onto my cock I feel my own insides swell and fill. It's utterly bizarre and yet overwhelmingly erotic.

Kat is not a big woman but I need to support her with both hands. I tilt my head toward Julie. She leans toward me and her head touches mine. I don't know if we have to be in contact but it makes it easier. She is with me now. She smiles. She

knows what it feels like to have my cock inside her but she appreciates my gesture. It's not that I wish to share with her. I want to share with her that I feel what Kat feels. I am feeling what it is like to have a pussy and to be made love to.

Everything becomes chaotic. I have trouble keeping track of where I stop and Kat begins, or Donna, or Julie. The sensation is rather frightening. Could I lose myself inside them? Would that be a bad thing? Isn't that what we try to do when we love, lose ourselves?

My reverie is shattered as Kat's orgasm overtakes her. She had said it would not take long. She lets her bottom rest on top of my legs. Her arms are tight around my neck. She bites my chest as her pussy begins to clutch at my cock and her body shivers. I feel her orgasm from the outside and from the inside. I feel the strange, almost painful tensing deep inside my body followed by the quavering release. I, or at least my cock, does not cum. As Kat catches her breath against my chest, I ponder yet another metaphysical twist, if I shared Kat's orgasm did I in fact cum, even though I have not ejaculated?

Kat's legs release their grip on my waist. I hold her around the waist, lift her off my cock and lower her until her feet touch the floor. She wraps her arms around me and kisses me in the center of my chest.

"Thank you, Mark," she whispers before stepping back to look me in the eyes. "We must do that again, when I can savor it a bit longer."

I kiss her cheek in acknowledgement.

"Am I too heavy to do that?"

It's my Jewel, still caressing my back. By way of answer, I turn and lean my back against the wall. It's cold tile but I barely notice. The floor at this end of the shower is dry, as are my feet. I won't slip. I open my arms to Jewel. She steps on either side of my legs and puts her arms around my neck. With a little hop and a boost from my hands she rests atop my legs. As I'm wondering which of us should risk letting go to put my cock inside her. Kat steps forward.

"Let me help."

Julie pushes against the wall with her feet, raising herself enough for Kat to free my cock. She rubs it inside Julie's slit then holds it still. Julie relaxes and once more my cock is enveloped by the caressing warmth of a woman's pussy. Not just a woman, Julie, Jewel, my fiancé, my love. I let her feel my love for her. I'm not sure who else shares in this. Kat? Donna? Both? I don't care. I've never made a secret of my love for Julie and far from being ashamed of it, I want the world to know it.

She smiles at me, touches her forehead to mine, and we are joined. I'm part of her. She is part of me. I offer her my body. She accepts. It isn't like a Disney movie. We don't actually swap bodies, or at least I don't think we do. I simply let her control mine and she cedes hers to me. It's my cock but Jewel sets the pace. It's her pussy but I control how far her body will lower itself onto my cock.

I'll never worry about hurting Jewel again. My cock feels glorious in her pussy. Or maybe it should be "our" cock feels glorious in "our" pussy. I begin to move her body up and down on my cock, as fast and as deep as I can. Sharing everything this way, it is easy to coordinate our orgasms.

I feel mine and Jewel's but I concentrate on hers. I'm amazed that I can feel 'my' pussy fill with 'his' cum. I'm shocked at how erotic it is to feel 'his' cum begin to flow down 'my' legs. I lift 'myself' off 'his' cock and lie down on the cold tile floor. I pull Jewel atop me. We are so wrapped up inside each other that 'her' and 'I' become nearly meaningless. She feels the tile on her back as much as I feel it on mine. I feel and taste my cock in her mouth as much as she feels and tastes her pussy in mine. For a moment, as a second orgasm rolls over us, we are a symbiotic being.

The connection fades, seeming to waft away on our panting breaths. But it doesn't disappear. There is a piece of me lodged inside her mind and a piece of her in mine. I kiss the insides of her legs, delirious with happiness.

I offer my hand to my new young lover's fiancé, amazed anew at her loveliness. She accepts my hand and rises. As she does, a brief spasm of sorrow crosses Mark's face. His features loosen and for a brief moment I can see how he will look as an old man. He'll be a strikingly good looking older gentleman but even so, I hate to see that future shadow on my young friend's face. Long decades must have their due before his face will attain that look.

I smile at him, offer him my hand. I try not to stare at his penis. The children's father was no slouch when it came to size but Lord Almighty this man is a real find.

"No frowns, you sweet man," I chide as he takes my hand. "I won't allow it." He rises, and I wrap my arms around him once more. "Thank you, Mark," I whisper before turning to smile at Julie, Jewel he calls her, a more deserved nickname would be hard to find. "And thank you, my dear."

Julie puts an arm around each of us.

"No need for 'thank yous' Kat, unless it is from me to you. Did you feel me there with you? I shared every moment of it, every sensation, his and yours. It's as if he made love to me as much as he did to you, even if it was your body that was the vessel. Amazing. Totally, amazing. I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

I kiss her cheek, tell her she's the sweetest thing and step out of the shower. I go to my room and do my best to untangle my hair. Despite my bravado, I'm delaying facing my children. I know Donna had been totally aware of the events in the shower. I'm less sure about the twins but I suspect Donna would have included them. If so, and if their connection was as close as others, I had effectively fucked my sons without ever touching them. Was psychic fucking incest? I believed it was. Had I erred? The children's father and I had been extraordinarily careful to exclude them from touching our minds when we were intimate. As the children grew into adults we'd been equally careful to stay out of their heads. Would Mack be appalled at what I had done?

My heart twists inside my chest and I feel my eyes fill with tears. I miss him so much. I could go days, weeks even, and imagine I had reached the point in my grief were Mack was a memory, tinged with sorrow but mostly a happy memory. Then, out of nowhere I'd find myself wracked with grief and fear as intense as the evening I had stood as the boys crowded around their father and began to scream for someone to call 911. This was one of those times. I retreated inside myself, seeking the consolation I found in isolation.

I haven't the strength to return to bed. I sink to the floor, wincing a little at the soreness between my legs. Was I really stupid enough, at my age, to imagine fucking a handsome young man would prove I was ready to resume my place in the world? Stupid, stupid woman. I hit my forehead with the heel of my palm.

"Mom?"

There's a gentle tap on the wall outside the bathroom door. It's a sweet gesture of respect and privacy. I wonder how much my unexpectedly powerful youngest was able to read of my anguish. She had come terribly close to breaching my best defenses, despite the fact I was ready for the attempt, earlier in the summer.

"I'm fine, Donna. I just need a few minutes."

"Come out mother, please," Her voice is a whisper that I can't be sure I heard with my ears. I squeeze my eyes, as if that would hold her at bay.

"Stop that, mom," I hear tears in her voice. "I'm not trying to see or share anything you don't want to share. Don't you know that?"

I shake my head and hit myself in the forehead again. Of course I know that. I pull myself up, run the cold water and splash my face before squaring my shoulders and joining my daughter.

"I know, without prying, that you aren't okay so I'll skip asking you that," Donna says carefully, leaning against the wall and staring at me with open eyes. I'm struck anew at how much alike we looked. The boys are spitting images of their father but no one would mistake anyone for Donna's mother except me.

I hold my hand out and she steps away from the wall and takes my hand. I lead her toward the bed.

"Lay down with me, daughter. I'm tired."

She lays down and climb in behind her. I press my body close to hers, draping one arm across her waist. I can smell the shampoo in her hair as I allow the bubble I kept wrapped around me to swell and bring my daughter within its walls. We lay quietly, talking without speaking, and I share my fears and anger and sorrow. It's a shitty thing to do, burden my child with the tumult inside my soul but in time we sleep and do not dream.

Gary and I rouse ourselves as Donna rises and hurries down the hall, looking worried. Gary's face mirrors what I feel, confusion and a bit of shame mixed with the most intense post-orgasmic buzz I'd ever felt. I wasn't ready yet to think too closely about where that buzz comes from. The eternally vigilant, self-loathing prick I kept buried in my brain screams at me. "Your mother, you fucking freak. You were inside a dude's head while he fucked your mother. You've been a cock sucker for a lot of years, then a sister fucker and now a mother fucker, literally."

"No, not literally," Gary says to me, sharply. "You're wrong about that part."

"Really?" I snap. "What's that puddle on the couch and floor? What's hanging off the head of your dick and mine? Cum. Jizz. Spooey. Where did it come from, Gary? Huh? We came, not later when Mark was fucking Julie, before that. We came while we went along for the ride while he fucked our mother. You think the fact we didn't actually have our cocks in her cunt makes a fucking bit of difference? Spare me that bullshit rationalization. Christ, sometimes I fucking want to punch you in the face."

"Go ahead," he says mildly, "if it will make you feel better."

We read each other very, very well, but it isn't perfect. I don't think he expected me to take him up on the offer. If he did, he made no effort to dodge or block the punch. As I turn to stomp out of the cabin, blood begins to run down his chin from the split lip.

As he touches his tongue to the split, I taste blood in my own mouth.

Story::Cabin at the Lake 12

Emotions and bodies come together and find a new path.

The group sex described contains both male and female bisexuality, which if you've been reading this series you probably expect but if you are a new reader be warned.

There is no depiction of sex between characters under the age of 20.

I hope you enjoyed the story. I had fun writing it, even when I didn't think I would find a way to end it. Allow me to say a big thanks to those of you who took the time to comment, vote and "favorite" my effort, poor as it was at times.

You should all thank LarryInSeattle for keeping it from being an even bigger muddle.

Peace.

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Donna was so focused on her mother, who was so intent on deflecting Donna's concern, that they both were unaware of the kerfuffle that had broken out between the twins. I'm not

inclined to get too worked up about it. In this part of the world, brothers who don't trade a punch or two on occasion are as rare as Democrats. Mark, having grown up in more rarefied circles, is upset. We had followed Kat out of the bathroom not long after a steel door slammed closed on her thoughts. Something was up, that much was sure.

I did my best to mind my own business but Donna's concern was too intense to shut out entirely. Her passage down the hall was like watching the sun through closed eyes. I'd no more than wrenched my attention away from that drama than I felt my head rock back from Terry's punch. It wasn't my head of course but being punched by his brother was as big an emotional blow as a physical one. Private as he tried to be, Gary couldn't keep that one to himself.

"It would appear that all is not entirely well in the household," I drawled to Mark. He didn't smile.

"What should we do?"

As usual, he's prepared to take full responsibility for everything that's within earshot.

"I'm getting something to eat. All this sex and drama has made me hungry," I tell him as I turn toward the door. He looks so worried I stop to kiss his cheek. "Relax, baby. It's family and love and sex and there's bound to be drama at some point. It'll be fine." I turn and pause again to look at him over my shoulder. "But if you hear shots, get low and stay low."

He doesn't smile.

Gary is standing at the sink, dabbing at his lip with a wet paper towel. I pull his hand down and look at his lip.

"Not too bad, seen a lot worse," I tell him as I squeeze his upper arm.

"Practicing medicine without a license again are we, nurse," Mark asks in best pompous Boston voice. People say the English are snooty. If they can out snoot Boston blue bloods, well goddamn.

"She's right though. You don't need stitches. Most of the cut is on the inside. You want some ice?"

"No thanks, Doc," Gary mumbles around the paper towel. "He should have hit me harder."

I busy myself in the refrigerator. One, I really am hungry and two, I want to hear Mark's take on all this.

Mark reaches past me and grabs two beers. He opens both and hands one to Gary who takes it without saying a word.

Mark takes a swig out of his own bottle before asking, "What makes you say that?"

Gary dabs at his lip and takes a drink of his beer. I think he empties half the bottle in one long pull.

"Because he's right. I ought to be more ashamed of what's happened."

"You mad at me?"

I see Gary's startled look. "Why would I be mad at you, doc?"

"Because I just had sex with your mother."

Gary waves his beer at the suggestion as if it were a troublesome gnat. "Mom's a big girl. There's few in the world who know their own mind as well as my mother. It's been several years since dad past. I'm glad she's letting herself enjoy life. She's not that old, not that old at all, damn it."

"You think she enjoyed herself?"

Gary snorts, "You got to ask? You were there. Jesus, doc."

"You were there too weren't you? You and Donna and Terry."

Gary tips the beer bottle at him. "Give the good doctor a prize. Bingo. Terry tried to deck me because I essentially, by allowing myself to ride along in your head, fucked my own mother. Bad enough I fuck my brother and sister but now dear old ma as well. I'm, we're, a piece of work."

"Hhmm, I suppose so," Mark mutters and takes another sip of beer. Gary drains his and sets the empty bottle on the counter. "Did you three get inside our heads?" He gestures to his chest and then me with the beer bottle. "Yesterday, when Julie and I were making love outside?"

Gary hangs his head then gives a quick nod. "Yeah, doc. Sorry."

"You think I, we, didn't know you were watching us?"

Gary raises his head to look at Mark. "No, I suspected you knew."

Mark nods his head. "Yesterday I would have tried to avoid admitting it but of course we knew you were watching. Who wouldn't? I can admit now that I got off on imagining you guys watching. I wanted you to see how beautiful Jewel is. And, he smiled, "I wanted you to see how big my dick is. Childish but true."

"Not the same thing, doc. Not at all. Watching someone and wallowing inside their thoughts are two different things."

"Is it? Why? Weren't you simply 'watching' much more intimately?"

"Now you're just playing games, doc. But, fine, I'll concede the point. I was 'watching' more intimately. Did you ever watch, in

any fashion, or desire to watch in any fashion, your mother having sex?"

I'm busy pondering a couple of things at the moment. One is, how will Mark handle Gary's question. It's a good question. Second, and more important, why the fuck do white people never have anything to put on a sandwich but mayo, yuck, bland tasteless yellow mustard, and catsup, a condiment Granny used to call "cat shit". Damn, I could deal with Wonder Bread, or even whole grain 39 seed live forever bread if there was some spicy mustard or horseradish sauce or something. I put a couple slices of cold ham on the bread, shudder, and squirt watery pale mustard atop the meat. I add some Cholula, smash the other piece of bread over the mess and take a bite. I'm so damn hungry it tastes good. I turn my attention back to the men. Mark is busy doing his own chewing, except his is in his head.

"No," Mark concedes with a shake of his head. "No, I did not."

"So what if we have this unexplainable gift, or curse, it isn't right for offspring and parents, brothers and sisters to have this kind of love. The love between parent and child is a different thing altogether from the love of a man for a woman."

"Altogether?" Mark looks at Gary, who waits while Mark takes a sip of beer. I decide a beer sounds like an excellent idea and return to the refrigerator.

"I'm not sure you can chop love into such discrete packages," Mark offers softly. "Packages that are altogether one thing or

altogether another thing. I'm beginning to picture love as an amorphous primordial force that we channel and give form to."

I hand Gary another beer. He takes a pull and toasts Mark with the bottle. "Oh love is a force alright, a powerful one, a dangerous one. You know any Bowie doc?" Mark shakes his head. "Too bad. In one of his songs he points out that 'love is not loving' and describes it as a 'flaming dove'. And aren't you afraid you're mixing lust up with love?"

"You've been inside my head, earlier with Julie, with your mom. Was the only thing I was seeking was a fuck? Was I that base? Was what we were doing that base?"

"No," Gary sighs. "No. Sorry for the implication. No, it wasn't base. It was very mutual. You were focused as much on your partners as you were on yourself."

"I'm use to playing the role of the square, if that word is still in vogue."

I can't help it. I burst out laughing. Mark looks at me with a half smile.

"'In vogue'? Yeah baby you're square."

The debate, and my sandwich, are interrupted by his kiss. I don't mind. I'm always hungry for that.

"As I was saying before my hip fiancé..." He can't continue. I crack up all over again when he calls me "hip". Christ on a cracker, the poor man was teleported from the late sixties right into the now. He shakes his head in amusement as I control myself.

"Anyway," he is finally able to continue. "I'm usually the conservative one. The cautious one. Perhaps like all converts, I've become a bit fanatical but I don't sense any harm resulting from this. To me it feels like it's drawing everyone together, making us feel and care more deeply than ever about each other. As intensely physically enjoyable as this experience has been, I find it hard to characterize it as self-centered or selfish in any way. In fact, it feels just the opposite. How can it be self-centered when it is so completely shared?"

"If you had asked me a week ago what I felt about a brother and sister or a brother and brother having sex I would have turned up my nose and been appalled. Now, stupidly or not, I no longer feel that way. I don't see what you are doing as stifling your growth as individuals. I don't see you taking from each other, scoring points off each other. I see you protecting each other, caring for each other, loving each other. And that's all I see."

We all turn at the slow clap of hands behind us. Donna and Kat are standing in the hallway. Kat is clapping, arms extended straight in front of her looking a little like someone imitating a seal. I swallow the urge to start braying laughter again.

"Bravo, Mark. Bravo. I couldn't have said it better."

After I had finished emptying my soul to my daughter and finished chastising myself for doing so, we rested, my arm wrapped over her waist. I no longer worried that my breasts were nestled against her naked back. It comforted, not only me but Donna as well. I was content to leave it at that.

As I had been able to free myself from doubt and worry, the bubble I'd been hiding in for months dissolved. We both became aware of the kitchen debate at the same time. The cause of the debate was apparent as well. I do not approve of hitting, especially a brother hitting a brother. But as my mind brush over my sons', my anger was washed away by sorrow over their fears.

"I think it is time to rejoin the family, daughter," I whisper in Donna's ear along with a kiss. I roll out of bed and once again try to tame my hair. Crisis or not, I have no intention of walking around looking like Courtney Love on a bad day. Although one wonders, does the poor thing have any good days? Bless her heart.

I see Donna smile. We're attuned to each other. We don't need to pry. We don't need details. We're aware of the other's emotions without the need for specifics.

We reach the end of the hallway just as Mark finished his soliloquy.

"Bravo, Mark. Bravo. I couldn't have said it better."

The sweet man actually blushes at my compliment.

"Is Terry down at the lake?"

Gary nods, "I think so."

"What we need is something to eat." I smile at Julie. "There's spicy mustard in the pantry honey. And I'm sure you need more than one itty-bitty sandwich." I wave my hands at them. "Go on. Rummage around and put together a meal. There's too many us to fit out on the porch, so Gary you'll have to grill. I don't want to heat the house up cooking inside." They stare at me and I flap my hands again like I'm shooin' greedy hens crowding around the feeder. "Go on, hop to it, mach schnell, go," I snap but they only grin at me.

I shake my head and go to find my troubled youngest son.

I hear footsteps. Gary and I may not be able to connect with mom like Donna but I know it's her without turning. She sits beside me and dangles her feet in the water. Beneath the water, our feet are a pale ghostly green. We don't speak. She begins to wiggle her toes and the minnows that had been inching closer dart away and regroup at a safe distance.

She nudges the side of my leg and foot with her own. I ignore it. The minnows grow bold until a wiggle of her toes scatters

them. She nudges me again. I scoot away from her, lifting myself up with my arms. I don't need a splinter in my ass on top of everything else. Like a kid, she follows, nudges my leg and foot again. I start to get up but she rests a hand on the top of my leg. She doesn't press or push. She just let her hand rest there. I settle back down onto the rough boards. She wiggles her toes. Her hand is warm on top of my leg.

Behind us, the sun drags itself toward the horizon. I imagine that the sight of us, of me, sickens it.

"Hush," mom whispers beside me. "It's a bad habit to get into, being overly harsh with one's self. Soon the harsh spills out and engulfs others. You don't want that sweetheart. The sight of you should not sicken anyone, especially and most importantly, not yourself."

She doesn't say anything more. The minnows approach. She wiggles her toes.

"Why do you keep scaring them away?" I ask.

"They tickle."

I know we don't have a lot of time. The mosquitoes will be out soon. Mom will be hungry. I don't think I can eat. Her hand caresses the top of my leg.

"How?" I mutter. "How can any of this be right? Gary and I, Donna, and now you."

"I don't know, sweetheart. If you don't feel it's right, then, for you at least, it isn't right. Did you have these feelings before, when it was just you and your brother? Or the three of you? Or is me being here that's the problem?"

"You? No. Yes. I don't know." I realize I sound like a moron and take a deep breath, organize my thoughts. "Gary never bothered me. I guess because we were so close, being twins. I told Donna when I'm with Gary, it's more like masturbation than having sex. It feels as if what he does to me is really me doing it to me. You know?" Beside me, she nods but says nothing. "Then Donna shows up and comes busting into Gary's room, afraid of a stupid raccoon and Pow! Things got weird. I always felt bad that she was excluded. I mean, Gary and I watched out for her and loved her as much as any brothers could but she was never part of the connection we had with each other.

"I was, I don't know, happy she was part of the group, physically I mean. This was before she turned into Ms. Super Psychic. I knew what people would think but it didn't seem to apply to us. Gary and I were different and we wanted to include Donna. Then, well you know, she freaked out, and the fall, and I was sure she was going to die.

"I knew God was punishing us. I don't even believe in Him but I was certain the universe was pissed and punishing us for disturbing the natural order of things. But then she got better, more than better, she was able to share the connection Gary and I have shared all our lives. That changed everything. If what Gary and I did was okay because we were so close it was like fooling around with yourself, well now wasn't it the same

with Donna? I thought so anyway. Now, I don't know mom, it seems so fucked up. I mean Jesus..."

She cuts me off. "You fucked her. You even fucked her in the ass. You let her suck your cock. I know all that. You want to confess it? If that will make you feel better, by all means, confess. I'm sorry, sweetheart. Donna and I were in isolation inside ourselves for a while. I, we, didn't feel your pain. But we shared everything with each other, while you were punching your brother in the mouth we were sharing. I saw it all. I felt it all. I felt you in Donna's ass. And at the same time I felt you in mine."

I couldn't believe she was telling me this. I started to get up but this time her hand did hold me down.

"Sit still and listen. I don't know what to tell you. I don't know what your father would say. Donna shared the memory of her dad telling her it was okay, the one she told you about. I don't know if that was real or not. I can tell you the memory felt real. It felt like your dad. Even so, I don't know what he would say about all this and he isn't here to tell us. But I can show you how I feel about all I've learned and shared."

She turned then and took my head in her hands. She pulled my head down to hers and rest her forehead against mine. Nothing happened at first, then the dock dropped away from my ass and I fell into a chasm of swirling sensations, memories, and emotions.

It seemed like hours later that I pulled away with a gasp but the shadows were unchanged. I have no way to describe what

had happened. Past and present, mom's memories, Donna's, mine, and my father's whirled like Dervishes around each other. I saw and felt and experienced events that were separated by years and miles simultaneously. I was Donna. I was mom. I was dad. I was all of them. I was lost in a maelstrom with nothing to cling to, no horizon to swim for. I saw my mother's hand reaching for me. I grabbed it and found myself sprawled on the dock gasping for breath.

My head is cradled in my mom's lap. Her face is quiet. I see no fear in it and my own fear subsides. She bends and kisses my forehead, one breast brushes against the side of my face. Her fingertips massage my temples and my breathing slows. My heart settles back into its easily ignored tempo.

"You understand, sweetheart?"

I shake my head. "Are you fucking kidding me? I don't understand a fucking thing. Fucking holy hell."

"You're right sweetheart. Understanding is beyond any of us. But did you catch a glimpse? Did you experience anything that would make you imagine the sun would want to run from the sight of you?"

"No," I concede after a moment. "No, I didn't."

Mom lifted my head from her lap and swiveled her knees from under my head. "That'll have to do for now then," she intoned as she rose. She held out her hand. "Come on. I'm hungry and whether you'll admit it or not, so are you."

I rose and followed her back to the cabin, trying not to notice how her butt moved as she walked.

Supper is a quiet affair. Mom sits between my brothers. I sit between beside Julie, who sits beside Mark. No one sits at the head of the table. The meal is a hodgepodge of whatever was in the refrigerator. A couple of burgers, some brats, even a couple of pork chops. I fried some potatoes and onions and Julie made the only cornbread I've tasted that's better than mom's.

No one speaks, not even to ask for something. What is wished for is provided, silently. We're each lost in our own thoughts. No one bothers to guard their thoughts. We trust each other but more importantly, we're too busy with our own thoughts to bother with anyone else's.

Mom has the boys help her with the dishes. I drift back to my room and brush my teeth. Mark and Julie do the same. When they return, the two of them join me on the couch. The occasional clink and splash from the kitchen conveys such a strong sense of normalcy I begin to relax a little. In my peripheral vision, I see mom drying her hands on a dish towel. Terry is wiping down the counters and stove while Gary sweeps.

Julie's soft voice is the first voice I've heard since before supper. "Granny always said the dishes weren't done until the floor was swept."

"Smart woman, your Granny," mom says as she bends to kiss Julie on the cheek. "Someday, if you don't mind dear, I'd love to share some of your memories of your grandmother. She sounds like an extraordinary woman."

Julie answers by taking mom's face in her hands. She touches her forehead to my mother's. Both women begin to smile, both break the bond with tears running down their cheeks. Mom presses her hands against Julie's cheeks and smiles. "I was right. She was extraordinary. How proud she would be of you my dear, how very, very proud."

"Thank you, Kat."

As the boys enter the great room, mom straightens. When she speaks, it's in a very mom-like tone.

"Mark, would you and Julie move this couch back to the wall please. Donna, move those chairs back. Terry, put the coffee table over there by the couch, then you and Gary go fetch the mattresses off your bed and Donna's, mine as well. Set them together, here, in the center of the floor."

We do as we are told. Mom disappears in her room. When she returns, her hair is pulled back and pinned into something that almost looks like a bun. Her hair is a hot mess on the best of days. She has a small drawstring bag. She sits cross-legged near the edge of the group of mattresses. Without speaking, we join her, making a large circle. Gary sits across from mom, I sit to his right, to my right is Terry, then mom, then Mark. Julie completes the circle.

Mom surprises me by reaching into the bag and taking out a packet of rolling papers. She taps enough weed out of the bag to make a fairly fat joint. I had no idea mom smoked weed. I look at Mark, determined not to intrude on his thoughts. His face is calm. Mom rolls the joint. I can tell her fingers are experienced. Before she lights it, she looks at each of us individually for a moment.

"I know this looks like a pinner but this isn't your usually shitty weed you buy from a JuCo dropout," she explains. "You only want to take a single hit. That'll be plenty. Got it?"

We, even Mark, nod. Julie looks at him, face twisted in a wry grin. "You even know what a hit is, sugar?" Mark just rolls his eyes at her. Mom lights the joint and hands it to Mark. He takes a hit, holds it like a pro and passes it to Julie. She grins at him. "I guess you do," she giggles before taking her own hit. As she does, Mark finally exhales. When it makes it back to mom it is mostly gone. She takes two quick hits and the joint is ashed.

When she finally exhales, she shrugs off our stares. "What? I've built up a tolerance."

We find ourselves holding hands, the buzz moves around the circle. Jewel giggles. I join her. Mark smiles. Terry smiles. Gary laughs. Mom watches, a wondering look on her face. Across from me I see Mark turn and pull Julie onto his lap. That looks like fun.

I lean over and lie in Gary's lap. I pull his head down with one hand. He bends and our tongues touch. I feel Terry tug at my

legs and I stop kissing Gary long enough for Terry to stretch me out on the mattress. I feel his fingers on my pussy as Gary and I begin to kiss again. I can feel his cock begin to press against the back of my head. Terry's fingers probe inside my pussy. I break the kiss and roll onto my side, taking Gary's almost fully erect cock in my mouth. Terry pushes my top leg back and his tongue replaces his fingers.

Gary shifts and I know without looking he has his mouth on Julie's pussy. I can taste her cunt on my own tongue. When she takes Mark's cock in her mouth, I taste that as well. Mark lowers his mouth to mom's pussy and her own special flavor joins the olio in my mouth. She takes Terry in her mouth and the circle is once more joined. I touch Terry's mind with mine and now I have all of us in my mouth, three pussies, three cocks, six different tastes and scents all in my mouth together. The weed was a good idea. Without a little something to relax and expand the mind, this would be too much to process. As it is, I let it flow through me without trying to freeze each moment in order to analyze and categorize it.

I focus on my oldest brother's cock. I slide him deep into my throat, give my head a little shake and savor how that makes his ass tighten under my hand. I'm aware that Julie has just done the same to Mark, or to as much of Mark's monster cock as her mouth and throat can handle, and mom has done the same to Terry. Our mouths pull back in unison, our tongues stroke three different undershafts in exactly the same fashion. Three tongues tease three piss slits as three hands glide over three beautiful cocks.

Terry's tongue plows deep, as does Gary and Mark's. I feel three lips pluck at my clit. At the same time, I have three clits, all being teased by three tongues. My pussy flows and Terry

drinks. Three throats work in unison. Three clits twitch simultaneously.

We break, turn, and rejoin without speaking. Gary is eating my pussy while I suck Terry's identical cock. I can taste my mother's mouth on his cock. Terry has his face buried in our mother's pussy while she tries to out-do Julie when it comes to how much of his cock she can swallow. Julie doesn't mind, Mark's face is pressed to her cunt as she deep throats my brother.

This goes on for a long time. If anyone gets close to cumming we all stop, rest and then reform. Outside, the world grows dark. The soft glow of the moon glistens off our sweaty bodies. We don't need a light. We can 'see' each other with perfect clarity.

I find myself stroking mom's back. She is kissing Julie, who is busy rubbing her cunt over Mark's mouth and nose. Mark's cock, that gorgeous centaur cock, is buried to the hilt in mom's pussy. She's experienced, so am I for that matter but neither of us is up to taking that beast in our ass. Filling mom's ass falls to Terry.

His mouth is on mom's ass, licking, kissing, probing with his tongue. He's not bothered by Mark's cock working in and out of mom's cunt, far from it. He treats it to more than the occasional lick, lapping mom's juice off that battering ram of a cock. Gary works his head between them, making his brother's cock slick with his mouth for their mother's ass. When he's ready, Gary steadies him and holds his cock as it presses into mom's ass.

He takes his time. It's not a virgin ass. We all see mom's memories of our father and his law partner, Henry, doing this very thing to our her. Dad is fucking her ass and Henry's cock is plunging in and out of her cunt as she cums over and over again. Not this time, however. We feel her get close and we stop. She curses us but we stop.

Julie takes her place and Gary takes Terry's. Julie has the least experience when it comes to ass sex. We go slow. It takes time before Gary is deep in her ass. Once he is, Mark works his cock into her cunt. Kat is grinding her pussy against his face. I kiss mom for a while, then turn and take Terry's cock into my mouth. It's clean. As I suck my brother's cock, mom's fingers work their way into my cunt. Her thumb presses into my asshole, preparing me. Soon it's Julie's turn to curse and beg for release. I comfort her, our tongues waltzing together in a deep kiss before taking her place.

Mark is waiting with a smile. He holds his cock up with one hand. I spread myself with my fingers and lower myself onto his cock. I'm a greedy bitch and lean over to kiss him before mom or Julie have a chance to cover his mouth with one of their pussies. I kiss him, my doctor, my distantly related cousin, my lover and friend.

Gary's cock seats itself in my ass. I clamp my ass cheeks on his cock, trying to remember if he's fucked me in the ass before. Terry is a definite yes, Gary I'm not sure. I could search my memory, or his, but I'm too busy enjoying how my pussy fills sandwiched between two cocks. I want to cum but I'm instantly aware that my 'stealing' of Mark's mouth moves me to the end of the line. Greedy bitches should expect payback.

I've never been fucked like this before, not the DP, that I've done, but fucked in a group, a connected group, fucked while simultaneously feeling in every detail 'my' cock pressing deep into my own ass, or tasting Terry's cock inside of Julie's mouth. What's 3x3x3x3x3? Three cocks, three pussies, three mouths, three tongues, three asses, I'm lost in a geometric progression of sexual bliss.

The consensus is mom should cum first. She tells us how she would like that to happen. Terry lies on his back. She straddles him, facing his feet, takes his cock in hand and mounts him in a reverse cowgirl position. I scoot between his legs, lay my own over his and mom lowers her mouth to my cunt. Gary has the most awkward position. He straddles his brother and soon his cock is again buried in our mother's ass.

Julie straddles my head, facing mom. I begin to eat her pussy. Mom alternates between my cunt and Julie's mouth. I grope, mentally, for Mark. He kneels above my head. Julie arches her back. Her cunt rises. I can just flick it with my tongue. Mark begins to fuck her. I lick his cock and luxuriate in the feel of his cock on my close-cropped skull.

Everyone has someone.

Soon, as mom's orgasm builds, she stops eating my pussy. She's lost in the feeling of her double penetration by her twin boys. I feel, we all feel, her orgasm growing. It fills her being. Everything, it seems, stops for a moment. I swear the crickets stop chirping, the wind ceases, and the moon stops inching its way across the cloudless sky. Mom doesn't make a sound but we are all momentarily deafened by her scream of release.

Her body convulses as her cunt and ass spasm around her sons' cocks.

I don't know how but the twins don't cum. They continue to move slowly in and out of their mother's cunt and ass until she asks them to stop. They withdraw and she lies on her side, panting and smiling.

She brushes Julie's leg. "Your turn princess."

Julie appears to be in no rush. She lies beside mom, their feet pointing in opposite directions, only their heads overlap. As they kiss, mom uses one hand to caress Julie's breasts. When Julie rolls onto her back, Mark moves between her legs. Mom lies her head on her outstretched arm and watches, smiling, as Mark works his cock into Julie's pussy.

We all, everyone of us, Mark included, sigh at the sensation of being filled with cock. I offer a suggestion. Mom pats my hip. A gesture that says, 'good idea sweetheart' and the others silently acquiesce.

My beautiful, responsible, comforting oldest brother lies beside Julie, slips one arm under her head. She turns her head and they kiss. He's angled away from her body just enough for me to straddle his waist. I settle myself onto his cock, then lean across him and begin to nip and lick at Julie's closest breast. Terry eases his cock into my ass.

We begin to move as one. Mouths, tongues, cocks and cunts all perfectly coordinated. Gary is kissing Julie. Mark and Terry

have an arm around each other's shoulder as they fuck the two of us in perfect rhythm. Mom moves closer and begins to kiss Julie's other nipple, her hands fingering her still throbbing pussy as she does.

We all begin to tense. Mom as well, despite having only cum a few minutes earlier, she shares in our building excitement. Her fingers work at her cunt more frantically. We explode together. I, for one, see stars. I feel my ass and pussy fill with my brothers' cum. I'm leaking already, flowing down Gary's cock and balls to puddle between his legs. I turn my head and see Mark pull his cum-covered cock out of Julie's pussy. Trapped as I am between my brother's, I still beat mom to Julie's pussy and begin to lap Mark's cum out of her twat. When mom joins me, we share, Julie's pussy, Mark's jizz and kisses until Julie begs us to stop.

I collapse on the bed beside Julie's leg. Mom mirrors my posture on Julie's other side. Terry and Mark, kneel, arms still over each other's shoulders panting. Gary is on his back, stroking his cock and then licking his fingers. He's still hard. I swivel my head. Terry is still hard, so is Mark. I start to frown. As I do, mom chuckles.

"I told you that wasn't ordinary shit kicker weed. Their cocks will stay hard as long as they want them to stay hard, or until we convince them they've fucked us out." She chuckles again. "It also gives you energy, stamina. Anyone tired?" We all shake our heads.

Mom laughs and claps her hands. "Goody, what shall we try next?" She chuckles with glee.

Postscript:

Mom is 96 now. In a couple of months she'll be 97. She looks half that. Mark and Julie bought the lot next to us. The law practice grew beyond anyone imagination. I had a few insights that lead to some very lucrative patents. As the sex had, the money grew geometrically. It is hard to swindle someone who can, essentially, read your mind. We slowly acquired most of the land around the lake, turning it into a family refuge. When I say family, I mean extended family.

There are over a hundred of us around the lake now. The original six of us discovered that when we focused as a group, we could find others in the family who shared the gift. A surprising number, or maybe it shouldn't have been surprising at all, had already found one another and paired up. It was typically distant cousins but we had our share of first cousins and there was even two other sets of sibs, though no trios.

Julie and Mark had a boy and a girl. The boy is married to my daughter and the girl to Terry's son. Terry and Gary both have wives. My first husband, Mitch, arrived in the first wave of, what should I call them? Refugees? Immigrants? He was a sixth cousin twice removed, which to this day I still have trouble deciphering. My second, Josh, wandered through the gate a few years later. Mitch didn't die. He's still kicking strong as a mule. No, we just decided to make it a permanent threesome. Josh is a year younger than my daughter, not that it matters. I love watching him fuck Mitch.

When you have a hundred people, all sharing to some extent, the others feelings and experiences, traditional mores fall to the side. I, for one, don't find that a bad thing. I got lucky with my first experience. Even now, I have to fight the urge to reach out with my mind and try to find Chad. I got lucky. None of our daughters have to worry about luck.

The children share our lives, to a point, but they do not tap into the sexual community until they reach the age of twenty. No matter how they beg and plead, the answer is always no. I'm not saying they don't experiment like any other adolescents but sex before twenty in our community is virtually non-existent. Why depend on luck? They know if they wait it will be special. They date, of course, pair off, spend time with each other, learn about each other. By their twentieth birthdays, they have often identified their primary spouse. Few of us are monogamous here and primary does not imply ranking. It's just a statement of fact. Julie and Mark will always be each other's primary. That does not mean Mark is not in demand as a lover, not at all, but it's Julie that he is the most deeply bound to. Their resonance frequencies match, if that helps you get your head around it.

When my Katherine, named after her grandmother, and Julie's Paul announced their intention to bond, none of us were surprised. Paul had to wait until Katherine turned twenty. He was two years older. Katherine told him to go ahead, she didn't mind. She didn't but he did. He waited. When it was time, we all gathered at the Old Cabin. It looks the same. It's well-tended and as unchanging as anything in this world can be.

The community gathers outside and offers shelter and comfort. Only the family is allowed inside. Some who are to be

bound invite their entire immediate family, some only their parents. Katherine wanted Mitch and Josh there and her uncles. Mark was pulling double duty. He was the father of Katherine and Paul. Julie joined him, of course.

The couple sit facing each other, hands clasped. When they are relaxed, one at a time, we open the shutters that had shielded them from our most intimate selves. All the community's children are accustomed to the fact that the adults often share partners but again, and this is important, they are exposed to no more than a typical child of loving parents would be exposed to. In fact, a great deal less, since this is probably the only community in existence that doesn't use the web for accessing porn. They learn about the biology of sex and love. Like us, the children can, to varying degrees, touch each other's minds.

Over the years and with so many of us in one place, we've learned to help every child learn to open their mind. No one here is as isolated as I was before I slipped and cracked my head at the Old Cabin. They are surrounded by love. It's no Eden, don't get me wrong. Families always have drama. That weekend at the Old Cabin wasn't the last time Terry slugged Gary, or vice versa. And Mark, holy hell, it takes a lot but trust me, do not piss that man off. It's not Eden but it's a damn sight better than the world we still work in.

So, as the couple touch palms and open themselves, further than they ever have before, we lower the shields, ever so slowly, ever so carefully, and let them begin to experience the physical and emotional side of physical and mental intimacy. It doesn't matter how many times I've gone through it, I am still overwhelmed by the sensation of joy the couple feels. I cry

every damn time and don't imagine the twins ever got old enough to stop giving me shit about it either.

The experience of two people sharing their bodies, wholly, for the first time is indescribable. My tears are mostly for all the sad, lost people out there who can never, ever feel what we feel.

We are extraordinarily careful. We know the world would shed no tears over us. They'd be happy to send in tanks and burn us out. We use our talents with great care. Terry was governor, could still be governor if he wanted. Folks think we're odd, some even think we're 'damn hippies' though even mom isn't old enough to have been a true hippy. They think we're a strange, stand-offish lot but we pitch in, we help out, we donate our time (which counts for more than money around here). If we sense someone is hostile, we cajole and encourage and try to assuage their anger and fear. No, we can't force anyone. That remains true but simply being open and honest goes a long way.

We're cautiously sending our best out into the world. We're sure there are others who are not part of the family but who have the gift. Mark and I, now that we have a large enough sample, have isolated the mutation we all share. And no, if you're wondering, there's still been no two-headed babies or bleeders. We watch and probe and sometimes test for the mutation. We've yet to find anyone outside the family but we keep searching. And we wonder, how many communities like this in how many countries would it take before the world ceases being such an angry, isolated, fearful place?

Author's Note

Didn't mean to get all hippy-dippy there at the end. The story wandered off into areas I had not originally imagined. If you slogged through all 12 chapters I hope you found it worth your time.

Turbidus