SUMMER CAMP

BOOK 2: GINA

by Nick Scipio

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CHAPTER ONE

"She was so young," my wife said, when I told her. She was as stunned as I was.

I nodded.

"How'd it happen?" she asked.

"Car accident. Just some random thing."

She rushed into my arms, eyes misting over, and hugged me tight as I held her.

"I'm so sorry, Paul," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "I know how much she meant to you."

I nodded; my eyes stung, and I blinked back tears of my own. I shook my head, as if doing so could ward off the tears that were welling up. I was a grown man, I hadn't cried in years. Many years.

"When's the funeral?" she asked.

I swallowed hard. "The day after tomorrow."

"Do you want the girls to go?"

I nodded. "I think so. I think it's… important."

She nodded and laid her head against my chest again, seeking comfort in the certainty of my body. "I'll miss her."

"Me too," I said, my voice raspy with pent-up emotion.

My chest was tight and I felt a growing knot in the pit of my stomach. I didn't want to believe it. A car accident. Just some random thing.

Random hurts.

Some time later, I don't know how long, the phone rang. My wife stepped back and wiped her eyes, smiling bleakly at me.

I cleared my throat and then picked up the receiver.

"Hello."

"May I please speak to Paul Hughes?"

"This is he."

"Mr. Hughes, my name is Nathan Wei. I'm an attorney, and the executor for the estate…"

I listened to him with only half my attention. He offered me his deepest condolences on my, our, loss. It sounded strictly pro forma, but I appreciated it nonetheless. I smiled at my wife and sat down heavily in my office chair. I picked up my pen, flipped the page on the notepad, and began writing as he talked.

It was going to be a long couple of days, and I couldn't imagine how we were going to tell the girls. With an inaudible sigh, I concentrated on the lawyer and blew a kiss to my wife. She smiled sadly and closed the door to my office. A short time later, after I'd hung up the phone, I leaned back in my chair and stared at the ceiling, lost in thought.

When I was in high school, and then college, so much of my life consisted of routine. I suppose it's the same for everyone. Even today, much of my life is routine. Pedestrian. Mundane. But there are times when the routine is broken, and these are the times by which we measure our lives: a kiss, a love, a graduation, the birth of a child, the death of a lover.

Once again, sitting at my desk in the quiet afternoon hours, I thought back to my past, to one of those times when the routine of my life was broken, and the world seemed to change, all at once. As you might have guessed, it was the summer of 1979. But there's so much to explain before I get there. In many ways, my life changed more during my sophomore year in high school, but the changes were all gradual. They're obvious to me now, but at the time, I hardly noticed them.

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When we returned from Aunt Susan's, in late August of 1978, we arrived at a house that hadn't been lived in for almost three months. Our neighbors checked on things for us and watered Mom's plants, and

we had a service to mow the lawn, but other than that, the house sat dormant. So Erin and I, Mom and Dad, engaged in several whirlwind days of cleaning, shopping, and dealing with mundane things.

I suppose the routine was what I needed, but it wasn't what I wanted. I missed Susan more in those first few days than I thought I could miss anyone. I'd had some time, and some separation, from Gina, Kendall, and Stacy, which had blunted some of my sense of loss. But Susan was still fresh in my memory. While I didn't exactly mope around the house, I certainly didn't have a lot of enthusiasm for anything I did.

The stack of letters from Gina was the one bright spot in our return home. She'd written. *A lot*. The first few days after her family's return from camp, she wrote me two, and sometimes three letters a day. I started sorting the letters by their postmarks, but after the first few, she started sequentially numbering the envelopes, which made things *much* easier.

At first, she mostly talked about how much she missed me, and how much she loved me. As I read them, I thought about how much I missed her as well, and how much I loved her. She also had about a million questions: about me, about what we did after her family left camp, about school, about our house, about just about everything in the world. I guess it must have been hard on her, writing all those letters, without the hope of a reply from me for at least a month.

As soon as I had the chance, I sat down and started writing her a letter. I read through her letters again, and started picking out the questions. When I found one, I'd turn to my own letter, tell her what she'd asked me about, then answer her. I guess I must have been a little bit of a writer even then, because I quickly had sixteen pages of college-rule paper filled with my response.

I told her about what we did after she left, and about how cool Erin was, helping me deal with being a little depressed. I told her that Kendall had been a really good friend, and that I could tell that Kendall really respected her. I didn't want to talk about Kendall too much, but I did want Gina to know some of the details. I didn't come right out and write that Kendall liked me but that nothing had happened, but I did try to write about what Kendall and I had talked about—the everyday stuff at least.

I also wrote a lot about my life, ordinary stuff like what my room was like, what our house was like, and stuff like that. Finally, I decided that it was more than enough for a first letter. By the time I was done, I had almost twenty-two pages! Mom helped me hunt down an envelope large enough to mail it in, and we dropped it off at the Post Office. (Neither of us knew how much postage it would take to send it, so we couldn't just drop it in our mailbox.)

After that first rush of letters, Mom, Erin, and I had a lot to do to get ready for school. We had new clothes to shop for (something I hated, nothing ever fit me well), new shoes to buy, and school supplies to purchase. Those tasks occupied more than a week of our time, and it seemed that every day, the three of us had to head out to a different store. Each day, we'd come home laden with shopping bags.

Finally, the day after Labor Day, school started. I saw friends that I hadn't seen over the summer, and that was nice, but I also came home with an armload of books and lots of homework! On the first day of school! I could tell that school had started for Gina as well, since I didn't get a letter from her for almost a week.

She was taking as many Honors classes as she could, and had a lot of homework and reading to do. Most of my classes were just regular classes, but at the end of my freshman year, Mom had talked me into taking an Honors English class. I'd regretted it at the time, but as I started reading and writing for class, I realized that I was enjoying myself.

Things finally settled down into a routine. Gina and I wrote three or four letters a week, fewer when we were both busy, and more when we had some free time. After the rush of emotion and longing in the first few weeks, we quickly started talking about our lives, friends, and school.

Gina eventually admitted to me that she'd told her best friend, Lisa, about everything that had happened over the summer. And I mean *everything*. I was shocked nearly to the point of apoplexy. It seemed that Lisa had decided that I was a guy worthy of her best friend, so I calmed down a little. Lisa also knew that Gina's family was nudist, and I guess if she could be trusted with that information, Gina could trust her about us.

I didn't have a best friend, per se, but there was a group of us who hung out together. Our group was mostly guys who I'd met at the end of eighth grade, when we'd first moved to Atlanta. I spent most of my

free time, before school and at lunch, with Scott Anderson, Tony Malone, Scotty Taylor, and Kelly Duchesne.

None of them knew about where our family spent our summer vacations, though I did eventually tell them that I had a girlfriend. When I couldn't produce Gina for inspection, or any pictures of her, most of the guys decided she was just a figment of my imagination. For a little while, I argued with them about it. But I steadfastly refused to show them any of Gina's letters, even though they would have easily proven her existence. I guess I didn't want any of those guys reading what Gina and I had to say to each other.

The funny thing is, I used to think that they were all getting lucky with girls, and that I was the only one who was missing out. After all that I'd learned the previous summer, I started listening to their banter, and I quickly realized that most of them had *no* clue about girls, much less about sex itself.

The one exception was Scott. He'd had a steady girlfriend since I'd known him, a girl named Shannon Ellsworth. He never talked about what he did with her, and whenever any of the other guys teased him about it, he'd say that he and Shannon hadn't done anything more than fool around a little.

But as the other guys would talk about their "experiences" with girls, he'd roll his eyes the same times that I did. I wondered why I hadn't noticed it before. He quickly figured out that I wasn't buying into the other guys' bullshit like I had when we were freshmen. Tony, Scotty, and Kelly never noticed, however, that Scott and I didn't talk much about our experiences with girls. But he knew, and I knew, and we both kept our mouths shut.

Another thing that changed for me was that I discovered I could talk to girls, and that it didn't make me tongue-tied or nervous. A year before, I'd have been way too shy to do more than shuffle my feet if confronted by a girl. I guess that's why most of my friends were guys. After all that I'd been through, and all that I'd learned, I guess I realized that girls were mostly as scared and nervous as guys were. And when you know the girl is as nervous as you are, it gets easier to talk to them.

I think another thing that helped was that whenever I talked to a girl, I wasn't really interested in getting into her pants. I don't know how, but girls have a kind of Distant Early Warning system to detect guys who're putting the moves on them, no matter how subtle the guy thinks he's being. It's like they can smell desperation or something. I don't know what it is, but it's uncanny.

So while I did talk to a lot more girls, I didn't have a girlfriend. I still masturbated like a fiend, at night and in the mornings, but I wanted to stay faithful to Gina. I couldn't really explain it, but it's what felt *right*. So I wasn't after any of the girls at school.

The odd thing that I noticed was that at parties, football games, or school dances, I had more girls around me than almost all of my friends put together. I quickly got the idea that several of them would even say yes if I asked them out.

Shannon, Scott's girlfriend, got me alone one night at a school football game and asked me about it. She wanted to know if I was interested in one of her friends. She hinted pretty strongly that her friend Amy Lassiter might be interested in me. She also dropped hints that a few of her other friends might be interested in me as well, if maybe I didn't like Amy.

I was more than a little shocked, so I told her about Gina. Shannon asked me where Gina lived, what she was like, how I'd met her, and a dozen other questions. I told her the truth. What I could tell of it, that is. Unlike the guys, Shannon immediately realized that Gina was real, that I was telling the truth, and that I was serious about being faithful.

When the word got out, I figured it would deter most of the girls who might be interested in me. The crazy thing is, it only seemed to make me *more* of a target for female attention. I was bewildered by the entire phenomenon. I liked the attention, don't get me wrong, but I really did just want to be friends with the girls that I knew.

Shannon seemed to understand, and so did her friend Amy. Scott had seen the difference in me as well. That, coupled with his girlfriend's quiet assurance, seemed to settle things between us.

I did think Amy was really cute, though. She was petite, maybe an inch over five feet tall, and waiflike. Her breasts were very small, and she had narrow hips, but she also had a smile that lit up a room, and her hair was a natural honey-blonde. Under other circumstances, I'd have loved to maybe take her to a dance or

something, but she understood that the two of us could only be friends.

One of the big changes in my life was because of Scott. His dad flew for the same airline mine did, so he knew what it was like to have a father with a pretty irregular schedule. Scott's father had been a pilot in the Air Force, and his family had lived in Germany for two years. When they returned to the States, Scott ended up repeating second grade. He was actually a really smart guy; he'd simply been held back because he hadn't begun school in the US school system. I thought that it was tremendously unfair, but Scott was mostly okay with it. The one thing it did mean was that while the rest of us were fifteen, Scott was sixteen. That meant that he could drive.

The problem was, Shannon's parents wouldn't let her car date alone with Scott until she was sixteen. The easy solution was to bring Amy along. Amy didn't want to be the third wheel, so they quickly recruited me. Amy knew I was serious about Gina, so we went on our double dates as friends. Although I suspected that Amy was subtly trying to lure me away from Gina, she was never overt about it, and we became pretty close friends. For a girl, I guess it's nice having a guy friend who's not constantly being a jerk and trying to score. But I also suspected that Amy would happily welcome more from me, if I chose to pursue her.

The other big thing that changed in my life was once again due to Scott. He was on the school wrestling team and he started encouraging me to try out for the squad. The 167-pound wrestler from the year before had been a senior and had graduated; the team needed a guy in that weight class. Scott wrestled in the 145-pound weight class, and there was no way (or so he said) that he could "bulk up" to 167.

I actually weighed 155 pounds, but that weight class had a senior, a junior, and probably at least two freshman in it. Except for the senior, the other guys were "light" and were working their way up from the 145-pound weight class. So Scott figured I could maybe put on a little muscle and fill the 167-pound bracket. I wasn't so sure. I was already pretty self-conscious about my weight, and the idea of putting on more weight was *not* something I relished.

I'd never been much into sports, but after two weeks of his subtle, and sometimes not-so-subtle pressure, I finally relented. I thought I'd try out just to shut Scott up, but I quickly realized that I liked wrestling. The practices for the first week were a major shock, but I liked the wrestling part of them so much that I gritted my teeth and kept with it.

What I discovered I liked almost as much as wrestling itself, much to my surprise, was lifting weights. I wasn't exactly a 98-pound weakling, but I did have a lot of work to do to get into shape. Wrestling practice began in early November, and we worked out hard. Scott introduced me to most of the rest of the guys on the team, and I quickly found that I liked them. Coach Simmons was a good coach and really looked after us, making sure we practiced hard, but also making sure that we kept up with our schoolwork.

Each day, practice began right after school. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, we ran laps around the gym to warm up and then worked on wrestling moves: take-downs, reverses, escapes, and a myriad of other moves. After that, we did spins and bridges (put your feet on the ground and arch backwards until you're supporting yourself with your head and neck, and feet). Finally, we hit the weight room and worked on strength training. One of the older guys, a senior named Bruce Bollinger, who was our Varsity 185-pounder, took me under his wing and showed me how to build different muscle groups.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, we used rope climbing, jump ropes, and the peg board (it's hard to describe one of these unless you've seen it, but you use the pegs to climb up the wall using only your arms) to warm up before we actually hit the mats. After we worked on whatever moves we were focusing on for the day, we did monkey rolls, partner sit-ups, and a *lot* of an exercise that involved mostly running in place. Mostly. We'd run hard and then Coach Simmons would blow his whistle and we'd all sprawl (throw your arms and legs straight out and fall on your chest, you'll get the idea pretty quickly). As soon as we hit the mat, we had to jump back up and start running in place again. After *that*, we'd do spins and bridges, and then run wind sprints for the length of the gym.

On Saturdays, we all came to school at eleven in the morning and ran laps, and then hit the weight room. Saturdays were only supposed to be two-hour workouts, but I quickly discovered that a number of the guys stayed later, to work on more advanced wrestling moves. Bruce and Scott were both part of that group, and I found myself naturally drawn into their extra practice. Bruce almost always worked out with

me, teaching me things that we didn't cover in regular practice. He was twenty pounds heavier than me and had made it to the State finals the year before, so he was quite a bit more skilled than I was. I worked hard to learn from him, though, and he was a pretty good natural instructor.

Tuesdays and Thursdays nearly killed me for the first month. My body is *not* built for running, and I hated it. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were hard enough, but I always looked forward to the weight room. No matter how tired I was, I attacked the weights with something close to glee. Bruce was astounded that I had so much enthusiasm for lifting, but he cheerfully piled on more weight, spotting me conscientiously and making sure that I didn't hurt myself. But it was Saturdays that I really lived for. I learned a tremendous amount in that first month of Saturdays, and even though practices began with running laps, I thoroughly enjoyed them.

I wasn't a great wrestler at first, but I picked things up quickly. Coach Simmons told me that I'd make a fine wrestler if I practiced hard. At first, I think he was saying that because he really *did* need a wrestler in the 167-pound weight class. But after he saw that I was improving, and that I was serious about wrestling, he began to spend more time with me, teaching me more than just the basics.

There were no other wrestlers on our team who were in the 167-pound weight class, so I was a de facto member of the Varsity team. For our first meet, a tournament hosted by our school for five other schools in the area, I was excited and nervous and a little scared. Coach Simmons talked to me before my first match and tried to settle me down, but I was too high on adrenaline, and he knew it. He smiled at me reassuringly, straightened my headgear, and sent me into the ring for my first official match.

Scott and Bruce were both on the benches to the side of the mat, and I saw Shannon and Amy in the stands watching me. Both my mom and dad had come to the school gym to see me wrestle, and Erin was there as well. Even though she made a big show of not wanting to come, I think she was almost as excited as I was.

I was wrestling a junior from our rival high school. His name was Emmett Carstairs, and I'll never forget him. When the referee blew the whistle for us to begin, I didn't know what hit me. I literally spent the next two minutes—an eternity when you're in a wrestling ring, trust me—fighting for my very life. It seemed like I spent the entire round staring at the lights on the gym ceiling, straining and grunting and trying to escape from the eight-armed monster that seemed to be everywhere at once.

I'm sure the crowd was as noisy as it had been for any of the other matches I'd watched, but I heard three and only three things: the referee as he called out points for Emmett; Coach Simmons as he yelled encouragement and move suggestions; and Emmett, that arrogant prick, as he *told* me what he was going to do to me next, and then as he gloated when he did it. It was only because I recognized half the things he told me he was going to do to me that I survived as long as I did. When he told me he was going to do something, and I didn't recognize the move, I knew I was in trouble.

Midway through the second round, Emmett tired of toying with me. He locked me into a cradle—a nifty little hold where he tried to introduce my kneecap to my forehead—put his knee in the small of my back to hold me in place, and neatly rolled me onto my shoulders. A three-count later, the referee slapped the mat and blew his whistle.

In retrospect, I'm actually profoundly happy that Emmett finally pinned me. They don't record the points if the match is decided by a pin, and I didn't particularly want my first official match to be recorded as a 13–0 loss. Except for the initial take-down points, Emmett got all the rest of them from near-falls. Losing by thirteen points would've meant I really, *really* lost the match. I had that little gem in my memory, did I really need it in the official scorebooks as well?

The rest of the two-day tournament went okay for me. I went 2–1 after that first match with Emmett Carstairs. I won one match by a pin, one by points (7–2), and lost one by points (5–6). I discovered two very important things during our first meet. The first was that I needed to work on my strength training. Both Emmett and the other guy I'd lost to had muscled me around the mat. The second thing I learned was that I hated to lose. *Hated* it. H-A-T-E-D, hated it.

I had always been fairly competitive, but I hadn't realized how much of a competitive streak I really had. I'd played volleyball at camp, and been on the losing team. But that was losing as a team. I'd played games

of cards, or Monopoly, or any number of other games where I had lost, but most of those games involved some element of luck. I couldn't be lucky all the time, so I had accepted losing.

Wrestling was different. On the wrestling mat, there's very little luck involved. Nor is there a team to share the blame if you lose your match. Losing a wrestling match meant one and only one thing: I hadn't been good enough. I could accept that there were better wrestlers than me, and there were a *lot* of them. But I couldn't stand losing because of something that I could fix, like being strong enough, skilled enough, or well-conditioned.

When practice resumed on the following Monday, I went about things with a fierce determination. I stayed late and worked out in the weight room, and I even began running an extra lap or two around the gym. Saturday practices, I was almost always one of the last to leave, which meant that I kept Scott late as well, since I rode with him. He began to get a little peeved, and even tried to talk to me about it a few times. When I blew him off, I ended up getting Mom to drive me to and from Saturday practice.

I thought I was doing well. I won my first two Varsity matches after the tournament meet. One was by a pin, and the other was a hard-fought match where I eventually won by points. I could tell that I was getting stronger as well, since Bruce kept adding a little weight with each strength training session. I was dead tired when I got home most nights. After dinner, I'd do my homework and then collapse. I wrote to Gina less, but she seemed to understand that wrestling was important to me.

I kept working out, and practicing, and eventually, things started to fall apart. At the time, I thought things were just fine, that I was doing well. When I got my semester report card, after the Christmas break, my parents were *not* pleased. I'd been working out and practicing so much that I'd let my schoolwork slide. I'd called Gina a couple of times, but I only took the time to write to her about once a week. I could tell she was getting a little upset about it (okay, maybe a lot upset), but if I wanted to be a good wrestler, I had to be serious about it. But it was my grades that put a match to the powder keg I'd turned my life into.

Coach Simmons called me into his office one day after practice. I'd been winning most of my matches, and I'd even had to start watching my diet to stay below the two-pound-over limit for my 167-pound weight class, so I knew I was putting on muscle. I couldn't imagine what he was going to tell me, but I never imagined it'd be bad.

"Sit down, son," he said, as soon as I'd shut the door. When I did, he looked at me seriously. "What in the *hell* do you think you're doing?!"

My mouth went dry and I was suddenly at a loss for words.

"Son, I just got a look at your grades for the last six-weeks, and they are the sorriest things I think I've seen in a long time." He picked up a copy of my grades and brandished them in my direction. "One B minus, two Cs, one C minus, and two Ds. What in the *hell* is this about?"

"Um… sir?"

"Don't 'um, sir' me, Hughes! The six-weeks before this, you had," he looked at my grades, "an A, three Bs, a B minus, and a C plus! Son, you're no good to me if you don't meet your academic requirements. Do you have an explanation for this?" Once again, he brandished the grades like a weapon.

"Coach… I've been practicing a lot, and working out. And I've been winning my matches…" It was feeble, but it was the best I had. I thought it would be enough.

"You've been winning your matches?!" He imitated me nearly perfectly. "Son, don't get me wrong, I like that you're winning, but I don't give shit number one about your record if you flunk off the team."

"Sir?"

"Hughes, have I ever told you to practice more and not pay attention to school?"

"No, sir."

"Haven't I always told you that school's more important than wrestling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you listening when I told you that?!"

"Um… yes, sir?"

"Well it doesn't look like it!" He leaned over the desk and almost hit me in the face with my grades. A large vein on his forehead looked like it would burst at any minute. At my terrified look, he calmed down,

somewhat. "Jesus Christ and a handbag, son. You've got to have balance."

"Balance, sir?"

"Balance, son. Like a hip toss."

He looked at me, but I only stared back blankly, completely confused.

"You know you can't lift the other guy, but you can get him in the air and take him down. You balance him on the point of your hip and you use leverage, son. You know. A hip toss."

Finally, I understood, sort of. I swallowed hard and nodded, not trusting myself to speak.

"Life is like that, son. You've got to have balance, or you'll never get the guy on the mat. You understand me?"

"I think so, Coach," I said, swallowing hard and wishing I had some moisture in my mouth.

"You think so?! Listen here. What's your father do?"

"He's an airline pilot."

"And your friend Scott Anderson, if he's still your friend, that is. What's his father do?"

"He's a pilot too, sir."

"And that girlfriend of yours, what's her father do?"

"He's a television producer," I answered automatically, thinking of Gina. And then I realized that Coach wasn't talking about Gina. "Oh, you mean Amy?"

"Yeah, cute little slip of a blonde thing. What's her daddy do?" he asked gruffly.

"He owns his own construction company."

"Are any of 'em professional wrestlers?"

"Coach?" I was a little confused, to say the least.

"Are any of your friends' fathers professional wrestlers?"

"No, sir."

"I didn't think so! Hell, son, even *I'm* not a professional wrestler. I'm a history teacher. The only reason I'm your coach is that I went to Nebraska on a wrestling scholarship. But I got my degree in history." He started pacing behind his desk, and then fixed me with a steely glare. "My point, Mr. Hughes, in case you missed it…"

Indeed I had.

"My point is that wrestling is a good sport; it'll teach you a lot of the things you'll need to be successful in life, but you need an education if you wanna be something someday. And haven't I always made that clear to you boys?" He glared at me as if daring me to deny the truth.

I nodded quickly.

"Then get your shit together, son. I won't tell you how to run your life, that's your business. But I will tell you the results I expect you to achieve if you want to remain a member of this team," he growled.

At the thought of being kicked off the team, I nearly stopped breathing.

"I expect you to get your grades back to where they used to be. Better, in fact. I expect you to practice as much as anyone else on this team, no more, no less. I expect you to have a little balance, son. Are you willing to meet my expectations?"

I swallowed hard and stared at him wide-eyed. Finally, I nodded.

"Son, I'm proud of you and how much you've improved on the mat. I couldn't ask for a better wrestler. But now you need to make me proud of you as a man. I know you can do it. Now go hit the showers."

I walked out of Coach Simmons office visibly shaken. When I shut the door behind me, I looked up and saw the last person I'd expected to see. Scott.

"You get your head handed to you?" he asked.

"How'd you know?"

"I had the same talk with him last year. Well, I expect it was the same. I didn't get my head as far up my ass as you did, but I was pretty intense."

"Yeah?" I couldn't imagine Scott intense about anything. He was one of the most laid-back guys I knew.

"Yeah," he said with assurance. "But having Coach hand you your head on a platter has one extra benefit."

"It does?" I couldn't imagine what it could be.

"Yep," he said, grinning. "It got it out of your ass."

He laughed all the way to the showers. I didn't think it was particularly funny, but at least Scott was talking to me again. The rest of the team had already showered and left, so Scott and I pretty much had the place to ourselves while we cleaned up from a hard practice. He gave me a ride home and that was that. I never realized what a good friend Scott was until that moment. I was still incredibly shaken by my conversation with Coach Simmons, but at least I still had Scott.

Gina was another matter entirely. I had really screwed things up with her. I hadn't written her in two weeks, and the last time she had called, I'd been doing pushups in my room and hadn't talked to her. Mom knew what was going on, but I guess she had decided that I'd have to learn things the hard way. In a way, I guess that kind of helped me. If she'd simply told me what I was doing wrong, I wouldn't have listened. Having Gina pissed at me, having my grades take a nosedive, and then having Coach Simmons put things into perspective really drove the point home.

Unfortunately, my parents were still extremely upset, and while I wasn't really grounded, per se, I was under very close scrutiny. I had a lot of things I had to change in my life, but I really had no idea where to begin. For the first time in many months, I missed Susan. She always seemed to know what to do. This time, however, I'd have to figure things out on my own.

The one bright spot in my whole life was Amy. She had been to all of my wrestling matches, and had still talked to me, even when I blew her off. Once Scott had started talking to me again, the possibility of double dates returned. Unfortunately, my parents wouldn't let me out of the house after dinner, even on weekends.

I kept up with wrestling practice and my workouts, but I didn't do all the extra things I'd been doing before. I still stayed for the extra Saturday practices, but that was it. I started paying attention to my classes and homework again, and slowly saw my grades begin to make a comeback. I'd had good grades the first two six-weeks of the fall semester, and I thought I could pull things out if I got good grades all three six-weeks of the spring semester.

I won most of my wrestling matches, too. The only losses were to the State runner-up in my weight class and a blind wrestler from the Georgia School for the Deaf and Blind. (Don't laugh, the blind guy was one of the best wrestlers I've ever gone up against; he knew where I was going before *I* did, it seemed, because he could *feel* it.)

Wrestling season ended and our school had a winning record. My personal record was 11–4, and I was pretty happy with it. I would try harder the following year, but I would also keep things balanced. I had put on quite a bit of weight, but I wasn't much worried about it, since I needed it to stay in my weight bracket. Once I stopped working out six days a week, and shifted to an off-season three times a week, I stopped eating as much. I'd also grown an inch and half since my last birthday, and I was now a touch taller than 5'9". In retrospect, I realize that my body was taking care of itself nicely. I was still worried about being too pudgy, but with the routine of school, I guess I forgot to worry about it sometimes.

When I got my report card for the first six-weeks of the spring semester, my grades were considerably better. I was back up to an A, two Bs, a B minus, and two Cs. Not great, but an improvement. Mom and Dad talked to me, to make sure that the improvement wasn't a temporary thing, and let up on some of their restrictions. I guess I should have been happy, but I wasn't.

I even started writing to Gina again, but things had cooled between us, and I didn't know how to fix them. We still wrote to each other about once a week, but the letters were shorter, and there seemed to be less of a connection. Once again, I found myself wishing that I could talk to Susan about it. I couldn't, though, and I felt lost and confused. I couldn't even talk to Amy about it, but she could see that I was depressed.

In addition, I was a little down about Mom. Despite our night at Susan's house, and then afterward on our cabin porch, she never gave me any indication that there would be a repeat. I'd been so wrapped up in wrestling and working out (and letting my grades slip), that I hadn't thought about it much. But as I got some focus, and some balance, I started thinking about her. I guess it was a combination of things that kept anything from happening, but Mom and I never even talked about sex, between us or anyone else.

So I was a little depressed about Gina, and a little confused about Mom. Scott noticed that I wasn't in the greatest spirits, and started "planning a surprise" for me. I had no idea what he was up to, but Shannon and Amy were clearly in on it.

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Scott's parents were going out of town the weekend before Easter and he got permission to let me stay at his house, until they returned. He was an only child, so both our parents thought it would be better if someone were at the house with him. Both of us were pretty responsible, and our mothers got together and agreed that we could watch out for ourselves for the weekend, as long as we let my parents know what we were doing, and checked in on a regular basis. I guess Mom and Dad were also letting me have a little more freedom, because of all the improvements I'd made in my grades.

Whatever the reason was, I figured Scott and I could do pretty much what we wanted for the whole weekend: sit around and watch TV, listen to records as loud as we wanted to, eat whatever we wanted to, and stuff like that. The one rule his parents were firm about was that we could have no one over to the house. If we wanted to see our friends, we'd have to do it somewhere else. That was just fine by me.

What I didn't realize was that Scott was planning a bit more than he let on. His parents left on Friday morning and we arrived home to his empty house shortly after school. Scott's family had a covered porch behind their house, complete with a Jacuzzi whirlpool, and when we got home, he turned on the heater and gave me a conspiratorial wink. He wouldn't tell me what was up, however. All he would tell me was, "wait and see."

It was getting toward dinnertime, so Scott and I headed to our favorite pizzeria to pick up something to eat. When he ordered two pizzas, I looked at him questioningly. He grinned and winked at me again. After we got our pizzas, I figured we'd head home and stuff ourselves, but instead, we detoured to the park near his house. We parked the car and waited. While we were waiting, I wanted to have a slice of pizza (the aroma filled the car, and I was really starting to get hungry), but Scott wouldn't let me, nor would he tell me what we were waiting for.

When the door behind me opened, I turned around in surprise, ready to fend off a psycho-killer. Instead of the proverbial deranged madman, I was greeted by the smiling face of Shannon. Amy quickly climbed in behind her. With growing comprehension, I noticed that they both had small overnight bags. The girls ducked out of sight without a word, and Scott started the car. We drove back to his house in silence. I'd begun to figure out what was going on, but Scott resolutely refused to respond to any of my pointed looks. Finally, we got to Scott's house and I couldn't contain myself any longer.

"Okay, will someone *please* explain what's going on here," I demanded as we walked inside.

Shannon hugged Scott's arm (the one not carrying the pizzas) and looked at me with artful innocence. "You needed a break, and a little cheering up, so we figured a party was in order."

"So we're gonna have a bunch of people here tonight?" I asked.

"Nope," said Shannon. "Just a little party. Just the four of us."

Amy blushed.

"Just the four of us?" I swallowed hard and Amy blushed deeper still.

Scott and Shannon nodded simultaneously, and we all headed into the house. Before we did anything, I shushed everyone and called my parents. I told them that Scott and I had gotten pizza for dinner, and we were going to hang out and maybe watch some TV or listen to records. After I had dutifully told them what Scott and I were up to for the night (mostly the truth), we set about getting ready to eat. Shannon got plates and napkins while Scott put an Abba album on the turntable. Amy fixed the drinks, and we were soon sitting around the two pizzas, drinking Cokes and listening to the music.

"How are you two getting away with this?" I asked the girls, around a mouthful of pizza.

"Simple," Shannon said with a grin. "We're supposed to be at Becky Leonardi's house for a sleepover. Her mom never really pays attention when Becky has a bunch of us over, so we told her we wanted her to cover for us. Our folks," she nodded to Amy, "think we're gonna be at Becky's until tomorrow afternoon."

I swallowed hard. "What're you gonna do until then?" I asked. I already knew the answer to that one,

but I didn't dare believe it.

"We'll think of something," Shannon said slyly. Amy blushed again, and I felt my face and ears heating up as well.

When Scott got up to flip the record, he detoured through his parent's wet bar on the way back. He produced a bottle of Bacardi rum when he sat down, and Shannon grinned. Amy and I both shifted nervously, but neither of us wanted to seem un-cool.

"A little lubrication," Scott said as he began to add rum to our Cokes.

Scott and Shannon drank theirs, and Amy and I followed suit. In short order, we were feeling pretty mellow.

"Listen, y'all. This is cool," I said, tinkling the ice in my Rum & Coke for emphasis. "But nothing else, right? No weed, okay?"

"No way, man," Scott said quickly. "What d'you think we are, stoners?"

I shook my head. "I'm just making sure. I mean, I'm cool with people smoking it, but I don't want any myself."

We all knew a lot of kids at school who smoked pot, but it was always something I'd stayed away from. I don't know why, I guess I just didn't want to end up like a lot of the stoners I knew. Evidently, neither did Scott, Shannon, or Amy.

"Hey, babe," Scott said to Shannon a little while later. "Did you two bring your suits?"

She nodded, and then she and Amy shared a covert glance.

I quickly realized that Scott was talking about bathing suits. "I don't have a suit."

"No problem, man. You can wear one of mine. I think your waist is the same size as mine, it's just your chest and shoulders that are bigger," he said as he stood up.

That seemed to be an unspoken signal, and we all stood. The girls picked up their overnight bags and headed for the hall bathroom. Scott and I headed to his room. He rummaged in one of his bottom drawers and pulled out two pairs of swim trunks. He threw one to me and started taking off his shoes. We had seen each other naked in the showers many times, and my family was nudist, but it was still weird to see Scott simply taking off his clothes outside of a locker room. I shrugged off the feeling and quickly stripped off my clothes.

Clad only in our bathing suits, Scott and I opened the door to the hall. Just as we did, Shannon and Amy emerged from the bathroom. Shannon was wearing a two-piece bikini with yellow and pink flowers. She looked really good, but it was Amy who nearly blew me away.

She had on a fairly conservative two-piece suit made of bright yellow fabric, but it couldn't hide her round breasts and firm, compact figure. The way she normally dressed, I hadn't realized that her breasts were as big as they were. They weren't very large, by any means, but she was far from flat chested. On her small body, her breasts were nearly perfect. I guess I was staring, probably open-mouthed, because Shannon giggled and looked at Amy.

"See," Shannon said. "I told ya he'd like it."

Amy's blush spread to her chest and I finally shut my mouth. Scott pulled four towels from the hall closet and we headed back through the living room. Scott picked up the bottle of Bacardi and Shannon grabbed the remainder of our six-pack. We each picked up our glasses, refilled them with ice from the kitchen, and then headed to the back porch. It was starting to get cold, and I was glad that Scott had turned the Jacuzzi on, earlier in the day; it would be nice and warm when we slipped into it.

The water was indeed warm, and I soon had Amy snuggled up next to me, her chin nearly at a level with the bubbling water. Shannon held our glasses while Scott added rum and Coke to each one. When we each had a full drink, he leaned back against the edge of the hot tub and put his arm around Shannon. She giggled again and snuggled closer to him. It wasn't long before our drinks were mostly finished and we were all feeling no pain.

A little while later, Shannon gave Amy a pointed look and arched her eyebrow. Amy stiffened slightly, and then nodded. I watched the whole exchange with a detached curiosity, until Shannon leaned forward.

"I want to get more comfortable. How about you, Amy?"

As I soaked in the warmth of the tub and enjoyed the bubbles, I wondered how in the world she could want to be *more* comfortable. If I'd been less buzzed, I probably would have noticed that Shannon's statement sounded a little rehearsed. As it was, I didn't notice a thing. Amy sat forward immediately and nodded, as if on cue.

"Do you guys mind if we get a little more comfortable?" Shannon asked.

Scott smiled, winked at me, and shook his head. "Go ahead, girls. Get comfortable."

Was I the only one who didn't know what was going on? It certainly seemed that way.

When Shannon reached around behind her back and her bikini top floated free, my eyes must have bugged out. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Amy's conservative top drift into the center of the Jacuzzi. When I looked at her, still wide-eyed, she blushed and smiled shyly. The girls each retrieved the floating tops and flung them onto the deck. They landed with wet plops. When Amy snuggled up against me, I felt a very pointed nipple pressing against my side.

I turned to Amy and she closed her eyes and tilted her head back expectantly. I knew what I *wanted* to do, and I knew what I *should* do. But when I looked at her angelic face with its cute-as-a-button nose and pale pink lips, parted in anticipation, what I should do went right out the window. I leaned down and kissed her, my tongue parting her lips and tentatively exploring. My penis went from semi-erect to fully erect in less than a second.

Amy pressed herself against me and hesitantly ran her hand up my hairless chest. I pulled her to me and put my hand on the small of her back to hold her in place. When we finally broke the kiss, I opened my eyes and looked down at her beautiful face. She blinked and stared at me dreamily for a moment, before slowly focusing on me. When she did, I was rewarded with one of her heart-breaking smiles.

I was suddenly conscious that we weren't alone, and looked at Scott and Shannon. Scott was smiling munificently and Shannon looked like the cat that ate the canary.

"Don't mind us," Shannon said, as she straddled Scott's legs. She winked at Amy and then held Scott's face in both hands as she began to kiss him soundly.

I turned back to Amy and looked at her questioningly. She watched Scott and Shannon for a moment and then swallowed hard. When she looked back at me, she smiled shyly and blushed, casting her eyes down and away. I lifted her chin with my finger and kissed her again, gently. When she didn't pull away, I put my hands on her sides and easily lifted her to straddle my hips.

She came willingly, and was soon kissing me with increasing passion. I ran my hands over her back as we hungrily explored each other's mouths. Soon, my hands were resting comfortably on her hips, right above her ass. She wiggled her hips against me and my fingertips brushed across the waistband of her bikini bottoms. Without thinking, I pressed my fingers under the elastic and slid my hands over her taut buttocks. She flinched, but didn't pull away, so I let them stay there and started gently kneading her firm flesh.

When she finally pulled her lips away from me, she was panting slightly and smiling. I looked over her shoulder to see Scott and Shannon still kissing. Shannon humped against Scott, her body sending ripples through the bubbling water. Amy turned to look as well. As we watched, Shannon lifted out of the water to let Scott suck on her nipples.

Amy turned to look at me with wide eyes, eyes so blue that I wanted to dive into them. She licked her lips nervously and seemed to come to a decision.

"We could do that too," she said in a small voice. "If you want to."

"I want to," I said quietly.

I felt her body trembling as I pulled my hands from inside her bikini bottoms. She was shaking like a leaf, despite the heat of the Jacuzzi, when I put my hands on her hips and lifted her partially out of the water. I came face to face with her bare breasts for the first time, and held my breath, completely enraptured. They were incredible, firm and smooth and about the size of half an orange. Each was topped with a rock-hard pink nipple. On her small frame, they looked perfect.

When my brain ran out of oxygen, I gasped. Amy looked at me with panic-filled eyes and started to pull away.

"They're beautiful," I said, trying to soothe her.

She stopped moving completely. When I looked up at her face, she was a little calmer, but not much. I couldn't think of a thing to say, so I did the only thing I knew would take her mind off her anxiety: I captured one hard pink nipple with my lips and sucked gently. Amy whimpered and clutched at my head.

I ran my tongue over her puckered areola and then flicked the tip against her nipple itself. With my lips clamped firmly over her, I could feel all the little bumps of her aroused nipple, and I ran my tongue over them, teasing her. She whimpered again and I switched to her other breast.

I was busily lavishing attention on her sensitive nipples when we were startled by a plop from Scott and Shannon's direction. I pulled back and both of us turned to look. Scott had worked Shannon's bikini bottoms off, and had tossed them next to her top. Amy turned to look at me, eyes wide. She swallowed hard and turned back to Scott and Shannon.

Shannon looked over at us and made eye contact with Amy. Once again, Amy nodded almost imperceptibly when Shannon arched an eyebrow at her, and I began to realize that the girls might have planned more of this than I'd thought.

"Y'all are over-dressed," Shannon said almost casually.

She slid from Scott's lap and stood in the center of the Jacuzzi. I got my first good look at her breasts when she did. They were average-sized, firm (I haven't seen many fifteen-year-old girls who didn't have firm breasts), and capped by large areolas. She looked expectantly at Scott, who shrugged and began to shimmy out of his bathing suit. With a louder plop, it soon joined Shannon's discarded bikini.

Amy turned to look at me and licked her lips in anticipation. "We could do that too. If you want to."

I smiled at her and nodded.

When she reached for her bikini bottoms, I put my hands on hers. "Let me," I said.

She looked uncertain for a moment, like she wanted to turn and ask Shannon what to do, but she eventually nodded apprehensively. She trembled when my hands moved over her hips and into the waistband of her bottoms. I slid them over her ass and then down her legs. She had to slip off my lap before I could get them completely off, but in a moment, she was nude before me. I couldn't see much, except her breasts, but the mere thought of her nudity made my already hard cock swell further.

Amy looked at me with a mixture of anticipation and fear as I stood up and untied the drawstring on my own bathing suit. The water only came to my waist, so when I lowered the shorts over my straining erection, it sprang up and out of the water, splashing her. She giggled at first, but then her eyes dropped to my penis and she put her hand to her mouth to stifle a gasp. I grinned to myself and sat back in the water, pulling her with me.

When Amy settled on my lap, my hard-on brushed against her pussy and she drew back. I pulled her down and kissed her, hard, which seemed to take her mind off my cock rubbing her pussy. She responded eagerly as I gently probed her mouth with my tongue.

In the back of my mind, I knew what I was doing was wrong, that I was betraying Gina, but I didn't care. It had been so long since I'd kissed a girl, or held one in my arms, and all I could think about was how good it felt. I didn't *want* to think of Gina; all I wanted was Amy, here and now, naked and aroused and willing.

We kissed for a while, and I luxuriated in the feeling of the bubbles around us and Amy's tight little body pressed against me. Once again, however, we were interrupted by a sound from the other side of the hot tub. We both looked over to see that Scott had lifted himself out of the tub and was sitting on the edge. Shannon had moved between his legs and her head was slowly bobbing up and down in his lap.

Amy looked back at me, swallowed hard, and licked her lips. "We could do that too," she said, her voice almost a whisper. "If you want to."

I lifted her chin and held her eyes. "Do *you* want to?" I asked.

She averted her eyes at first, and then I felt her trembling. When she looked back at me, she nodded, her expression scared and lustful at once.

"Are you sure?"

I felt two hands, two feminine hands, grip my cock and squeeze. It was the first time she'd consciously touched my manhood, and the feeling was electric. When she nodded again, there was no longer any doubt.

I kissed her tenderly and her hands fluttered against my erection. They never lost contact with me as I lifted myself onto the edge of the Jacuzzi. Amy stared at my erection with wide, wondering eyes, and I almost came from her expression alone. Her hand barely fit around my girth, but she stroked my member tenderly and with growing confidence.

"It's so hard," she whispered. "And so soft."

I tried to think of something witty to say, but alcohol numbed my mind. It was probably for the best, because Amy lowered her lips and tentatively kissed the crown of my dick. It jerked at the contact and she giggled, looking up at me with big, round eyes.

"I think he likes you," I said.

She smiled from ear to ear and nodded.

When she wrapped her lips around the tip and sucked gently, I almost went out of my mind. It was the first time I'd had a pair of lips on my cock since August, and it felt *won-der-ful*. I groaned and Amy opened her lips wider, so she could engulf the entire head. I hissed in pleasure when she did. She looked up at me and tried to smile. I stroked her cheek with my finger and she returned her attention to my manhood.

When she started sucking, I groaned and tried to keep from coming too soon, using every trick I'd learned with Susan, the summer before. Although Amy's teeth scraped me several times, it didn't really slow things down. It had simply been too long since I'd had my cock in a girl's mouth, and I was entirely too worked up to last more than a few minutes. I vaguely heard Scott groan as he shot his load in Shannon's mouth, and I wasn't far behind.

"Amy, I'm gonna come," I said.

When she continued sucking, I stroked her cheek again and repeated myself. She looked up at me, her expression full of determination and desire, mingled with a little doubt. I smiled at her and nodded.

"You're doing great, kitten," I said, trying to sound as reassuring as possible.

Evidently, it worked. She turned her attention back to my hard-on and redoubled her efforts. When she ran her tongue over the bottom of my glans, I finally lost it. It was the first orgasm I'd had in more than seven months that I hadn't personally been responsible for, and I was lost in a haze of pleasure.

The first spurt caught her by surprise, and she squeaked when it hit the back of her throat. She kept moving her hands along my shaft, however, and I kept coming over her tongue, groaning into the night. When my orgasm subsided, she pulled back and coughed a few times. She looked up at me with an expression of uncertainty, her lips deliciously red and shiny.

I quickly slipped into the water and drew her into my arms. When I went to kiss her, she turned her head at the last moment. I pulled back and looked at her.

"What's the matter, kitten?" I asked.

"I've… I've still got some of… your stuff… in my mouth."

"If it's good enough for you to swallow, kitten, it's good enough for me to taste a little."

With that, I kissed her. She resisted at first, but then gave in and kissed me in return. When we finally separated, we were greeted by muted applause from Scott and Shannon.

"That was *so* hot," Shannon said.

Scott just grinned at me and waggled his eyebrows. Amy and I both blushed. Then Scott stood up, unashamed of his nudity. His dick was still semi-erect, and I absently noted that it was about as long as mine, but thinner. Amy noticed too, and I felt her hands reaching for my erection, under the cover of the bubbling water. She captured it and seemed to size things up in her head, grinning shyly at me as she did. I grinned in return and her blush deepened.

"Listen, you crazy kids," Scott said. "Shannon and I are gonna go take a shower and then go to bed. You guys can take the guest bedroom. Okay?"

I'd been planning on sleeping in the guest bedroom anyway, but when I'd woken up that morning, I'd had no idea that I'd possibly have company.

Amy blushed and averted her eyes. "If you want me to… I mean… I could… you know." she said timidly.

"I want you with me, kitten," I said softly. "Would you like that?"

She rewarded me with one of her smiles, and my world lit up.

"We could do… other things… too," she said, casting her eyes downward. "If you want to."

My cock swelled in her hands and she looked up at me suddenly. I pulled her close and whispered in her ear. "I want to."

Scott and Shannon were grinning insufferably when we returned our attention to them. Shannon had a towel wrapped around her chest and Scott was wrapping his around his waist. I stood up and pulled Amy with me. We stepped out of the hot tub and Amy looked a little self-conscious at having Scott see her naked. I picked up a towel and wrapped her in it, pulling her to my chest as I did.

Scott turned off the hot tub and with a wave, he and Shannon headed into the house. I could almost wrap the towel around Amy twice, and she grinned at me as I tucked the loose end between her beautiful breasts. I picked up my own towel, my erection bouncing as I stood, and slung it around my neck. When I stepped close to her, Amy's eyes were glued to my semi-hard penis.

"Let's go shower, kitten," I said gently.

She licked her lips and nodded.

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We took a shower together, but Amy seemed disappointed at its brevity. I explained that with two showers going, we were bound to run out of hot water pretty quickly. Anyway, our fingertips were wrinkled from being in the hot tub so long, so neither of us was really all that enthusiastic about taking a long shower. I guess she thought I might be rushing things because I didn't want to shower with her. On the contrary, I didn't want to take a *cold* shower with her, and that's what we would have had, if we'd tarried.

We dried off, grinning at each other and enjoying looking at one another in the light. When we were mostly dry, she wrapped her towel around her chest, and I gave her my towel to wrap around her hair. She picked up her overnight bag, which she and Shannon had left in the bathroom when they'd changed into their bikinis, and we opened the door.

I picked up Shannon's bag and followed Amy out of the bathroom. Amy turned left, toward the guest bedroom, and I turned right, headed for Scott's room. I met him coming out of his parents' room, at the end of the hall. He had a towel wrapped around him, and grinned at me as I approached, still nude.

"Feeling better?" he asked, sounding insufferably smug.

"Yeah. Thanks. I really needed to relax."

"And get laid," he said with a wink.

"Well, I dunno if…"

"Yeah," he said, cutting me off. "Ya do."

We shared a knowing grin and I held out Shannon's bag. He took it and pressed something into my palm. When I pulled my hand back and looked at what he'd given me, I saw two foil-wrapped rubbers.

"Sorry it's only two, man," he said quietly. "I only had five left."

"So you get three and I get two?"

He grinned at me. "Beggars can't be choosers."

I nodded and thanked him quietly.

"See you in the morning, man," he said.

"Yeah. G'night."

When I turned back to the guest bedroom, Amy was waiting for me at the door.

"What was that about?" she asked softly.

"You'll see," I said.

I could already feel my erection growing.

CHAPTER TWO

I closed the door behind us and Amy looked at me expectantly. I didn't show her the rubbers that Scott had given me, mostly because I really didn't want her to think that I was putting pressure on her. I was pretty sure that she wanted to have sex with me, but I definitely remembered the lesson Susan had taught me, in the wake of the Stacy blow-up, about not taking people for granted, or treating them like objects.

Amy seemed nervous and unsure of what to do next, so I stepped close to her, dipped my fingers under the top edge of the towel, and pulled her toward me. She came willingly and grinned when my growing member pressed against her stomach.

I kissed her lightly and reached down to take her overnight bag from her suddenly slack fingers. I set it on the dresser and neatly hid my palmed rubbers behind a small lamp. When I turned back to her, she smiled shyly at me. I kissed her again, deeper this time, and pulled the wrap-around towel loose. She shivered when it dropped to the floor, and buried her face in my chest.

I began to worry that she might not be ready, until I felt her kissing the skin of my chest. At the soft touch, my cock stiffened completely and pressed against her abdomen. She giggled softly and continued trailing sweet kisses around my nipples.

I hugged her to me and could feel her trembling nervously, so I ran my hand down her back and tried to soothe her. I could tell that she was still apprehensive, however, so I decided to slow down a little.

"Amy?" I asked softly.

She looked up at me timidly.

"Did you bring a hair brush? Or a comb?"

She was clearly perplexed, but nodded.

"Get it for me."

While she dug in her overnight bag, I turned on two of the smaller lamps and turned off the harsh overhead light. She turned to me, holding both a brush and a large-toothed comb, and I walked toward her. I took them from her on the way by, and then crawled into the center of the bed.

"C'mere," I said gently, patting the spot between my spread legs. I was still very erect, and she stared at my hard-on with a mixture of apprehension and desire. "I'll comb out your hair for you."

She relaxed at that, and hesitantly crawled onto the bed. In motion, her lissome body was delicious to watch, and in reality, I couldn't wait to feel her moving against me as I thrust into her. It was clear, however, that she needed to take things a little slower. I guess the alcohol from earlier was wearing off a little, and once we weren't being spurred on by watching Scott and Shannon, she started to get nervous.

When she reached me, I turned her around and sat her between my legs, facing away from me. I pulled my erection out of the way, and when she settled, I let it press against the small of her back. She flinched at the touch, but seemed to relax when I did nothing else. I pulled the towel from her hair and set it beside me.

"Just use the comb," she said. "The brush is for when it's dry."

"Okay."

With even, gentle strokes, I started combing out her hair. It started out warm, from the heat of her head, but as I started to comb it, it quickly turned cold, chilling my fingers. Even damp, though, it was beautiful. I could tell that she took good care of it. Soon enough, she relaxed a little and closed her eyes to enjoy the sensations.

I'd watched my sister Erin comb her hair enough to know that I should start at the bottom and work my way up. So I began at the end of Amy's hair, gently combing out the few snags and snarls. I took my time, working my way up her golden tresses, feeling her relax with each stroke. Her hair slowly dried as I tended it, and by the time I was done, it was still slightly damp, but shiny and tangle-free. Amy was thoroughly relaxed as well, and had even scooted back a little, so my dick pressed against her a little harder.

I set the comb down and ran my hands up her arms, feeling goose bumps form under my touch. She shivered a little when I gathered her hair and draped it over her left shoulder. When I bent down and kissed

the base of her neck, she sighed and leaned against me. As I kissed up the soft skin of her neck, warming it with my breath, I ran my hands up and down her arms lightly. She responded eagerly, and I could hear her breathing becoming a little more rapid.

I reached around with my left hand, and she tensed up for a moment, but then relaxed when I put my fingers on her chin. Without removing my lips from her neck, I tilted her head back and kissed along the line of her jaw. She gasped at the tenderness of my touch, and then moaned softly, deep in her throat.

I kissed down her throat and moved my hands around to the sides of her breasts. She didn't protest, so I ran my palms over them, teasing her nipples with soft caresses. She whimpered at the sensation, and I slowly closed my hands over her firm breasts. Her whimpers turned into low moans when I began rolling her nipples between my thumbs and forefingers.

"Oh, Paul," she breathed. "That feels so good."

"Mmm hmm. I know."

"You know just how to touch me. God, I never thought it would be like this."

"Good," I said, and kissed her lightly behind the ear.

I kept my left hand on her breast, teasing and gently pulling the nipple, while I let my right hand slowly slide down her flat stomach. My fingers encountered the sparse golden tuft of her pubic hair and she moaned, louder this time. I dipped one finger down and ran it along her slit. She gasped at the touch, but I found her already very wet.

Still kissing her neck and earlobe, I gently parted her labia and ran my finger over her inner lips, feeling her moisture and heat. When she didn't resist, I slid my finger into her to moisten it, and then pulled it up and over the hidden bud of her clit. She shuddered against me and arched her back.

"Are you going to… you know?" she asked, her voice nearly a whisper.

"Mmmmm, not yet, kitten. I want to taste you first."

She was silent for a moment, so I shifted to the side and began to lay her back on the bed. I lay next to her and kissed her lips, probing gently with my tongue. She twined her fingers through my hair and held me in place. All the while, I kept rubbing her pussy gently, moving my hand in small circles. She whimpered into my mouth as my fingers probed the base of her clit, and I smiled to myself.

I kissed down the length of her throat again, and over the top of her flushed chest. I sucked on first one, and then the other nipple. Amy kept her hands on my head, resting them there rather than guiding my motions. When I began to kiss down her taut belly, she tried to stop me.

"Paul?"

"I want to taste you," I said quietly.

"Down there?"

"Mmm hmm."

She gasped and quickly covered my hand, the one on her pussy, with her own. "You can't."

Her voice held no conviction, however, so I lifted my head and looked at her. Her eyes were wide with trepidation at the thought of me licking between her legs. I pulled my hand from her pussy and she seemed to relax. I kissed her gently and swung one leg between hers. She tensed, but offered only token resistance as I spread her legs with my own.

"Trust me," I said softly, as I broke our kiss.

I moved down her body, kissing and licking as I went, and soon settled between her legs. Her hand still cupped her sex protectively, but I gently removed it and was rewarded with my first close-up look at her pussy.

"You're beautiful," I said quietly.

And she was.

She had a small tuft of blonde hair on her mons, but her lips were nearly bare, covered with a downy fuzz so fine that it was almost invisible. Her outer labia were puffy with her arousal, and beginning to turn pink. Like everything else about her, her pussy was small, but beautifully shaped. Her inner lips just barely peeked out at me, and I could feel her squirming slightly as I looked at her in silence.

"Just relax," I said.

She twitched when I leaned forward and kissed her labia, but offered no resistance. I put my hands on her inner thighs and spread her legs a bit more, scooting forward as I did. She shuddered when I probed her lips with my tongue, but I could tell she was still very nervous.

"I love how you don't have much hair," I said softly.

Out of my peripheral vision, I saw her hand snaking down her tummy, as if to push me away. It hovered above her sex, but didn't venture further. I could almost feel the indecision and anxiety within her.

I leaned forward again and ran my tongue up the length of her moist slit. She shuddered, her anxiety fading quickly as it was replaced by growing lust. I nuzzled her pussy, the peach fuzz of her labia tickling my lips until I pressed harder. She gasped when I did, so I used my tongue to delve deeper.

Her clit wasn't hard yet, so I moved my mouth up and concentrated on it, moving the flesh of her hood over the still-hidden button. I felt the pearl of nerves harden under my attention, and her legs began to quiver with pent-up desire. Finally, I decided to stop teasing her, and flicked my tongue between her inner lips and then against the bump of her clit. She hissed and her entire body tensed. I smiled to myself and began licking her pussy in earnest.

I moved one hand over her labia and gently spread them with two fingers, revealing her delicate inner folds, just flushing with blood and beginning to swell with arousal. Her scent was clean and fresh; delicate, yet full of womanly promise. The aroma thickened as her arousal grew, and I urged it onward with gentle nudges of my lips and tongue.

Amy gasped again as I circled her clit with my lips and gently sucked the folds of the protective hood into my mouth. When I released my soft lip-lock, I licked between her inner and outer labia, causing her to shudder again. She began to gyrate her hips as I smoothly slid my index finger into her narrow channel. I felt for the opening of her pussy and probed it with my fingertip. She squeaked, and still smiling to myself, I licked along the length of her clitoral hood.

Her pussy was tight, but very hot, and already quite wet. I gradually shoved my finger inside her, marveling at the tightness. When I was up to the second knuckle, she hissed and tried to press her pussy up into my face. I locked my lips against her clit again and gently swirled my tongue around the sensitive button.

Once I had my finger all the way inside her, I left it there for a moment and concentrated on licking and sucking her inner labia. She went wild as I did, trying to hump her pussy against my probing, teasing lips. I began alternating licks and long sucks with flicking my tongue against her clit. I wanted to build her up slowly, so I concentrated on the folds and membranes surrounding her clit.

A short time later, she was bucking her hips against my face, her hands resting on top of my head, weakly trying to shove my face against her quivering pussy. When I began moving my finger back and forth, she locked her legs around my head and arched her back. I could feel her vaginal muscles beginning to contract around my finger, so I sped up the pace of my licking.

Her channel was slippery with her juices, and my finger slid easily in and out of her. She was still very, *very* tight, but I could feel her loosening as my finger gently thrust within her. Surprisingly, the more aroused she got, the quieter she got. When I had first started licking her beautiful blonde-fringed pussy, she had gasped and whimpered with each touch. As I began pressing against her and felt her arousal building toward orgasm, she made less and less noise.

I stopped thinking about how quiet Amy was when I sucked her clit hard and she clamped her legs around my ears, holding me in place. I knew she was close, I could feel the spasms in her pussy, and the gyrations in her hips had begun to seriously work my neck muscles.

I concentrated on the folds surrounding her clit, not stimulating it directly, and felt a rush of moisture around my finger. I realized that her clit had disappeared beneath its hood and I concentrated on bringing her off. Her orgasm began slowly, her muscles clenching against my finger as her belly rippled above me. The intensity of the spasms built steadily until she clamped her smooth thighs tight against my ears and arched her back.

My finger was gripped by a smooth, slippery vise when her climax crashed over her. She never made a sound as her hips slammed into my face. I don't even think she was breathing. Her pussy got hotter, wetter,

and tighter at the peak of her orgasm, and I smiled to myself. I guess I'd sort of been showing off for her, and I was pleased to be rewarded for my efforts.

When her orgasm finally subsided, I felt her start to breathe again. Actually, she was panting almost noiselessly. Her belly rippled with involuntary contractions as my finger dragged over the ridges of her inner walls. Her legs fell to the side limply and I gently pulled my finger from within her twitching pussy. I kissed her mons tenderly and warmed her with my breath.

She was still shuddering with aftershocks when I kissed my way up her body. Her small chest was heaving as her breathing slowly returned to normal, and she was flushed from the tips of her nipples all the way to the tops of her cheeks. Her eyes were closed, her eyelids a dusty rose color, and I kissed them both gently. They fluttered under my caresses, but did not open.

My erection probed against the inside of her thigh as I supported myself over her. Her skin was like satin, and my penis swelled at the touch. When she opened her eyes, it took her a moment to focus on my face. I grinned when she did, and she reached up to press her hand against my cheek, smiling at me in wonder.

"*Now* do you see why I like doing that?" I asked.

Her mouth worked, but no words came out, and I smiled affectionately at her. Finally, she closed her mouth and nodded, still breathing heavily through her nose.

"Make love to me," she said after a few moments. She said it so softly that if I hadn't seen her lips move, I might not have heard her.

I kissed her full on the lips. She recoiled at first, tasting her juices, but quickly lost herself in the moment as the kiss heated. I wished I'd had the foresight to stash the rubbers a little closer to the bed, and cursed myself silently. Next time, I'd remember.

"Just a minute, kitten," I said, kissing her again.

She licked her lips and nodded as I levered myself up and moved to the side of the bed. I retrieved both foil packets and set them on the nightstand. My erection bobbed before me as I turned off the light on the dresser and moved back to the bed, and Amy. Her eyes were riveted to my hard-on as I moved.

I palmed one of the rubber packets and crawled onto the bed next to her. She smiled at me as I traced my finger down her chest, between her breasts, toward her sex. When my fingers brushed through her light pubic bush, she closed her eyes tightly and gasped. I cupped her mons and pressed my middle finger against her slit. She was still very wet, and my finger easily slipped between the folds of her labia.

I stroked her for a moment or two, and then trailed my hand back up her trim belly. I cupped her breast and kissed her gently. As the kiss heated up, I began to roll her pointed nipple between my thumb and forefinger, causing her to moan into my mouth. When I pulled back slightly, she was smiling dreamily and her breathing had sped up.

I kissed her again, lightly, and she moaned. Then I lifted myself off her and she smiled at me as I opened the rubber as discreetly as I could. I'd never had much experience with the things, and it took me a moment to figure out how to put it on. I vaguely remembered the Sex Ed film from Health Class, and squeezed the tip as I rolled the sheath over my cock. When I finally had things all set, I put my hand on her hip and leaned in to kiss her again.

"Oh, Paul," she breathed when I pulled back. "I want you so bad."

"Mmmmm, and I want you."

I moved to kneel between her legs, spreading them with my own, and looked down at her. Golden hair fanned out around her head like a halo, she looked like an elfin angel. Her eyes were wide, and she trembled a little as she looked at me, but smiled shyly when I rubbed the encased head of my cock against her opening.

"Paul?"

"Yes?"

"Be gentle."

Be gentle? Was she…? Oh, no. I looked at her and our eyes locked, and I *knew*.

"It's my first time," she said softly. "I wanted you to be the one."

Part of me screamed that I couldn't do this, that I would forever be etched in her mind as The One. If I took her virginity, I would either hold a special place in her heart, or be the man who hurt her badly. Part of me was beyond caring. It was almost too much to bear, and my thoughts whirled at a thousand miles an hour. The two halves of my conscience warred back and forth: do it, don't do it, do it, don't do it.

"I want it to be you more than I've wanted anything in the whole wide world," she said, blue eyes large and earnest.

At her look, I knew what I had to do. She was so lovely, so innocent, and so angelic that I couldn't take that away from her.

"Please," she asked, her voice that of a supplicant.

When she smiled up at me, my resolve crumbled, and I nodded. She closed her eyes and ran her hands up my arms to my shoulders. I pressed against the opening of her pussy and felt a slight resistance. I looked down to make sure I was situated between her lips, and moved forward slowly.

She gasped as my glans began to spread her open. I moved my hips forward and my cock stopped moving, bending slightly under the pressure of my advance. I looked down between us and made sure, again, that I was positioned at her pussy opening. When I saw that I was, I pressed forward and felt my cock advance maybe an eighth of an inch.

Amy squeaked and I looked at her in concern. Her breathing was shallow and rapid, and her entire face and chest were flushed with desire and exertion. She opened her eyes, licked her lips, and looked at me with an apprehensive expression.

"Kitten, I…"

"Don't stop," she begged me. "Please."

She smiled wanly, and I eased forward again. When my erection still didn't move, I pressed a little harder. I didn't want to hurt her, but I wanted to be inside her. I didn't feel a thing, but Amy cried out softly, and my crown was suddenly inside her. I arrested my forward motion and looked at her. Her eyes were clamped shut, and two tears rolled down the sides of her face. Her eyelids fluttered and she looked at me with moist, scared eyes. Her lower lip was trembling, and I could tell she was in pain.

"Please," she breathed. "I'll get used to it."

She closed her eyes, and took several deep breaths through her nose.

"You're so big," she whispered.

I'd seen enough dicks to know that I wasn't anywhere near being big. She had no way of knowing that, though, and I *was* thick.

"Just give me a minute," she said softly. Although she was quite small, she was determined.

I held myself motionless until her breathing became a little more regular. When she opened her eyes, she looked at me with a mixture of trepidation and desire. She looked so small and scared. I bent down and kissed her tenderly.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to," I said quietly.

She shook her head forcefully. "I've waited all year for this," she said with determination. Then her eyes took on a steely glint. "Okay. I'm ready."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded firmly, and I pressed forward.

Amy clamped her eyes shut again and began to breathe deeply through her nose. She licked her lips nervously, and her hands clutched my shoulders. I pulled my hips back a little and her fingers loosened their hold on me. I pressed myself into her vise-like pussy, until the head and almost an inch of my cock were inside her. When her fingers fiercely gripped me again, I stopped and began to pull out.

Guided by her hands on my shoulders, I eased in and out of her. Her pussy was the tightest thing I'd ever been in, and even through the rubber, I could feel her walls gripping me snugly. It took us awhile, but eventually, I had my manhood buried deep inside her.

Unfortunately, sex with the rubber was much less intense than without it, even within the narrow confines of Amy's virgin pussy. It still felt good, but there was something missing, something very intense about my skin touching hers. Although we hadn't talked about it, I knew she wasn't on the pill, so the

rubber was our only option if we wanted to continue.

"God," she said finally, her breath coming in gasps. "It feels like you're filling my entire tummy."

"Do you want me to pull out?" I asked

"No!"

I smiled at her and she grinned sheepishly.

"Just give me a few minutes to get used to you. It feels so good when you're moving inside me," she said, almost whispering. "But you're *so* big."

"It's okay, kitten. Take your time."

I smiled reassuringly and simply luxuriated in the warmth and tightness of her pussy. She'd just closed her eyes when I reached down and ran my hand along her flank. Her eyes popped open again and she stared at me, wondering what I was doing. When my fingertips brushed past the flare of her hips, I lifted her thigh.

"Put your legs around me," I said.

She did, but winced as she settled her calves on my buttocks. The movement had shifted her pussy around my dick, and I could tell that she still wasn't used to my girth. I smiled as gently as I could and bent to kiss her. I settled onto my elbows and felt her hard nipples insistently poking into my chest.

I grinned at her and once again lowered my lips to hers. As our kiss heated up, Amy ran her hands up my neck and pulled my head down. We stayed like that for a long time, my penis blissfully trapped in the velvet grip of her pussy, and my tongue exploring her mouth. Finally, she pulled back, looking at me drunkenly, and licked her lips.

"I think I'm ready to try now," she said hesitantly.

I nodded and lifted myself back onto my arms. While we'd been kissing, I had felt the muscles of her pussy twitching as her excitement mounted further still. I could feel her wetness around the base of my member, and I hoped she was ready. I desperately wanted to feel my cock moving within her, sinking deep into her pussy, but I knew that I would hurt her if I went too fast.

I drew my hips back slowly, and Amy hissed in surprise. At my hesitant and concerned look, she swallowed hard and shook her head.

"It's okay," she said. "It's tight, but it feels so *very* good." She concentrated for a moment and then looked up at me with worried eyes. "Am I doing it good?"

"You're doing great, kitten," I said with a low groan as I pulled from within the confines of her pussy. She was so tight that I was amazed to see the rubber still covering my erection.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I began to thrust within her. She hissed in surprise as I gently slid back into her, but the determined look on her face told me to continue. Her virgin pussy clutched at me when I reached the end of my stroke. I started to pull out again and she closed her eyes, breathing deeply and biting her lip. I could tell that she was still getting used to me.

I guess I have an average-sized dick, but inside Amy, I felt like a giant. It was like I could feel every ridge on her pussy walls, gripping and rubbing my length as I slid into her. The feeling was very intense, but I wanted to make sure I wasn't hurting her.

After several minutes of slow thrusting, she opened her eyes again and looked at me with wide eyes.

"I can see why people like this," she said quietly. "Am I still doing it right?"

I bent down and kissed the tip of her nose, smiling as I pulled back. "You're doing great."

"I want to make you happy, Paul."

"You are. Very happy."

She rubbed her hands up and down my arms and then looked at me with the first signs of genuine pleasure I'd seen on her face since I'd gone down on her.

"Are you ready for me to go a little faster?" I asked.

She hesitated for a moment, and then nodded. I bent down to kiss her again, and she smiled at me. When I resumed thrusting, I picked up the pace a little. She closed her eyes, tightly at first, but as I moved within her, I could feel her loosen up a little bit, and she relaxed slightly.

I quickly settled into a steady rhythm and began thrusting into her in earnest. I wanted to come inside her, or inside the rubber, at least. As I moved against her, I could feel my orgasm building. The sight of her

small breasts bouncing slightly with each thrust finally pushed me over the edge. I buried myself deep in her pussy and felt the first surge of semen coursing up my shaft.

Amy squeaked as she felt my cock swell within her and begin to fill the rubber. I closed my eyes as my climax peaked, holding myself still within her tight pussy. When I finally opened them and looked down at her, she was smiling hesitantly, a questioning look on her face.

"Oh, kitten," I said, panting heavily from my exertions. "That was wonderful."

"You liked it?"

I swallowed hard and nodded. My mouth was dry from breathing through it, and I moved my tongue around as I inhaled through my nose. "Are you okay?" I asked, when I finally regained enough presence of mind to worry about her.

She nodded, and then winced a little when I moved my hips. She tried to hide it from me, but I noticed. She looked at me in surprise and fear as I pulled out of her tight confines.

"Let me go get rid of this thing," I said softly, indicating the rubber.

She nodded and I climbed from between her legs. As I did, I covertly looked at her pussy. I was surprised that I didn't see any blood. I went to the bathroom, and studied my rubber-encased member. There was only a smear of blood around the base of my shaft, and I'd have probably missed it if I hadn't been looking for it. I pulled the sheath off my slowly shrinking penis, tossed it into the toilet, and then flushed. I then cleaned myself off with a damp washcloth.

When I came back to the guest bedroom, Amy was curled on her side with her legs pulled up, in the fetal position. She looked so vulnerable that I wanted to wrap her in my arms and protect her from the world. I sat on the side of the bed and rested my hand on her hip. She looked up, her face thoughtful, and then smiled.

"Are you ready to crawl under the covers?" I asked.

"I'd like that," she said.

"Me too." I stood, and her eyes were drawn to my semi-erect penis.

"We don't have to go to sleep right away?" she asked, a sly expression creeping over her face. "I mean, we could…?"

"We could do anything you want, kitten."

I extended my hand down to her and pulled her to her feet. I turned the sheets back and let her climb into the bed. When I climbed in after her, she snuggled close to me and I wrapped my arm around her narrow shoulders. I reached up with my left hand and turned off the bedside light, plunging the room into darkness. Amy ran her hand over my chest and then sighed against me. She was quiet for a moment, but I could tell she was working up the courage to ask me something.

"I mean…," she said timidly. "You don't have to answer if you don't want to. But… I mean… I just want to make you happy, and…"

"What is it, kitten?"

"Am I… I mean… You don't have to answer, but…"

I waited silently, rubbing my hand up and down her back.

"Was I okay?" she asked. "I hope I did it right. I mean, I know I can't be like Gina, but… I want to make you happy."

I could hear the trepidation in her voice, and knew I had to answer carefully. I felt a stab of guilt when she mentioned Gina, but I knew I couldn't hesitate before responding.

"You were great, Amy," I said, deliberately using her name. "You did just fine."

"As good as Gina?" she asked hopefully.

I swallowed hard and decided to tell her the truth. "I don't know."

She was fearfully silent, and I realized I'd chosen my words poorly. I rolled onto my side and raised up on my elbow, placing my left palm on her stomach. I could feel her tense muscles and sense her anxiety.

"I've never had sex with Gina," I said honestly.

"You haven't?"

I shook my head, and then realized that she couldn't see me in the dark. "No, I haven't."

"I guess I always thought…," she said softly.

"Let's not talk about it right now, kitten. Okay?" I tried to keep my voice as gentle as I could, but a hard edge crept in, and I immediately regretted it.

I lowered my head until our lips met, and kissed her. My body was on autopilot, however. My mind, on the other hand, was awhirl with recriminations. Amy kissed me with growing passion, but all I could think about was Gina.

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A little while later, Amy started feeling the after-effects of the rum, and the exertion, and quickly fell asleep. Her breathing became regular, and I felt her relax against me. I lay awake for a long time. I was thinking about Gina, and Amy, and what I felt for each of them. I'd like to blame what had happened on the alcohol, but I know I would have done the same thing, whether I'd been drinking or not. I was too honest with myself to deny it.

I felt Amy stirring next to me and happily dragged my thoughts away from my predicament.

"Are you still awake?" she asked quietly.

"Mmm hmm."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm just happy," I half-lied.

I *was* happy. Happy to be with Amy, happy to have made her happy, happy to be her first, happy about any number of things I couldn't exactly put into words. I was so happy, I was miserable.

I frowned into the dark and tried to shake off my feelings, but I couldn't. Over the past hour, I'd realized that I really did feel something for Amy. I wanted to make her happy. I wanted to keep her safe. I wanted to know more about her. I wanted… I wanted a lot of things. What I *didn't* want was to love her. I liked her a lot, but she deserved a lot better than that, especially from me.

If I didn't love her, it would make my life that much easier, but it would hurt her. Probably pretty badly. She loved me. Don't ask me how I knew it, but I did. I'd seen the way she looked at me. At first, I'd ignored it, and then later, I'd simply refused to admit it. The time was coming when she would work up the courage to tell me she loved me. I knew it was coming, and soon. I dreaded it. I dreaded it because I didn't know how I'd answer her. Did I love her? I just didn't know.

My train of thought was broken as she sighed and snuggled closer still. Her small, soft hand rubbed my chest and then began to slowly slide lower. I knew where she was headed, but I suppose she had to work up the courage to actually do it. By the time her hand finally reached my groin, I was semi-erect in anticipation. She encountered the tip of my penis and flinched. Then she gathered her courage and reached out for me, wrapping her fingers around my slowly stiffening shaft.

"That feels good, kitten," I said, thoughts of Gina fading quickly.

"You're bigger than Scott."

"Yeah."

"I like that."

"Why?" I asked, genuinely curious. I couldn't imagine what difference it made to her how big Scott's dick was.

"I guess I just like having a boyfriend with a big… you know."

Boyfriend?! I started to panic, but quickly reined in my runaway emotions. I thought about it for a moment, and reluctantly had to admit that it made sense. From her perspective, I was definitely her boyfriend. Heck, pretty much everyone at school must have already thought she was. Coach Simmons certainly did, and if he did, others were bound to as well. I thought about it for a moment, and calmed down completely. What was wrong with Amy being my girlfriend? You already *have* a girlfriend, stupid! I thought, castigating myself.

Amy gently squeezed my erection, and I quickly returned my attention to the here and now. She had her hand wrapped around the upper portion of my shaft, just under the crown, and was gently stroking me.

"Do you want to do it again?" she asked tentatively.

With the arm that I had wrapped around her, I easily lifted her onto my chest. She cried out softly in surprise, but didn't resist. In the darkness, her lips found mine, and we kissed with rising ardor.

I fumbled on the nightstand for the remaining rubber, but I only ended up knocking the alarm clock onto the floor. Finally, reluctantly, I felt for the light and turned it on. Amy groaned and I clamped my eyes shut against glare. In reality, the light was actually only a soft glow, but to our night-adjusted eyes, it was harsh. I slipped my arm from beneath her and sat up to search for the rubber. When I didn't immediately see it, I leaned over and looked on the floor. Sure enough, it was right next to the alarm clock that I'd swept off the nightstand.

I quickly retrieved them both and sat back up. When I moved to turn off the light, I suddenly decided that I didn't want to fumble with the rubber in the dark. It was only the second time I'd used one, and I still wasn't all that sure I could get it on without seeing what I was doing. So I left the light on and tore open the package. Amy watched me silently, smiling shyly and stealing glances at my jutting erection. When I finally had the recalcitrant rubber rolled over my dick, I turned off the light, lay back, and reached for her.

I rolled onto my side and started kissing her. My hand brushed through her fine pubic hair and she arched her back. I ran one finger down the length of her slit and felt the moisture of her arousal. I rubbed back and forth, coating my finger with her juices, and then slowly felt for her opening. She whimpered in surprise when I slid my finger between her labia. I easily sank my finger to the second knuckle, and then pushed further, pressing against her hooded clit with the heel of my hand. She moaned into my mouth and started gyrating her hips.

"Ok, God, Paul" she gasped, breaking our kiss. "You make me feel so good."

I merely smiled to myself and lowered my head to capture a nipple with my lips. When I did, she held my head to her chest and moaned softly. I delighted in the soft, pliant flesh of her breast, feasting on her hard nipple. I nibbled it, I licked it, I pulled on it gently, causing her to moan and clutch my head tighter. I let go of my prize only long enough to suck her other nipple into my mouth and lavish attention on it as well.

My finger continued to move within her, and I could feel her wetness spreading to her outer lips. I pulled my slick digit from her fiery depths and ran the tip in a lazy circle around her budding clit. She gasped and bucked her hips against my hand, trying to force my finger into closer contact. I kept relentlessly circling her clit, never touching it, teasing her. Finally, she couldn't stand it anymore.

"I want to do it now," she said, breathing heavily with arousal.

"Do what?" I asked innocuously, still circling her clit with my finger.

"*It*," she hissed.

"Say it."

"Paul," she said, almost whining.

"Say it."

Instead of speaking, she reached for my arm and tried to pull me on top of her. I resisted her, but started moving my fingers closer to her clit, rubbing the hood across the swollen little pearl. Her body tensed, and then I stopped.

"Say it," I said. "What do you want?"

"I want to do it."

I dipped my forefinger back into her pussy to lubricate it, pulled it out, and then rubbed my middle finger along her slit, wetting it as well. Then I ran either finger along the sides of her clit, teasing her. "Do what? Tell me what you want."

"I want you to stick your thing in me," she said plaintively.

"Stick my what in you? My finger?" I teased her again with my forefinger, separating her labia and thrusting it inside her.

"Paul," she whined. "Stick your thing in."

"Say it." I stopped moving my fingers and pulled them up so I could simply squeeze the base of her clit.

"Stick your…" She was quivering with desire. "Your…" Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Your dick."

I leaned close to her, so she could feel my breath on her ear, and kissed her gently. "Tell me what you want. Ask me. Say it all."

"Ungh. Please!"

"Say it, kitten." I squeezed the base of her clit. "Say it."

"Stick your dick inside me," she said, her voice barely more than a whisper. "Put it inside me. Please."

When she tried to pull me on top of her, I resisted, and she groaned in frustration. Instead of moving toward her, I rolled onto my back and pulled her on top of me. I spread her legs with my thighs and she writhed against me.

"You promised," she said accusingly.

"I want you on top, kitten. I want you to enjoy it."

She cried out incoherently and ground her pelvis against my stomach. I cupped her ass and held her in place. Her hair brushed against my face and neck as she struggled weakly.

"Do you want me to stick my dick in you?" I asked softly.

"Yes."

"I want you on top. I want you to come with me inside you."

"I want to do it the normal way," she said petulantly.

I almost laughed out loud at her naïveté. Instead, I kissed her quickly. "You'll like it this way," I said reassuringly. "Trust me." I reached around her ass and grasped my rubber-encased member, aiming it at her drooling sex. "Slide down a little."

She pushed up onto her arms and slid down my torso. When I could feel her thigh against my wrist, I felt for her pussy with my left hand. With my right hand, I aimed the tip of my cock at her opening.

"Slide down some more," I said.

She did as instructed, and moaned in pleasure as the crown of my cock parted her labia. I hunched my hips upward and my head slipped inside her. She moaned softly and eased back, impaling herself another inch.

"Slide onto my dick, kitten," I said, urging her lower.

She scooted back, using her arms to steady her, and gasped as another inch entered her.

"Sit up," I said, putting my hands on her sides to balance her. "Then you can sit down on my dick."

I felt her hair gently swaying above me, creating a breeze, and I realized that she must be nodding. My eyes were finally becoming fully adjusted to the dark, and I could see her as a dim outline above me. Her pussy was as tight as the first time, but I wanted her to take things at her own pace. She was incredibly wet, but more than half my dick remained outside her channel. When she let me help her into a sitting position, she gasped as my thick cock pressed against the tight confines of her pussy. She put her hands on my upper arms and gripped me tightly.

"Oh," she whispered, as she sank a little further onto my erection.

"Arch your back," I said softly. "Tilt your hips forward and you can rub your clit against my shaft."

"My what?"

"Your clit."

"What's that?"

Once again, I found myself suppressing a chuckle. I took one hand off her ribs and moved it down her trim belly. When I felt the junction of her thighs, I parted her pubic hair with my thumb and felt for her clit. I stroked it, and she tensed and became utterly silent. I stopped moving my thumb and smiled up at her, unseen in the dark.

"That," I said softly, as she started breathing again, "is your clit."

"Oh," she said, panting.

"Arch your back and tilt your hips, and you can press your clit against my shaft."

She did as instructed, and once again became silent. I could feel her body tense up as she enjoyed the sensation. I didn't know if she could actually press her clit against my shaft or not, but I did know that her inner labia were undoubtedly stretched to the point that they would put pressure on the base as she moved against me.

"Lift up, kitten, and then settle back down. Just take things at your own speed," I said reassuringly, moving my hand back up her body.

I vaguely made out the motion as she nodded mutely. Her pussy gripped me fiercely as she started moving above me, lifting up and then slowly sliding back down, further and further each time.

"I love having a boyfriend with a big thing," she said breathlessly when she finally had me firmly embedded in her pussy.

"You like it?"

"Oh, God. Yes. I feel so full."

I moved my hands down to her hips and nudged her until she gyrated. When she did, she squeaked and I could feel her whole body shudder as her pelvis ground against mine, stimulating her clit.

"Do that, kitten, and you'll come real hard. Would you like that?" I asked.

"Mmm hmm."

"Me too."

With my hands still on her hips, I began guiding her as she started riding me. Every couple of strokes, I'd hold her hips down and nudge her until she rotated her hips. Soon enough, she got the rhythm of it, and was soon moving along without my guidance.

I marveled at the snugness of her pussy, but once she was in control, Amy didn't seem to experience any discomfort. She could take things at her own speed, and evidently, she liked a nice, languid pace. I moved my hands up her body and began gently kneading her breasts, tweaking her nipples. As her arousal grew, I pulled and twisted harder.

I could feel her pussy twitching around my shaft, and I knew her climax was close. I started tugging on her nipples and she quickened her pace, rising up and slamming back down on my hips, impaling herself on my rock-hard pole.

In less than a minute, she thrust herself downward and ground her hips against me. She noiselessly tensed and I could feel her pussy spasming around my cock. Amy didn't make a sound as her orgasm washed over her, but I could feel it under my hands, and around my cock, as her muscles tensed.

Her pussy became so tight that it was almost painful. She hadn't moved or made so much as a peep since her orgasm took her, and I began to worry that she'd pass out from lack of oxygen. Finally, she collapsed on top of me and I felt her begin to breathe again. Her back rose and fell as she panted soundlessly.

As she had collapsed forward, she'd pulled off my cock a few inches, but the majority of my length was still inside her. When she clutched at my chest and started kissing my hot skin, I reached around and cupped her ass. She shuddered as I began thrusting into her, gripping me tightly as my girth parted her sensitive lips.

She balled her hands into fists and pressed them against my sides as I lifted my hips and stabbed up into her. Her tight pussy was more than I could take, and even with the rubber, I only lasted a couple of minutes. The entire time I was pumping into her, Amy was quivering continuously, another orgasm welling up within her belly.

I felt my own orgasm building as well, and buried myself deep inside her with one final thrust. When I did, I felt her pussy spasming around my shaft as her second orgasm took her. Her pussy clamped down so hard that, for a moment, I couldn't come. The pressure built until it felt like I'd soon have come spurting from my eyeballs. Amy didn't make a sound the entire time, but I could feel her hands gripping my sides as her pleasure reached its zenith.

Her pussy finally released its vise-like grip on my shaft and my world exploded. All my pent-up semen seemed to blast from my cock in one long, sustained burst. Amy shuddered again as my cock swelled within her, filling the rubber with my seed. My hands gripped her ass tightly as my back and legs tensed and I lifted both of us off the bed, shoving my cock a fraction of an inch deeper inside her.

When I finally came to my senses, we were back on the bed and practically wheezing. Amy still clutched me tightly, her cheek pressed against my chest. I could feel the aftershocks rippling through her pussy, causing her to shudder with each one. My cock was slowly shrinking inside her, and I simply enjoyed feeling like a sybarite. No words could describe how I felt. Amy simply whimpered when each aftershock washed over her, and I was very, very happy.

✧ ✧ ✧

Sometime later, I got up and went to the bathroom to flush the used rubber. I took the opportunity to pee and then cleaned myself up with a warm washcloth as well. When I returned to bed, Amy hadn't moved. She shifted when I got back under the covers, but quickly drifted back into a deep sleep as I snuggled up behind her.

I'd never spent the entire night with a girl, and I found that while I liked it a lot, it definitely took some getting used to. My arm fell asleep, and I kept trying not to wake her as I moved. A couple of times, I even resented that Amy was sleeping so soundly. I'm ashamed to say that once or twice I felt like poking her to wake her up. Thankfully, my better nature prevailed, and I let her sleep, enfolded in the warmth and protection of my arms. Eventually, I drifted off as well.

✧ ✧ ✧

I awoke from a deep sleep the next morning and was confused at first. I knew I'd gone to sleep with Amy in my arms, so when I didn't immediately feel her, I began to panic. What if she had regrets about having sex with me? What if she'd suddenly felt guilty and left? What if she…?

"You're so cute when you're sleeping," a soft, feminine voice said from somewhere in front of me.

I blinked my sleep-crusted eyes a few times to clear them. Amy was facing me, lying on her side, her hair tucked behind her ear, and grinning at me.

"Huh?" I asked.

"You're cute when you're sleeping," she said.

I stretched and yawned, and then looked at her again. In the morning light, filtering through the sheers, she was more beautiful than ever.

"But you woke me up," she said with mock grumpiness.

"Sorry," I mumbled. "How?" I'd been sound asleep, what had *I* done to wake her up?

"You were poking me." She smiled guiltily, and I suddenly realized what she was talking about. My morning hard-on felt as solid as usual.

"Sorry 'bout that," I said.

I stretched and yawned again. When I looked at her, her expression said that she was anything *but* sorry about it. But she was also still sort of shy about things, and I knew she'd never say anything about it. I reached out and pulled her hands away from her chest. She resisted, until she realized where I was going to put her hands. As soon as they neared my morning erection, I no longer had to move them. She latched onto my shaft and gripped me gently.

"Is it always like this?" she asked shyly.

"Mmm hmm. Most every morning. But this morning, I've got even more reason to be hard."

"Why?"

Amy looked at me with bright blue eyes and I didn't know whether to laugh or to kiss her. So I smiled, and settled for a combination of the two—I chuckled softly and kissed her on the forehead. "Because of you, silly," I said when I pulled back.

She blushed a lovely shade of rosy pink, but her hands never left my shaft.

"We could do what we did last night," she said hopefully. "If you want to."

"I'd love to, kitten, but I don't have any more rubbers."

She looked disappointed, but then she blushed deeper and smiled shyly. "We could do what we did in the hot tub last night," she said tentatively.

"I'd like that."

Her expression brightened immediately, and she looked at me with barely concealed excitement. I smiled at her and then rolled onto my back. My dick pulled out of her grasp, and with a stifled cry, she quickly followed it. When she ducked under the covers, I finally did laugh out loud. She stuck her head back out and looked at me with a worried expression. I smiled as gently as I could and stroked her cheek.

"You'll suffocate under there," I said teasingly.

With only her face sticking out from under the covers, she looked adorable, and I couldn't resist pulling her petite body up my own, so that I could kiss her properly. She quickly warmed to the kiss, and was soon

grinding her pelvis against my stomach.

"Goooooood, morning," I said, when we finally broke our kiss.

Amy just blushed and smiled bashfully. Then she grinned, and dived back under the covers, intent upon my hard-on. When I pulled the covers back to let her breathe, she squeaked indignantly. She curled up along my right leg and drew the covers back over her.

"It's cold out there," she said, playfully peevish.

Once she was settled against me, her body a compact little furnace, she reached for my manhood. It stood proudly in the cool morning air. The way she was situated, Amy was covered almost to her neck, while my entire torso was bare. It *was* a little cold out here, I thought to myself. But as soon as she grasped my jutting member, I forgot all about the cold, and started thinking about her mouth.

The night before, after we'd come in from the hot tub, Amy hadn't really seen my erection up close. When she had, there hadn't been much light. Now, the room was bright with morning sunlight, and I could tell she was studying my penis. I flexed my buttocks and made my cock jump. She gasped, and then giggled, turning to look at me with an amused expression. Then she turned back to my cock, and stroked it gently.

She put her lips over the glans and I was in heaven. Amy had a very small mouth, and her lips were stretched tight over my girth. She could only get a couple of inches past her lips, but she lavished a lot of attention on what she could. I directed her as helpfully as I could, but she soon had me lost in my own little world of blowjob bliss. I stroked her back through the covers as she worked on my cock.

Soon, she had me to the point of no return. She'd swallowed the night before, but I thought I should give her a little warning, in case she didn't want to swallow again.

"Kitten," I groaned. "I'm… gonna… come."

She kept her lips around me and moved her small hand over my shaft. My legs and back tensed, and with a grunt, I came. Now that she had a little better idea what to expect, she wasn't taken by surprise when I erupted. Through the orgasmic fog, I could tell that she was trying to keep up with my spurting. She did a pretty good job, too.

When my orgasm finally subsided, she let my penis slip from her lips and turned to look at me apprehensively. I looked down my torso at her and smiled. It was the smile of a man who'd just gotten a blowjob, that drunken, goofy, completely happy smile that said everything was right in the world.

She almost laughed when she saw my expression. I reached down for her and she came willingly, crawling up my body, bringing the covers with her. I pulled her down for a kiss. As she had the night before, she resisted at first, but then warmed to my advances. When we finally broke the kiss, she looked at me with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

"You're not a fag, are you?" she asked.

"I don't think so," I said, laughing. "What do you think?"

She blushed and didn't say anything.

I humped my semi-erect cock into her leg. "Do you think I am?"

She blushed deeper still, and quickly shook her head.

"Why do you ask?" I asked.

"'Cause you… I mean… Well… guys aren't supposed to… you know… taste… you know… taste… that stuff."

"Come?"

She blushed again. Her complexion was normally very fair, so when she blushed, she turned a rosy pink. She was perhaps even prettier when she was blushing, like a china doll, hand painted and impossibly beautiful.

"Semen? Sperm? Spunk? Jism? Spoo…"

"Stop it, silly," she said finally, still blushing deeply. "Yes, all that stuff. You know what I'm talking about."

When she was a little angry, she forgot to be shy. She was serious, so I got serious as well.

"I don't want to taste another guy's come, but I don't mind my own," I said earnestly.

She looked at me curiously.

"I mean, if it's okay for you to swallow it, then I really shouldn't complain about kissing you afterward. After all, what's good for the goose…"

She blushed again, but I could tell that she was thinking about it.

"Besides," I continued. "I really, really like it when you suck my dick." Her color deepened from a pink to almost crimson. "So I want to let you know how much I really appreciate it, and how much I love it when you do it."

She thought about it for a moment, and then nodded slightly. Then she looked at me slyly. "There's something else you can do to show me how much you appreciate it."

"O-ho!" I said, rolling over quickly and pinning her beneath me, careful to hold myself up so I kept my weight off her. "It sounds like there's something you want," I said playfully.

She looked into my eyes, nodded, and then grinned shyly.

I reached between our bodies and snaked my hand between her legs. She arched her back as I ran my finger over her slit, and then she lifted her head to kiss me passionately. I shifted to give myself better access to her steamy pussy. I'd just begun kissing along the line of her neck when…

Knock, knock, knock!

"Are y'all alive in there?" I heard Scott ask, his voice muffled by the door. "You want any breakfast?"

Amy and I froze. I lifted my head and smiled at her ruefully.

"Yeah," I said toward the door. "We're alive. We'll be out in about fifteen minutes."

"No problem, man," Scott said.

"Now," I said to Amy. "Where were we?"

I resumed kissing her neck, and had just wormed my finger into her moist slit, when she started squirming and trying to push me off.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"We can't."

"Why not?"

"They'll know," she hissed, as if Scott and Shannon could hear us, wherever they were.

"They'll know that I'm between your legs, licking your pussy and making you crazy with pleasure?" I asked, half-seriously.

"Yes."

"You're afraid they'll be jealous? Let 'em be."

"No, Paul. We can't. They'll know." She tried to push me away again, but I was just too heavy for her.

"So?" I asked, genuinely confused.

After all, she'd given me a blowjob in front of them less than twelve hours before. I moved my finger in her pussy, rubbing against her hardening clit, trying to persuade her by using her body and its natural reactions. And then… I thought of Stacy. I hadn't appreciated it when she'd used my body and its natural reactions against me, and I couldn't imagine that Amy would either. I could clearly see that she wanted to do more, but that she didn't want Scott and Shannon to "know" about it. So I stopped. Her look of relief was its own reward.

"Okay, kitten," I said softly, kissing the tip of her nose. "We can pick up where we left off, later."

"Thank you, Paul."

She wrapped her arms around my neck and squeezed with a strength that surprised me. I kissed her again, and then moved to the side of the bed. I extended my hand and gently pulled her out of bed.

I threw on shorts and a t-shirt while Amy reached into her overnight bag. She pulled out a pair of panties and an oversized t-shirt. It was almost like a nightshirt, and on her small frame, it would easily reach her knees. I opened the door to go to the bathroom and she began brushing her hair.

When I returned, she looked up and smiled, her hair positively glowing in the sunlight. She moved to put on the panties, and I stepped close to her.

"Leave them off," I said quietly.

She looked at me apprehensively.

"Your shirt's so long that Scott and Shannon won't know."

She still looked uncertain.

"But I'll know," I said earnestly. "I'll know that you're naked underneath there, and it'll keep me aroused all through breakfast."

"I don't know," she said hesitantly.

"It'll be very sexy."

She blushed and smiled up at me. "You really think so?"

I nodded quickly. I'd gotten a little hard just thinking about it, so I took her small hand and placed it against my crotch, letting her feel the tumescent state of my cock.

"Neat," she said, clearly starting to warm to the idea. "Okay," she said, suddenly resolute. "I'll do it."

I bent down and kissed her soundly, luxuriating in the feeling as her nude, nubile body pressed against me.

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Amy left her panties in the guest bedroom and walked out wearing only her long nightshirt. She went to the bathroom, and I met her as she came out. Scott and Shannon were in the kitchen when we came out, so we went to join them.

Scott was dressed much like me, while Shannon was wearing a button-down dress shirt. The shirt looked pressed, and I figured it was one of Scott's that she'd taken from his closet. She also had on a pair of pink panties, which I could see as she moved her legs. While the girls fixed breakfast, Scott and I went into the family room to call my parents and check in for the morning.

When Scott and I returned from our phone call, we were amazed. Amy had four older brothers, and her idea of breakfast was considerably bigger than anything Scott or I had expected. Even Shannon, who was moving as fast as she could, helping out, was clearly in awe of Amy. Amy, for her part, was like a general on the battlefield. She had an apron tied around her small frame, and was tending a pot and two frying pans on the stove. She directed Scott and me to set the table and get the drinks, and we didn't think twice before hopping to it. Scott grinned and winked at me as we did. What could I do besides shrug and grin in reply?

When Amy was finished, the breakfast table was laden with steaming plates of scrambled eggs, sausage, bacon, toast, pancakes, and a bowl of grits. What little free space remained on the table was taken up with glasses of orange juice (the one thing, aside from the place settings, that was courtesy of Scott and me), jam, butter, and syrup. I had been expecting to have cold cereal, and I could tell that Scott was thinking something similar. When Amy sat down next to me on the banquette seat by the bay window, I gave her a resounding kiss on the cheek. She smiled bashfully and blushed, but scooted closer to me.

Scott and I ate like kings. We were growing teenage boys, and I, for once, ate with abandon. I think he and I alone finished more than half of what Amy and Shannon had fixed. For their parts, the girls had a healthy breakfast, but neither of them even approached the amount of food that Scott and I put away.

When we were done making pigs of ourselves, the girls started cleaning up. Remembering my manners, I got up to help them, and Scott quickly followed suit. In no time, we had pretty much cleaned up the breakfast mess, and returned to the table to relax and digest.

We talked for a while, but I noticed Scott and Shannon sharing more and more covert glances. Shortly after Shannon's hand unobtrusively crept into Scott's lap, Scott stretched and yawned theatrically, saying that he was thinking about taking a mid-morning nap. Shannon agreed that she was feeling a little sleepy as well, and they were both off to Scott's room before Amy and I really knew what had happened.

With only the two of us left in the kitchen, I pulled Amy onto my lap. We started kissing, and I soon had my hand under her shirt, gently rubbing her bare pussy. She was panting against me, and I could tell that she wanted to go back to our room as well. I, however, had other ideas. I started to pull her shirt off, and she was so lost in the moment that she didn't resist.

Once she was naked on my lap, my dick quickly became fully erect, pressing against her left leg. Her right leg was spread wide to give my hand easy access to her pussy. In no time, I had my clothes off as well, and Amy was on her knees, sucking my cock. After about five minutes of her active tongue, I pulled her up. I wanted to head back to the bedroom, but this time, *Amy* had other ideas. She moved to lay down on the

banquette, but I stopped her.

"Here," I said, turning her to face away from me.

She looked at me in confusion, but was too far gone with lust to do more than that.

"You'll like it this way," I said, bending her over the table.

With one hand, I gripped my shaft, and with the other, I spread her open. She was as tight as before, but her pussy was practically gushing. I didn't slip into her easily, but with steady pressure, I finally buried myself to the root.

Amy tossed her honey-colored hair over her shoulder and looked at me, her face a mask of desire. I grabbed her hips and started thrusting into her. She started coming almost immediately, her pussy spasming around my dick, making me really push to thrust back into her.

When I'd first plunged into her, I'd been planning on pulling out and coming on her back. But it was the first time I'd had my bare dick inside a pussy in a long time, and the skin-on-skin contact felt electric. As her tight sheath sucked at me, I lost the ability for all coherent thought. With a final thrust, I slammed my hips into her, burying myself inside her. My cock swelled and then practically exploded. I felt spurt after spurt of my semen blasting into her, and I gritted my teeth to keep from crying out.

"Oh my God," Amy gasped in surprise, her voice dimly registering in my pleasure-clouded mind. "I can feel it. I can feel you shooting your stuff inside me. It feels so *good*."

Finally, I collapsed against her, both of us breathing heavily. I supported us with one hand on the table, and one hand wrapped around Amy's middle. My dick slowly began to soften, and I could feel our combined juices oozing from her pussy. With almost painful clarity, I suddenly realized I hadn't pulled out, I hadn't been wearing a rubber, and my sperm now filled her pussy.

CHAPTER THREE

For the next week, I was an emotional wreck. What had I done? Why had I done it? The second question was easier to answer than the first: I was horny and feeling neglected, which made me powerless to resist Amy's desire and obvious attraction.

But it was the first question that seemed to haunt my every waking moment. What had I done? There were several levels to that answer, and I didn't like any of them.

In a purely physical sense, I was worried that Amy might be pregnant. I could tell that she was worried about it too, but she was also wrapped up in the rush of emotion that comes from being in love. I could tell, I'd seen it before, and I'd felt it before. It bothered me a little bit that I could look at it from the outside, so analytically.

What did I feel for Amy? Was it love or was it just lust? Was it anything? Thankfully, I decided that it *was* something, and more than just lust. I'd hate to have to face myself each morning if I thought I'd just been using her for sex. I wouldn't want to be the type of person who is callous enough to use someone else. I'd literally hate being me. So I was profoundly happy to realize that I did feel something for her. But was it love? It was certainly affection, but beyond that, I just didn't know.

For her part, Amy *knew*. She was in love. The rest of that day we spent at Scott's house (before the girls had to put in their token appearance at Becky Leonardi's) she had shown me constant affection. The next week, at school, she quietly moved next to me whenever she could. I enjoyed the attention, but I had another nagging problem: Gina.

I still loved Gina, very much. After the party at Scott's house, I was wracked with guilt. In my mind, I realized that sex with Susan, or Stacy, hadn't been cheating on Gina. If I'd had sex with Kendall, it would have been. As I slowly came to realize that I probably *was* in love with Amy, I knew that I'd cheated on Gina. I *knew* it, and I was too honest with myself to sugarcoat that fact.

The Friday before Easter, Scott, Shannon, and Amy wanted to go see a movie. I begged off, telling them that I had to go out to dinner with my family. It was a little white lie, but I didn't know what else to tell them. Mom could tell that something was up, because shortly after dinner (at home, of course), I went to my room, closed the door, and sat down at my desk.

I needed to write to Gina. I told her about my wrestling season. I told her about getting wrapped up in trying to be the best wrestler I could possibly be. I told her about how I lost track of everything that was important to me. I told her about my grades. I poured my heart out to her, telling her about my fears that we were slipping apart, my fears that she was mad at me, my fears that she'd never want to see me again. I told her how much I loved her. It was a guilt-fueled letter, but I had to try to justify my actions (although I never told Gina what those actions were). Seeing it on paper didn't make me feel any better, though.

It was late when I finally finished my letter to her, and my hand was cramped from all the writing. My pencil had gone from practically new to about three inches long. (I'd sharpened it every time I'd been unsure or upset, and I'd nearly whittled it down to nothing.)

I carefully folded the nine pages, and stuffed them into an envelope. As soon as I sealed it, I felt better. Unfortunately, the feeling was short lived. By the time I crawled into bed, I was feeling guilty about Amy.

How could I be in love with two girls at once? I lay awake for a long time thinking about that one. Every time I thought about either of them, I felt guilty for "neglecting" the other one. And when I thought about Kendall, and how I felt about her, I wanted to weep. In the silence of the night, alone in my room, I finally did. It had been a long time since I'd cried, about anything. I thought I heard Mom outside my door, but she didn't knock, and I eventually convinced myself that I'd been hearing things. Exhausted, both mentally and physically, I finally fell asleep.

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It took me a week to mail that letter. Twice, I came home from school and almost tore it up. Finally,

Mom asked me about it, and I eventually agreed to let her mail it for me. I think she knew more than she let on, but she also knew that I had to work through things for myself. I guess that's what it means to be an adult, and she let me be responsible for my own actions. Sometimes, it really sucks to be an adult.

Amy knew something was up, but she just assumed that I was worried about our unprotected sex. She was a lot less worried about it than I was, and when I asked her about it, she got real quiet, and then looked at me seriously.

"My mom always told me she knew when she was pregnant with my brothers and me," Amy said. "She said she never knew how, but she just *knew*."

I looked at her, confused.

"If I was pregnant, I'd know."

I was clearly unconvinced, but decided to let it go.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next Thursday, Amy found me at my locker, just before lunch. She was on the verge of tears.

"Paul," she whispered urgently. "I'm late."

"For lunch? It's just started." Sometimes, I can be kind of slow on the uptake.

"No. I'm *late*."

Her tearful eyes spoke volumes, and I finally Got It. Every muscle in my body went slack, and it suddenly took a lot of effort just to breathe.

"Are you sure?" I asked. How dumb was that? I mentally kicked myself.

She nodded, the tears finally spilling down her cheeks.

I dumped my books in my locker, took hers and tossed them in as well, and shut the door. I put my arm around her and we simply walked out of school. No one even noticed as we walked off the campus. I thought someone would have said something to us, but no one did. I guess I was thankful for that, because I don't know what I would have said, or done, had anyone gotten in my way. I was feeling incredibly protective of Amy, and murderous toward anyone who might bar my path.

We walked to the McDonald's around the corner from the high school and sat there for a long time, neither of us talking. I don't know if a chocolate milkshake could solve any of our problems, but as we shared one, the world stopped seeming like it was closing in on us. The simple act of sharing that milkshake did more for us that afternoon than I think anything could have.

Finally, long after the milkshake was gone, we talked. I had painful visions of how my life would change if she were pregnant, and I knew that my imagination couldn't do justice to how Amy must have felt. Eventually, we both agreed to wait and see. Amy said she'd been late before, but never this long. Her period should have started six days before. I could tell that she was very scared, but trying to maintain her composure. I felt an impotent rage that there was nothing that I could do.

As we walked back to school, hand in hand, I felt like I had lead weights on my feet, and each step I took was taking me closer to my doom. I knew I loved Amy, but when I thought about marrying her and raising a child, especially at our age, I wanted to panic and run. I hated myself for that. Thank God Amy was too distraught to notice. I would have hated myself even worse, if she had.

We got a ride home with Scott and Shannon, and I could tell that Shannon knew. Scott was as clueless as I'd been, only a few hours before. Amy and I talked on the phone that night, but our conversation was desultory and short. I think I spent the longest night of my life, just staring at the shadows on my ceiling.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next day at school, Amy had to come to my locker to get her books. I could tell that she'd been crying, but she snapped at me that she was okay. I walked her to her first class, making me late for my own, but we didn't talk much. She seemed pretty angry, and I wanted to understand, but I didn't. I couldn't.

The rest of the day, whenever I saw her, it seemed like her mood was completely random. We shared our second period class, and she balefully stared at me when she walked into the classroom. After the bell rang, I asked her if she was okay. In a few harsh words, she basically told me to fuck off, that I'd had my fun but

didn't have to pay the price, and that I didn't love her anyway.

I was stunned.

I was so upset that I almost didn't go to lunch, because I didn't want to see her. After a lot of reflection, I finally decided that, like it or not, it was my responsibility to be there for her, even if she just wanted someone to yell at (or about). Much to my surprise, she was waiting for me at the door to the lunchroom, and as soon as she saw me, she ran into my arms and squeezed me tight. We stood like that for a long time, blocking the lunchtime traffic into and out of the cafeteria. Once we finally joined our regular lunch crowd, Amy was actually very nice, although she did snap at me once or twice. I had no idea what was going on in her head, but I felt miserable and helpless.

I don't know what Shannon had told Scott, if anything at all, but they didn't ask us to double date that night. After school, Scott dropped off Amy, and then me. I said goodbye, shut the door, and then he and Shannon drove off in silence, leaving me to my thoughts. When I walked in the door, Mom noticed that I was upset, but I thought I was pretty convincing when I told her that nothing was wrong.

✧ ✧ ✧

To make matters worse, Gina called that weekend. It was all I could do not to panic and run when Mom handed me the phone. Thankfully, Mom took Erin shopping, leaving me alone (Dad was away due to a weekend layover in Dallas). I knew Gina must have gotten my letter, earlier in the week. She was positively giddy.

It took every ounce of self-control I possessed just to make it through the conversation. Fortunately, she did most of the talking, but I felt more and more guilty. If Amy were pregnant, how could I possibly tell Gina that things were over between us?

An hour later, when Mom and Erin returned, they were surprised to find that I was still on the phone. Mom could clearly tell that I wasn't happy, but Erin was thankfully clueless. Erin and I hadn't been as close as we'd been at the end of the previous summer, but we did actually treat each other like regular people, and I was worried that she'd start asking pointed questions about my mood. Luckily, she was excited about a new Paul McCartney album she'd bought, and didn't notice a thing.

When I mentioned that my mom had just gotten home, Gina suddenly remembered that her mom needed to talk to mine. Gina and I said our goodbyes—she told me she loved me, and I told her the truth, that I loved her very much—and then we each handed the phone to our moms.

I was worried about what Gina's mom might need to talk about, so I stuck around to eavesdrop a little. From Mom's side of the conversation, I quickly realized that Gina's parents, Chris and Elizabeth, were coming to Atlanta in two weeks, and they wanted to get together and have dinner. When I realized that the conversation wasn't about me, or Gina, I got up and went back to my room. I didn't want Mom asking too many questions about why I hadn't been happy talking to Gina.

The reality of the matter was that I was scared witless that Amy might be pregnant, and I was feeling incredibly guilty about still being in love with Gina.

"Does every teenager have a life this complicated?" I thought to myself.

I certainly hoped not.

✧ ✧ ✧

Monday morning, the phone rang while Erin and I were eating breakfast. Mom answered it, and then gave me a funny look when she handed the phone to me.

"Paul?"

It was Amy. I tried not to collapse at the sound of her voice. It had been a *long* weekend, and we hadn't talked on the phone much. The first time we had talked, Saturday morning, things started off haltingly, and rapidly proceeded to go downhill. The second call was quick, and she was apologetic, but I could hear her mother in the background, and I knew she couldn't talk long. I'd wanted to call her on Sunday, but I just couldn't work up the courage.

"Hi," I said. It sounded lame, even to me, but it was the best I could do.

I could hear her put her hand over the phone, and then she whispered, "I started."

"Started what?" I asked, completely oblivious. For living in a house with two women, sometimes I was remarkably clueless.

"*It*. I got my period this morning."

I was silent for a moment, too stunned to even breathe.

"Isn't that great?!" she asked. Though this was probably the best news either of us had received in a long time, she actually sounded a little wistful.

"Yeah, it sure is." I couldn't think of what else to say.

"Okay then," she said, removing her protective hand from around the mouthpiece. "I guess I'll see you at school."

"Yeah. I'll see you at school."

"I love you," she said, almost under her breath.

I was so relieved, and so shaken by the revelation, that I replied automatically. "I love you too."

Mom and Erin both looked at me suddenly. Mom's expression was understanding, and kind of sad. Erin simply looked curious.

"I can't wait to see you," Amy said.

"Mmm hmm. Same here," I replied, suddenly and acutely aware of my audience. "Bye."

"Bye."

Thankfully, I heard Scott honking from the driveway. Without saying a word, I snatched up my toast and thrust one corner in my mouth, grabbed my books, and dashed out the door.

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Amy was back to her old self. Almost. She still looked a little haunted by "what if" questions and self-recriminations, but she was even more affectionate than she had been after that first night. It was like she was saying, "he's mine," with her actions. I didn't know what to do, so I tried to enjoy it.

After that, Amy and I mostly settled into a routine. We spent time together before school, and then during lunch. The five of us guys—Scott, Tony, Scotty, Kelly, and I—still hung out together. Amy, Shannon, and Becky Leonardi usually joined us, and I noticed that Becky and Tony Malone were getting kind of close.

Except for that first weekend at Scott's house, Amy and I didn't have much time to do anything more than kiss. The only time was when we had a double date to a movie, with Scott and Shannon. Shannon's mother wouldn't let her go to a drive-in movie—Amy's mom wouldn't have let us go either, but the issue never came up, since Shannon's mom torpedoed the idea early on—so we went to a theater that was close to Shannon's house.

We ended up skipping the last part of the movie and going to the local lover's lane, where Scott parked the car and turned off the engine. While Scott and Shannon made out in the front seat, Amy and I fooled around in the back. Scott drove a big '68 Buick Electra 225, so we had plenty of room.

When Shannon's head disappeared from our view, Scott put his arm across the seat back and leaned his head against the headrest. Amy looked at me lustfully, and I felt my sudden erection throb expectantly. I guess she had gotten worked up enough that she didn't care if Scott and Shannon knew what we were up to, even though they were up to the same thing.

I slid down in the seat while Amy's hands worked on my belt. She roughly extracted my dick and immediately descended upon it. After the pregnancy scare, I'd gotten very used to my hand, and her mouth felt wonderful.

She ran her tongue around my glans, her small hand slowly stroking my shaft. When she took the head into her mouth, I almost came. Fortunately, my self-control was stronger than the urge to ejaculate. I rested my hand on her back as she took my dick out of her mouth and began planting wet, open-mouthed kisses all along the sensitive underside.

She tried to take as much of me in her mouth as she could, but she couldn't manage more than a couple of inches. I put my hand over hers and guided her motions, and my balls soon felt ready to boil over.

In the front seat, Scott took his arm off the back of the seat and put it on top of Shannon's bobbing head. He groaned, and I knew he was filling her mouth with his come. Although I wanted to, I couldn't last much longer than Scott had.

With a rush, I felt my come surging up my shaft. Amy locked her lips around the crown and I directed the motions of her hand with my own, the two of us stroking my shaft as I spurted my semen down her throat. She swallowed it all, and then took her lips off my cock to take a deep breath. She quickly returned her mouth to my slowly shrinking shaft. My head was too sensitive, however, and I lifted her off me after only a few licks.

I wanted to return the favor for Amy, but she got nervous at the idea of taking her pants off "in front of" Scott and Shannon. I suppose it was for the best, however, because we soon had to get the girls home, before their eleven o'clock curfews.

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While my life with Amy had mostly returned to normal, I had another thing to worry about. Gina's birthday was coming up, and it was simply one *more* reminder of the duplicitous life I was leading.

At times, with Amy, I could be incredibly happy. I *did* love her. Whenever I got a letter from Gina, I'd be on cloud nine. But sooner or later, I'd start thinking about the other girl, and I would sink back into a funk.

For Gina's birthday present, I finally settled on a silver bracelet, with her initials engraved on it. Mom helped me pick it out, and I could tell that she wanted to know what was going on, but I clammed up whenever she started to ask. She quickly got the message, and left me alone about it.

Wasn't it bad enough that I was beating myself up over the situation with Amy and Gina? Did Mom have to do it too? I was certain that no one else in the history of the world had ever faced what I was going through. Although Mom didn't say anything, I knew she probably knew. I also knew that she wouldn't understand. How could she?

✧ ✧ ✧

Chris and Elizabeth Coulter came to visit us on May 10th. No one told me why they were in town, and I didn't ask. I didn't really want to spend much time with them. I was certain that they'd be able to see right through me and learn about Amy.

Thankfully, they only stayed in town for a few days. The first night, they had dinner with someone else (I don't know who). The next night, they had dinner with our family. And then on Saturday night, they went out with Mom and Dad. Finally, they returned to Charleston on Sunday, taking my birthday present for Gina with them.

On Gina's birthday, the 17th, she called to thank me for the bracelet—she loved it. For a little while, I was almost as happy as she was. She couldn't stay on the phone long since it was a school night, but her parents had made an exception and let her call when it wasn't a weekend. After a short, gushing conversation, we told each other, "I love you," and got off the phone.

I don't really know what ashes taste like, but after I hung up the phone, I had a pretty good idea.

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The end of school was drawing near, and my family once again planned to spend the entire summer at camp. Dad had bid his lines so that he could cram all of his trips together, but when he did have to fly he would be gone for a couple of weeks at a time. We couldn't leave immediately after school ended, since Dad had to fly a trip to Houston, so we decided to leave a few days after my birthday.

I tried to explain to Amy that I'd be gone for the entire summer, and that we probably couldn't talk on the phone. She didn't take it very well. I couldn't very well tell her where we were *really* going, so I gave her the standard story about visiting our "Aunt Susan" in South Carolina, who had a big lake and lots of property.

I told Amy that it would even be hard for me to get mail over the summer, since we only checked the mail every couple of days. That was a little white lie; Susan checked the large camp mailbox, which was out

by the main road, every day. In truth, I didn't know if I'd be able to write to Amy, much less every day. She was incredulous and insistent. Finally, I asked Mom for the mailing address for the camp, and gave it to Amy. I could see that she wasn't happy about not being able to call, but she finally agreed that writing letters was good enough.

I *hated* lying to her. It felt like I was betraying myself, as well as her. Of course, whenever I told anyone about my summer vacations, I always left out pertinent details, but to Amy, I was lying outright. I felt like such a cad. I was supposed to love her, wasn't I? And people who loved each other didn't lie to each other, did they? For the entire week before the end of school, I was sullen and depressed.

Then, as if my life hadn't already gone to hell, Amy and I had a big fight on the last day of school. She still couldn't understand *why* I'd be gone the entire summer, and why she couldn't call, and why I couldn't write, and… and a lot of things. I guess she had every right to be upset, and I couldn't even find the emotional energy to argue with her.

She started crying, but I simply didn't know what to say to her, or what to do. It's not like I could've told my family that I'd be staying home for the summer. My life had become a shambles, and I had no idea how to fix things. Amy told me that she didn't want to see me again, ever. What was I supposed to do? My family was leaving for South Carolina in four days.

Scott and Shannon took Amy home, and I ended up catching a ride to my house with Kelly Duchesne and his older brother.

Wasn't the last day of school supposed to be fun?

✧ ✧ ✧

To top things off, the next day was my birthday. I'll never forget my sixteenth birthday, since it was perhaps the worst day of my life. I was so depressed that I didn't even care about getting my driver's license.

On the surface, things with Gina had been fine—better than fine, in fact. That was one of the reasons that Amy and I hadn't been getting along. I guess I felt guilty any time I was around her, and while she didn't know the reason, she could sense my disquiet.

Unfortunately, I was also feeling incredibly guilty about lying to Gina. I rationalized that while it wasn't lying outright (she'd never directly asked me if I had another girlfriend), it was certainly lying by omission, and that was just as bad.

So I had girlfriend problems with not one but *two* girlfriends. Worse: in reality, I had problems with one girlfriend and one ex-girlfriend. Forget that it's because I *had* two girlfriends that I was having problems.

Eventually, Mom talked me into getting my license the day after my birthday. We went down to the testing station, and I passed, but I couldn't even be happy about that achievement.

How had I done this to myself? Not for the first time, I silently cursed that life just wasn't fair.

No matter how bad my life was, however, time marched on. Dad was due back the next day, and the day after that, we were set to leave for camp. We had a lot to do before our trip: packing and making arrangements for our extended absence. I suppose I needed the time, doing mindless things, to take my mind off my problems, but it didn't seem to help.

I was so depressed that I wasn't even looking forward to seeing Susan. *That's* how bad I felt.

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The drive to camp was much quieter than usual. I'm sorry to say that my foul mood kind of permeated the car. It was a long drive from our house to camp, and I felt like I was going from one doom to another. I'd have a short respite, but not long. I had received a letter from Gina just before we left, informing me that her family was due to arrive at camp on the last day of June, and would be there for four weeks.

I would have three weeks to figure out what, if anything, I was going to tell Gina. I didn't want to just leave her in the dark, although that would certainly make my life easier. It just wouldn't seem right. My dad always told me that sometimes, you just have to face things like a man. I guess this was one of those times. I didn't have to like it, but I was going to do it.

Shortly before our arrival at camp, we stopped at the Winn-Dixie to pick up groceries. Mom had been

making two separate shopping lists for the past hour. I assumed that she and Erin would shop together, and that Dad and I would take care of the stuff on the other list. As we walked into the store, however, she handed one list to Erin and Dad, and kept the other for the two of us. When they headed toward the other end of the store, Mom turned to me.

"Do you wanna talk about it?" she asked gently.

"About what?" I asked, as brightly as I could.

"About whatever's been bothering you since we left the house. Since the end of school, really. Do you want to talk about it?"

"No."

"It might help."

"I doubt it," I said sullenly.

"Oh," she mused. "I don't know. Why don't you try it and find out?"

"It won't do any good."

"Okay then, how about I talk, and all you have to do is listen?" she reasoned.

I shrugged and kept pushing the shopping cart, morosely following her lead.

"I think you're feeling guilty."

I looked at her sharply and narrowed my eyes.

She nodded. "About Amy, and about Gina."

Panic welled up within me. I was suddenly sure that she could see right through me. If she knew about Amy and…

"Did you have a fight with Amy?"

I felt like I'd been dropped flat on my back by a double-leg takedown. I recovered a little bit as her question registered, but not much. At least she hadn't asked me about the pregnancy scare, I thought ruefully.

"I thought so," Mom said, upon seeing my expression.

"How did you…?"

She stopped walking and I had to pull up short to avoid hitting her with the cart. "Paul," she said gently. "When your father was in the Navy, and he had to go on cruise with his squadron, it was always very stressful. How do you think I felt, knowing that he was going into combat, and that he might be killed?"

I stood looking at her, my mouth agape.

"When your dad shipped out, I had the other wives to help me through it, especially some of the older women. Amy doesn't have that. Granted, you're not going off to fight a war, but she doesn't know how to handle your leaving for the summer. That's pretty stressful, for anyone."

She looked at me seriously. I took a deep breath and tried to get a handle on how I felt.

"Also," she said sadly. "If you're angry at someone, it makes it easier to say goodbye." She was contemplative for a moment, and then shook her head sadly. When she looked up, she smiled wanly, and I began to wonder if we were still talking about Amy and me.

"Mom, I…" I didn't know what to say.

"It's okay, honey. People are like that sometimes. It's human nature. But," she said seriously, "Amy is only half your problem, isn't she?"

"I don't know what…"

"Paul, do you think I don't notice how happy you are when you get a letter from Gina, or when she calls?"

I looked at her, stunned.

"And then how mopey you get afterward, when you start feeling guilty?"

I swallowed hard and blinked. How could she know all this? I thought I'd done a pretty good job covering up how I felt, and what I was going through. Evidently, I hadn't.

Note to self: Don't underestimate Mom anymore.

"It's okay, honey. Not everything in life is meant to be easy. Some of the best things are very difficult, but they're worth it. But you can't keep everything to yourself all the time. Do you understand?"

I nodded mutely.

"Sometimes, it helps to talk about things. And sometimes, it helps to know that you're not the only one who's ever felt like you do. If you keep things bottled up, they'll only seem worse."

She stepped around the cart and looked up at me soberly.

"You're not my little boy anymore," she said. "But you know you can always talk to me, right? About anything."

"I know, Mom," I said, my voice scratchy with emotion.

She hugged me tight, and although I was a little self-conscious about hugging my mom in the dairy aisle of the Winn-Dixie, I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her back.

"I love you, Paul. You'll always be special to me."

"I love you too, Mom."

When she pulled back, she smiled at me bravely. "I'm serious. You can talk to me about anything you want, whenever you're ready."

I nodded and she smiled at me.

"Now," she said, her voice once again steady and sure. "Let's finish our shopping. I can't wait to get to camp."

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When we finally pulled up to our cabin—the same one from the year before—we were tired and stiff. I was in a little better mood, but not much. I still didn't feel like I could talk to Mom about it, and my impending meeting with Gina loomed large in my mind. So I was surprised to see Susan walking up the hill to greet us.

"Hi," she said cheerfully.

She was wearing her ubiquitous bikini bottoms (it was an off-white, lace-type fabric), and a big sun hat. I'd forgotten how good she looked, and when she smiled at me, I felt the first spark of guilt-free happiness that I'd felt in a long time.

We all chorused our greetings and she started picking through the keys on a large key ring.

"I thought you guys would be here later, so I haven't had time to unlock the cabin and sweep it out," Susan said.

"Oh, that's no problem," Mom said. "I can get it." Then Mom looked thoughtful for a moment and turned to my dad. "David, can you, Paul, and Erin get the groceries unloaded and put away while Susan and I get the cabin swept out?"

"Not a problem, baby. C'mon kids, let's get this show on the road."

And just like that, we were back in the car and headed down the hill to the clubhouse. The three of us lugged in the first load of groceries, and then Erin stayed in the kitchen to organize things while Dad and I brought in the rest of the food and drinks. Working together, we had everything squared away in about fifteen minutes.

Dad asked if I wanted to drive the car back up the hill, and I surprised myself; I jumped at the chance. We all piled back into Mom's station wagon, with me at the wheel, and headed back up the hill. When we got to the cabin, Susan and Mom were standing on the porch, talking to each other. I carefully made sure I had room to make the turn—I didn't want to hit the stairs up to the porch—and turned the steering wheel. When I judged that the rear of the car was in front of the steps, I gently put my foot on the brake.

I got a small, teasing round of applause from Mom and Susan when I stepped out of the car. I blushed furiously, but took it in stride, giving them a theatrical bow. With that, we started unloading the car. We had all the usual things: folding lawn chairs, bed linens and pillows, bath towels, beach towels, and several baskets and travel bags filled with all the things a nudist family needs for a summer vacation. We unloaded our personal suitcases, and that left only one more thing in the car.

For my birthday, Mom and Dad gave me a really nice set of Weider weights, complete with a bench, curling bar, and dumbbell bars. I used some of my saved-up allowance money to buy some extra weights (the set didn't come with enough for me to bench my usual weight). Instead of un-boxing the extra weights,

I'd simply packed them in the car for the trip to camp. I only brought along the curling bar and dumbbell bars, but with them, I could work on almost all of my upper body. With the weights, sit-ups, push-ups, and a jump rope, I could easily stay in shape over the summer.

In four trips, I carried all the weights from the car up to the porch. It was a normal South Carolina day, which meant that it was hot and muggy, and we'd all worked up a sweat unloading the car. I know I wasn't the only one who couldn't wait to hit the lake and cool off.

Once inside the cabin, I saw that things had changed little. The bunk beds to the left of the door and the queen-size bed for my parents were all the same. The couch was the same as well, but both upholstered chairs were replaced by newer ones. In the right rear corner, the bathroom looked the same, and I suspected that if I'd looked in the closet next to it, I'd see the same water heater that had been installed the summer before. The dresser on the back wall had been replaced, however, with one that was bigger and longer.

Mom, as usual, insisted that we make our beds and unpack our suitcases before we could go down to the lake. With surprisingly little grumbling, Erin and I dragged out our sheets and made our beds. Since hers was on the bottom bunk, she was finished before I was, but she actually stood and waited while I finished. She even handed me my top sheet and pillow, so I wouldn't have to climb down the ladder to get them. I was a little amazed at how conscientious she was being, but grateful nonetheless.

While Mom and Dad were making their bed (they'd had to move all the stuff that we'd piled on it), Erin and I unpacked our suitcases and stored in the dresser what few clothes we'd brought.

As Erin and I unpacked and arranged things, Mom, Dad, and Susan idly chatted about the changes at the camp, the scheduled arrival of other families, and things like that. I was occupied getting my things put away, and didn't pay much attention. Once we had everything put away, we all stripped off our clothes.

Over the year, I'd had enough occasions to see my family nude, mostly separately. Both Mom and Dad slept in the nude, and wouldn't bother putting on clothes before they came out of their room in the morning. Mom usually put on a short housedress when she fixed us breakfast, but other than that, she usually wore clothes during the day.

The same was true with Erin. Neither of us were self conscious about letting the other see us nude. After all, we shared a bathroom, and getting ready for school in the mornings was sometimes hectic.

But as my family disrobed, I did enjoy a good look at my mother and sister. Mom had changed little; except that she didn't have her usual summer tan. Her breasts were still fairly firm, and her pubic hair was neatly trimmed, perhaps a little narrower than the year before.

Erin had changed a lot over the past year, as had I. She was nearly as tall as Mom, but hadn't yet filled out completely. Her long legs and still-narrow hips made her look coltish, but I could see Mom's beauty coming out in her face, as well as her figure. Her breasts actually had a nice, firm shape to them, rather than the cones with nipples that they'd been the year before. Her pubic hair had filled out as well, and had gotten darker.

When I finally got my clothes off, Susan looked at me in shock, and I started to panic. I'd always been self-conscious about my weight, but that had seemed to fade into the background over the past year. Now, with Susan staring at me, I felt a wave of anxiety wash over me. Mom merely grinned at her expression.

"Who's ready to go to the lake?" Dad asked, oblivious to the entire exchange between me, Susan, and Mom.

"Me!" Erin cried. "Race ya!" She picked up her towel and bolted out the door.

The screen door then banged shut behind my father as he raced out next, and the three of us were alone. Susan realized that she was staring, and actually blushed when she averted her eyes. Panic gnawed at my belly. I knew I had gained weight for wrestling, and I was still concerned about being too pudgy, but I hadn't expected Susan to be so insensitive as to stare at me.

"I'm sorry, Paul," she said hastily, as soon as she saw my panicked expression. "It's just that you've… changed. So much."

Mom was grinning insufferably, and I began to get a little worked up as anger slowly replaced my panic.

"Wow!" Susan exclaimed. "You look great!"

Huh?

She looked at my expression and laughed richly. I merely squirmed.

"You said he'd changed," Susan said to my mom. "But wow!"

"I'm still here, you know," I said petulantly, shifting nervously from foot to foot.

Mom was still grinning broadly, and I began to wonder what the joke was. I'd begun to suspect that it was me.

"Paul," Susan said reasonably. "You probably don't see it, because you're used to your body, but you've changed. A lot. You've lost weight, and gotten much more… um… firm."

"No, I haven't," I said, acutely aware that I'd actually *gained* twelve pounds.

"Well, maybe not, but you look like you have."

I looked at her curiously.

"And your chest and shoulders. Wow. You're taller too," she said appreciatively.

My chest and shoulders? Huh?

"You look…" She shook her head and looked at me, her eyes wide with approval. "You look great!"

"Come here, Paul," Mom said gently, still smiling at me. "Let me put some sunblock on your back and shoulders, and then you can go down to the lake. Susan and I have got some catching up to do. Okay?"

I nodded and shuffled over to her, mulling over the conversation in my mind. She reached into one of her bags and pulled out the industrial-sized bottle of Bain de Soleil. When I was properly slathered, she patted me on my bare ass and shooed me out of the cabin.

As I walked down the hill, the sound of their animated conversation faded. I was still thinking about what Susan had said, and the expression on her face. Did I really look that different? I didn't think so, but Susan obviously did. Was that really a bad thing? I decided it wasn't, and picked up my pace down the hill, feeling a little less like the weight of the world was on my shoulders.

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Down at the lake, I found Dad lounging on his towel, which he'd spread on the ground, while Erin was sunning herself on the raft. I was still hot from unloading the car, and decided to swim for a few minutes to cool off.

The water was shockingly cold, and my testicles retreated into the warmth of my body as soon as I dived into the water. After the stifling heat and humidity, the lake felt heavenly. Eventually, I swam over to the raft and climbed up next to Erin, taking care not to drip cold water on her.

Not for the first time, I was jealous that she'd gotten Mom's complexion; in a few days, she'd have the start of a deep bronze tan. I, however, had Dad's complexion, and could sunburn if I so much as thought about the sun. I knew I couldn't stay out long the first day, but I wanted to relax on the raft and not worry about the world and all of my problems.

No sooner had I settled down than Erin turned to me. "Are you still Gina's boyfriend?"

I almost choked. "What makes you ask that?"

"I dunno. I was just thinkin' about it."

"Oh."

"So. Are you?"

"I don't know," I said with a sigh.

"How can you not know?" Erin asked.

"It's complicated."

"What about Amy?"

"What about her? What do you know about Amy?" I asked suspiciously.

"Nothing," she said quickly. "Except that you love her. You do, don't you?"

"Yeah," I answered moodily.

"But I thought you were in love with Gina."

"I am." Why had both Mom and Erin picked today, of all days, to ask me the really difficult questions?

"But, if you're…"

"Erin! Can we talk about something else? Please?"

"Yeah," she said, sounding wounded. "Sure. Whatever."

We both sulked silently for a moment, and then she looked at me thoughtfully.

"Do you think Drew and Kendall will be here this summer?" she asked.

"Yeah. I guess they'll be here." Great! Bring up the *third* girl I was in love with. Thanks, Erin. What are little sisters for?

"Cool," she said, completely oblivious.

"Yeah."

I lay my head on my arms and tried to relax. Erin let me, for the most part. But I could tell she was fidgety, and wanted to talk some more. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer.

"Are you and Aunt Susan gonna… you know?" she asked, her voice almost a whisper.

"Erin!"

"What?" she asked indignantly. "I was just asking. What's wrong with that?"

"Erin!"

"'Cause if you are gonna… you know…"

"Erin! Just drop it, willya."

"Sure. Jeez. Why're you so touchy?" she asked, all huffy.

"Look, Erin. Sometimes, it's not as simple as that. Sometimes, life just sucks, and it doesn't make sense, and there's not a fucking thing you can do about it!"

Erin was startled by my vehemence, and deep down inside, so was I. She lay back down and stopped talking to me altogether. After a while, she got up quietly.

"I'm sorry, Paul," she said softly. "I was only trying to be nice."

Then she dived off the raft and started swimming for the side of the lake. I didn't think I could possibly feel worse. I turned over on my back, laced my fingers behind my head, and started feeling sorry for myself. Again.

I didn't know what to do about Amy, if there even *were* anything I could do. I didn't know what to do about Gina, and I didn't have long to figure it out. I didn't even know what to say to Susan. And now, I'd managed to hurt Erin's feelings, when she was only trying to help. My record with women was getting depressingly bad, and I had no idea how to fix things.

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That night, Susan ate dinner with us. The conversation around me was animated, but I didn't take part in it. Mom tried to draw me out, and then Susan did her best as well, but I was determined that I wasn't going to let anybody make me feel any better. Toward the end of dinner, Susan became serious, and the conversation died down.

"Bernie Kestrel died right after the new year," she said soberly.

Mr. Kestrel was one of the year-round residents. I didn't know him well, but I did at least know who he was. In the self-centered way of most teenagers, I didn't see why it was important enough for Susan to bring up, however.

"I'm so sorry to hear that," Mom said.

"Me too," Susan said.

"He was a good friend of your father's, wasn't he?" Dad asked.

"Yes," Susan said. "He was like an uncle to me. He'd lived here since before Dad died."

"That's really too bad," Mom said.

Susan merely nodded heavily, and then she looked at me. I blinked and cocked my head to the side, confused.

"His son, Gregory, was here right after his dad died, just to take care of the arrangements and pack a few things, but he didn't have time to do more. He asked if I could take care of the house for him, until he had time to get here himself. I agreed."

"That was very kind of you," Mom said.

"Unfortunately, Gregory couldn't arrange to be here, so he asked me if I couldn't box up a few

heirlooms and send them to him. He wants the rest of the household donated to the camp, or to the Salvation Army. I told him that I'd take care of it."

I got the distinct impression that an enterprising young man, namely me, was about to be volunteered to help.

"So," Susan said, looking at me again. "How 'bout it? It's about a weeks' work, and I'll pay you four dollars an hour."

Four dollars an hour was considerably better than I'd gotten paid the year before. But I didn't relish the idea of shoveling out Mr. Kestrel's junk for a week. When I looked at my parents' faces, however, I realized that I didn't really have a choice. With a sigh, I nodded.

"Great!" Susan said. "You want to start first thing in the morning?"

No. I wanted to sleep in, and then I wanted to lie around like the King of Siam. "Sure, first thing in the morning," I said sullenly.

"I'll feed you breakfast first," she said cheerfully.

Susan and Mom shared a look, and I nodded again. Even the prospect of having breakfast with Susan, and what that might entail, couldn't cheer me up.

She reached across the table and took my hand in her own, stroking my knuckles with her thumb. "Thank you for agreeing to help, Paul," she said earnestly.

I may have completely screwed up my life, I thought to myself, but I still remembered my manners. "You're welcome."

CHAPTER FOUR

The next morning, I woke up bright and early and stared at the ceiling. Outside the cabin, dawn was just breaking, and the world was awash with the usual muted forest noises. I listened to the sound of the birds for a few moments, and had just decided to get up, when I heard a soft whimper. I blinked (as if blinking would make me hear better), and strained to pick up the sound over the birdcalls.

Quietly, very quietly, I rolled to the edge of the bunk bed and peered over. It was just barely light enough in the cabin for me to make out the shape of Mom and Dad in bed. Mom was curled up on her side, and Dad was behind her, spoon fashion. As I watched, I saw him reach around and cup her breast.

She whimpered again, very softly, and reached behind her. I could tell by the slight motion of her arm that she was stroking his dick. My own penis, which had been half hard already, sprang to attention. Dad moved his arm down, and I knew that he was rubbing a finger between her labia.

I slowly reached for my cock and gripped it gently, stroking with tiny back-and-forth motions. On the bed below me, Mom arched her back and pressed her ass against Dad. He moved his hand from her pussy to his cock, and began to rub the head against her lips. Even though they were covered by the sheet, it was thin enough that I could mostly tell what they were doing. The slowly increasing light in the cabin helped, but I had to use my imagination to fill in some of the blanks.

As I watched, Dad slowly thrust his hips forward and sank his length into her pussy. Mom whimpered again and then clutched the pillow to her face to drown out her soft cries. Dad moved his right hand back to her breast, and I could tell that he was rolling and pinching her nipple.

Up in the top bunk, I alternated between squeezing and stroking my cock, but had to keep my motions gentle, lest I make too much noise and alert Mom and Dad that I was awake. Below me, Dad began to thrust his hips, fucking her with short, gentle strokes. Mom still clutched the pillow to her mouth, and I could see that she was actually biting it.

Dad continued to thrust into her, and then moved his hand down her tummy to play with her clit. I could tell the moment he touched the sensitive bundle of nerves because Mom arched her back and tried to shove the pillow harder against her face. While Dad continued to fuck her, his fingers moved across her clit, causing the sheet over their bodies to ripple with the motion.

I'd seen my mom give my dad a blowjob, but I'd never seen them fuck; I only wished I could have seen his cock actually sliding into her. I was mesmerized as I stroked myself and watched them.

Mom finally regained a modicum of self-control, and pulled the pillow away from her face. She turned her head and Dad began to whisper into her ear. I couldn't hear what he was saying, but the effect was pretty apparent; her eyes became unfocused, and she began thrusting her hips back at him. Dad continued to jab his cock into her and work on her clit with his fingers. In only a few moments, she shoved the pillow back into her mouth and tried to stifle her cries as she came. Dad thrust into her hard, and then held his hips motionless while she climaxed. She shuddered against him and let the pillow muffle her cries.

I was still squeezing my cock slowly since I didn't want to make any motions that would give me away. So while I was very aroused, I wasn't close to coming. I turned my attention back to my parents, and panicked as Mom half sat up and looked at Erin. I quickly shut my eyes and stopped moving my hand. I pretended to be asleep as I felt her eyes on me. With a sleepy snuffle, I rolled over to face the wall, hoping that I'd convinced her.

Evidently, I had, because the next thing I heard was Dad's muffled groan. I slowly rolled back over and inched toward the edge of my bed. When I looked down, Dad had his arm over his face and was lying on his back. He had his knee up as well, but I could see Mom's form curled up next to him with her head at his crotch.

As I watched, she bobbed up and down, and I knew she was taking him into the back of her throat. Because Dad had fucked her for so long, I knew he must be close to orgasm himself. I grabbed my own cock and began slowly jerking off as I watched Mom suck him.

All too soon, however, he took his arm off his face and put his hand on the back of Mom's sheet-covered head. He held her down, and I could tell by the look on his face that he was coming in her mouth. I idly wondered if that's what I looked like when I came. He didn't make a sound as he filled Mom's mouth with his seed, but she whimpered softly as she swallowed. If I hadn't been paying attention, I'd have never noticed.

Finally, Mom came up for air and crawled up his chest, nestling her head against his arm. Dad lowered his leg and I could see the lump formed under the sheet by his softening penis. I watched them quietly cuddle for a few minutes and then I rolled onto my back.

With my right hand, I gently squeezed my own erection, which wasn't softening at all. I wanted to come, but I knew that if I started to jerk off, I'd make too much noise and be discovered. It was getting pretty light outside the cabin, so I couldn't even climb down the ladder and sneak into the bathroom. Mom, Dad, or both of them were sure to see me and realize that I was fully erect.

I could understand why I wouldn't want my dad to see my erection, but it seemed strange that I didn't want Mom to see it either. I guess that I didn't want her to see it because then she'd know that I'd been watching them. I didn't go out of my way to spy on them, but sometimes, I just couldn't help myself.

It was still very early, so I took my hand away from my hard-on and tried to relax. But thoughts of Mom's bobbing head filled my mind's eye, and my erection wouldn't subside.

Unfortunately, I knew of one sure-fire way to make my penis return to its normal state. I started thinking about what I was going to say to Gina, and worse, how I'd deal with things when I got back to school. I tried to put Amy out of my mind, and concentrated on how much I should tell Gina. I didn't want to hide anything from her, but I didn't think I needed to tell her all the intimate details.

My problem was that I literally had no idea how she was going to react. I fully expected her to never speak to me again. But then little things that Susan and Mom had said kept gnawing at the back of my mind. When I'd first been worried that having sex with Susan, or Stacy, was cheating on Gina, Susan had said that Gina might be a little more open than I imagined. I pondered what to tell Gina now, and not for the first time, I wondered what Susan had meant by that remark. She'd said it more than once, which led me to believe that it hadn't been a simple offhand comment meant to placate me.

I laced my fingers behind my head and once again felt sorry for myself. I had two good relationships that I'd screwed up, and in a way, I was pretty impressed that I'd managed to crash and burn with both girls. Oh, to be sure, I hadn't crashed and burned with Gina yet, but it was only a matter of time. Once I told her, I was sure that all hell would break loose.

Once again, I considered simply not telling her. She'd never be the wiser if I didn't, and things would hopefully pick up right where they'd left off the summer before. But the thought of deceiving Gina just felt… very wrong. And worse, my guilt over Gina had ruined my relationship with Amy. What made me think that I wouldn't feel guilty about Amy when I was with Gina? My guilt would surely poison a second relationship.

I was just working myself into a nice funk when I suddenly felt a touch on my elbow. It was so unexpected that I nearly jumped off the bed. I'd been so wrapped up in my own problems that I hadn't heard Mom get out of bed and approach me. I looked at her sheepishly.

"Are you okay, Paul?" she asked, pitching her voice low so as not to wake Erin.

I nodded and tried to smile, but I could tell from Mom's reaction that I didn't look happy at all. She smiled sadly and stroked my hair.

"It'll be okay, honey," she said gently. "Things have a way of working themselves out."

I fervently hoped she was right, but I doubted it would be that easy. My erection had subsided (small wonder), so I rolled upright and swung my legs over the side of the bed. Mom smiled at me, trying to get me to smile in return, but I simply didn't have the energy. I climbed down the ladder and padded into the bathroom without a backward glance.

When I came out, Mom was sitting on the edge of the bed and she and Dad were talking softly. Erin was still asleep, so I tried to be quiet. Without a word, I walked over to the cabin door and opened it. I stepped through the screen door and held it so it wouldn't slam shut. I then trudged down the hill, silently lamenting

that I'd have to spend my first day at camp cleaning out a house full of junk.

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As I walked through the camp, I saw that little had changed since the summer before. The side door into the clubhouse had a fresh coat of paint, and it looked like the tattered screen had been replaced by a new one, but other than that, the old building was much the same as I remembered.

Since it was still early in the summer, most of the motel-style rooms in the buildings across from the clubhouse were still empty. As before, our family was one of the first of the summer visitors to arrive, so the camp was quiet when I walked down the sandy road that led toward Susan's house. Instead of following the road, I walked to the brow of the hill and looked down at the lake below. Little had changed there as well. The raft floated in the lethargic current, and the lake was glass-smooth in the early morning light.

I stood and simply stared at the lake, and then the pine forest on the far side, lost in thought. Finally, I came back to myself and turned for Susan's house. It was several hundred yards from the top of the hill to her house, and I shuffled along aimlessly, not caring if I were early, late, or on time.

Susan's house had changed little as well. The back porch that Dwight and I had repaired the year before looked as sturdy as ever. There were two new flowerbeds lining the courtyard wall, but other than that, things had changed little there, too. I rounded the corner and entered the courtyard with my head down.

I walked up to the kitchen door and rapped on the glass with my knuckles. When it didn't open after a minute, I knocked again, somewhat louder.

"I don't think anyone's home," a voice said from behind me.

Startled, I whirled around to face the source of the voice. Much to my surprise, it was Susan. Her eyes twinkled with suppressed laughter as she stared at me. She was sitting casually on a towel in one of the wrought-iron chairs and had the thick Sunday newspaper on the table before her.

"You know," she said musingly. "If you lift your head up once in awhile, you might see more of the world around you."

I blushed and shuffled my feet, but didn't answer her.

"You walked right past me, lost in your own little world."

When I still didn't answer, she folded the section of the paper that she'd been reading and laid it atop the rest. She stood, but I refused to meet her eyes. I just knew that she'd take one look at me and know what I'd done with my relationships and how I'd screwed up my life. I didn't want her to think I was a bad person, but I couldn't think of a way to explain things so that I didn't sound callow.

She stepped close to me, and I was acutely aware of her nudity. She was as beautiful as I remembered; more so, in fact. Although she ran a nudist camp, her skin was only lightly tanned, and it was smooth and barely touched by the years. She wasn't wearing her bikini bottoms, and as I hung my head, I got a good look at her smooth mons. I felt the briefest stirring in my loins, but thrust the thought aside. Hadn't the little head gotten me into enough trouble already?

"I'm up here," she said playfully, placing a finger under my chin and lifting my head.

I looked at her dolefully and she made a moue, teasing me. When I didn't smile, she raised her eyebrows.

"You *are* in a foul mood, aren't you?"

I shrugged.

"You want to talk about it?"

I shook my head.

"Okay. Then c'mon inside. I'll make us breakfast and do all the talking."

She seemed like she didn't have a care in the world as she led me by the hand into the kitchen. Things had changed little there too, and she had me sit in my usual seat while she started preparing breakfast.

"I thought we'd take it easy today," she said, beating eggs for an omelette. "Maybe figure out what our plan of attack should be and pack just a little."

When I didn't respond, she continued.

"Gregory said he put sheets over most of the furniture at his dad's house, and he packed up some of his dad's personal things and family heirlooms."

She poured the eggs into the skillet and began slicing ham.

"He also mailed me a list of the few other things that he'd like to keep. Sentimental things, mostly."

Susan turned around and smiled at me. I smiled wanly in return, but quickly returned to staring at the Formica of the tabletop. She grated some cheddar cheese and then tossed it and the ham onto the cooking eggs. She then took four pieces of bread and put them in the toaster.

"Gregory told me that we've got a little bit of a challenge, too," Susan continued. "One of the bedrooms in his dad's house was locked, and he couldn't find the keys for it. He said his dad told him that he used it for storing old furniture, so we'd probably just have to pick through the stuff and see what the camp can use and what we'll donate to the Salvation Army."

She turned to smile genially at me and then returned her attention to the stove.

"I guess if we can't find the keys, we'll just have to come up with a different plan. I know a locksmith in town," she said. "We can use him if we have to, but I'm sure we'll find the keys."

The toaster binged and she began to butter the toast.

"So, today, we can take a look at what all is there, see if we can find the missing keys while we're at it, and generally have a light day. How's that sound?" she asked brightly.

I shrugged.

She cut the omelette into two pieces, slid the larger portion onto a plate for me, and then put three pieces of toast on the same plate.

"Why don't you get the silverware and pour us some orange juice?" Susan asked.

I got up and did as she asked. I wasn't feeling very talkative, though Susan was trying to draw me out. When we both sat down, there was an awkward silence before we started eating.

Undaunted, Susan started telling me about her sons' summers. Kirk, her oldest, was starting his First Class Summer at the Naval Academy. He was one of the Midshipman hosts for the Summer Seminar, which Susan explained was a program for high school seniors who were interested in attending the Academy. After that, for his "second block" he was going on an Aviation Cruise with an attack squadron at NAS Jacksonville. He had a month's vacation at the end of the summer, but he would spend most of it with his brother, Doug.

Doug was doing a summer internship with a company in Austin, and would be working with IBM mainframe computers. At the end of the summer, he and some friends had an opportunity to take a 44-foot sailboat from Galveston to the Bahamas and back again. Doug had invited Kirk, and after their three-week trip, the two of them were going to spend a week back home with Susan.

I listened with half an ear, trying to pay attention and be polite. The omelette was actually pretty good, and I quickly cleaned my plate, much to Susan's satisfaction.

"Well," she said, with a teasing grin, "you may be mopey, but at least you've got an appetite."

She cleaned up our plates and I watched her as she washed and dried the dishes; her breasts swayed gently as she worked, and I felt a familiar stirring in my loins. As she began to make sandwiches for lunch, I covertly watched her, once again marveling at how beautiful she was. With a furtive look to make sure she wasn't paying attention to me, I reached under the table and gently squeezed my growing erection.

During the school year, I'd gotten used to masturbating at least once a day, usually in the mornings. Sometimes, I'd jerk off at night as well, depending on how horny I was. Since arriving at camp, I'd had few opportunities for any private time. After I'd started to take care of things earlier in the morning, but been unable to finish due to my family's close proximity, I was feeling a little pressure.

I was thinking about Susan, and how good she looked, when a horrible thought struck me and I began to panic. Susan hadn't done or said anything to make me think that she still had any feelings for me. The entire conversation over breakfast had been about her sons and their summers. She hadn't said a thing about the two of us. I began to worry that things would simply go back to normal, whatever that was.

What if she didn't want to have sex with me? Why? Had I done something? I frantically wracked my brain, pouring over the few things I'd said to her since arriving at camp, but I could find nothing overtly wrong.

"What's the matter, Paul?" Susan asked softly.

Startled out of my panicked train of thought, I looked at her and blinked.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

I tried to shake off my fears and nodded. She looked dubious, but accepted my answer.

"Okay," she said, still sounding a little skeptical. "Wait a minute, and I'll get my bikini on, and then we'll drive up there."

My heart sank when she told me that she was going to put on her bikini bottoms. I guessed that it meant that she didn't want to do anything with me. One more nail in the coffin, I thought morosely, feeling my half-hard dick go completely limp.

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Mr. Kestrel's house was located at the far corner of the camp, opposite Susan's. It was actually at the end of a little-used sandy road, which had weeds growing up in the center track. The house was at least 400 yards away from any other building, and unbroken pine forest surrounded it. We could have walked there from Susan's house in about twenty minutes, but she had boxes, wrapping paper, and rolls of tape in the back of her station wagon. We would probably have to buy more, she explained as we drove over there, but we had enough for the time being.

To tell the truth, I didn't even know where Mr. Kestrel had lived, and I'd certainly never been to this remote corner of the camp.

"This is the one piece of property that I don't own," Susan explained as we pulled up to the house.

I looked at it, and it looked eerily familiar, but I couldn't figure out why.

"Well, the one piece of property that I *didn't* own," she corrected herself.

I looked at her curiously.

She put the car in Park and turned off the engine. "Dad sold the property to Uncle Bernie when I was just a girl. Uncle Bernie's will stipulated that I would have first right of refusal if Gregory wanted to sell the property."

"What's first right of refusal?" I asked, speaking for the first time since we'd left her house.

"It means that if Gregory wanted to sell the property, I had the first option to buy it. If, and only if, I declined, then Gregory could have sold it to someone else."

"Oh."

"If he hadn't wanted to sell it, though," she said with a hint of wistfulness, "that would have been okay too."

"He sold it to you?" I asked.

She nodded. "I guess he's moved on in his life. Before his dad died, he hadn't been to the camp in a long time."

"Oh."

We were silent for a moment and then she looked at me. "Don't talk my ear off, Paul," she said sarcastically, grinning at me. "I don't wanna spend the day listening to you yammer on about whatever crosses your mind."

Her grin was infectious, and I couldn't help but grin in reply, no matter how much I wanted to be sullen. I was depressed! Shouldn't I at least try to *look* depressed?

Susan punched me lightly in the shoulder and I tried to return to being dour. As she pulled her hair into a loose ponytail and then covered it with a bandana, I got out of the car. Something about Mr. Kestrel's house still looked familiar, but I couldn't figure out what it was. I heard Susan get out of the car behind me, and watched as she walked toward the courtyard.

Then it hit me! Mr. Kestrel's house was a mirror image of Susan's. The courtyard only had a waist-high wall, and that's what had confused me at first. Virtually everything was like Susan's house, only in reverse, as if someone had flipped the building plans upside down. The courtyard had a tiled shower area, the kitchen door was the same, the back porch by the master bedroom was the same, everything was the same.

"Susan?"

She stopped at the kitchen door and turned. "Yes?"

"Is this house the same as yours?"

She laughed and nodded. "Yeah. The story goes that Dad and Uncle Bernie were too cheap to pay for two architects. So they went in together and hired only one. When the house plans were completed, they flipped a coin to see who would build the house the way it was drawn, and who would build the reverse."

"So who won?" I asked.

"Uncle Bernie."

"Why'd it matter who built which?" I asked, confused.

She laughed again. For a moment, I thought she was laughing at me, and I began to bristle. But I quickly realized that she was laughing at the story. "As I said, both Dad and Uncle Bernie were cheap, so whoever lost the coin toss would have to pay to have the plans redrafted, in reverse."

"That's kinda dumb," I said. And then I realized that I'd just called her father dumb. Oops! I started to apologize, but before I could, Susan laughed.

"That's what Mom and Aunt Louise thought," she said, still chuckling at the memory. "Well, are you ready to take a look?"

I nodded, and she stuck the key in the lock and turned. We stepped into the house and were immediately assaulted by a blast of hot, musty air.

"Well," Susan said quickly. "The first thing we're going to do is open all the windows."

I nodded and then headed toward the back of the house. The whole house still gave me an uneasy feeling of déjà vu. It was decorated very differently, but the layout was indeed an exact reverse of Susan's house. Well, Susan's house was an exact reverse of Mr. Kestrel's house, to be precise. But I'd gotten used to Susan's house, and would always think of it as the original, despite the truth of the matter.

I started in the master bedroom and began opening windows. A few of them didn't have screens, so I left them closed, to keep the bugs out. The bedroom that corresponded to Kirk's room in Susan's house was locked, so I skipped it. It was the only inside door with a locking deadbolt, which I thought was odd, especially for furniture storage. With a shrug, I put the thought out of my mind and went to find Susan.

"Tonight when we leave," she said, "we'll shut the windows and start the air conditioner, so it'll cool down overnight."

I nodded.

"But now, if you don't mind, I'm going to get comfortable."

Without waiting for me to answer, she turned around and skimmed her bikini bottoms down her legs. For a moment, I wondered why she'd turned her back to me to remove them. My eyes automatically dropped to the view I had of her smooth pussy lips, and I admired them. No matter what she might have felt for me, I still was very attracted to her.

She stepped out of her bottoms and then stretched before standing up. When she turned, she looked at me mischievously and smiled.

"I still can't believe how much you've changed," she said, shaking her head in wonder.

I knew I'd gained weight, but…

"You really do look *so* good," she said, practically gushing.

"I don't get it," I said. "I don't think I've changed all that much. I've even gained weight."

"But Paul, you should see where you've gained it!"

I looked at her, my confusion evident.

"Your mom told me you joined the wrestling team?"

I nodded, still perplexed.

"Well, all that working out has done wonders for you."

"But I've actually *gained* weight," I said, at a loss for how to explain it to her.

"I know," she said simply. "But you've lost your baby fat."

Ugh! I hated that phrase!

She took a step closer to me. "You've gotten hard and muscular." She reached out and touched my chest, putting a little pressure on her finger. "Your chest is so big, and your shoulders too." She stepped even closer and looked up at me seriously. "Paul, you looked good before, but now… well… now you look

great."

I swallowed hard, still unwilling to believe it. I'd always been self-conscious about my body, and especially my weight. I guess it would just take me a while to appreciate that I wasn't the same pudgy kid that I'd been the year before, no matter what I felt like.

"And," Susan said slyly, reaching between us. "I think since you've trimmed down, something *else* has grown a little."

I almost jumped out of my skin when her fingers wrapped around my flaccid penis. My cock jerked, and began to stiffen in her hand.

"Have you measured it lately," Susan asked, starting to stroke me.

I swallowed hard and shook my head.

"That's too bad." She frowned playfully. "I wonder where we can find a ruler. Did you see a ruler when you were opening windows?" she asked with artful innocence.

I shook my head mutely.

"I didn't either. Pity. Do you think we should measure your dick?" she asked.

I shrugged.

"I think we should."

I was completely hard and she squeezed me gently.

"How do you think we should measure you?" she asked.

"Um…"

"Um?"

"Um…" I frantically looked around for something, anything, vaguely resembling a ruler.

"I know," Susan said ingeniously. "It won't be scientific, but I think we'll get some good results."

"What?" I asked, completely befuddled.

She merely smiled at me and then sank to her knees. I watched, rapt, as she steadied my shaft with her hand and opened her mouth. Her lips closed over the head of my cock and I immediately felt lightheaded. Once she had the tip of my dick captured, she put her hands on my hips and began to take more of me in her mouth.

When she had about half my length in her mouth, she paused and moved her tongue over the underside of my shaft. I groaned and she opened her mouth to engulf more of my dick. Her mouth slid over me and I felt the tip enter the back of her throat. She clamped her lips over my shaft, about an inch and half from the base, and made an appreciative sound, deep in her chest.

Her nostrils flared as she took a deep breath, and then she opened her lips and began to take the last of my cock down her throat. I grunted when she gripped my hips and pulled me forward, pressing her nose into my pubic hair. I could feel her chin pressing against my balls, and I never wanted to pull my cock from her mouth again.

The feeling of her lips around the absolute base of my shaft was the most heavenly thing I'd felt in a long time, nearly as good as Amy's super-tight pussy. When Susan moved her tongue along the base of my cock, I knew it was better than any pussy. She moaned, deep in her throat, and shook her head side-to-side. I clamped my eyes shut in ecstasy and groaned.

Finally, she began to pull back, dragging her lips along my saliva-slick length. As she did, she flicked her tongue along the underside ridge, sending waves of pure pleasure directly from my cock to my brain. When her lips dragged over the sensitive glans, I gasped. It had been so long, so very long, since I'd had my dick that far back in a woman's throat, and it felt good.

I reached for Susan's head, intending to thrust myself back in her mouth. To my surprise, she pulled back, and I looked down into her twinkling eyes.

"I think it might *be* a bit longer," she said matter-of-factly.

With a teasing grin, she stood up. I looked at her goggle-eyed and her grin widened.

"You mean… I mean… you're not… are you… you can't… I mean…" I sputtered incoherently.

"Yes?" She batted her eyes coquettishly.

I wanted to scream.

"You were saying?" she asked sweetly.

I closed my mouth with a clomp.

"You do look *really* good, Paul," she said softly, and then stood on tiptoe to give me a kiss on the lips. When she pulled back, she smiled innocently. "So, let's take a look around and figure out how we want to do this. Shall we?"

I sputtered some more, mostly incoherently, but Susan pretended to ignore me. I mutely followed her toward the dining room, my hard-on bouncing gently before me.

What had just happened? I had been convinced that she wasn't interested in me any longer. Was I wrong? I must have been. But… But why hadn't she finished sucking me off? Why did she just swallow me the one time? Why…? Why did I ever think I understood women?

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Once we removed most of the plain white sheets covering the furniture, I realized that Mr. Kestrel's house was one big dichotomy. On one hand, a lot of the house was impeccably neat, tidy to the point of fastidiousness. Other parts of the house were disheveled and looked almost ransacked.

There were lighter spots on the walls where pictures used to hang. In the living room, both end tables had been searched, but little else was touched. In the second bedroom, which served as an office, it looked like the aftermath of a tornado, with papers and file folders that had obviously been pulled from drawers and stacked at random. The dining room had definitely been gone through as well, while the kitchen was practically untouched.

As I looked around, the reason became clear. After his father died, it looked like Gregory had little time, energy, or both, and he quickly went through the house looking for his father's business papers and family heirlooms. He had packed up a number of things, but I guess the rest of it didn't mean much to him.

"Why did Mr. Kestrel's son leave all this stuff?" I asked as Susan and I stood together in the dining room. There was some really nice furniture in there, and I couldn't imagine anyone wanting to donate it to the Salvation Army.

"I think Gregory was…" She paused for a moment, searching for the right words. "Well, Greg and his dad hadn't gotten along together since Greg's mom died," she said sadly.

"When was that?"

"Hmmm?" Susan looked at me blankly for a moment, and I could tell she was lost in thought. "Oh, sorry. I guess it was probably twenty years ago. It was a hard time for Greg, what with… Well, it was a hard time for Greg, for a lot of different reasons."

She drifted through her memories again, and a look of regret crossed her face. I don't even think she realized it, and I wanted to ask her what she was thinking about, but the moment passed. She took a deep breath and looked at me with what was obviously a forced smile.

"Why would they not get along?" I asked. "I kinda figured that they'd be closer after that."

Susan looked at me seriously for a moment, as if judging me. Then she snorted in self-derision. "Well, if I can't trust you, I can't trust anyone," she said quietly. "Greg's mom committed suicide, and then four months later, his dad married the woman who had been his mistress."

I looked at Susan in disbelief. She shook her head sadly. I didn't really know any of these people, but it was still kind of a shock to hear what had happened to them.

"Uncle Bernie's new wife was actually Greg's age, twenty-three at the time, and he'd been seeing her even before Aunt Louise killed herself. Greg never forgave him. I think Gregory just wants to be done with his father, and done with this place," Susan said, gesturing at the house around us. "There are too many bad memories for him here."

I nodded. "What happened to Mr. Kestrel's second wife?" I asked quietly.

"Oh, she died about three years ago. Her name was Alice," Susan said distractedly. "She was actually a nice woman. It was cancer. Gregory told me that he and his dad reconciled after she died, but their relationship was still strained. Too many years and too many hard feelings, I guess."

"Yeah."

Susan tried to cheer herself up by smiling forcibly, but it didn't look like it worked. Unfortunately, I had no idea what to say to her, or what to do. She was quiet for another moment or two, lost in thought. Finally, she clapped her hands together and looked around the room.

"Well, let's get this show on the road!" she said, with affected enthusiasm. "Why don't we get Gregory's list and see what we can find. And while we're at it, let's keep an eye out for the keys to that bedroom."

Susan retrieved the list we'd left in the kitchen, while I taped together one of the moving boxes we'd brought in from the car. Gregory was thorough enough to break down his list by what room he suspected things were in, and we quickly located most of them. The dining room furniture was on the list, and Susan said that we'd have it moved to storage for him. The files from the second bedroom were also on the list, and they would be put in storage as well.

After those two major items, the rest of the list consisted of things that we might run across: photo albums, anything from Mr. Kestrel's military service (he was a retired Marine Corps Major), anything that obviously belonged to Greg's mother, and things like that. It took us about an hour to go through the house, and during that time, Susan's mood improved, slowly, but surely.

We decided to get some file boxes from the car and pack up the second bedroom first, since it would be easy to simply stuff them with files. We continued filling the file boxes, and true to our expectations, it was fairly easy work; we started to make some real progress.

The house was hot, and with so many old files, the office was musty. After about an hour of work, Susan called for a break and went to the kitchen to get us glasses of water.

"Would you believe there was actually ice in the freezer?" she asked when she returned.

She handed me a tall glass of water that was already heavily beaded with sweat. I took it and quickly downed about half the glass.

"Gregory had the good sense to clean out the refrigerator when he was here, but he left the ice trays, and must have even filled them up."

The cubes were small, probably from evaporation, but they were undeniably ice. I took another long swallow of the cool water. When I lowered my head, Susan was looking at me with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, and I began to get nervous. As I shifted from foot to foot, she grinned at me and ran her cold glass across her left nipple. The areola puckered and was left with a coating of fine water droplets.

When I looked into her eyes, she smirked and moved the glass over her right nipple. It also puckered, and when I looked back up at Susan's face, she licked her lips suggestively. My penis went from flaccid to semi-erect in two microseconds. She noticed, and grinned appreciatively. Maybe I'd been wrong about her, I thought, and more importantly, wrong about how she felt about me.

"Just making sure you're still paying attention," she said.

She took another long drink of water, and I watched her throat work as she swallowed. As I'm sure she intended, I thought about my cock being at the back of her throat, and I became a little bit harder, though not fully erect.

Susan reached out, took my nearly empty glass, and headed back toward the kitchen, looking over her shoulder to make sure I was watching her. Believe me, I was. She returned a few minutes later with refilled glasses (albeit without more ice) and paper towels. We wrapped the paper towels around the bases of the glasses, to keep the condensation from dripping on anything, and each took long drinks. Her gaze lingered upon my semi-hard cock, and then she set her glass down.

"Are you ready to…" She drew out the question and I leaned forward in anticipation, holding my breath. "…get back to work?"

I let my breath out explosively and she flashed me a wry grin. I nodded hesitantly, still unsure of myself. What was it about Susan that made me so insecure? It was driving me crazy!

She waggled her eyebrows at me and started filling a box with files. With a heavy sigh, I joined her.

We worked like that for another hour, and had most of the filing cabinets emptied. We'd used up all the file boxes she'd brought with her, but fortunately, the only thing we had left to clean out was the desk itself. We could simply store most of its contents in moving boxes.

The whole time we'd been working, however, Susan contrived to brush up against me, bend over in front

of me, or flash me in some way, keeping me in a constant state of at least semi-erection. From her sly glances, I could tell that she was doing it on purpose, and my hopes (as well as my cock) slowly rose.

We also talked while we worked, mostly about simple stuff, nothing earth shattering. I told Susan about my wrestling season, and about how much I'd really come to enjoy lifting weights and working out. I told her about some of my friends, but I felt guilty whenever I mentioned Amy, so I changed the subject if she came up.

Susan told me about the goings on at the camp during the off-season, and who was set to arrive and when. Mr. Kershaw, one of the year-round residents, took care of all the reservations themselves, but Susan always had her finger on the pulse of the camp.

By the time we were ready to break for lunch, I was starving. While I wiped down the kitchen table, Susan got out some plates and refilled our water glasses. By then, the freshly filled ice trays were mostly frozen, and we enjoyed cold water with our lunch. Susan had fixed ham and cheese sandwiches—two large ones for me and a smaller one for her—and brought along some potato chips. I attacked my lunch with a vengeance, while Susan merely grinned at me and ate hers in a much more ladylike fashion.

After lunch, we relaxed for a little bit, and decided to finish the rest of the office before we called it an early day. I had high hopes when Susan mentioned that she wanted to take it easy, so we wouldn't be worn out come mid-afternoon. I, of course, agreed completely, no matter what the reason.

I went out to the station wagon to fetch some more moving boxes while Susan headed toward the second bedroom to start cleaning out the desk. When I arrived, cardboard boxes stuffed under my arm, she looked at me smugly. I arched an eyebrow at her and she held up a rubber band with a key dangling from it.

"Oh, cool," I said. "Where was it?"

"In a little drawer here," Susan said, pointing toward the desk. "Under a bunch of rubber bands, not surprisingly."

"I guess I can see why Gregory didn't find it, then."

She nodded. "Let's finish up here, and then we'll check out the other bedroom before we leave for the afternoon. Okay?"

I nodded, and began assembling moving boxes. During lunch, my erection had finally subsided, and once she started clearing out the desk, Susan was too busy to effectively tease me. I think we both wanted to finish the office so we could take a cold shower and get cleaned up. And then… who knew what would happen? I was actually beginning to look forward to the rest of the afternoon.

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"Okay," Susan said as we closed the last of the boxes and surveyed the completely packed bedroom-cum-office. "That wasn't so hard."

I shook my head. It hadn't been all that difficult, but I was glad we were done.

"You ready to see what kind of furniture Uncle Bernie has stuffed in that other bedroom?"

I nodded and followed her down the hall. Sure enough, the key fit the door, and with a little difficulty, Susan unlocked it. I was fully expecting to see a room piled high with furniture, and I suppose she was too. So when she opened the door and flipped on the lights, we both stood there for a few minutes, dumbfounded.

After a stretch of stunned silence, she stepped hesitantly into the room and I followed her. We both simply stared.

Thick, heavy drapes covered the two windows floor-to-ceiling, effectively cutting off all outside light. The room had four and only four pieces of furniture in it: a large, stout four-poster bed; an armoire, with its doors open; a sturdy padded bench; and a comfortable-looking chair.

The armoire captured our attention first. It was filled with all sorts of ropes, handcuffs, whips, paddles, leather things whose purpose I could only guess at, and dozens of things that I couldn't readily identify. Below all the hanging trappings were two closed drawers.

As I looked around, I slowly realized that an entire wall of the room was padded, with pulleys at the floor and ceiling. The bench itself had eyebolts in it, and when I looked at the chair, I realized that there

were even a few in it as well. The bed not only had eyebolts screwed into each thick post, there were ropes and clasps attached to each one. At the end of each rope was a thick leather cuff with a padded lining.

"Wow," Susan breathed.

"Yeah."

"No wonder he kept this room locked," she said.

"What *is* all this stuff?"

Susan turned to me and grinned. "It's a bondage playroom, that's what it is."

"Huh?"

"Bondage, Paul. You know."

I shook my head.

"Sometimes," she said, smiling gently, "I forget how young you are."

I started to bristle, but she laid a comforting hand on my arm.

"I don't mean that in a bad way," she said soothingly.

"So… what's a… bondage playroom?" I asked, curious and a little bit annoyed.

She walked toward the armoire and began to explain. By the time she was done, I was aroused and a little scared. I guess I didn't see the appeal of tying someone up and spanking or whipping them.

But when she opened the upper drawer on the bottom of the armoire, we were both in for a bigger shock. It held stacks of magazines, and shoeboxes that we quickly discovered were full of pictures. Susan pulled out some of the pictures, and we quickly recognized the room we were in.

Most of the pictures were several years old, and some of them were even older. They all showed people, mostly women, tied up. In some of them, a man I assumed was Bernie Kestrel was fucking a bound woman. Susan quickly pointed out Alice, Mr. Kestrel's second wife, in some of the pictures, but other photos were of different women entirely.

"Uncle Bernie sure did keep this a secret," Susan said. "I don't even think Greg knew about this room. If he did, he surely wouldn't have asked me to take care of the house for him."

She put the lids back on the boxes and picked up one of the magazines. As she leafed through it, I realized that it was more about fucking than what Susan called "discipline." There were pictures of people tied up, men and women both, though mostly women. The women were usually tied up so that their legs were spread, allowing easy access to their pussies. Although I didn't really like the pictures where people were merely being tied up, some of the ones with people having sex were actually arousing.

I felt my penis stiffen, and tried to turn away. I didn't want Susan to see that some of the pictures turned me on. Unfortunately, of course, she did.

"You like some of these pictures, Paul?" she asked, teasing me.

"No."

She reached around my body and felt for my erection. When she found it, she latched onto it and squeezed gently. "For not being turned on," she said, "you sure are hard."

Using my dick for leverage, she pulled me back around to face her and dropped the magazine back into the drawer. She started to stroke my erection, and I couldn't help but groan. I averted my eyes, too ashamed to look at her. I was sure she would be disgusted with me.

"You like the idea of tying someone up and fucking them?" she asked, still stroking my shaft.

I shook my head vehemently, but my dick betrayed my true feelings. Treacherous organ!

"You do," she practically purred.

I shook my head again, trying to deny the obvious. With her knee, Susan closed the drawer and then stepped close to me. I could feel the heat radiating off her body. I could smell the scent of her sweat and of her arousal, and it turned me on even more.

"Do you want to tie me up and fuck me?" she asked.

"No."

"Are you sure?"

I nodded sharply, trying to will my erection to subside.

She looked around quickly and her eyes locked on the bed. I could see the wheels turning in her mind

and was half scared, half consumed with lust. In a flash, Susan was on her knees with my cock in her mouth, intent on swallowing me whole.

She pulled back for a moment and swirled her tongue around my sensitive glans, causing me to shudder. I looked down my torso at her, hoping to make eye contact, but she was concentrating on my dick, teasing the tip with her tongue. She took the first few inches into her mouth and clamped her lips around my girth. I wanted to put my hands on the back of her head and force myself into her mouth, but I restrained myself.

When she wrapped her hand around the base of my shaft and began to bob her head, I closed my eyes and groaned. After getting worked up with no release in the morning, and then all the day's teasing, I was ready to burst. All I wanted to do was fuck her mouth and then bury my dick in her throat as I came.

I had just decided to take her head in my hands when she pulled back and looked up at me with lust-crazed eyes. When she stood up, I nearly cried out in frustration. She started to back away from me, never breaking eye contact, and I followed her. Without waiting for me to reach her, she backed onto the center of the bed.

Finally, I snapped. "You want me to tie you up and fuck you?" I growled.

"I don't care," she said. "Just fuck me."

I pushed her onto her back and climbed up beside her. My cock throbbed as I thought about cuffing her to the bed, and she offered no resistance when I grabbed her left wrist. My grip could hold a struggling wrestler weighing half again as much as she did, I wasn't worried about her getting away.

"Fuck me, Paul," she said.

I grabbed one of the cuffs and strapped it around her wrist, cinching it tight. I grabbed her right wrist and leaned across her body to bind it in the other cuff. My hard-on dragged across her hot skin as I did, and we both enjoyed the contact.

"Oh, God. Paul, please."

I turned and grabbed one ankle, securing it with one of the cuffs at the foot of the bed. In a moment, her other ankle was secured as well, leaving her legs spread slightly. I gently rubbed my finger over her smooth slit and found her already very moist. She shuddered and lifted her hips at the contact, but I quickly moved my finger away. She had been teasing me all day, and I wanted to exact a measure of revenge while I took my pleasure.

I turned around and straddled her midsection, looking down at the luscious breasts that had been so much a part of my masturbation fantasies. I tweaked her nipples and she moaned. My cock was still slick from her saliva, and had begun to ooze pre-come. I wiped the tip and then lifted my finger to her mouth. She hungrily sucked on it, tonguing it like I knew she wanted to treat my manhood.

"Fuck me," she said, grinding her hips into the air, almost pleading with me.

"I will," I said calmly.

Susan looked into my eyes and then her expression became a little alarmed. She pulled on one rope, and then the other, but found that her hands were securely bound. I lifted my hips and scooted forward a little, so my cock was bobbing only a few inches above her mouth. She raised her head and tried to capture it, but I pulled it out of her reach. She made a raw animal noise of lust tinged with frustration, and I grinned at her.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, her situation finally becoming clear.

I could hear the desire in her voice, and in a flash of insight, I knew what I wanted to do.

"You'll see," I said coolly.

CHAPTER FIVE

As I looked down at Susan, I had an overwhelming urge to let her suck my cock. Her mouth was open, and from the look in her eyes, I could tell that she was more than willing. But she had been teasing me all day, and as I'd first thought when I cuffed her to the bed, I wanted to exact a small measure of revenge. I didn't want to hurt her, but I was certainly going to take the opportunity to tease her a little bit. Okay, maybe a lot.

I lifted her head gently and slid the bandana off her hair. I reached for her ponytail, pulled loose the rubber band, and then tossed it and the bandana aside. As I scooted forward a little more, Susan looked up at me with lust-filled eyes. I felt my knees bump against her armpits and looked down; my dick was nestled between her flattened breasts, and her eyes were locked on it.

"You want to suck my dick?" I asked calmly.

She nodded quickly and then looked from it to my face, and then back again. I lifted off my haunches and thrust my hips forward a little. Susan lifted her head and tried to capture the tip of my cock with her lips, but I wouldn't let her. I wrapped my fist around the base of my shaft and held the glans just out of her reach. She strained and tried to lift her head further, but her outstretched arms kept her from reaching my dick. She sagged back against the bed and looked at it with hungry eyes.

"Paul, *please?*"

I shook my head.

"It's been so long since I've tasted you. Come in my mouth."

"Maybe."

She looked into my eyes and saw that I was resolved not to give in to her pleas. I leaned forward and put one hand on the wall above her head, supporting my weight. My cock was directly over her face, and she looked at it with unbridled lust. I chuckled to myself and began to stroke my length.

As I looked down at her, she ignored my face—her eyes were glued to my hand as it slowly moved back and forth. Her mouth worked soundlessly as I gently squeezed my rigid cock, making it swell further.

"Paul, I'm sorry I've been teasing you all day. Please, put your dick in my mouth."

I shook my head and continued stroking.

"Please?" she begged.

"No," I said firmly.

She lifted her head again and tried to capture my balls. I pulled my hips back a little and they shifted out of her reach. When she dropped her head back to the bed, I thrust my hips forward again and touched her forehead with the drooling tip of my prick. She arched her neck and tried to capture it with her lips, but the angle was wrong. She did succeed in getting her tongue on the underside of my shaft before I pulled back, though.

She groaned in animal frustration and once again lifted her head, straining against her bonds. I pulled back and grinned at her, never ceasing the motion of my hand. Because of all her teasing, I was actually fairly close to orgasm, and I didn't really want to hold back. I'd had a dull ache in my balls most of the afternoon, and it became worse once we discovered Mr. Kestrel's secret playroom.

I decided that I didn't want to wait any longer, so I started stroking my cock in earnest. I pushed off from the wall and held myself directly above Susan's chest. She watched raptly as I move my hand along my shaft. While it certainly felt good, I was tempted to put my dick in her mouth, which I knew would feel even better. Finally, I decided against it. Let *her* get a taste of what I'd been going through all day, I thought.

I could feel my orgasm building, and I knew it was going to be a big one, the first of the day. Susan must have sensed it too, because she lifted her head and opened her mouth wide, finally coming to the realization that I wasn't going to let her suck me off. My balls were about to boil over, so I looked down, aiming my cock at her face. I knew she'd get some of my come in her mouth, but I certainly didn't want her to get all of it.

My hand moved along my length faster, bringing me closer to the edge. Susan sensed it as well, and moaned in frustration at not being able to suck me. I felt a tingling in my balls that rapidly spread throughout my groin, and with a grunt, I erupted.

The first spurt hit her in the forehead and splashed across her hair. She groaned, closed her eyes, and tried to lift her head further. I kept pumping my cock and the next spurts landed on the bridge of her nose and her left cheek. A few drops landed in her mouth, but the majority of my come hit her face, just as I intended. The next couple of spurts covered her face with pearly drops. She groaned again as my spurts finally slowed, although more of my semen gushed into her hungry mouth.

I realized that I was holding my breath, and let it out explosively as the last of my come dribbled onto her lips, cheeks, and chin. I sat back, breathing heavily, and tried to conceal my amusement as Susan's tongue snaked out and tried to capture as much of my seed as it could. She smacked her lips and swallowed, and then her tongue shot back out, searching for more of my juices.

I don't know what it is about the sight of a woman with my come on her face, but it was very arousing. I can't explain it. I guess it was like I was marking her as my territory, with the added bonus that I got to tease her a little bit by not giving her what she really wanted.

My cock was still hard, and I gently stroked it, squeezing the last few drops from the tip. With my finger, I carefully gathered them up. Her eyes locked on my semen-coated fingertip as I slowly raised it to her mouth. She locked her lips around it and sucked greedily, finally forcing me to pull it from her mouth with a bit of effort.

"Paul, please let me suck you. Let me go," she pleaded. "I promise I'll suck you off. Please?"

I shook my head and she groaned in frustration. Glistening droplets of my come covered her face, and I saw that several of the first spurts had actually gotten some in her hair. I knew she could feel my semen slowly cooling on her face, and the thought thrilled me. When I looked down at her, her eyes were almost wild.

"Please let me up, Paul," she said, sounding repentant. "I'm sorry I was teasing you."

"That's okay," I said conversationally. "I actually kinda like a little teasing."

She nodded and relaxed a little, once she realized I wasn't angry.

"But sometimes," I said, chiding her, "you drive me crazy."

"I'm sorry, Paul. I didn't expect you to hold out so long."

I looked at her questioningly.

She smiled. "Un-cuff me and I'll make it up to you."

I shook my head firmly and her hopeful expression wilted.

"Please?"

"No. I'm not done with you yet."

"What? Paul…" Her gaze darted toward the armoire, and all that it contained, and I actually saw a little panic in her eyes.

"Don't worry," I said soothingly. "I'm not going to hurt you." I nodded to the armoire myself. "Most of that stuff scares me."

She sighed and her panic seemed to slip away a little.

"But I *do* have a naked woman tied to the bed," I said with a wicked grin. "And, well… I'd be crazy not to take advantage of that."

"What are you going to do?" she asked, the panic returning.

"Nothing that I wouldn't do if you weren't tied up."

Her body writhed beneath me and she looked up at me with pleading eyes. "Then please let me go. I'll do anything you want."

"Oh, I know."

"Thank you, Paul."

"You'll do anything I want because I'm going to keep you cuffed until we're done."

She cried out softly in disappointment and then squirmed again.

I reached behind me and cupped her smooth sex, insinuating a finger between the soft flesh of her

slippery lips. She hissed as the ball of my hand pressed against her engorged clit. I pushed my middle finger into her pussy and slid it back and forth.

"You want me to stop?" I asked softly.

She licked her lips and shook her head vigorously.

"Good."

I tweaked her right nipple and then climbed off her chest. She moaned again, but quickly calmed down when she realized that I was moving between her legs. Her thighs parted as far as they could and I knelt on my heels between them, once again marveling at the sight of her shaved pussy.

Her inner lips were engorged and distended, and already wet with her fluids. I could smell her musk even over the musty smell of the room and the acrid tang of my own sweat. I put my palm on the soft skin of her inner thigh and ran my thumb along the length of her slit, making her shudder.

She bucked her hips at me, trying to force my thumb against her clit, but I pulled back. I looked up the length of her body and smiled to myself at her frustrated tension. My dick was still very hard, and I wanted to slide it inside her, but I restrained myself. Instead, I continued to rub her slippery labia with my thumb. Her pussy was practically gushing, and I could feel the waves of heat coming off her.

I moved my hand forward and shoved one finger into her, spreading her inner lips with my thumb and teasing her clit. She whimpered and lifted her hips when I pulled back and thrust another finger within her. She was soaking wet, and I started moving my fingers back and forth, gently sawing them against the slight ridges along her vaginal walls. Every time I thrust them into her, my thumb brushed against her clit and she moaned.

Finally, I pulled my fingers from her pussy and spread her juices over the head of my cock. I grasped the base with my right hand and scooted my hips forward. Susan felt me move and lifted her head to look down her torso at me. I smiled mischievously and rubbed the head of my cock all along her slit.

Her head fell back and her hips rose, trying to force me inside her. I lifted my cock away from her pussy and she groaned as she felt it move. When her hips sank back to the bed, I once again began to rub my cock along her slit. By the time I had the head coated in her juices, she was thrashing her head from side to side and whimpering.

My right hand still on my cock, I shifted my weight forward and planted my left hand on the bed. I levered my hips back and set the tip of my manhood at her entrance. Susan held very still when she realized I was about to enter her, and I looked down at her lust-filled expression.

"You want me to fuck you?" I asked softly.

Her nostrils flared as she took a deep breath and squeezed her eyes shut. She nodded quickly and then whimpered. I lowered my hips an inch or so, and the head of my cock parted her lips.

"Why should I?" I asked, with semi-sadistic glee. "You tease me all the time."

She only whimpered and thrashed her head.

I pulled the head of my dick away from her and slapped her mons with it. "Are you going to tease me any more?" I asked.

She shook her head, her eyes still closed tightly.

Once again, I smacked her mons with my erection. "I don't think you deserve to be fucked." I pulled back a fraction of an inch.

She cried out, a mixture of frustration and desire.

"Do you want it?"

She nodded. "Please, Paul. I'm so sorry I teased you. Please, please, please. I need it. I need to be fucked."

With that, I set my cock back at her entrance and planted my right hand alongside her body. With one smooth motion, I buried myself inside her, sliding forward effortlessly, until my hips met hers. Her eyes popped open and she looked at me with an expression of stunned pleasure. She was still covered in my semen, but it had spread when she thrashed her head, and her face was shiny. I looked into her eyes and began to thrust inside her.

It had been so long since I'd had my cock inside her, and it felt so good. She might not have been as tight

as Amy, but she knew how to press back against me with her hips, or rotate them to exert more friction. I jabbed into her a few times, quickly, and then pulled back. Her pussy was a furnace, and even the warm air of the house felt cooler than her depths.

Her eyes met mine as I held my hips poised above her, and I smiled tightly. I slowly lowered myself, sliding into her one inch at a time, spreading her open with my girth, and her eyes rolled back in her head. She let out a throaty groan that was almost a growl and thrust her hips back at me.

I pulled out and then slammed back into her, making the bed shake with the force of my thrust. Susan started moaning as I pulled back and thrust again. When I finally settled into a rhythm and began fucking her in earnest, she clenched her teeth and breathed through her nose.

She was deeply flushed, and her breathing was becoming ragged. I could feel her vaginal muscles begin to grip me, but I didn't want to let her come yet, so I slid into her and held myself still. She cried out in frustration and ground her hips against me, trying to force her clit into contact with my pelvic bone.

I chuckled mischievously and began thrusting again, intent on making myself come as quickly as I could. My hips pounded into her, and I watched her breasts bounce as my orgasm built. I was close, very close, but I wanted to tease her a little bit more before I let her get off.

"Where do you want me to come?" I asked through clenched teeth.

She moaned incoherently.

"Your stomach, or your face?"

"Come… inside… me," she gasped.

"No." I shook my head, but she was so lost in the throes of her impending orgasm that she didn't see me. "Your stomach, or your face. Which'll it be?"

"In… side… me," she begged as I continued to thrust into her. "Please."

"Sorry," I said, feeling my climax imminent. "My choice."

I slid into her one final time and felt the first rush of orgasm. I pulled my cock out and let it slide along her channel. The crown bumped her clit and she cried out in frustration. I kept humping, dragging the underside of my cock along her slit, and felt the first spurt of semen coursing up my shaft. With a grunt, I pressed forward, rubbing my manhood against her slippery pussy. I ground my hips against her and shuddered with the force of my climax; waves of pleasure washed over me as I spurted onto her stomach.

As my orgasm slowly subsided, I looked down at Susan's frantic face. She looked at me wildly and pressed her hips against my erection. I smiled wickedly and pulled back, dragging my member along her length. When I looked down, I saw that her tummy was covered with drops of come, from her navel to the top of her smooth mons.

I pulled my legs forward and sat back on my haunches, still smiling. She thrust her hips at me, trying to bring her pussy into contact with any part of my body. I watched her efforts for a moment and then put my hand against her swollen and slippery inner lips. She gasped at the contact and rolled her hips.

With my other hand, I reached back and unfastened the cuff holding her right ankle. I switched hands on her pussy and unbuckled the other ankle cuff. Since I was concentrating on her pussy, it took her a moment to realize that her legs were free. I didn't want her to come immediately, but I didn't want to let her relax either. I wanted to keep her in that pre-orgasmic limbo where the world was fuzzy and her whole body tingled with desire.

I straddled her leg, never removing my fingers from her pussy, and began to unbuckle her right wrist. I could tell that she realized I was freeing her, but the implications had yet to register. When they did, she looked at me with a lust-crazed expression and I experienced a moment of panic. Her glance darted to my semi-erect penis and I relaxed a fraction.

When I reached over her body to get at the cuff on her left wrist, I finally had to withdraw my fingers from her steamy pussy. After I got the last cuff off her, she suddenly sat up and pushed me onto my back. For one panicked moment, I thought that she was going to try to cuff *me* to the bed. To my relief, she only knelt between my legs.

In one lunge, she swallowed my entire tumescent cock, wrapping her lips around the base of my shaft. I partially sat up, supporting myself on my elbows, and watched as she hungrily sucked me back to life. She

thrust one hand between her legs and started coming almost as soon as her fingers touched her clit.

Her body tensed, and then she quivered with release as the first tingles of pleasure reached her brain. She took my resurgent member all the way into her throat and moaned deep in her chest. She pulled back a little, letting some of my length slip from her lips, and then exhaled sharply, making a coughing sound as she came.

She heaved with the force of her orgasm, trembling and shuddering as her climax crashed over her. When her quivering subsided, I expected her to pull her lips from my member and collapse. To my surprise, she started sucking me with long, sure strokes. Her arm started moving again, and I could tell that her fingers were dancing in small circles over her clit.

Since I had come so recently, I knew I was in no danger of shooting off too soon. In all honestly, I didn't think she could easily coax another ejaculation from my drained balls. She licked and sucked me expertly, however, using my cock more for her pleasure than my own. She gently sucked me for a long time, and when she finally pulled her mouth from my penis, I thought she was giving up.

"Come in my mouth," she said, giving my cock a quick lick. "I want to taste you."

When she took my member back in her mouth, she ran her tongue along the length of the underside ridge. Her fingers were still moving in lazy circles over her pussy, and I could tell by her body language that she was holding herself on the verge of orgasm.

She took me into the back of her throat and swallowed, working the ring of muscles against my glans. I groaned and felt the first stirrings of my orgasm. She moaned in appreciation when I clenched my buttocks and made my cock swell in her mouth. When she started bobbing up and down, taking long, slow strokes and dragging her lips over my length, I knew that I wouldn't last much longer.

Susan felt my orgasm welling up, and her hand went into overdrive. The tendrils of pleasure tickling my groin began to spread, and I tensed my legs and back, trying to thrust more of my cock down her throat. With a rush, I came, balling my hands into fists and shooting my hot semen over her tongue. She whimpered as the first spurts splashed against the back of her throat, and I felt her tense up with her own orgasm.

I closed my eyes and felt my fingernails dig into my palms, while bursts of pure ecstasy raced over all my nerve endings. Susan groaned and shuddered with the force of her own climax, and then I stopped paying attention to the world around me.

When I finally opened my eyes and relaxed, I was panting and seeing spots. I slowly unclenched my fists and sagged against the mattress. I vaguely felt Susan's lips leave my wilting erection as she crawled up my body and collapsed next to me.

✧ ✧ ✧

I know I must have dozed off, but I had no idea how much time had passed. When I opened my eyes, Susan was still lying against my side, one arm thrown possessively across my chest. We were covered in a combination of sweat, our own fluids, and dust.

I felt her stirring next to me, and when I looked down at her, I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing. She was a mess, with my come dried on her face and in her hair. I knew I probably didn't look much better, and I could feel the tackiness of drying semen where her belly was pressed against me. The aroma of our coupling still lingered in the air, and I smiled to myself as I recalled the look on her face when I'd first told her that I wasn't going to un-cuff her.

She stirred again and snuffled softly. I hugged her to me, though the room was sweltering and her body against mine was like lava, all soft and flowing and hot. I felt her shift again, and realized that she was awake. When she lifted her head to look at me, I smiled as brightly as I could. She smiled in return, and I took her hand and playfully moved it down to my flaccid penis. She gave me a quick squeeze, but shook her head.

"My mouth's a little tired," she said.

It had only been a half-hearted attempt, so I nodded. Susan rolled into a sitting position and tugged me upright as well.

"What came over *you*?" she asked. "You were like a different person."

I shrugged. "I dunno."

"Well," she said, smiling unrepentantly. "I suppose I started it."

I nodded.

"But you certainly finished it," she said with a snort of laughter. "I just didn't think you'd hold out as long as you did."

"Hold out?"

She grinned at my confused expression and grabbed my hand. "Let's go outside and rinse off, and I'll explain."

✧ ✧ ✧

As with the rest of the house, the shower outside was the mirror image of the one at Susan's. She rummaged around in the linen closet and found us clean towels, which we hung on the pegs by the tiled shower area.

The day was still hot and muggy, but with a gentle breeze blowing, it felt a little cooler outside. I checked the time on the way out to the courtyard, and discovered that it was almost four o'clock. I didn't think we'd slept that long, or had sex that long, but evidently we had.

Susan started the shower and it gushed rust-colored water for a few moments, until the pipes cleared. When the water began to run steady and clear, she took a deep breath and plunged under the spray. I watched with unconcealed amusement as the cold water sluiced over her and made her nipples hard and crinkly. She scrubbed her face first, and then turned around to drench her hair.

Once she was completely wet, her eyes popped open and fixed upon me. When she saw me grinning at her, she began to splash me with water. I decided that one quick dousing was better than a thousand cold droplets, so I stepped under the spray with her. No matter how hot the day might have been, stepping under the cold shower was still a shock. My testicles quickly retreated into my belly and Susan grinned insufferably.

She stepped aside and let me wet my hair. Neither of us had thought to bring soap from the house, but the feeling of simply washing away the day's accumulated grime was almost good enough. Standing under the spray, I scrubbed my face and then stepped aside so Susan could scrub her body. I lent a hand, stepping close to her and washing off her back while she stood facing the spray. When her back was as clean as I was going to get it without soap and washcloth, I reached around and cupped her breasts, enjoying their heft and firmness.

She playfully slapped my hands away and stepped from under the spray. I ducked under it and began scrubbing myself off, with a little help from Susan, of course. By the time we were done, we weren't squeaky clean, but we wouldn't look like two homeless people when we drove back through the camp to Susan's house.

"What did you mean when you said you didn't think I'd hold out as long as I did?" I asked, while we toweled off.

"I've been sending you signals all day long, and you didn't act on any of them," Susan said with mock exasperation.

"Signals? What signals?"

She pursed her lips and looked at me archly. When she realized I was serious, her expression changed to forbearance. "Signals, Paul. Signals that I wanted you to have sex with me."

"You mean…?"

She nodded. "All day, that's all I could think about. I thought you knew that and were just teasing me."

I shook my head.

Her brow creased in confusion. "I thought I was being obvious. You mean, you didn't get my signals?"

"I don't even know what 'signals' you keep talking about," I said a little peevishly. "They're obviously not like smoke signals."

She actually laughed at that. "No, they're not. They're signals like when I took off my bottoms and bent

over in front of you, or when I played at measuring your dick… I do think you're a little longer, by the way. All afternoon, packing up the files, when I'd brush against you, or spread my legs a little more than I had to—you didn't realize I wanted you to have sex with me?"

"No." I said, shaking my head. "Why didn't you just ask me?"

She smiled ruefully and actually blushed. "It would have been quicker, wouldn't it?"

"Well, yeah. I thought you didn't want to."

"What ever gave you that idea?" she asked.

"I dunno. I guess this morning, when all you did was talk about Kirk and Doug, I thought you weren't interested in me any more," I said, trying not to sound dejected.

She stepped close and hugged me, her breasts mashing into my stomach. I put my arms around her and returned her embrace.

"I'll always be interested in you, Paul," she said earnestly. "Always." We stood like that for a minute or two, just holding each other. When she pulled back, she looked up at me. "You were just in such a funk this morning," she said. "I didn't think you were in the mood."

I shrugged. "I guess."

"Well, that's in the past. I still want you, more than ever. But I think we're going to have to talk about signals, and acting on them. Before that, however, we need to talk about The Room."

I could hear the capital letters in her voice.

"I enjoyed this afternoon, but if you ever want to do it again," she said, alluding to the cuffs and other bondage paraphernalia, "we need to have a safe word."

"Huh?"

"A safe word," she explained patiently. "For when I really, *really* mean let me loose, or stop what you're doing." She thought for a moment. "If I ever say 'potato,' then I really mean stop and listen to me."

"That's okay," I said. "It was fun, but I kinda like it more when you're not tied up."

"Well," she said with a smirk. "A little bondage is fun, but not all the time. And no pain. It may work for other people, but it doesn't do anything for me. Except hurt, that is."

"Definitely."

"Good," she said cheerfully. "Now that we've got that settled, let's go close the windows and start the air conditioner. We can talk about signals on the way back to the house. I want a real shower, with real shampoo, and real soap."

I nodded enthusiastically, and we walked back into the house.

✧ ✧ ✧

"I've been thinking about it," Susan said after we'd gotten into her car for the short drive from Mr. Kestrel's house to hers. "I don't really need to tell you much about signals. Most of them, you can figure out on your own. You just need to know when you're getting them, and when to act on them. That's actually a bit trickier." She looked at me, to make sure I was paying attention, and put the car into gear. "You know when I took your dick down my throat, when I was measuring you?"

I nodded.

"I thought that was pretty obvious."

Well, duh.

"I expected you to put your hands on my head and then I'd keep going." She looked at me as she started down the sandy road leading to the rest of the camp. "Why didn't you?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I think I *do*. It's just that I'm a little different from most women."

I nodded sagely. "You like sex," I said matter-of-factly.

She actually laughed at me. When she saw the hurt expression on my face, she became a little more serious, but not much. "Yes and no. Yes, I like sex. No, I'm not one of the only women who do."

"Huh?"

"It's not just men who like sex. Most women like it too. And just like men, there are those of us who like

it a lot."

My brow creased in thought.

"Does your mom like sex?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Does Gina like sex?"

I cringed a little at the thought of Gina, but nodded.

"How about Stacy?"

"Definitely," I said quickly.

"Believe me, women like sex as much as men do," she said frankly. "We just have to be more circumspect about it, or we're called sluts."

"I'd *never*," I started to protest.

"I know you wouldn't. But some people, a lot of people, would call us that. Even with women's lib, sometimes it's still not okay for a woman to show that she wants sex."

"That's dumb."

"Yeah," she said, nodding. "It is. But it's the way the world works."

"Why?"

"The answer's not so easy, and I'm not really sure myself. I guess it has a lot to do with how people were brought up."

"I guess," I said, shaking my head.

"But that's really beside the point. What it means is that if a woman wants sex, she usually won't just come right out and ask for it. I mean," she darted a glance at my crotch, "I *know* when you're horny. But with women, sometimes it's tougher to tell."

I nodded.

"So we'll send out signals that we're interested in a guy."

Suddenly, I began to Get It. "Like when you bent over and pulled off your bottoms!"

"Exactly. I was hoping you'd maybe start playing with me, or at least start thinking about it."

"Oh," I assured her. "I started thinking about it."

"But you didn't do anything about it," she said.

I shook my head.

"Why?"

"I dunno." I thought about it for a moment, and she quietly steering down the tree-lined road while I did. "I guess I wasn't sure you really wanted to."

"Believe me," she said, "I wanted to." She grinned at me, and I couldn't help but grin in return. "But that's where I'm different from a lot of women," she continued. "I'll actually ask for it. A lot of women, especially when they're younger, won't."

I thought about it for a moment and realized she was probably right. Then something occurred to me. "So why didn't you just ask? Why all the signals?"

It was her turn to shrug. "I don't know, really. Maybe I was also worried that *you* weren't interested in *me* anymore."

"Ha! Not likely."

She smiled at me, and I suddenly felt a lot better.

"Well," she said, still smiling. "Now that that's settled, let get back to signals." At my nod, she continued. "You've got to be good at reading them *and* confident enough to do something about it."

I looked at her questioningly.

"You'll learn to spot them," she said, with more confidence than I felt. "You already probably recognize a lot of them, but just don't know it. But you also need to realize that if you're seeing them, and you're reading them correctly, most women will expect you to make the first move."

"They will?" I hoped I didn't sound as incredulous as I actually was.

"Yes, they will," she said seriously. "And you need to realize this—with a few exceptions, most women aren't going to send out signals if they don't mean to." She turned down the main road of the camp and

then looked at me to make sure I was still paying attention. Satisfied that I was, she continued. "The exceptions are the women who are just prick teases, but you'll learn to recognize them fairly quickly. When you make the first move, they'll keep teasing you, or act offended, or something else to show you that your advances aren't welcome."

"Yeah," I said. "I know some girls like that at school."

"Mmm hmm." We drove for a minute or two more, and when we reached her house, she pulled into the garage. Before getting out, she turned in the seat and looked at me seriously. "You'll just have to pay attention to the woman in question, and decide for yourself if she wants you to make the first move or not. But no matter what," she said, suddenly very serious. "No means no. Do you understand that?"

I nodded firmly.

"Good. I knew you would," she said, still serious. "But always remember it."

I nodded again.

"Okay," she said, considerably brighter. "Now, I want to take a real shower. And while we're in there, I can teach you the signals for 'I want you to bend me over and fuck me slowly.'"

She grinned mischievously, and we both practically raced into the house.

✧ ✧ ✧

After the shower, I was pretty tired. While the day had been light on actual packing, it had been heavy on everything else. Before going up to the clubhouse for dinner, Susan sucked me off one more time. I guess she was trying to make up for the past several months, but I was sure my balls were going to go on strike if I didn't give them a short break.

Susan joined us for dinner, and Mom noticed that I was in a much better mood. She smiled at Susan and thanked her softly. I don't think she meant for me to hear, but I did. At dinner, Susan and I told everyone about some of the stuff at Mr. Kestrel's, leaving out any mention of The Room.

Susan still estimated that it would take about a week to pack up everything. We would have to go into town to buy more boxes and wrapping paper, along with some moving blankets for the furniture, but the work should be pretty easy.

"After we get everything packed up," Susan said, "we'll probably have to hire a moving van to get it all to the Salvation Army and into storage. It could be tricky, hiring movers. Fortunately, Uncle Bernie's house is away from the rest of the camp, so they shouldn't bother anyone."

"Why don't we do it?" I asked.

"That's a lot of stuff to move, son," Dad said.

"I know, Dad, but…," I turned to Susan. "When's Manfred's family getting here?"

She thought for a moment. "If I recall, they'll be in the week after the Fourth of July. The seventh, I think."

"And Jenny's family? The Jordans?"

"The same week," she said. "Why?"

"Gina's family will be here the week before the Fourth. And I guess I was thinking that nothing really looked all that heavy. Instead of paying a couple of guys to move all that stuff, why not rent a U-Haul truck and just pay the four of us, Manfred, Jenny, Gina, and me?"

Mom and Dad looked at me with unconcealed amazement. I tried not to smile at the looks on their faces. Had their son just *volunteered* to do a day's worth of heavy labor? Yes, I thought to myself smugly.

"How much will movers cost?" I asked.

Both Dad and Susan looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Probably about twenty-five to thirty dollars an hour, Suz," Dad said. "For a truck and two movers."

"At least that," Susan said, nodding. "And we'd have to pay them for the drive out, and then the drive back to town. That's three hours right there."

"Say, ten hours, from start to finish," Dad said.

I was frantically doing math in my head.

"At least," Susan agreed.

"So you can pay each of us seventy-five dollars, and we'll do it," I said.

"Hold on there, son," Dad said. "The objective here it to *save* some money. Susan will still have to drive into town and rent the truck, and that'll cost money." Dad looked at Mom and they had some secret parent conversation in silence. "I think fifty dollars each would be more than fair," Dad said, turning back to me. "What do you think, Suz?"

"I think if the others are willing to do it," she said, and then turned to me, "you've got a deal."

I practically beamed.

"This'll be a real job, son," Dad said levelly. "Not goofing off with your friends."

"Yes, sir." I didn't usually call him sir, but I did then, knowing that it would let him know I was serious about doing a good job.

"Will it be okay waiting until then?" my mom asked. "I mean, did Gregory say when he wanted to pick up everything from storage?"

Susan nodded. "He was going to come up from Columbia after Labor Day weekend, and take care of things here—things like the closing for the sale of the house and property."

Mom, Dad, and Susan started talking about the sale of Mr. Kestrel's house, Gregory, and other stuff that I wasn't paying attention to. I was doing math in my head, figuring up how much I'd get paid for packing, and then for the actual moving. As I added up the dollar signs, I smiled to myself. This could be a profitable summer.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, I woke up and blinked a few times to clear my eyes. I was hoping to see Mom and Dad having sex again, but when I saw how much light was coming through the windows, I realized it was probably too late for me to get my wish. I rolled over just as Mom stepped out of the bathroom. She looked up and smiled when she saw me peering over the edge of the top bunk.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," she said quietly.

"Mornin'." I swung my legs over to the ladder.

Dad was still in bed, and so was Erin, so I tried not to make much noise climbing down.

"Do you and Susan have a lot to do today?" she asked.

I shrugged.

"That was very nice of you to volunteer to help with the move," she said, stepping close to me.

I was acutely aware of her closeness, and her body, but I willed my penis not to react. Instead, I just nodded.

Mom smiled and lifted up to kiss me on the cheek. "Go on," she said. "Hurry up so your breakfast isn't cold when you get there." She actually swatted my bare ass as I headed toward the bathroom.

On the way to Susan's, I started thinking about our "usual" breakfast routine, and felt my penis stir in response. I picked up my pace a little, already looking forward to the day. I knew we had lots of work to do, but just knowing that Susan was still interested in me felt like a large weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

When I got to her house, she was sitting outside at the wrought iron table, reading the newspaper.

"Good morning, sunshine," she said.

I only grinned in response.

"You look like you're in a good mood this morning."

I nodded cheerfully.

"Not feeling very talkative?"

I shook my head, still grinning.

"Okay," she said, folding the newspaper and laying it on the table. "What would you like for breakfast?"

I shrugged noncommittally.

"How's cereal and some cheese toast sound?"

It sounded good to me, so I quickly nodded.

"Do you know what *I* want for breakfast?" she asked.

I *hoped* I knew what she wanted for breakfast, but I actually blushed when I saw her lecherous expression. Oh yeah, I thought to myself, she wants what I hope she wants. I stepped closer to her and she reached out to gently grip my flaccid penis. She had me stand closer, and I quickly hardened in her hand.

When her lips touched my glans, I put my hand on the back of her head to direct her motions. She swirled her tongue around my sensitive head, and I gently thrust my hips forward. I pressed the back of her head forward, but she pulled back, letting my erection slip from her mouth.

"Whose breakfast is this?" she asked good-naturedly.

Chagrined, I took my hand off her head.

She grinned playfully at me and resumed her sucking.

I don't think I'll ever get used to the sight of a woman sucking my dick; it's one of the most erotic things I can think of, and Susan certainly knew how to put on a good show. While she fondled my balls with one hand, she idly played with herself with the other.

When she took my length into the back of her throat and clamped her lips around the base of my shaft, I knew I wouldn't last much longer. Her lips raked back over my dick as she pulled her head back, and she flicked her tongue against the underside of my glans.

I felt the first rush of semen boiling up, and I could tell that Susan sensed it as well. She wrapped her lips firmly around my shaft, about halfway down, and moved her hand from my balls to the base of my cock. With firm strokes, and little teasing flicks of her tongue, she drove me over the edge.

My back arched and I felt my muscles go taut as the first stream of semen spurted over her tongue. Susan swallowed greedily, pumping my cock with her fist. I stood stock still as jet after jet of come filled her mouth.

When the spurts finally slowed, and then stopped altogether, Susan kept sucking me, taking care to avoid the supersensitive head. The feeling was better than words can describe, so I closed my eyes and simply enjoyed it.

By the time my breathing slowed to normal, she was still sucking my half-hard manhood. I was enjoying myself, but evidently, my stomach wasn't. It rumbled loudly and Susan pulled back. I was mortified, and didn't know what to say, especially when she started laughing.

One look at her expression, however, told me that she wasn't really laughing at me so much as the situation. She gave my saliva-slick cock one final kiss and then stood up, still grinning.

"Well," she said. "I believe your stomach is in dire need." She winked at me. "At least, I assume it is, judging by the loud complaints."

I grinned sheepishly. "It's not my fault. *I* was having fun." I struck my best innocent pose. "It was *him*, your honor. I didn't have a thing to do with making that noise."

Susan laughed again, kissed me on the cheek, and then pulled me toward the house.

✧ ✧ ✧

After breakfast, Susan packed us a lunch and we headed over to Mr. Kestrel's. We decided to pack up the sitting den. In Susan's house, it was her office, but Mr. Kestrel had turned the same space into an "I love me" room, with pictures of his time in the Marine Corps, pictures of the places he'd been, pictures of the people he'd met, and things like that. A lot of the room was going to go into storage for Gregory to go through later.

The air conditioner had cooled the house overnight, and it was actually pleasant to work there. Susan and I took the remaining boxes from the back of her station wagon, and got to work. I was responsible for packing the boxes, while Susan wrote a quick and basic packing list on the side of each one.

Since we had already established that we were both still very much attracted to one another, we teased and flirted the entire time we were working. She had taken off her bikini bottoms as soon as we arrived, and I immediately started playing with her smooth pussy.

The rest of the morning went much the same way. She would flash me, or bend over in front of me, teasing me with flashes of her body in suggestive poses. To tease her, I would stroke myself for a moment

while she watched, or play with her pussy whenever she bent over. By lunchtime, we had half the room packed and had worked ourselves into a fevered state.

We were walking through the living room, on the way to the kitchen and our sandwiches, when Susan suddenly stopped in front of me and I bumped into her. She grinned at me over her shoulder, and I could tell that she'd done it for the sole purpose of getting me to run into her.

Instead of pulling back, however, I pushed her forward and she bent over the arm of a fabric-covered easy chair. I quickly reached between us and ran my fingers over her pussy, finding her wet and ready. My cock reacted, and I went from semi-hard to full erection almost instantly.

I steadied myself and rubbed the head of my dick over her pussy, coating it with her juices. With one swift lunge, I buried myself inside her. She groaned at the sudden intrusion, but I could tell that she was enjoying herself. I put both hands on her hips and she braced herself against the opposite chair arm.

I wanted to slam into her at full force, and barely restrained myself. I thrust into her a few times, hard, and then settled into a powerful, steady rhythm. Every time my hips slammed into her ass, her hands slipped forward, and she was having a hard time holding her shoulders up. I couldn't have cared less; I was enjoying the furnace-like heat of her pussy and the wonderful friction created by my passage through her channel.

Susan moaned with each thrust, so I sped my pace, pounding into her at a frantic rate. I wanted to come, but I also wanted to look into her eyes as I filled her pussy with my seed. I pulled my glistening shaft from her body and she cried out in frustration at the loss.

I didn't even tell her what I was going to do; I just did it. I roughly pulled her back and pushed her to the floor. She squawked in protest, but I ignored it and dropped to my knees between her legs. As I moved forward and spread her knees, her pussy opened up before me. I spread my knees to lower my hips and set the head of my cock at her entrance.

Heat radiated from her pussy, and without ceremony, I shoved myself inside her, eliciting a groan as I did. I put one hand on either side of her torso to support myself and began hammering her with my cock. I wanted to feel my come squirting inside her depths, and I didn't let up until my climax was imminent.

With one final thrust, I lunged into her and buried myself to the root. She hooked her heels against the backs of my thighs as my cock swelled and began to spurt. I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth as orgasmic pleasure washed over me.

When I came to my senses, I was panting and still very hard inside her. Susan was breathing hard as well, and looking at me with an expression I didn't recognize. I started to pull back, ready to begin thrusting again, but felt her legs lock behind my ass and hold me in place.

"Wait a minute there, buster," she said, still panting.

I looked at her blankly and panic began to well up within me. Hadn't she liked it? I thought she said she was still interested in me, that she still wanted to have sex with me. She'd been teasing me all day, and she seemed to like it when I teased her…

"We need to talk," she said evenly.

I look at her and blinked, confused.

"Before you go flailing away at me again, giving both of us a bad case of carpet burn, let's… chat."

She tightened her legs and held my pelvis against her, my erection still inside her. With growing concern, I suddenly realized just how strong she was. I could have wrenched free, if I'd really worked at it, but I probably would have hurt her in the process. I looked down at her and felt my heart continue to race.

"Relax," she said calmly. "You want to talk about what you're upset about?"

"Huh?"

"What are you angry about?" she asked slowly.

I felt my brow crease uncertainly.

"You must be angry about something, because that sure was angry sex."

I looked at her blankly.

She let the silence draw out.

"I thought you said I should make the first move," I said lamely, trying not to sound plaintive.

She nodded. "But there's a difference between making the first move—being assertive—and just plain being aggressive."

I ought to get a patent on blank looks, I thought to myself darkly.

"When you make the first move, you're being assertive, which means taking charge, but not necessarily taking complete control."

"Huh?"

"What if I hadn't wanted to roll over onto my back?" she asked.

I started to answer, but she cut me off.

"You just flipped me over and started pounding away."

"But you said… I mean, I… I made the first move… I thought… the signals. You said…"

"I know what I said, Paul," she said soothingly. "And you didn't misread the signals. I wanted to have sex with you."

I looked at her, my confusion only deepening.

"I just didn't want to be thrown around like a rag doll and used for your pleasure."

"But… I…"

"Shhhh." She put her finger against my lips. "It's okay, Paul. Do you understand the difference between assertive and aggressive?"

I shook my head, finally confronted with a question I knew the answer to.

She smiled gently. "Aggressive is taking what you want, regardless of the consequences or the other person's feelings." She waited for me to nod. "Assertive is letting me know what you want, so I can go along with it if I want to."

I digested that, thinking through what she had said, wrapping my mind around it slowly.

"I'm not saying you have to ask permission for everything you do," she said when she saw I was once again paying attention. "But you really should pay attention to what *I* want as well as what you want. Do you understand?"

"I think so. Maybe."

"If you'd said, 'I want you on the floor, so I can get between your legs,' I probably would've gone along with you."

I nodded slowly.

"That's being assertive. You let me know what you want, and give me a chance to go along with it." She paused and looked thoughtful for a moment, and then loosened her leg-lock on my waist so she could move her hips beneath me. "Thrust into me a few times so you don't go soft."

I suddenly noticed that I was indeed starting to go soft, so I did as she asked, slowly pulling out and driving back into her. The sensations of her pussy walls gripping my cock quickly brought me back to life. She felt my swelling and smiled up at me. Just for good measure, I thrust a few more times after I was completely erect, and then buried myself inside her.

"Good," she said, wiggling her hips again. "Now, where was I? Oh, yes. Instead of telling me what you wanted, you just threw me around like we were on a wrestling mat."

I smiled ruefully at the accusation, mostly because she was correct.

"And that kind of made me angry," she said. At my panicked look, she put her hand on my cheek and looked up at me. "I'm fine now, I know you didn't mean to make me angry."

I relaxed somewhat.

"But you need to realize that I did get a little put out when you did it, because you were so aggressive about the whole thing."

I nodded, feeling my face redden and heat up.

"I don't want to have sex with a man who's always asking my permission, though. And I definitely don't want to have sex with an aggressive man."

She called me a man! My heart raced, but I tried to remain contrite and keep my expression repentant.

"I want to have sex with an assertive man," she said, looking into my eyes. "Do you understand?"

I nodded. I thought I actually *did* understand what she was talking about, although I knew I'd have to

pay attention to my actions in the future.

"Good."

When she looked into my eyes again, I felt her hips shift and she smiled suggestively.

"Now, I want to try this again," she said, humping against me gently. "I want you to take that wonderful, thick, hard cock of yours and fuck me. And if you want something, be assertive, let me know. Chances are, I'll want it too."

Her eyes positively smoldered as I pulled back for the first thrust.

CHAPTER SIX

The next day, Susan and I had to drive to town to pick up more boxes. I got up early, took a quick shower, put on my clothes, and headed down the hill to her house. When I got there, she was cooking breakfast. I knocked and then opened the door without waiting for her to turn.

"Morning," she said cheerfully.

The aroma of French toast filled the kitchen, and she smiled at me when I took a deep breath to enjoy the smell.

"I miss cooking breakfast for the boys," she said.

She set a plate in front of me and looked pointedly at my shorts. I grinned sheepishly and slid them down my hips.

"I couldn't do *this* with the boys, though," she said, sliding to the floor, her eyes locked on my stiffening penis.

She had her fill of me, and I had my fill of French toast. Afterward, she fixed herself a piece of plain toast and I followed her, still sans shorts, back to her bedroom. Once there, she sat cross-legged in the center of the bed and gestured for me to join her.

"Ah, the stamina of youth," she said when she saw my semi-aroused state. "Hold that thought."

"Sure," I said with a grin. "What's going on?"

"We need to talk."

At her serious tone, I began to squirm a little. Had I done something?

"You know," she said. "You're a lot more fun when you forget to feel sorry for yourself."

I blinked at her. "What's that supposed to mean?" I finally asked.

"Well, it means what it sounds like. When you're not feeling sorry for yourself, you're pretty fun to be around."

When I didn't say anything, she continued.

"Are you ready to talk about whatever's been bothering you?"

"I don't know what you mean." In reality, I did, of course. I just didn't want to think about it. Things had been going so well for the past couple of days. I thought that if I didn't worry about Gina or Amy, or any other woman besides Susan, I wouldn't get depressed. I didn't want to talk about things at all, but in a way I did. I guess I desperately wanted to talk to Susan about what I should do, but I didn't have the courage to bring things up myself.

"Spit it out," she said, sensing my reluctance.

"It's about a girl," I said tentatively.

She merely nodded.

"There's this girl… Amy… from school. Although I guess I should say there *was* this girl…"

"Don't get all mopey about it," Susan admonished. "Just tell me about her."

So I did. I told her about my school year, all the parts I'd left out when we talked on Sunday. I told her about how Amy and I had become friends, and then gone on double dates with Scott and Shannon. I told her about how Gina and I had drifted apart when I was living my life on a wrestling mat. I told her about Amy and the hot tub, and then the next morning. I told her about the pregnancy scare. I told her everything. With a few insightful questions, she drew more information out of me, but for the most part, she just let me talk.

"The worst part is," I said, nearly forty-five minutes later, "I don't know what to tell Gina. But I'm going to face things like a man."

She gazed at me serenely, long enough to make me begin to squirm again. "Are you serious about that?" she finally asked.

Her penetrating stare put me off a little, but I swallowed hard and nodded. I guess I expected her to sympathize with me, or maybe tell me that everything would work itself out.

"Well, if you're going to face things like a man, you'd better start acting like one," she said flatly.

I blinked at her, too stunned to say anything.

"Half of being an adult, of being a man, is taking the good with the bad and not whining about it. Whining never solved anything, and it makes you sound like a child."

"Whining…?"

"Yes, whining," she said. "I understand you're in a tough situation, and it may not be entirely your fault. But you still need to deal with the problem rather than moaning about how you don't know what to do."

"Moaning…?"

"Did you ever talk to your parents about any of this?"

I shook my head sullenly. I wasn't taking kindly to being told I was whining and moaning.

"Why not?"

I shrugged.

When she didn't say anything else, I cast about for an answer. I knew she expected one, and that she wasn't going to continue until she got one. "What would they know about it?" I finally asked hotly. "How could they help?"

"Do you *honestly* think that?" she asked calmly.

I glared at her, hoping my expression alone was answer enough. I expected her to get angry, or to yell at me. Instead, her eyes softened and she took a deep breath.

"Watching you go through this has been one of the hardest things your mother has ever had to do. Did you know that?"

For a moment, I couldn't breathe. I stared at her and everything around me became a formless blur. "Huh?" I finally croaked.

"It's been tearing her up inside, knowing what you were going through and not being able to help."

"She knew?" I gasped.

Susan nodded. "She figured out most of it, yes."

"How?" My mouth was suddenly dry and I had horrible visions of being grounded for the rest of my life.

"She's your mother, Paul," Susan said, her voice softening. "You think she doesn't pay attention to you, doesn't notice your moods?"

I swallowed hard.

"She figured out what was going on with Amy when you got that phone call that one morning."

I immediately knew: the morning when Amy told me she'd gotten her period. I cleared my throat and swallowed hard, but my mouth still felt filled with cotton. "How?" Couldn't I think of *anything* better to say?!

"How do you think?" Susan asked, her voice laden with irony. "She's a smart woman, Paul. Give her a little credit."

I nodded, still too shocked to speak.

"And while you're at it, give her a little credit for wanting to help you. You've put her through a really hard time for the past couple of months. Did you know that?"

I shook my head.

"Well, you have. If you've got a problem, no matter how bad you think it is, you can *always* talk to her. And if you don't think you can talk to her, think again, because you're probably wrong. What were you *thinking*, not talking to the one person in your life guaranteed to love you no matter what?"

"I…"

"Do you think she'd stop loving you because you're sixteen, and did something dumb, like practically every sixteen-year-old in the history of the world, at one time or another? So… What *were* you thinking?"

"I…"

"You weren't," she said with finality. It was an indictment.

I started to defend myself, but she frowned slightly, and I knew it was futile. I hung my head and shook

it morosely.

"Paul," she said to the top of my head. "My father used to tell me that there are reasons, and there are excuses. He wasn't interested in the excuses, only the reasons. So, what's the reason you didn't talk to your mom?"

I thought about it long and hard, and Susan let me. I knew what the answer was, but I couldn't form the words. Finally, I took a deep breath. "I was scared," I admitted.

"Scared that Amy might be pregnant?" she asked rhetorically. "Scared about how your parents would react, and probably about how hers would react if she were? Scared about how things were going with Gina? Scared about a lot of things, right?"

I nodded, trying to blink back the tears that were welling up.

"That's okay, Paul," she said soothingly. "It's okay to be scared. That's what your family and friends are there for, to help you when you're scared, or need advice, or just want someone to talk to."

"What would she know about it?" I asked, trying to salvage some of my dignity.

Susan lifted my chin with her finger and smiled gently. "A *lot*," she said simply.

I looked away, determined not to let her see me cry.

She put her hand on my knee—a firm, reassuring presence—and I unexplainably felt better. "You can always talk to your mom. Or to me," she said softly. "You know that, don't you?"

I nodded moodily.

"Paul, look at me when you answer. And *mean* it."

I looked at her defiantly, my eyes still brimming with unshed tears. At her gentle expression, mine softened somewhat. She looked at me wordlessly and waited for me to answer. "I know," I said at last.

She looked at me for a long moment, and then nodded. "I know you do." She was silent for a moment more while I wiped my eyes. "Don't do this to your mother again. She was a young mother and watched her husband go off to fight a war. She said that watching you tie yourself in knots was worse than that ever was. Your mom deserves better, and you know it."

I nodded again, considerably less sullen.

She reached out and tenderly caressed my cheek. "You're a fine young man, Paul. You're going to make an even better grown man."

I felt heat rising in my cheeks.

"Now, let's talk about what you want to do about Gina," she said. "And no whining."

For a moment, I was stung by her words, but when I looked at her gentle expression, the resentment drained out of me. Still not trusting myself to speak, I nodded.

"Men don't whine about their problems, they fix them, or they get over it. Whining doesn't do anyone any good, and it makes you sound pathetic."

"All right, already!" I said hotly. "I get the point about the whining. No more whining. Okay? Can we just get on with figuring out how to solve my problems?"

She grinned at me and arched an eyebrow. "Ah," she said cryptically. "A glimmer of hope."

"What?"

"Never mind," she said with a smug grin. "First, you need to figure out how you feel about Gina and Amy. Do you love Gina?"

"Very much."

"And what about Amy?"

"I thought I did."

"But you're not sure?"

"I was," I said.

"What made you change your mind?"

I thought about it for a moment, but couldn't come up with anything definitive.

"Can you see yourself spending the rest of your life with Gina?"

I nodded quickly.

"With Amy?"

"I guess."

"You don't sound very convincing," she said.

"Well, it's not that. I could easily see Amy as my wife, but…"

"But what?"

"Well," I said, thinking hard. "I dunno. I guess maybe it's because that's all she'd like to be."

With a gesture, she invited me to continue.

"I mean, Amy's great, don't get me wrong. She's cute, and fun to be with, and easy to talk to and all. But…" I just couldn't put my finger on it. "I guess she'd be happy being my wife."

"And you don't think Gina would?"

"It's not that, I think Gina would. But with Amy, it's like… it's like she'd be happy being *just* my wife." With a start, I realized I'd hit on something. "That's it," I said with growing certainty. "Gina wouldn't want to be just my wife, she wants to be a doctor. With Amy, we never really talked about it, but I always got the impression that she really just wanted to get married and have babies."

"You don't want to have children?" Susan asked.

I shook my head. "I want kids. But Gina and I haven't talked about it," I said, trying not to blush. "I know from things she's said that she wants to have kids someday, though."

"Then what is it?"

I got the idea that Susan knew where the conversation was going, but she wanted *me* to get us there. "I dunno. I guess it's that with Amy, all she really wants, would want, is to be my wife. She wouldn't want more, I don't think."

Susan nodded and motioned for me to continue.

"But with Gina, she wants to be something more than just a wife and mother."

"'Just a wife and mother' is a pretty tough job," she said. "Much tougher than most men realize."

I looked at her and furrowed my brow in confusion.

"Your mom is 'just a wife and mother,'" she said archly, but without heat. "*I* was 'just a wife and mother.'"

"I don't mean it like that…"

"I know you don't," Susan said placatingly. "But I want to talk about this for a moment. You need to understand that being a wife and mother isn't the easiest thing in the world. Think about all the things your mother does for you."

"I know she does a lot," I said, although it sounded insincere, even to me. "But it's not like she has a job…"

"Ha!" Susan snorted. "You don't think so?!"

My eyes widened and I was taken aback by the force of her reaction.

"Do you cook?" she asked suddenly.

"No."

"Do you do laundry?"

A headshake.

"Do you clean the house?"

"I have to help out," I said, but it was a hollow protest.

"Do you go grocery shopping?"

"Sometimes. I mean, I help."

"Every day?"

Another headshake.

"Do you…?"

"Okay, I get it. She does a lot. Okay?"

Susan nodded, finally letting up. "Don't ever think that being a wife and mother isn't a job, Paul. In a lot of ways, it's a tougher job than most men have. Most men get to leave their jobs at the end of the day and go home to their wife and family. Where does a wife go after her workday is done? She doesn't *get* to leave 'the office' and go somewhere where her meals are fixed, her sheets are clean, and someone remembered to

buy more toilet paper."

I worked my mouth soundlessly, but couldn't think of a thing to say.

"Your mom has a job, a full-time job. You, your sister, your father, and your home are *it*."

"Wow." I blinked, still trying to get my mind around what she'd just told me.

"Wow, indeed."

Susan let me think for a moment, and I'm sure she knew what I was thinking about. I guess for the first time in my life, I started to really appreciate all that Mom did for us. Even at camp, on our "vacation," she did laundry, went grocery shopping, and swept out the cabin. Erin and I had to change our own sheets, and we had to pick up after ourselves, but aside from the odd bowl of cereal fixed in the morning, we did little else to help out. I was a little overawed when I thought about all that Mom did, most of it without me even noticing it.

"It's a lot," Susan said, as if reading my mind. "Now that you think about it."

I nodded dumbly.

"So… If Amy wants to be 'just a wife and mother,' as you think she does, what's the matter with that?"

"I guess I hadn't thought about it that much," I said lamely.

"Well, I'm sure you have," Susan said. "Just not in those terms. Just as long as you don't spout any more nonsense about being a wife and mother and 'not having a job.'"

I shook my head quickly.

"So why don't you think you'd be happy with Amy, without her having a job *outside the home?*"

I heard the subtle emphasis in her voice and grinned sheepishly. "I don't know, really," I said. "I can't explain it. I guess maybe I just want to wait before I have kids… before *we* have kids, I mean. Whoever I end up marrying, that is. I want to wait, so my wife can have a job, and maybe the start of a career… if she wants… so she'll know what she's trading in."

"Trading in?"

"If she decides to become a wife and mother. I mean, if she decides to have a full-time job at home."

Susan playfully rapped her knuckles on my forehead. "There *is* some learning going on in there."

I blushed and nodded.

"It's okay to want a wife who has a career," she said gently. "When I got married, women didn't have a lot of career options. With women's lib, girls today have a lot more choices. In some ways, that's a good thing. But you need to remember that family is probably still the most important thing. Make sure you marry a woman who knows how to balance career and family."

I nodded.

"And make sure *you* know how to balance career and family. Marriage is a partnership. It's not always fifty-fifty, but both of you have to work at it."

I nodded again.

"Okay," Susan said lightheartedly. "Down off my soapbox. Let's figure out what to do about the women in your life."

"But…"

"Uh-uh! No whining."

"Sorry."

"Remember, fix the problem, or get over it."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, rolling my eyes.

She grinned at me but quickly turned serious. "I've got a pretty important question for you, and I want you to think about it before you answer me. First, however, it requires a little explanation."

"More explanation?" I asked, feigning exasperation.

She grinned and nodded. "More. Bear with me." She paused for a moment to gather her thoughts. "You can be in love with more than one person. Even more than one person at a time. But you can really only be *committed* to one person at a time. Do you understand?"

I shook my head.

"If you're in love with someone, say two someones: Gina, and Amy, for instance."

"For instance," I said, my voice dripping with irony.

Susan smiled briefly and then continued. "But you could only commit yourself to one of them, to always return to that girl, to think of her before anyone else, even yourself, who would it be? Who would you have a committed relationship with?"

"I see what you mean," I said, understanding why she wanted me to take my time before answering. "Commitment's like marriage, only not so legal and all."

"Exactly," she said, nodding. "Marriage is simply the legal recognition of a couple's commitment to each other. But you can have that commitment without being married."

The concept as a whole was a lot easier to understand than the "love, in love" thing had been, the year before. All of a sudden, a thought occurred to me. Maybe I had to understand the difference between love and in love *before* I could understand about commitment. I was staggered by the implications, and a little intrigued about what came next.

"Which girl would you have a committed relationship with?" Susan asked. "Amy, or Gina?"

I pretended to think about it long and hard, but the answer had leapt to my mind as soon as she'd finished asking the question. The answer was simple. Far simpler than I thought it had any right to be, and I felt that I should at least *look* like I was giving it due consideration.

Finally, I looked up at Susan. "Gina." Simply saying her name, with all that it implied, felt like a load had been lifted from my shoulders.

Susan squeezed my hand reassuringly and smiled at me. "Good." She paused for a moment, then looked at me mischievously. "Now, we'll talk the morning away if we stay here. We have work to do," she said, looking at the bedside clock. "We can figure out what you're going to say to Gina later."

I nodded.

"Right now, I need a shower." She started to get up, tugging me with her. "C'mon, let's go."

"But I already showered," I said.

Susan grinned at me indulgently. "I don't want you in the shower to get you *clean*, Paul." She looked pointedly at my penis.

"Oh! Okay." I smiled at her, truly happy for the first time in… in a long time. I still had a lot of things to figure out, and the future was hardly assured, but at least I knew what—or rather, who—I wanted.

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Once in the shower, we were barely wet before Susan dropped to her knees and sucked me into her mouth. I leaned my head back and let the hot water wash over my hair and down my body. It felt almost as good as her mouth did. Under her ministrations, I quickly became fully erect.

Susan slid her lips up the length of my shaft and let it slip from her mouth. I looked down at her water-beaded face and watched as she kissed down the length of my cock. When she reached the base, she licked and sucked my balls while stroking me with her left hand.

When she'd had enough of my balls, she sucked and nipped her way back up my member and captured the head between her soft, supple lips. She flicked her tongue against the slit at the tip, and I shuddered at the sensation. Her left hand still wrapped around the base, she began sucking more of my cock into her mouth, caressing me with her tongue as she did.

I'd already come once that day, and was perfectly content to let her take her time. I knew she enjoyed sucking my dick, and I enjoyed simply watching her and seeing the obvious pleasure she experienced.

She took her time, but soon had her lips wrapped around the very base of my organ. She sucked hard and moved her head side-to-side at the same time, making me groan. I felt the head of my cock ease out of her throat as she pulled back, and the feeling as it slid down the length of her tongue was exquisite.

At last, she let my dick slip free and looked up at me with lust-filled eyes. By unspoken agreement, I helped her to her feet and turned her away from me. She leaned against me as I cupped her heavy breasts and gently pinched her swollen nipples. She shuddered and arched her back, pressing her ass against my stiffness. I thrust my hips forward at the same time I began twisting her nipples, and she cried out in surprise and pleasure.

The slippery tip of my cock slid between her legs and bumped against her moist sex. She shuddered again and began rocking her hips back and forth. I hefted her breasts in my hands and tenderly kneaded them.

"You have the greatest tits," I said.

"Mmmmm," she said, leaning back against me. "You say the nicest things."

"Did you know," I asked, feeling her shiver with arousal, "that when I first got home, after last summer, I used to jerk off two, sometimes three times a night, just thinking about you?"

She leaned her head against my shoulder and sighed. "You did?"

"Mmm hmm. I'd think of you sucking me, and I'd instantly get hard. After that, I'd have to jerk off." I trailed one hand down her stomach and began playing with her pussy. Her clit was soon a hard little bud and she was whimpering softly. "But you know what I thought about most?"

She was silent for a moment, lost in the pleasure radiating from her pussy.

"That first time you fucked me."

"Yesssss," she hissed.

"When we were in the courtyard shower, and you bent over in front of me. The water was so cold on my hard cock." I punctuated my statement with a firm thrust of my hips. "And your pussy was so warm and smooth. It felt so wonderful." I rubbed my shaft along her puffy labia.

Susan moaned inarticulately and I smiled to myself.

"There's only one thing that bothered me about that first time," I said, running my fingers in lazy circles around her clit.

"Whassat…?"

"You didn't come, that first time."

She shook her head, but said nothing.

"At night, when I was thinking about you and stroking my cock…" I slid my cock along the length of her slit and felt her lips begin to part before me. "I'd think about how I wanted to fuck you, how I wanted to make you come for me, if I could do it over."

"Oh, Paul…"

I bumped my hips against her ass and tilted them upward. The tip of my dick pressed into the folds of her slick pussy and I trailed my fingers over her engorged clit.

"Mmmmm."

"So you know what I want to do?"

She shook her head.

"I want to make one of my fantasies come true. It's a little one, nothing wild or crazy, but it's one I have a lot."

With one hand on her sensitive nipple, the other one rubbing her clit, and my cock sliding back and forth in her channel, she was beyond coherent speech.

"It's going to be like that first time, in the shower. We're not outside, but this is close enough."

She nodded wordlessly.

"And I'm going to fuck you from behind, like that first time."

She whimpered and arched her back, trying to press down against my stiff cock.

"Only now," I said, letting the words hang in the air as I pressed two fingers against the hooded base of her clit and pulled on her nipple. I leaned close to her body and pressed my lips against her ear. "Only now," I said slowly, "I know a *lot* more about a woman's body."

With that, I gently pressed her forward until she was half bent over, with her palms flat against the far wall, supporting her weight. I kept my hips pressed against her ass, and my cock against her labia, as I put my hands on her waist. I tilted my hips up and then pulled back slowly, letting the bulbous head of my dick drag along her slit. She shuddered with the passage and I gripped her hips to steady her.

I took one hand off her waist and aimed my manhood at her pussy, easing forward until I felt the head begin to spread her open. I slipped forward a little, until just the crown was inside her, then put my hand back on her waist. In a move that was far more practiced than the first clumsy time we'd had sex, I slid forward and seated my cock in her depths.

Susan shuddered as my girth spread her open, and once I was buried as deeply as possible, I held my hips motionless. I looked down and simply marveled at the gentle curve of her ass as it flared toward her hips, and then pinched in at her waist, only to flare again over her ribs and shoulders.

I ran my palms up along her flanks, teasing the sides of her dangling breasts with my fingertips, and finally rested my hands on her shoulders. I gathered her wet hair and draped it over her left shoulder. She looked back at me over her right as I gently caressed the line of her cheek with my finger. Her eyelids drooped in pleasure when I began to slide my hips back in preparation for the first thrust. When it came, it was short and gentle, and she whimpered.

As I began to thrust into her, I dragged my hands down the line of her back and rested them on her hips. I increased the tempo of my thrusts, but kept them strong and steady. Every third or fourth time my hips slapped into her ass, I rotated them slightly and ground my cock into the walls of her pussy. She was moaning and thrusting back at me, clearly enjoying herself.

Oh yes, I thought to myself, I'd learned a *lot* since those first fumbling sessions. I knew how to make her happy, and I enjoyed doing it. With both hands, I reached around and cupped her pendulous breasts, teasing her distended nipples with thumbs and forefingers. She groaned in delight when I pulled on them and twisted.

I knew I wasn't in danger of shooting off too soon, but I still used most of the tricks I'd learned, to prolong our enjoyment. When I felt my orgasm building, I slowed my pace, barely moving within her. In order to keep her on the edge, I slid one hand down her stomach and started teasing her fully exposed clit.

Finally, I knew I was too close to my own climax to keep thrusting, so I buried my rod deep in her pussy and concentrated on getting her off. With one hand on the far shower wall to support myself, I bent over her back, pressing the skin of my chest against her flesh. She gasped at the contact and writhed, trying to get me to keep thrusting within her. I kept my cock motionless, however, as I began moving my fingers in ever-tightening circles around her clit.

Susan went wild and her pussy started spasming. I knew she was close to orgasm, and I drove her toward it with my fingers. She hung her head, and with a low, keening moan, she started to come. Her pussy gripped me and I clenched my buttocks, swelling my cock against her internal muscles. I felt her clit disappear as she cried out and threw her head back, slinging droplets of water against my face as her hair slapped over my shoulder. She almost clipped my chin with her head when she did, but I didn't let that distract me from rubbing her pussy.

Her whole body shuddered with the force of her climax, and I could feel her pussy spasming around my intruding shaft. It was like a firm, wet glove gripping my cock, squeezing me rhythmically. Finally, her orgasm began to subside, and she started to collapse forward, both hands slipping down the wall. I quickly moved my right hand from her pussy and brought it up under her, holding her up. My left hand still pressed against the wall, holding us both.

She panted with the aftereffects of her orgasm, and I smiled to myself. My own climax was no longer imminent, so I kept supporting her and began to gently move my hips back and forth. A low moan escaped her as my hard shaft slid over her vaginal walls. I pumped into her slowly, not wanting to over-stimulate her clit. I knew the motion of my cock—gently sawing in and out of her pussy—would move her labia against the sensitive pearl of nerves. I wanted her to feel the sensation, but not be overwhelmed by it.

Slowly, very slowly, she started moving her hips back against me, another orgasm building deep within her. I was still supporting us both, amazed by the stamina that days, weeks, and months of strength training had given me. Susan put one hand on the wall and tried to support herself, but I didn't let her go just yet. With her other hand, she began pulling on first one nipple, then the other, twisting them far harder than I ever would have.

I felt my own orgasm welling up again, and thrust myself into her. She groaned when I stopped moving, but I could tell by the way my cock was throbbing that it had been a close call. My balls were already tight against my body, and I felt my organ throb like I was coming, but I knew I wasn't ejaculating. It was like having an orgasm without squirting, and I simply closed my eyes and enjoyed it.

By the time the sensation subsided, I thought I was ready to begin thrusting again. Susan had moved her

hand from her nipples to her clit, and was gently massaging the resurgent bud. I could feel her second orgasm setting in as I gently thrust into her, our wet bodies slapping softly with each contact.

I kept sliding my cock in and out of her pussy as her climax washed over her. I could tell it was stronger than her first one had been: her back heaved and she tossed her head side-to-side as she cried out in pleasure. Her pussy grasped at my thrusting cock, but I didn't abate my deliberate pace.

I kept plowing into her as her orgasm slowly subsided, but then she tensed up and got very quiet. For a moment, I thought I'd hurt her, but when she cried out once, sharply, it wasn't a sound of pain. As she moaned incoherently, her pussy gripped me fiercely, and I actually had to push to get my cock into her.

I finally forced her muscles apart with my rigid shaft, and I immediately felt a rush of moisture around my dick. The water from the shower had turned cold, and her pussy juices were warm as they flooded over my balls and down my thighs. Susan trembled and shook, but remained silent. I kept thrusting within her and she rolled through a series of orgasms so rapidly that I lost count. Her body shook and shivered with the onset of each new wave of pleasure.

I felt my own orgasm building again, and was determined to shoot off deep inside her. I quickened my pace and was soon slamming into her. She regained a little strength, and supported herself against the shower wall as I hammered her pussy with my dick. She cried my name over and over again as I thrust into her, until I finally rammed my hips forward and impaled her with my manhood.

With a rush, I felt a wave of pleasure break over me as the first spurts of semen burst from my cock. Susan cried out as well, and I felt another orgasm rock her body. Blast after blast of my white-hot semen bathed her inner walls and I felt the warmth of our combined fluids around my cock. I closed my eyes tightly and saw stars as I emptied myself into her. I don't think I'd ever come so much in my life; it seemed to go on for a long, long time.

When I finally opened my eyes and took stock of our situation, I shuddered again as her pussy spasmed one final time, as if milking my cock for all it was worth. Susan was panting, I was panting, and I was supporting her weight as she weakly tried to lift her arms. My shoulder ached from holding us up so long, but every other fiber of my being sang with happiness.

We finally uncoupled, my half-hard cock slipping from her pussy. A rush of our fluids cascaded down our thighs and she whimpered. Suddenly, she turned around and pushed me upright, wrapping her arms around my torso. I hugged her to me as she kissed the skin of my chest and murmured endearments. I swayed unsteadily, but stayed upright, and for the first time, I noticed how cold the water really was. We stood like that for a long time, neither of us wanting to move, both of us slowly coming down from the highs of our shared orgasms.

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Although the water had turned frigid, we still had to wash ourselves. We were both weary from our exertions, but cleaned up as quickly as we could. I chuckled to myself when I realized how sluggish and drained we both were.

When we finally stepped out of the shower and wrapped ourselves in fluffy towels, we were shriveled, tired, and very happy. Susan smiled at me with hooded eyes and bent to kiss my chest. I smiled and kissed the top of her head.

"I don't think I've ever, *ever* come like that," she said. She looked up at me with wide, liquid eyes and then leaned against me heavily. She sighed deeply, full of contentment.

I laughed softly and pulled her body against me. Even through two towels, her curves felt plush and perfect.

"Don't laugh," she said testily.

"Oh? And why not?"

"Because I don't know if I can walk to the bed."

"Huh?"

"My back and shoulders are a little sore, and… well…"

I drew a blank.

She rolled her eyes. "You were inside me for a *long* time…"

"Oh! Sorry," I said, blushing.

"Don't be. I really enjoyed it." She shook her head in wonder. "Boy, did I! But I'm not used to being bent over and fucked silly for a solid half-hour."

"Sorry," I said again. "I'll try to do better. Next time, an hour!"

She playfully slapped my chest. "You," she said with mock disapproval, "are incorrigible."

I practically beamed at her and then nodded irreverently.

"Now, help me into the bedroom," she said. "I was serious about that."

As soon as I realized that she really was a little sore, I became very solicitous and did as she asked. Once she was sitting, she patted the bed next to her and I sat down as well.

"I think you've taken care of my sexual needs for the next day or two," she said.

I looked at her and blinked. I hadn't meant to hurt her. What had I done wrong? I thought she enjoyed it. What if…?

"Relax," she said. "I'm fine. I just don't think we'll be having intercourse for a couple of days."

My face fell.

She laughed brightly. "Paul," she said, lifting my chin with her finger. "That was perhaps the best sex I've had since… well… let's just say that it's the best sex I've had in a long time. I started coming, and I didn't stop until you pulled out of me. I'm still tingling and flushed."

I smiled and blushed.

"And just because I'll be a little sore for a day or two doesn't mean my mouth'll be out of commission."

I looked up enthusiastically and felt a familiar stirring in my groin. My towel had fallen open, and Susan noticed as my penis jerked.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed teasingly. "Save me now." She lifted her chin and cried out theatrically, "Help! Help! Someone save me from the ravages of this madman and his insatiable penis!"

"Don't get me started," I warned, warming to her theatrics. I grabbed my shaft and started stroking myself.

Susan laughed gaily and shook her head. "Paul, after the amount of come you pumped into me, I'd be surprised if you could get hard again in less than an hour."

"Oh yeah?" Just talking about it, I already felt the stirring of another erection. I stood up and brandished my growing manhood.

Her eyes widened when she saw that not only was I half-hard, I was growing harder as I stroked myself. "Uncle!" she exclaimed. "Uncle! Please, no more."

I grinned lasciviously and stepped closer, waving my penis in her face.

"I'm serious!" she cried good-naturedly, throwing her hands up. "You've worn me out, you young stud. I'm an old woman, I can only take so much."

I immediately dropped to my knees in front of her and looked her in the eye. "You're not an old woman," I said indignantly.

"No," she said seriously. She kissed the tip of my nose and smiled warmly. "But I'm not sixteen anymore, either." She looked at me soulfully and then brushed her fingers against my cheek. "You're a wonderful young man, Paul Hughes. And some young lady is going to be very lucky to have you."

I blushed furiously and looked down in embarrassment.

Susan kissed my forehead and then gently pushed me back. "Now, you've already ruined me for the rest of the day. There's no way I'm going to get any useful work done."

My embarrassment forgotten, I tried to look hangdog, but she saw right through me.

"We still have to go to town and pick up more boxes, though."

I nodded and she leaned in to kiss me again, this time on the lips.

"Now," she said sternly. "Let's get going, or it'll be dark by the time we get home!"

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It was late morning when we finally drove out of camp and hit the main road to town. We started

talking seriously about what I should (and should not) tell Gina. Susan recommended that I tell her before anything "serious" happened. When she said that, I looked at her sidelong, wondering—not for the first time—how much she and Mom talked about me and my life. A lot, I decided. Sometimes, it was like having two moms. But, I thought to myself, I got to have *sex* with Susan.

We spent most of the hour-plus drive into town talking about Gina and me. Susan was inexplicably convinced that Gina would be more open-minded than I thought, and I fervently hoped she was right. When I told Gina about Amy, I fully expected her to start crying, hitting me, or both. Susan merely laughed and shook her head when I told her that. I don't know why, but I decided to trust Susan's judgment.

She and I didn't really work out exactly what I should say, so much as what I shouldn't say. We also talked about *how* to say things. I was pretty sure Gina still loved me, and I certainly loved her, but I didn't know how she'd react to learning about Amy, much less Stacy and Susan. Susan and I both decided that if I was going to be frank with Gina, I should tell her about everything. Everything except Mom, that is.

By the time we reached the U-Haul place, I was pretty confident that I knew what I wanted to say to Gina. I wanted to refine some of the details, and go over things in my head, but I had the gist of it. Susan was mostly sure that Gina would still want to be with me, but she admitted that she wasn't positive. All things considered, I guess I was pretty upbeat about it.

I think I know why I was feeling better too, and it had little to do with getting my rocks off. I had slowly come to realize that it actually felt *good* to work on the problem, rather than simply moan about it. I admitted to myself that I *had* been whining and moaning, and I felt very childish about it. Even though I didn't know how things would turn out with Gina and me, at least I felt good to be doing something about it.

At the U-Haul place, we loaded Susan's station wagon to the roof with boxes. We wanted to get packing blankets as well, but we decided to get them when we picked up the truck for the big move from Mr. Kestrel's house to the storage building. After she paid for the boxes, we had lunch at McDonald's and then headed back to camp.

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"You know," Susan said when we turned down the sandy road toward the camp gate. "You still haven't called Stacy."

"Oh my God," I breathed. "I'd forgotten all about it."

Susan nodded sagely. "You were so worked up about your own problems that you didn't even think about her. Right?"

I nodded mutely.

"I know she misses you."

I looked at Susan, my expression full of questions.

"She asked when you were coming to camp, and I told her."

"You talked to her?" I asked in surprise.

Susan chuckled and shook her head in wonder. "Of course. I talk to her all the time. She comes out to visit at least once a month. And I see her at my monthly meetings with my accountant."

"She comes to camp?"

She nodded. "Why wouldn't she?"

I shrugged.

"She likes it here. As a matter of fact, I was thinking about turning Kirk's room into a guest room for her, but I wanted to talk to him about it first."

I just stared at her, open-mouthed. Finally, I regained some of my wits. "When is she coming next?" I asked.

Susan looked at me slyly and grinned. "She wanted to wait until you called her. Just in case things had… changed… she didn't want to make you uncomfortable."

I looked back at the sandy road and felt my chest tighten. Would she want to pick things up where they'd left off? I thought I did, but I didn't really want to jeopardize things with Gina. Then again, things

with Gina were hardly assured, and I could make the situation worse by having sex with Stacy. But I did want to see Stacy again. Would she still want to have sex with me? What if she'd…?

"Don't overanalyze things," Susan said pointedly, guessing my thoughts..

I grinned sheepishly.

"She wants to see you. Like I said, she misses you."

"Do you think she still wants to…?"

"That's up to her," Susan said. She thought about it for a moment, and then finally reached an internal decision with a nod. "I think she wouldn't say no, though, if you asked her."

"When do you think she could come out?" I asked.

"That would be up to her, don't you think?" She smiled at me to take the edge off her words. "She's taking summer school classes, and still working, so I know she's busy."

"Why is she taking summer school?" In my limited experience, people only took summer school when they'd failed a class. That didn't fit with what I knew of Stacy's personality.

"A lot has changed in her life," Susan said cryptically. "If you ask her, I'm sure she'll tell you about it."

"Oh."

"Would you like to call her tonight, after she gets home from work?"

I thought about it for a moment. I wanted to, but I was a little nervous. What if she…? Don't overanalyze things, I admonished myself.

"I think she'd like that," Susan said.

"Can I call her from your house?" I asked.

Susan smiled indulgently and nodded.

I grinned shyly and nodded. "Yeah," I said quietly. "I'd like that."

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Even though we had lots of work to do at Mr. Kestrel's house, it was already mid-afternoon when we returned, and neither of us felt like doing much. We'd had a pretty tiring day already, both physically and emotionally. We unloaded the boxes at the house and then decided to spend the rest of the afternoon relaxing by the lake. Susan put on her bikini bottoms and we walked down together.

My parents were a bit surprised to see us, but Susan glibly explained that we'd had a busy day already, and were going to take it easy for the rest of the day. They accepted her explanation without comment, and she pulled up a lounge chair to join them. I saw Erin sunning herself on the raft, and decided to swim out to her.

"Hi, Er," I said, pulling myself onto the sun-warmed canvas.

"Hi," she said sullenly, without looking up.

We hadn't talked much since I'd blown up, and I was feeling a little guilty. Susan's words echoed in my mind and I realized that when I wasn't brooding, I *was* a much nicer person to be around. Erin and I lay silently for a few minutes, while I tried to figure out what to say to her.

"Listen, Erin. I'm sorry I got angry at you the other day."

She shrugged but didn't look at me.

"I shouldn't've yelled at you. I know you were only trying to be nice."

"What?" she asked hotly, facing me for the first time. "You get laid and suddenly you're all friendly and I'm just supposed to forgive you?!"

For a moment, I was too stunned to speak. My shock was quickly replaced by anger, but I bit off an ugly reply. Finally, I looked at her sadly and nodded. "Yeah," I said. "I probably deserved that."

It wasn't the answer she'd been expecting.

I thought about what Susan had said, about excuses and reasons. "I was acting like a kid," I admitted. "I was feeling sorry for myself, and angry, and I took it out on you. I know that doesn't take back what I did, but it's all I can do." I started to stand up and Erin looked at me in disbelief. "Whether you accept my apology or not is up to you, but I'm sorry." I stood above her and looked down, then turned to dive into the water.

"Paul," she said, hastily sitting up. "Wait."

I turned back to her and stood silently.

"I accept," she said contritely.

I sank to the raft and sat cross-legged next to her. "Thanks," I said. "I really *am* sorry."

"I know," she said softly. "So am I."

"It's okay. You had every right to be mad. I haven't been all that easy to live with lately."

She nodded.

"But that's in the past," I said, as cheerfully as I could.

Erin's expression was dubious.

I nodded resolutely. "Susan has a way of… putting things in perspective… and telling me when I'm acting childish, without making me feel bad about it."

Erin sat up fully and crossed her legs, her posture mirroring my own. She looked at me quizzically.

I shrugged. "It's one of the things I like about her."

"I bet it's not the only thing you like about her," she said wryly.

I felt the heat rising in my cheeks and neck, and let out a strangled squeak. "Erin!"

"Well?"

"No comment," I said. And then it dawned on me. "Hey, how'd you know about… you know?"

She looked at me and rolled her eyes. "Duh."

"Well?" I asked, turning the tables on her.

"Sheesh. For a smart guy, you aren't so smart sometimes."

I looked at her and arched an eyebrow.

"Last summer, when I was asking you all those questions…"

I nodded.

"You know… about… sex stuff."

"Mmm hmm."

"Well, I kinda figured it out then. I mean, sometimes, I'd ask you something, and you wouldn't know the answer. And then you'd disappear for a couple of hours."

Hours when I was off with Susan, I thought to myself.

"Then you'd usually have an answer for me when you got back."

"And?"

"I wanted to see where you were going, so I followed you."

"Erin!"

"I didn't tell anyone," she said quickly. "I swear."

"That's okay, Erin. I know you didn't."

She leaned close and dropped her voice to a whisper. "I think Mom might know, though."

I almost laughed. To my immense credit, however, I didn't even crack a smile. "What makes you think that?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"Sunday, when we first got here, I came back up to the cabin while you and Dad were still at the lake. You know, after you yelled at me."

I nodded ruefully, reminded of how badly I'd behaved.

Erin ignored me and kept talking. "Well, Mom and Aunt Susan were talking when I got there, and I'm pretty sure it was about you. They seemed real worried, but they tried to hide it when I walked in." She shrugged. "So I don't know if Mom knows or not."

"That's okay, Erin." I looked at her, trying to determine if I could trust her or not. Finally, I decided that I could. She'd known about me and Susan for almost a year, and hadn't said anything in front of Mom. "If I tell you something, you've got to promise never to tell anyone."

She nodded quickly and crossed her heart. She looked at me with wide eyes, and once again, it was all I could do not to chuckle.

I leaned close and whispered conspiratorially, "Mom knows about me and Susan."

"She does?!" Erin looked around suddenly and lowered her voice. "She does?"

I nodded.

"And you're not in trouble? Susan's not in trouble?"

I shook my head. "Mom's a lot cooler than you'd think."

Erin rocked back. "I'll say." She reflected on the magnitude of what I'd just told her. "She knows that you and Susan are… you know… doing it?"

"Yep."

"And she doesn't care?"

"Well, Er, I think she cares a lot. She knows Susan's not going to do anything to hurt me. And, well, she's actually taught me a lot."

Erin just blinked at me, still unbelieving.

"Think about it for a second, Erin. I've been in a foul mood for… well… for too long. Two days after we get here, Susan tells me to quit whining and start fixing my problems. So here I am, in a pretty good mood and having a conversation with you like we're two adults."

"Yeah. Wow."

"Yeah," I said. "Now you get it?"

She nodded. "I think so." She got a mischievous look in her eye and then grinned shyly. "Do you think Mom'd let *me*… you know… do it… with someone." She adopted a disaffected manner. "Not that I'd have to ask her or anything, but…" She looked at me intently and I tried not to smile. "Do you think she would?"

"I guess that's between you and Mom," I said.

"I don't think I could ever talk to Mom about—"

"Trust me, Erin," I said, interrupting her. "Mom is a *lot* cooler than you think she'd be."

"Wow."

"Yeah."

"You'll still answer my questions, though, right?" she asked quickly.

I finally let my grin break through. "Yeah, Erin. I'll still answer your questions."

"Good," she said, grinning from ear to ear.

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Later that night, after dinner, I walked to Susan's house so I could call Stacy. On the way there, it occurred to me that I didn't know her phone number. When I knocked on the kitchen door, I was still thinking about how to go about getting it.

"Hi," Susan said, opening the door. She grinned at me and I blushed. "Well, aren't you just the cutest thing. C'mon in, you can use the phone in the office."

I followed her back to her office, and she pointed to the phone and a notepad.

"I wrote her number down for you."

"Oh."

"Oh?"

"I was just gonna call Directory Assistance," I said lamely. Sometimes, I can be a little dense.

Susan laughed softly and simply shook her head. "Ask her if she wants to come out this weekend," she said.

"You want me to ask her for you?"

"No," she said patiently. "*You* want to ask her to come out this weekend."

"Oh yeah! Good idea."

She rolled her eyes and turned to leave. "I'll be down at the lake. I'll see you when you're done."

I waited until I heard the kitchen door close, and then wiped my hands along my thighs. I picked up the phone and stared at the notepad for a few moments, gathering my courage. Finally, I dialed.

"Hello."

I recognized her voice immediately. "Uh… hi."

She was silent for a moment, and I began to get nervous.

"It's Paul," I said. When she still didn't say anything, my nervousness began to turn to panic. "Are you there?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I'm here."

I didn't know what to say, and the silence began to get awkward. "How are you doing?"

"I'm good. How're you?"

"Good," I said. I paused for a moment and took a deep breath. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you too," she said.

"Sorry I didn't call when we first got here. Things were kinda hectic."

"Yeah. That's what Susan said."

"Oh? When did you talk to her?"

There was silence on the other end of the line, and I began to worry again. "Sunday night," she said softly.

"Oh. That's the night we…" That's the night we got here, I thought to myself, finishing the sentence.

"Yeah."

"So… are you doing anything this weekend?" I asked.

"Nothing much."

"Would you… I mean…" I cleared my throat. "Would you like to come to camp?" I silently thanked Susan for the advice.

"I dunno. Do you want me to?"

"Yeah, I do. I wanted to see you. I mean, if you want to, that is."

"Of course I do," she said animatedly. "I mean, yeah. That'd be good," she continued in a more subdued tone.

I grinned to myself. "Good. I was hoping you'd want to come."

"You were?"

"Mmm hmm. Like I said, I've missed you."

"You have?"

"Yep."

She sighed happily.

"When do you think you'll be here?" I asked.

"I could take a half-day off on Friday," she said tentatively.

"I'd like that."

"Good! I mean… cool. So, I'll see you around two o'clock?"

"Yep," I said, nodding. "I'll meet you at Susan's house at two o'clock on Friday."

"I can't wait to see you, Paul!"

"I can't wait to see you either"

"Goodbye."

"Bye."

After I hung up the phone, I sat in silence for a few moments. I imagined Stacy's smooth, trim body, and felt my penis stir. When I stroked it a few times, it quickly became erect. Reluctantly, I let go of my stiff shaft and walked toward the kitchen. I leaned against the cool Formica of the kitchen counter until my erection subsided.

As I walked down the hill to the lake, I wanted to think about Stacy. But I knew if I did, I'd get an erection, and it wasn't yet dark enough to easily hide. When I got there, Mom, Dad, and Susan were talking quietly, reclining in our lounge chairs. They looked up as I approached, but went back to their conversation when I lay facedown in a nearby chaise.

I cradled my chin in my hands and began thinking about Stacy. With my penis safely nestled against my stomach, I let my thoughts wander, and was soon fully erect. I was really, *really* looking forward to Friday, I thought to myself. With a smile, I closed my eyes and let my imagination run wild.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The next day, Susan and I worked at Mr. Kestrel's house. Except for a short lunch break, we worked non-stop. We both wanted to finish the majority of the packing before lunchtime on Friday. We also had to decide what to do with The Room.

We hadn't used any of the bondage equipment again, and for the most part, that suited me fine. I thought it might be fun to tie her up and tease her—or some other willing partner—but it wasn't something I fantasized about very often. The idea still excited me, and it was something I was willing to try again, but I guess the mechanical nature of the room intimidated me a little.

"I don't think Gregory even knew about The Room," Susan said as we walked back to her house, exhausted from the day's work.

I shook my head.

"I don't think we should simply pack things up, either," she said.

"No."

"And we certainly can't leave the room as it is."

"You could donate it to the camp," I suggested, grinning tiredly.

Susan nodded thoughtfully. "Mmm hmm. We could have volleyball, shuffleboard, bondage and discipline, badminton, and frisbee golf. You know," she said, grinning in reply, "all the things a fun summer camp has."

We were silent for a few minutes, both of us too tired to keep up the banter.

"We've also got to think about the women in those pictures," Susan said. "I'm sure most of them realized Uncle Bernie was taking their picture, but I don't think they'd want anyone else to see them."

I merely nodded.

"So I'm thinking we should probably just burn the pictures and magazines."

"Yeah, probably."

"And the furniture is good stuff, we just need to… clean it up a bit."

I nodded, understanding what she meant. We'd have to take the eyebolts out of the bed and chair, and clean out the armoire. But I didn't know what we'd do with the padded bench. I could think of only one thing it was good for, and I didn't think the Salvation Army really wanted a "fuck bench."

"For the rest of the room, mostly the stuff in the armoire, I think I know what to do with it."

I looked at her sidelong and wondered what she was thinking.

She saw my look and grinned. "I have a friend in town who would probably take it. She's… into… that sort of thing."

I raised my eyebrows at that, but Susan merely shrugged and kept walking.

When we got to her house, we showered together, but were too tired to do more than a little playful groping. Boy, I thought to myself, working all day sure makes you stop thinking about sex all the time. I wondered if that was what it was like to be a grown-up. With a shudder, I put the thought out of my mind.

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On Thursday, we cleaned out The Room. While Susan boxed up the cuffs, restraints, and other things from the armoire, I took several loads of pictures and magazines out to the burn barrel behind the house. Looking at all the pictures of naked people, bound and having sex, I got the beginning of an erection.

Susan noticed, grinning at me when I walked back into the room. She went to the linen closet, retrieved a towel, and covered the chair's padded leather seat with it. She had me sit down, then she knelt between my legs. When she was comfortably situated, she gently stroked me to full erection.

She took her time sucking me, building me toward climax several times, and then slowing things down just as I was ready to explode. When I did finally come, it felt like I was draining my entire body through my penis. Her lips still locked around my shaft, Susan actually cried out in surprise at the amount of come I

spurted into her mouth.

It took me a while to regain my senses, and when I did, I looked down to find a very satisfied Susan resting comfortably against my leg, her head on my thigh.

"I love doing that," she said languorously.

I swallowed hard and nodded. My dick was still stiff and my entire body was tingling, but I felt so drained that I simply wanted to take a nap. Susan gave my cock a smoldering look and then took a deep breath. When she reached up and started fondling me, I almost pulled her hand off. She quickly realized that my head was still very sensitive and only stroked the base.

When she rolled back to her knees and laid her arms along my thighs, I gripped the chair and watched her, captivated. She tilted her face to the side and tenderly kissed my balls. My cock twitched at the promise of attention, and she smiled. She kissed up along the underside of my manhood and then captured the tip with her mouth.

She began inching her lips down my shaft and didn't stop until she'd nearly swallowed my entire length. When she wrapped her lips around the base of my dick, I felt her nose pressing against my pubic hair. She worked her jaw and I groaned through clenched teeth.

My cock slowly emerged from her mouth, shiny with her saliva, and she grinned at me as she let the head slip from her lips. I grinned in reply and she lowered her head again. As she started bobbing up and down, I gripped the arms of the chair and closed my eyes.

When I felt her move, I opened my eyes and looked up, but smiled when I realized she'd thrust her right hand between her legs. Her hips immediately started gyrating as she pleasured herself. Her lips were stretched over my girth and her eyes were closed. What a beautiful sight, I thought to myself.

Since my first orgasm had been so powerful, the second one took longer. For the most part, Susan merely suckled my cock and masturbated herself. Her breathing became irregular and she started moaning deep in her chest.

From the flush creeping up her neck to her face, I knew she was close to orgasm. When it crashed over her, she clamped her lips around my manhood and stopped moving altogether. I was close enough to my own climax that I reached down and quickly gripped the exposed base of my cock. A few quick, firm strokes, and I was squirting into her mouth.

She moaned appreciatively as I coated her tongue with my white-hot seed. My ejaculation wasn't as strong as it had been before, but I don't think she cared. She simply shuddered and moaned in the throes of her release. My orgasm subsided long before hers did, and I watched as aftershocks rocked her body.

We both practically collapsed—her against my leg and me against the back of the chair—and lay panting for a long time. My dick was slowly shrinking, but she didn't seem inclined to let me go. I didn't mind at all.

✧ ✧ ✧

About fifteen minutes later, Susan stood up slowly and thrust her hand out to help me stand. I took her proffered hand, but used my other hand and legs to propel myself upright.

"Let's go light the picture and magazine pyre," Susan said. "And then we can have some lunch."

I nodded and we headed toward the back yard. Once there, I used a rolled-up magazine to light the rest of the contents of the barrel. When everything was burning steadily, we headed back inside.

After lunch, I went back out to check on the burn barrel and then rejoined Susan in the house. We spent the rest of the day packing up Mr. Kestrel's bedroom. Most of his clothes were going to the Salvation Army, but the furniture would go into storage for Gregory.

We finished a little before five in the afternoon, and walked back to Susan's house in silence. We took a shower together, but once again, we were too tired to do more than simply wash. Afterward, Susan had dinner with my family in the clubhouse.

Dad had to fly a trip the next evening, so he planned to leave in the morning. Mom was going to drive him to Columbia, so he could jumpseat back to Atlanta on a company flight. Because of the way his flights worked out, he'd have a short layover in Atlanta—where he'd spend the night at our house—and then he'd return to camp late in the month.

When we finished dinner, Mom suggested that Erin and I relax by the lake. She and Dad were going to spend some time with Susan at her house. I wanted to come along, but Mom told me it was just going to be adults at Susan's house. Wasn't I an adult too? Evidently not. In reality, I was too tired to argue, so Erin and I headed down to enjoy the evening breeze by the lake.

✧ ✧ ✧

Friday morning, Mom fixed a big breakfast. Afterward, she and Dad went up to the cabin so he could shower, shave, and get ready to go. Susan stopped by the clubhouse and then walked back up to the cabin with Erin and me. I noticed Erin giving Susan appraising glances, but Susan affected not to notice. I smiled to myself at Erin's inquisitiveness, but didn't say anything.

When we got to the cabin, Mom was straightening Dad's tie. Erin picked up his uniform jacket while I hefted his heavy Jepps case in one hand and his travel suitcase in the other. I chuckled to myself when I realized how much lighter the two bags seemed. I was much stronger than I'd been the year before, and lifted them with ease.

The car was parked behind the cabin, and Erin followed me as I walked back to it. She held the door while I put the cases in the back seat. Mom, Dad, and Susan came around the corner a minute later, and we all said goodbye to Dad. Mom knew Erin and I could look after ourselves—I'd be working half the day at Mr. Kestrel's house, anyway—but she asked Susan to keep an eye on us.

After smiles and hugs, my parents got into the station wagon and Dad drove up the road toward the gate. Erin grabbed her towel from the cabin's porch railing and headed down to the lake. We'd been at camp less than a week, but she already had a nice golden-brown tan. Since I'd been working at Mr. Kestrel's house, I didn't have much of a tan yet, but the time spent with Susan easily offset the lack. Susan smiled at me, as if reading my thoughts, and we started walking toward Mr. Kestrel's house.

✧ ✧ ✧

After two solid days of packing, we didn't have much left to do. It was more than we could finish in one morning, but the end was in sight. Susan estimated that we had about a day and a half of work left. I was daydreaming about how much money I was going to make, and what I could spend it on, when Susan playfully jabbed me in the ribs.

"You thinking about Stacy?" she asked.

I blushed and shook my head.

"Oh?"

"I was thinking about how much money I was going to make, helping you pack up Mr. Kestrel's house."

She nodded, and started figuring in her head. "Just for the packing alone, it should be about $225."

I nodded happily and she grinned at me.

"And with the fifty dollars from helping move all the stuff," she said, "you'll be a rich young man. Any idea what you want to spend it on?"

"Not really. I mean, maybe I'll get something nice for Gina. If she's still talking to me, that is."

Susan looked at me slyly. "Oh," she said musingly. "I think she will be. But it might be a good idea to get her something no matter what. Remember, you're getting her something because you care about her, not as a reward because she's still talking to you."

I nodded.

"Have you thought much about what you're going to say to Stacy?" Susan asked, smoothly changing the subject.

I shook my head.

"Well, I'm sure you'll do fine. Just remember what I told you about reading signals, and making the first move."

"I will."

"Stacy has really changed a lot this past year," Susan said. "Good changes, too. She's a lot more confident. But I don't think she'll make the first move. Yet."

"You think she'll still want to… you know?"

"To have sex with you?"

My face and ears heated, and I nodded.

She grinned at me unabashedly. "I think if you play your cards right, you might get lucky."

"You don't mind?" I asked.

"Mind about what?"

"That I want to… you know."

"Know what? You want to *what?*"

"You know," I said insistently.

"Paul, you don't have to tiptoe around me. I know all the words."

I grinned sheepishly.

"Don't be callous or tactless about it, but you can use the word 'sex' or 'fuck' around me."

I nodded.

"So, let's start again," she said. "Do I mind about what?"

I took a deep breath. "Do you mind that I want to have sex with Stacy?"

"Not at all," she said lightly. "As much as I enjoy sex with you, and that's a lot, by the way, I know you need to spend time with people your own age."

"Stacy's not really my age."

"She's a lot closer to your age than I am," she said.

"So?" I asked stiffly. "Age doesn't make any difference to me."

Her eyes softened and she put her hand on my cheek. "You're such a wonderful young man," she said. "But it makes more difference than you realize."

I started to protest, but she silenced me with a finger on my lips.

"Stacy is really looking forward to seeing you. She may have changed a lot, on the outside, but sometimes, she's still a scared young girl on the inside." Susan paused and looked into my eyes as if sizing me up. "You know what it's like to be scared and confused on the inside, don't you?"

"Yeah," I said heavily. "I do."

"I know you do," Susan said softly. "She may not act like it, but she's still fragile. And young. In some ways, younger than you are. Just be careful with her."

I nodded seriously. "I will."

"I know you will."

We shared a smile and she stood on tiptoe to kiss me on the cheek.

"Now," she said sternly. "Let's get to work."

✧ ✧ ✧

When lunchtime rolled around, we had accomplished quite a bit. The house was stacked with boxes, all neatly labeled with the name of the room and a simple inventory. Most of the furniture was in its original location, but the only room we had left to pack was the kitchen. The stuff in there would be donated to the camp, so we didn't have to pack it as carefully. We would simply have to put it all in boxes, load it in the back of Susan's station wagon, and take it down to the clubhouse.

We walked back to Susan's house, chatting amiably. Since Stacy was spending the weekend at camp, Susan and I decided to take two days off. We would return to Mr. Kestrel's house on Monday.

When we got to Susan's house, she went in to take a shower while I went down to the lake to find Erin. She was lying on one of our lounge chairs, and looked up when I cast a shadow across her.

"Hey," I said. "You ready for some lunch?"

"Yeah. I'm starved."

"Well, c'mon up to Susan's house, she's gonna fix us sandwiches."

Erin stood and swept her blonde hair up into a loose ponytail, grabbed her towel, and looked at me expectantly. With that, we walked up the hill together.

"What do you and Aunt Susan do at Mr. Kestrel's house?" she asked, as soon as we were out of earshot

of the other sunbathers.

"Mostly packing up his stuff. Some of it goes to the camp, some goes to the Salvation Army, and some stuff goes into storage for his family."

"So you all aren't… you know… doing it? I mean, all the time or somethin'?"

I looked at her sharply and she pulled up short.

"No," I said with a tension-releasing laugh. "We're not doing it all the time or somethin'."

"Stacy's coming to camp this afternoon, right?" Erin asked.

I thought we'd moved into safer territory, so I nodded.

"Are you two doing it, too?"

I almost choked on my tongue.

Erin took one look at me and knew the answer. After all, she *was* my sister.

"Is that what you think I do all day?" I finally asked.

"God," she said distractedly. "I would. If I *could*, that is."

"Would what?" I asked suspiciously.

She looked at me and blinked. "You know," she said, blushing. "Do it. I'd do it all day if I could."

I stopped walking up the hill and turned to face her. My heart was racing and my palms were suddenly sweaty. "Listen, Erin," I said seriously. "If you weren't my sister, I wouldn't talk to you about this. I'm not some blabbermouth who's gonna talk about the girl I'm having sex with. That's just not cool. You understand?"

"No," she said honestly. "I don't understand. I mean, isn't doing it just so cool?"

"Yeah," I admitted. "It is. But it's not something that you talk about all the time. Look at it this way… How would you like it if your boyfriend…"

"Right! Like I've even *got* a boyfriend."

"Okay, *if* you had a boyfriend," I said.

She nodded.

"If you had a boyfriend, and if you had sex with him, would you want him telling all his buddies and bragging about it?"

She thought about it for a moment and then her eyes widened. She shook her head quickly.

"See what I mean. A guy who runs his mouth is *not* cool."

"Oh."

"Yeah," I said, nodding theatrically. "So that's why I don't talk about it, why I don't brag about it."

"I guess I never thought about it that way," she said softly.

"That's okay, Er." I turned and started walking again.

"So," she said, catching up with me. "You never answered my question."

I was hoping she'd forgotten about it. "What question was that?"

"Are you and Stacy doing it?"

Once again, I stopped and turned toward her. "Erin… Why do you wanna know?"

"I dunno," she said. "I just think it's cool."

I cocked my head to the side and looked at her coolly, inviting her to continue.

She blushed and looked at the ground. "Paul," she said, her voice barely a whisper. "Sometimes, it's all I think about."

"What?"

"You know… doing it."

I was silent for a moment and she shifted her weight.

"I think there must be something wrong with me," she said.

When I stepped close to her, she looked up at me tearfully. "There's nothing wrong with you," I said gently. "It's normal."

"It can't be normal to feel like this all the time," she said, stifling a sob.

"You have no idea how normal it really is," I said, putting my arms around her.

"For real?" She looked up at me, hope in her teary eyes.

I nodded as confidently as I could. "Yeah. For real."

"Sometimes," she said hesitantly. "Sometimes, it seems like all I wanna do is…" She suddenly stopped talking and turned beet red.

"Do what?"

She looked at me and rolled her eyes. "You know."

"No, Erin, I don't know."

"You know… I mean… touch…" She pointedly looked down and then rolled her eyes again.

I got the hint. I stepped back and held her at arm's length, smiling reassuringly as I did. "You know who you really should talk to about how you feel?" I asked.

She shook her head, looking hopeful.

"Mom."

Erin looked crestfallen. "I couldn't talk to *Mom*. What would she know?"

I know it was the wrong thing to do, but I just couldn't help myself—I laughed out loud. Erin looked devastated, so I soothed her quickly. "Mom knows a lot about being a perpetually… well… a perpetually horny thirteen-year-old girl. She knows a lot more than I do," I said seriously.

"Do you think she'd talk to me? I mean, she wouldn't ground me or anything?"

I shook my head quickly. "Listen, if there's one thing I've learned, it's that Mom knows a *lot* more about what's going on than you'd think." I shook my head ruefully when I considered how *much* she knew.

"You really think she'll understand?"

"Yeah, I *know* she will."

"I dunno," Erin said dubiously.

"Trust me, Er. Trust me. She'll understand completely." I put my arm around her and turned us up the hill.

Erin leaned against me as we walked. She sniffled, wiped her eyes, and then looked up at me. "Thanks, Paul."

"No problem, Erin. That's what big brothers are for."

✧ ✧ ✧

Susan was fixing lunch when Erin and I stepped into the cool air of the kitchen. She had donned her customary bikini bottoms, and smiled at us when we entered. I wanted to take a quick shower before lunch, so I headed toward the hall bathroom. When I returned, Susan and Erin were talking about guys. Susan looked at me conspiratorially and I grinned in reply.

After lunch, we all decided to head down to the lake to relax. It was a little before one o'clock, so I had more than an hour to wait for Stacy's arrival. I didn't have enough of a tan to avoid wearing sun block, so I ran up to our cabin to get my towel and the bottle of Bain de Soleil.

When I got to the lake, Susan and Erin were lying side by side on loungers, and their conversation seemed to have picked up where it had left off before our lunch. I spread sunblock on the skin I could reach and Susan sat up to help with my back. Once I was thoroughly slathered with the stuff, I lay down on a lounger next to Erin. I'd brought my watch with me, and laid it on the ground next to my chair.

✧ ✧ ✧

About one thirty, I checked the time and sat up. Even with a gentle breeze, a South Carolina summer is hot and muggy. I wanted to cool off before heading up to meet Stacy, so I dived into the lake and simply swam around for a few minutes. The water was shockingly cold at first, but I quickly got used to it.

When I climbed out and picked up my watch and towel, Erin grinned at me. Susan rolled over onto her back and shielded her eyes with her hand. She looked at me, winked, and then grinned as well. I smiled and headed up the hill, drying myself as I went.

I had the towel over my head and was vigorously drying my hair when I crested the top of the hill. I was almost to Susan's house by the time I saw Stacy's Nova, which was parked in front of the garage. She was early. I picked up my pace and practically ran into the courtyard.

I opened the door to the kitchen and stepped into the cool air. I'd just turned to shut the door when I heard a gasp behind me. When I turned, my eyes locked on Stacy. She was standing in the doorway to the living room, her hand over her mouth, eyes wide.

"Hi," I said at last.

She didn't speak and I began to get nervous. She looked me up and down a few times, and when she *still* didn't say anything, my nervousness started to turn to panic.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

She nodded silently, but made no other move.

I anxiously shifted from foot to foot. The silence drew out, and I resolved to overcome my apprehension. "It's good to see you," I said. "You look good."

"And you look…"

I started getting nervous again, but kept a firm grip on my emotions.

"…great!"

I tried not to blush, but I know I wasn't successful.

"I mean it," she said. "You look… wow."

We stood staring at each other across the kitchen for a few moments. She was wearing a floral-pattern strapless sundress that hugged her athletic body. The dress ended at mid-thigh, and I was treated to a good view of her tanned legs. Her hair was a little longer than I remembered, but it was difficult to tell, since she had it pinned back with barrettes. Her gaze wandered up and down my body, but I noticed it lingered on my penis.

"You look great," she said.

"You look pretty good yourself."

She blushed and looked away for a moment. Her eyes were inevitably drawn back to my body. "Have you lost weight?"

"Not really," I said. "I've actually gained a bit. But I've been working out a lot."

"Yeah. I can tell."

We were silent for a few more moments, each drinking in the sight of the other. Finally, I broke the spell.

"You got here early," I said.

She blushed again. "Yeah. I… I couldn't wait to get here, so I skipped lunch."

"You want a sandwich or something?"

She shook her head quickly. "I'm fine."

"Oh. Okay. You wanna go down to the lake?"

"Sure," she said brightly. "Lemme just get my stuff from the car. I literally *just* got here."

"I'll help." I slung my towel over the back of one of the kitchen chairs and ran my fingers through my damp hair.

We walked out to her car together, stealing nervous glances at each other. Up close, I could tell she was wearing make up, and I thought I could smell a hint of perfume. I smiled to myself and picked up her overnight bag from the front seat.

"Is this all you brought?" I asked.

She nodded and we walked back inside. I took the bag into Kirk's room and set it on the low dresser. She fidgeted with the bag, but I could see her looking at me in the dresser's mirror.

"You want me to leave while you get undressed?" I asked.

"You don't have to go," she murmured.

Susan's words echoed in my mind: "I think if you play your cards right, you might get lucky." I stepped closer to Stacy and looked at her in the mirror. Her eyes locked on mine and I smiled. Standing as close as I was, her scent filled my nostrils.

"I like your perfume," I said.

"Thanks." Her eyes brightened and she smiled. "I bought it for you," she said. "Susan helped me pick it out. It was really expensive, but if you like it…"

"I like it." I ran my hand over her shoulder, just barely brushing her skin.

She shivered and closed her eyes.

"And this is a really nice dress," I said.

Her lips drew into a thin line and her nostrils flared as she took a deep breath. "I just bought it," she said, her voice a whisper.

I could tell she was enjoying having me this close, so I ran my hand down her other shoulder and felt her skin raise goose bumps. "You're wearing make up, too."

"I wanted to look nice for you," she said softly.

"You do." I bent down to kiss her freckle-dusted shoulder.

She shuddered again and leaned back against me.

I kissed along the line of her shoulder and her head nodded forward. I touched the nape of her neck with my lips and then moved to her other shoulder. My penis twitched as I smelled the mixture of perfume and her body's scent. I brushed her hair aside and kissed along the line of her neck. When I nuzzled her delicate ear, she whimpered softly.

"Don't move," I whispered. "I'll be right back."

I strode across the room and shut the bedroom door. As I walked back to her, I saw her studying me in the mirror. Her eyes locked on my tumescent cock as it swung side-to-side. When she looked up and made eye contact with me, I smiled reassuringly and stepped close to her again. I ran my hands up her arms and she shivered at the touch.

"It's been so long," she said quietly, closing her eyes.

I nodded and began kissing her shoulder. When I reached her neck, I planted a few soft kisses behind her ear and then reached for her hair. She opened her eyes when she felt my hands on her head, and watched me as I gently removed her barrettes. I discarded them on the dresser and ran my fingers through her curly brown hair. As I massaged her scalp, she closed her eyes again and leaned against me with a sigh. She felt my erection pressing against her and wiggled her hips.

"Does that feel good?" I asked.

"Mmm hmm."

I swept her hair to the side—it was definitely longer—and kissed her sinuous neck. With one hand, I held her hair. With the other, I reached for the hem of her skirt. I pulled it up and adjusted my hips. My cock brushed against her silken panties and she moaned softly. I stepped forward so the skirt was bunched between our bodies and resumed kissing her neck.

She turned her head and my lips sought out hers. She opened her mouth to me and I tasted her for the first time as our tongues twined together. She moaned into my mouth and thrust her hips back at me.

"Do you want me to leave, while you get undressed?" I asked again, breaking our kiss. Leaving was the last thing I wanted to do, but I didn't want to force myself on her.

She shook her head quickly, her hair tickling the side of my face.

"Do you want me to help you?"

"Yes," she hissed.

I kissed the hollow of her jaw and put my hands on her hips. With gentle pressure, I pulled her backward a step or two. She whimpered when I pushed her torso forward, but bent over and put her hands on the top of the dresser as I'd intended. I kept one hand on her torso, but moved the other to the junction of her thighs. Moist heat assaulted my fingertips as I probed between her legs, and I smiled to myself. I ground my cock against her panty-covered crotch and then sank to my knees.

She moaned when I did, but I put my hands on her hips to keep her from moving. I flipped her skirt up so it rested on her hips and put my hands at the waist of her panties. When I began to pull them over her ass, she moaned softly.

I pulled them down her thighs and had her step out of them. Using gentle touches, I spread her legs until they were about two feet apart. Soft, damp, matted curls greeted my fingers when I touched her sex. I wet my fingertips with her moisture and teased her labia apart.

She cried out softly when I leaned forward and stuck my tongue into the folds of her pussy. I spread her lips with two fingers and licked down the length of her slit. With both hands, I gripped the hemispheres of

her ass, spread her open with my thumbs, and pressed my lips against her pussy. Her pubic hair tickled my nose, but I ignored the sensation and continued teasing her.

I felt her clit slowly engorging under my tongue, and I worked the protective hood back and forth. Her taste was tangy and sweet, and a little salty, and I thrust my tongue deeper into her opening. She moaned when I began lapping at her slit and licking the folds of her inner labia.

I continued nuzzling and licking her for several minutes, until my cheeks and chin were coated with her juices. Her breathing grew ragged and she became a little unsteady on her feet.

I stood and pressed my hips against her ass. The tip of my cock slid along her channel and she started. I pulled my hips back and was just getting ready to position my erection at her opening when she put one hand between her legs and covered her pussy. She lifted her head and looked at me in the mirror.

"Not yet. Okay? Please?" she asked softly.

I nodded.

I took a small step back when she straightened and looked over her shoulder at me. She reached for the zipper at the back of the dress and fumbled with it for a second. I moved my hands to help her. When she felt them, she smiled at me in the mirror. I lowered the zipper and exposed her smooth back.

She turned, holding the dress up with an arm across her breasts. She looked at me beseechingly and I stepped forward, bent my head, and kissed her. She melted against me, her arms going around my neck as our kiss grew heated. Only the pressure of our bodies was holding up her dress. When we broke the kiss, she kept her eyes closed and took a deep breath.

I kissed her again, tenderly, and she sighed. My erection was awkwardly pressed against her stomach, but her lips felt so good that I didn't care. We kissed for a few languid minutes, simply enjoying the pleasures of the other's mouth.

"I want to feel your skin against mine," I said, once we came up for air.

She swallowed and nodded tentatively.

I stepped back and lowered the front of her dress slowly. Before I exposed her nipples, I planted a kiss at the top of her chest and she sighed. I continued kissing her, moving downward as I lowered the dress and exposed more of her body.

When I had the material bunched at her waist, I gently sucked a nipple into my mouth, teasing it with my tongue. Stacy put her hands on the sides of my head and held me over her breast. I swirled my tongue around the puffy flesh of her nipple, causing her to moan. When I nipped it gently with my teeth, she shuddered and pressed my face against her bosom.

A minute later, I pulled back and switched to the other nipple, giving it equal treatment. After I had it as puffy as its twin, I slowly sank to my knees in front of her. Smiling up at her, I lowered her dress over her hips. She stepped out of it and I shoved it aside. Her pubic hair was nicely trimmed into a narrow triangle, and I bent forward to taste her again.

Before I could do more than press my lips against her pussy, she put her hands on my head and pulled me up. I was a little confused, and a little worried, but when she kissed me again, all that melted away.

"I want to do something for you," she said softly, when we broke the kiss.

I looked into her dark eyes and nodded.

She kissed me again and then trembled. "I want to do this. Okay? I *really* want to."

I nodded again, hoping my confusion wasn't apparent.

"Susan told me how to do it. Okay?"

I cupped her face in my hands and looked into her eyes. Whatever she was talking about, she was serious about it, so I nodded. "What is it?" I asked at last.

"I love sucking you, and…," she said.

I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach when I began to suspect where the conversation was headed.

"And I want you to…" She took a deep breath and steeled her nerves. "I want you to come in my mouth." She looked at me, her eyes pleading. "Please. I know I'll learn to like it. I just know I will."

I started to argue with her, but one look at her expression told me I'd do more damage than good if I

did.

"Susan told me what to do. I know I can do it. I *want* to do it. I want to feel you in my mouth when you come. I want to do this for you," she said in a rush.

"You don't have to."

"Please. I want to."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

She nodded quickly. "I really, *really* want to. I've… I've been thinking about it a lot." She cast her eyes down and swallowed hard. "I want to do everything for you."

"Okay," I said, trying not to sound reluctant. "If you want to, I want to."

"You mean it?"

I nodded.

She hugged herself against me and then started kissing my chest, neck, cheeks, and anywhere else she could reach. She surprised me with the force of her reaction. "Oh, thank you, Paul. Thank you, thank you, thank you. I know you'll like it. I know I can do it."

I hugged her against me and kissed the crown of her head.

"You'll have to help me a little, though," she said.

"Okay."

"If I take you as deep as I can, and you come in the back of my mouth, I shouldn't taste it much. I'll probably have to work up to enjoying the taste," she said earnestly.

I nodded, trying to look reassuring. I vividly remembered the last—and only—time I'd come in her mouth. It was not an experience I hoped to repeat.

"And," she said shyly, "I want you to hold my head."

"Why?"

She blushed and looked down for a moment. "I don't want to flinch and pull off you before… you know… before you come."

"I don't know…"

"Please, Paul. *Please*."

"Are you sure?"

She hesitated for only a moment, then nodded. "I've wanted to do this for a long time," she said seriously. "I just had to work up the nerve."

I hugged her to me and kissed the top of her head again. My erection had flagged as soon as I'd figured out where the conversation was headed, but Stacy felt between us and gripped me gently. It was the first time she'd actually touched my penis since she'd arrived, and an involuntary shiver ran through my body at her touch.

She smiled up at me. "Thank you," she said.

I smiled and bent to kiss her. She kneaded me lovingly and I quickly reached full erection.

"I think there's something I need to take care of," she said with a grin.

She kissed her way down my body and then knelt before me. I looked down at her as she put her hands on my hips and kissed the tip of my cock. She captured just the head in her mouth and swirled her tongue around it. She closed her eyes and sucked me for a few minutes, never taking more than an inch or two into her mouth.

She let the tip of my cock slip from her lips, and with a smile up at me, she began kissing along the underside ridge. I put my hands on my hips, over hers, and closed my eyes to savor the sensations as she tongued and teased my balls.

When she kissed her way back up my shaft, I thrust my hips forward a little, trying to get her to take me in her mouth. I felt her hot breath on my cock as she laughed nervously, but then she moved in and sucked me into her mouth. She teased the underside of my glans with her tongue, and then I felt her lips slide along my length.

I opened my eyes and was greeted by the sight of her opening her lips to swallow more of me. I gazed at her and her eyes smiled at me. I knew she liked sucking me, but I also knew that she didn't like the taste of

semen. I was a little worried about how she would react when I came in her mouth. I certainly didn't want a repeat of the last time she'd wanted to swallow my come.

Instead, I tried to banish those thoughts and concentrate on the feeling of her lips on my shaft. She took as much of me in her mouth as she could and then pulled back, caressing my sensitive skin with her tongue. When she began bobbing back and forth, I put my hands on her head and gently directed her movements.

Because of all the buildup, I knew I probably wouldn't last long. When I felt the first twinges of my climax, I warned her. She merely nodded and redoubled her efforts, gripping my hips with a ferocity that bordered on painful.

As my orgasm approached, I began humping my hips forward and back, in time with her bobbing. I ran my fingers through her soft, curly hair and gripped her head as she'd requested. I was a little unsure about holding her on my cock, but she had seemed adamant.

Stacy sucked hard, her cheeks caving in, and dragged her lips along my length. When she flicked her tongue against the underside of the head, I felt the first rush of my release.

"Stacy… I'm gonna… I'm gonna come… gonna come… *now*."

She hurriedly took me as far into her throat as she could, and I gripped her head to hold her in place. My cock swelled in her mouth and she flinched a little, but kept her lips wrapped around my girth. I felt the semen coursing up my shaft and closed my eyes in pleasure.

With a grunt, I erupted. She flinched when the first blast hit the back of her throat, but didn't release her lip lock. My dick swelled again and another spurt of semen gushed into her mouth. I arched my back and simply held onto her head as I pumped my essence into her mouth.

She cried out softly, and I was about to release her when her hands clutched at my hips. I felt her cringe again, and then she sort of coughed around my cock. The flow of semen slowly subsided, and I opened my eyes.

When I looked down at her, she tried to smile up at me, but my girth prevented her from doing more than stretching her lips taut. I felt the last gushes of come spill from my cock and she closed her eyes tightly. With a start, I realized tears were running down her cheeks.

I pulled my hips back and my cock slipped from her mouth. She swallowed hard and licked her shiny lips. She tried not to grimace, and I pretended not to notice. When she looked up at me and smiled, her eyes were brimming and her cheeks were tracked with tears. In that moment, my resolve nearly crumbled.

I forced myself to smile and then reached down for her. She took my hands, and I pulled her to her feet. Her smile was forced and her eyes still glistened. I could tell she was far from happy. She put on a good act, trying to convince me she enjoyed it, and I played along.

"Did you enjoy that?" she asked, her voice thick with emotion.

"Very much," I lied. I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her to me. I didn't want her to see my face, because I knew it would betray my true emotions.

She pressed her cheek against my chest and held herself against me. In a very small voice she said, "Little Stacy's a good girl."

I closed my eyes tightly. I kissed the top of her head, then swallowed hard.

"Stacy wants to make you happy," she whispered.

"*You* make me happy," I said, hugging her tighter.

Inside, I felt empty.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Stacy hugged me tightly and then pulled back. I fervently hoped the doubt and concern I felt weren't plainly graven upon my face. I unconsciously held my breath as she looked up at me. When she smiled, her eyes were no longer misty and I felt tremendously relieved. I smiled in return and she ground her pelvis against me.

"I'm still on the pill," she said suggestively.

"Oh?" I definitely wanted to have sex with her, but I was still more than a little upset by what had just happened. Consequently, my erection had completely flagged.

She nodded. "Even though, you know, there hasn't been anyone else, I kept taking them."

She wriggled loose, took one of my hands, and placed it at the junction of her thighs. Her pubic hair was still slightly damp and matted. She reached for my flaccid penis and began stroking it. When I slipped a finger between her labia, she hissed, but quickly recovered. The cause was immediately clear—she was dry.

Instead of moving my finger over her tender folds, I bent to kiss her. As the kiss heated, I brought my hand up and cupped her face. She kept stroking my dick, but I was too preoccupied to react properly. I guess I was worried about her.

She *appeared* to be aroused and willing, but it just seemed forced, somehow. And all the physical signs were wrong. It was more than just her lack of lubrication, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. I didn't want to draw attention to the fact, so I simply continued kissing her. When we broke the kiss, she looked up at me with unfocused eyes.

"Let's lie down," I suggested.

She quickly nodded and I turned her toward the bed. After she climbed to the center, she gestured for me to join her. When I did, she pushed me onto my back. As she hovered over me, I ran my hands up her flanks and tweaked her nipples with my thumbs.

"I want to suck you," she said.

A shiver ran along my spine, and I was relieved she wasn't fondling me. If she had been, she would have felt me shrivel at her words. "You don't have to do that," I said.

"I want to. I *like* sucking you."

I tried to hide my growing apprehension. I honestly didn't know if I'd even be able to get an erection.

She reached down and grasped my limp manhood.

I felt a moment of panic when I realized I couldn't simply pull her hand off me—not without answering some difficult questions.

When she began sliding down my body, dread welled up within me. She threw her leg over mine and then settled between my thighs. I was still completely limp when she captured the tip of my cock with her lips. She took all of me in her mouth and swirled her tongue against the soft skin at the base. My dick stretched as she pursed her lips and drew back. She repeated this maneuver a couple of times, but my member steadfastly refused to get any harder.

I hoped she would think it was because I'd come so recently. But I knew the truth. I didn't want her to force herself to swallow my come. I was frantically searching for a way to redirect her attentions when I had a minor epiphany.

"I want to come inside you," I said suddenly. I felt her hesitate, and I scolded myself for my choice of words. "I don't want to come in your mouth, just get me hard."

She stopped moving altogether.

I took a deep breath and searched for the right words. I lifted myself on my elbows and looked down my torso at her, smiling as warmly as I could. "I want to come in your pussy, and feel your legs around me. I want to shoot off inside you."

Her answering smile was tinged with a relief she was unable to hide.

Once the specter of her swallowing my come had passed, I found myself enjoying her attentions. I felt

the first twitch of erection and mentally sighed. The liquid warmth of her mouth once again surrounded my member, and she quickly sucked me to full erection.

She took as much of me into her mouth as she could, and I lay back on the bed. As she slowly bobbed her head up and down, she kneaded my balls. I laced my fingers behind my head, simply enjoying myself as she made love to me with her mouth.

What she was doing felt incredibly good, and I began to worry a little that I might get too close to orgasm. I knew I wouldn't accidentally come in her mouth, but I didn't want her to get me to the point where I came as soon as I started fucking her.

I sat up on my elbows again and looked down at her. Her curly brown hair was splayed across my left hip and thigh, and she was running her open mouth up the side of my shaft. She flipped her hair over her head and gave equal treatment to the right side of my cock.

I reached down and put my hand on her cheek, brushing her hair back over her ear. When I did, she looked up at me, but didn't take her mouth off my erection. I smiled at her and crooked my finger in a come-hither gesture. She let me slip from her mouth only long enough to grin mischievously and shake her head. I raised my eyebrows and she wrapped her lips around me again.

We maintained eye contact while she swallowed about half my length. As she was sliding her lips back up my shaft, I gestured for her again. She looked at me with playful defiance and I sat up completely. She slurped and made a moue when I pulled her off my cock.

"I want to taste you," I said. In truth, that was only part of it. I remembered how dry she was, and wanted her wet enough that I could easily slide my cock into her.

She nodded and rose on hands and knees. Instead of rolling to her back, as I expected her to do, she tugged my hips toward her. Confused, I let her pull me down the bed. When she turned and moved to straddle my head, I understood.

Stacy situated herself on top of me—her stomach against my chest and her nipples pressing into my abdomen—and almost immediately recaptured my saliva-slick erection. In this position, she could swallow more of my cock, which she eagerly did. I'd fully intended to start licking her pussy, but when I felt the head of my dick encounter the back of her throat, I let out a low gasp and lay back on the bed.

I felt her laughing around my girth, and resolved to give her some attention, too. She gasped when I raised my head and locked my lips around her clit. I expected to find her still dry, but she was practically dripping. A dozen questions leapt into my mind, but I shook them off and concentrated on her pussy.

I reached around her thighs and spread her lips with my fingers. As soon as her inner folds were spread before me, I started licking along her length. Her clit was already hard, and had just begun to peek out from under its protective hood. I teased it with my tongue, but quickly returned to her inner labia.

I began licking down the crease between her inner and outer lips. At the end of each stroke, I stabbed my tongue into her opening. Each time I delved into her pussy, I lifted my chin and rubbed her clit.

I tried to disregard the sensations she was creating with her lips, and concentrated on making her feel good. When I locked my lips around her exposed clit and started gently sucking the loose skin of the hood, she gasped and let my cock slip from her mouth. I teased the base of her clit, putting pressure on it and rolling it under my tongue. Above me, she shuddered and started grinding her hips against my face.

While my lips and tongue were focused on her clit, I dipped my middle finger into her hot and slippery pussy. It sank up to the first knuckle, and I rubbed the pad of my finger along the inner ridges of her vagina. She gasped when I pulled it out, but I quickly replaced it and added a second finger.

Because of the angle, I couldn't get more than the first two knuckles into her, but the effect was tremendous. She started gyrating her hips and moaning softly as I moved my fingers in and out of her. I renewed my assault on her clit, and her moans increased in volume. By now, my cheeks and chin were covered with her tangy juices.

She bucked her hips against my face, but I didn't let up. I was swirling my tongue around her clit, occasionally flicking the tip against the sensitive flesh of the little pearl. I felt her push herself off my abdomen with a groan. Her hair tickled my thighs as her head drooped and swayed side-to-side.

With an animal-like growl of lust, she gripped my erection almost painfully. Her fingers curled into a fist

and she pumped me roughly. It was enough to interrupt my rhythm, and my fingers stopped moving within her. That was all the opening she needed to regain some control.

In a flash, she was off my face and straddling my hips. She steadied my rigid prick and then set the tip against her spread labia. A wild look on her face, she made eye contact with me. The crown of my cock parted her lips as she settled onto me. Her eyes closed in ecstasy and she smiled as my girth spread her apart.

Her pussy was so wet that she easily slid down my length, and when she impaled herself completely, she shuddered and took a deep, ragged breath. I put my hands on her hips and clenched my buttocks. She cried out softly as my cock swelled within her snug pussy.

"It's been so long," she whispered.

I clenched again, and her face contorted into a mask of pleasure. Her nostrils flared as she sucked in a deep breath. She sat for a few moments, simply enjoying the feeling of fullness in her pussy. When I moved my hands up her torso and cupped her breasts, she started rocking her hips back and forth.

Slowly, so very slowly, she lifted off me. Her brow furrowed as she concentrated on the feelings in her pussy. At the top of her rise, she took a deep breath, moaning softly. When she started settling onto me again, she exhaled slowly and then licked her lips.

As she slowly rode me, I tweaked her puffy pink nipples, teasing them until they were reddish and very hard. For a few moments, I simply watched her facial expression as she moved atop me. A flush was slowly spreading down her face to her chest. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing through her nose, lost in concentration.

Her pussy was as tight as I remembered, and I reveled in the feeling of friction as her inner walls rubbed against me. On each downstroke, she ground her hips against me, pressing her clit against the base of my cock. Her breathing became quick and shallow, and the flush spread over her entire chest.

When I reached around and cupped her ass, she collapsed against my chest. I lifted my hips and buried myself in her depths. As I did, she moaned and clutched my torso. I quickly sped my pace, and was soon hammering my cock into her pussy. She gasped and shuddered as her pussy clutched at my intruding manhood.

Her smooth vaginal walls contracted around my length, and I began to push against her. She buried her face in the hollow of my shoulder and gripped me fiercely. Our bodies slapped against each other and she started mewling deep in her chest.

Suddenly, she pulled back and started kissing me passionately. Her tongue parted my lips and thrust into my mouth. I felt her rapid breathing on my cheek as she hungrily pressed her lips against mine. The pace of my thrusting never abated as our tongues danced, and soon I felt her pussy spasming and clutching at my intruding dick.

All of a sudden, she threw her head back and her body went rigid. I frantically kissed her exposed neck and throat, slamming my cock into her. I hugged her tightly and she cried out. Her cries rose in volume until she was practically screaming. My hips rose and fell with lightning speed and I felt a rush of moisture wash over my cock.

Her pussy spasmed around me and her cries abruptly ceased. I felt her hips quivering as I continued to pound into her, battering through her clutching internal muscles. My own release was imminent, and I gripped her ass when I felt the rush of warmth and pleasure surging up my shaft.

I buried myself inside her with a powerful lunge. With a grunt, I erupted, filling her pussy with my seed. Stacy cried out again and all her muscles went taut. Her fingers became claws and she dug into my ribs. I was too lost in my own orgasm to care. I pumped spurt after spurt into her depths, clutching her and gasping for air.

When I finally opened my eyes and licked my lips, I saw stars. I blinked a few times to clear my vision, and slowly relaxed my legs and back. When I sank back to the mattress, her hips followed me, keeping us joined. She collapsed against me, panting and moaning softly.

An aftershock caused her pussy to spasm, and I closed my eyes as her muscles gripped me. The sensation was almost too much to bear, but it quickly passed. My eyes fluttered open and I trailed my hands up her

back, feeling a sheen of sweat under my fingertips.

"You make me very, *very* happy," I whispered in her ear.

She lurched and clutched me tightly. Suddenly, sobs wracked her slender body.

I tried to keep the confusion and panic from my voice. "Are you okay?" I asked.

She nodded, but continued sobbing. Finally, she lifted her head and smiled at me tearfully. "They're good tears," she said. "Tears of joy."

I reached up and brushed sweat- and tear-streaked hair away from her face and she looked at me, her expression a mixture of happiness and anguish.

"I'll never be able to tell you," she said softly, almost timidly.

"Shhhhh. I know." Of course I knew how happy she was, I'd felt it in her body.

She shook her head, sending tears flying. "No. You *don't* know." She closed her eyes and swallowed. Suddenly, she was kissing me hard, her tongue darting against mine in a frenetic dance. When she pulled back, she kept her eyes closed, but the tears still flowed.

Eventually, she opened her eyes. She pressed her fingers against my brow and brushed back my sweaty hair. Her fingers trailed down my temple and came to rest on my cheek. When she leaned down and kissed me sweetly, my confusion only deepened.

She rolled to the side and I felt her pulling me with her. My cock was still hard and still buried inside her, so I moved with her. We came to rest with her on her back and me between her spread legs. She brushed my hair back and gazed into my eyes.

"Make love to me," she said softly.

Her eyes pleaded with me, so I began to move within her.

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Afterward, we lay in sweaty, sated silence. As our breathing slowly returned to normal, I must have dozed off.

Some time later, when I awoke, I languidly caressed Stacy's arm. She was curled up against me, one leg thrown over my own. She was idly running her hand over my chest. I don't think she'd slept, and I hoped I hadn't been out too long.

"I can't believe how much you've changed," she said. "You're so big."

I winced internally. I'd been big all my life, and I still didn't like to hear it, especially so matter-of-factly.

"But big in a good way," she hastily added.

I nodded wordlessly and put my left hand behind my head.

Stacy traced her finger under my left pectoral and then tickled my nipple. "How often do you work out?"

"Most every day. Not Sundays. And Saturdays are a light workout."

"Really?"

"Yeah," I said. "Triceps and chest on Mondays; biceps, shoulders, and back on Wednesdays; abs, sides, and legs on Fridays. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, I just do sit-ups and push-ups. Every day, I warm up with a jump rope. Then afterward, I cool off with the jump rope."

"You *cool off* with a jump rope?"

I nodded. "You gotta work out your heart and lungs," I said seriously. "And I think I shoulda brought my weight bench with me. I really miss it. Maybe I'll buy a good incline bench in town."

"Why?"

"'Cause it's hard to do a good chest workout without one. All I've got with me is a curling bar and my dumbbells."

She sat up on one elbow and looked at me speculatively, her eyes twinkling.

I arched an eyebrow at her.

"Could you bench press me?" she asked slyly.

"Yeah. Easily."

"Could you just hold me up?"

"Like… how?"

"Like… maybe I could wrap my legs around you, and you could hold me up while you're fucking me?"

I thought about it for a moment. "Yeah, I guess I could do that."

She grinned and then waggled her eyebrows suggestively. "You could walk around camp, fucking me the whole time."

I laughed nervously. "I think someone would notice."

"Not if we did it in the dark."

For a moment, I thought she was kidding. Then I realized she was serious. My penis twitched as the possibilities began to unfurl in my head.

"D'you wanna practice now?" she asked as she watched my expression.

I shook my head and she gave me a look of exaggerated dejection. "I'm still a little worn out from the first three times," I said. "Maybe in a little while."

"Okay," she said merrily. "D'you mind if I just play?"

When I nodded, she rolled upright and straddled my thighs. From her perch, she could easily play with my equipment.

"I haven't even *seen* a guy's dick since you were here last summer," she said.

"Not at all?"

She shook her head. "Between work and school, I've been too busy. Besides…" Her voice trailed off and she looked at me wistfully.

"What?"

"Besides…" She smiled sadly and shook her head. She was silent for a moment. "Who'd be interested in me?"

"Jeez! Lotsa guys."

She shrugged, as if to say, "Yeah, right."

"For real."

"Then how come none of them have asked me out?"

"No one's asked you out?"

She shook her head.

"I think I know why. " I said. I was serious, but I also wanted to cheer her up a little. "You wanna know?"

She rolled her eyes and shrugged.

"If other guys find out I told you this, I'll be out of the club."

She cracked a little smile, but quickly turned gloomy again.

"I'm serious," I said. "I'm about to tell you a major Guy Secret."

"Sure you are."

"You wanna hear it or not?"

"Okay," she said reluctantly.

I motioned for her to lean down, which she did. I motioned again, and she leaned closer still. When she was suitably close, I looked around theatrically, as if checking for eavesdroppers. "Now, you gotta swear you'll never tell anyone I told you this. Okay?"

She rolled her eyes and tried not to smile.

"I'm serious. You gotta swear."

"Okay. I swear."

"Cross your heart?" I was enjoying myself, and it was working—her mood was considerably lighter than a few moments before.

"Cross my heart," she said, making the motions.

"Okay," I said. "The secret is…" I let the silence draw out and she glared at me. "The prettiest girls never get asked out."

She screwed up her face. "Huh?"

"That's the secret."

"That's a dumb secret."

"No, it's not," I said quickly, trying to look defensive. "Think about it for a second."

She looked at me skeptically.

"The prettiest girls never get asked out," I repeated. "Most guys see a girl like you and they think, 'she's way outta my league.' They figure a girl as pretty as you already has a boyfriend, so they never ask you out."

Her face softened and her eyes misted over. "You think I'm pretty?" she asked.

I smiled warmly and nodded. "I *know* you're pretty."

The next thing I knew, her body was pressed against mine and she was passionately kissing me. Not content to kiss only my lips, she quickly covered every inch of exposed skin from my neck up. When her lips locked on mine again, her kisses became hungry. My internal temperature quickly rose, and I returned her kisses with growing ardor.

She reached between us and captured my resurgent member. Her nipples rubbed against my chest as she stroked me, and they quickly became erect. Without pulling her lips from mine, she moved down my body and I felt my cock plow into her channel. I lifted my hips and slid into her in one motion.

Finally, she broke our heated kiss and looked at me with a dazed expression. I began thrusting into her, and she closed her eyes in ecstasy. My hands moved over her back in a sinuous pattern, rubbing her body as I rapidly impaled her on my cock. Her hair splayed across my collarbone as she lowered her head and began planting hot, wet kisses on my neck and shoulder. I simply gripped her ass and pounded into her, driven on by the feeling of her lips on my skin. I marveled at the tightness of her molten pussy as I buried myself inside her.

I felt her pussy begin to clamp down on my cock, and I quickened my pace. Stacy cried out sharply and bit my shoulder. I felt a rush of heat and moisture coat my pistoning dick as she tensed up. She shuddered against me and clutched at my torso. I buried myself as deeply as I could and ground my hips against her.

After her intense orgasm, she began kissing my shoulder and murmuring something over and over again. It was too soft for me to hear, but I could tell it was an endearment. I put it out of my mind and resumed thrusting into her.

For a few minutes, I simply held onto her and moved my hips under her. Then I rolled us both over and resumed thrusting. When I bent my head to capture a puffy nipple, she gasped and held me to her chest. I sucked hard and pulled back, nipping the soft flesh with my teeth. I did the same thing to her other nipple and she began rocking her hips against me.

I slammed into her—causing her to cry out with each thrust—for a long time. Finally, I pulled out and rolled her onto her hands and knees. I had intended to fuck her doggie style, but when I looked down and saw her rounded ass, I immediately wanted to fuck it.

With my knees, I spread her legs further apart and aimed my slippery cock at her pucker. She groaned when I put the head at her rosebud opening, but she quickly pushed back against me. In a moment, I was buried in her ass. I put my hands on her hips, paused for a moment to lick my lips and catch my breath, and started fucking her.

It took me a while, but I finally felt my climax building. When Stacy felt me grip her hips and bury myself to the root, she reached through her legs and caressed my balls. She tensed up with the first signs of orgasm, and her ass spasmed around my cock. With an incoherent shout, I emptied myself into her.

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Afterward, we were both exhausted, and must have napped. I woke up to hear someone knocking on the bedroom door.

"Yeah?" I called groggily.

"You two alive in there?" Susan playfully asked through the door.

"Yeah," I said. Stacy stirred beside me and reached for me, still dozing.

"Will you all be ready for dinner in a half-hour?" Susan asked.

I looked at the bedside clock. When my fuzzy brain finally picked out the locations of the little hand and

big hand, I nearly choked. It was almost six o'clock! "Yeah. Okay," I said. "We'll be right out."

Stacy was slowly rousing, so I rubbed my hand along her shoulder. She opened her eyes and slowly focused on me. A smile spread from ear to ear and she reached out for me. She put her hand on my chest and languidly trailed it toward my stomach. I caught her wrist and bent down to kiss her.

"We need to get up, sleepyhead," I said softly.

She nodded silently. A shadow passed across her expression, but she quickly covered it with a smile. I leaned in to kiss her again, and when I pulled back, she was still smiling.

"Let's go shower together," I said.

She nodded again, and I pulled her gently toward the bathroom.

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When we emerged from the bathroom, Susan and Mom were in the kitchen, fixing dinner. Erin was in the dining room, setting the table. Susan's formal dining room was pretty large, and lined with buffets and china cabinets. In all the time I'd been in her house, I think I'd stepped into the room no more than two or three times.

Stacy went to help fix dinner, and Mom suggested I help set the table. Erin winked at me when I walked into the dining room.

"Did you have a good afternoon?" she asked piquantly.

I blushed furiously.

She merely beamed at my discomfort. She was being friendly, and discreetly quiet, so I didn't say any of the things that first came to mind.

I reached for a stack of folded towels and started laying them on the seats of the chairs.

Erin smiled at me, and thankfully didn't press her question.

Dinner was herb-crusted pork roast, with plenty of vegetables on the side. Susan seated me at the head of the table and handed me a carving knife. I'd seen my dad and grandfather carve often enough that I knew the basics. Standing at the head of the table, carving knife and fork in hand, I discovered the difference between theory and practice. Even though the meat was boneless, I quickly discovered that there was an art to making even cuts. I don't think I butchered the meat too badly, but I know the cutlets weren't up to my dad's standards.

Once I'd hacked the meat into semi-edible slabs, I sat down and the women started passing dishes full of vegetables. Susan opened a bottle of wine and poured some for all of us, even a half-glass for Erin. I tried not to smirk as she sat up straighter and tried to imitate Mom and Susan. I soundlessly chuckled to myself—she certainly could learn a lot by trying to emulate Mom or Susan.

"Have you told Paul about your big news?" Susan asked Stacy.

Stacy blushed furiously and tried to hide it by raising her napkin to her mouth.

"We mostly talked about… um… other stuff," I said lamely.

Mom and Susan grinned at each other and shared a look that spoke volumes. Even Erin grinned shamelessly. Stacy quickly sipped her wine and I felt my face heat. Mom was sitting to my right, and comfortingly laid her hand on mine.

"What big news?" she asked Stacy.

Thankful for the reprieve, Stacy smiled at Mom. "I got a scholarship to South Carolina," she said seriously. She glanced quickly at me.

"Congratulations!" Mom exclaimed.

"Susan helped," Stacy said.

"I helped fill out the forms," Susan said. "There's a big difference between filling out the forms and *earning* a scholarship."

Mom nodded seriously. "She's right. You should be very proud of yourself."

"Thanks," Stacy said quietly. She looked at me again.

"Congratulations," I said softly.

"Thank you," she said.

The table grew quiet as Stacy and I shared a look. I was very happy for her, but she looked a little sad. Susan sensed the subtle change in mood and picked up her wineglass.

"A toast," she said, raising it.

The rest of us quickly followed suit.

"Education is a journey, not a destination," Susan said. "To Stacy. Cheers."

"Cheers!"

We clinked our glasses and each took a sip. I smiled at Stacy again, and she finally smiled in return.

The rest of the dinner conversation revolved around Stacy and her scholarship. She'd applied for several scholarships and gotten a few, but they wouldn't have been enough to pay for tuition by themselves. Then Susan found a full scholarship program aimed at "non-traditional students," so she helped Stacy apply.

I guess I shouldn't have been surprised to learn that Stacy was a straight-A student. Susan helped her write the essay for the application, and Stacy had been one of six students selected for scholarships. Hers was one of only two full scholarships.

The scholarship covered tuition, room, and board. It even had a monthly stipend for incidental living expenses. It also meant that Stacy could keep her hard-earned savings as an emergency fund for a rainy day. Because she was taking two summer classes, she would have enough credits to transfer to the University as a junior.

When I learned that she'd be moving to Columbia the first week of August, I thought I understood the sadness in her expression. She was going to sell her trailer back to the Johnsons—the people who owned the trailer park—and get an apartment near campus.

With a letter of recommendation from her boss and Susan, Stacy had gotten a part-time job with an accountant in Columbia. The accountant, Susan explained, was trying to grow his business. It would be a good opportunity for Stacy to apply some of the knowledge she would acquire in her marketing and PR classes.

Mom, Susan, and Stacy talked animatedly about Stacy's future. She was clearly excited, and I was very happy for her. Mom and Susan vowed to help her set up housekeeping in Columbia, and Stacy bashfully thanked them. Stacy had never talked much about her mother, and if she missed her, I couldn't tell. But Susan treated Stacy like a daughter, and I could clearly tell that the warmth and affection were mutual.

The rest of the evening passed uneventfully. Susan opened another bottle of wine, but with five of us drinking, no one had too much to drink. Well, I could tell that Erin was feeling the effects of her two half-glasses, but she mostly smiled and listened, occasionally giggling when someone said something funny.

When it was time for us to go back to our cabin, Mom, Susan, and Erin walked out to the courtyard, "for some fresh air." Stacy looked at Susan gratefully and then turned toward me. As soon as the kitchen door was shut, she pressed herself against me and kissed me passionately.

Her kisses were hungry and I could tell she wanted more. But we both knew that Mom and Erin were waiting for me, so we didn't take things any further. After several minutes of heated kissing, we walked out to the courtyard. Susan and Stacy waved goodbye to us, and Mom, Erin, and I headed up the sandy road toward our cabin.

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The rest of the weekend passed quickly. Fortunately, Stacy didn't even try to swallow my come again. I don't know if she sensed my reluctance, or I was simply clever enough to redirect her any time she seemed inclined to try again. I know I'm sometimes not all that clever, so I think it was a combination of the two. Whatever the case, we didn't have a repeat of Friday afternoon.

We spent most of Saturday simply lounging around the lake. After a week of hard work, it was nice to actually do nothing. Besides, this *was* our vacation. Susan had bought two inflatable rafts, and Stacy and I blew them up. We floated lazily in the current, soaking up the sun and sometimes chatting idly. For the most part, Erin left us alone as well.

Saturday evening, Stacy fixed me dinner at Susan's house, and Susan ate with my family in the clubhouse. After dinner, Stacy practically attacked me. By the time I staggered home, we'd had sex at least

eight times. I only came five of those times, but several times, Stacy had gotten me hard and simply ridden me until she came. I think she must have had a gallon of my come in her body. Mom and Erin were asleep when I crept into our cabin, and I was surprised I had the energy to mount the ladder to my top bunk. (I seriously considered just sleeping on the couch!)

By the time Sunday arrived, Stacy no longer looked sad whenever she looked at me, for which I was grateful. I had no idea what she was sad about, and I certainly didn't like the feeling I had when she turned melancholy. When she left after dinner, I'm ashamed to say that I was looking forward to a break. I didn't think I'd need to masturbate for about ten years.

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"It's like Stacy was two different people," I said to Susan. It was Monday, and we were walking to Mr. Kestrel's house.

"How do you mean?"

"Well," I said. "It's hard to explain. When she was with me, and we were alone, she was real… I don't know how to say it… obedient, maybe."

Susan looked at me sharply.

"It's not like I was giving her orders or anything," I said defensively.

She smiled tenderly. "I know you weren't."

"When we were with other people, like at dinner on Friday, she was so confident and sure of herself."

"And?"

"And she wasn't like that with me," I said. "She was more… I don't know."

"It may be that…"

"Deferential! That's the word. She was deferential. Like I was in charge, and she was trying to do everything to please me." I was rather proud of myself for thinking of "deferential," but my face fell when Susan scowled.

"How so?" she asked sharply.

I told her about Stacy trying to swallow my come. And then, bit by bit, I told her about most of the rest of the times Stacy and I had been alone together. It was a twenty-minute walk from Susan's house to Mr. Kestrel's, and I talked most of the time.

"I think I know what's going on," Susan said heavily.

When she didn't say anything else, I looked at her.

She shook her head. "It's… complicated. And I'll admit, I didn't see it coming."

"See *what* coming?"

"Although I should have," she said, ignoring my question.

"Should have *what?*"

Susan looked at me and smiled affectionately. "Don't worry about it. There's nothing you can do to help."

Do about what?!

"It's just something that Stacy will have to deal with."

"Deal with what?"

Susan looked at me sharply and I was momentarily taken aback. She smiled and patted me on the shoulder. "I think Stacy is…" She paused for a moment, as if searching for the right words. "I think she's probably a little depressed about going off to the University."

"I thought she'd be happy…"

"She is. But she's also leaving home. She's moving to Columbia, and she'll be on her own, with new friends and classes, and a new job. And she won't be around any of the people she's come to know… and to love."

"Oh. Like you?"

She nodded. "And… other people."

"The people who own the trailer park? The Johnsons?"

"Yes. Them too," Susan said.

I nodded sagely. "Yeah, I can see that."

Susan looked at me sidelong. Then she sighed deeply and smiled at me.

I suddenly got the feeling that I didn't understand things as well as I thought I did. Before I could ask, we reached Mr. Kestrel's house. Susan didn't say anything else, and over the course of the day, my curiosity faded.

The wind whipped up shortly after lunchtime, and a thunderstorm dumped fat raindrops for nearly thirty minutes. After it passed, the skies were clear and blue. My questions about Stacy completely forgotten, Susan and I finished the remainder of the packing. When we were done, we turned off the air conditioner, made sure the windows were all closed and locked, and generally secured the house. Afterward, we walked back to Susan's in exhausted silence.

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For the remainder of that week, I actually got to relax, lie in the sun, and generally enjoy myself. I also volunteered to help Mom go grocery shopping. She was a little startled by my offer, but gladly accepted. While we were in town, we stopped by a sporting goods store, where I used some of the money I'd earned working on Mr. Kestrel's house—I bought a weight bench that would lie flat, and had three incline angles.

I kept up my lifting routine, which was made considerably easier with the new bench. After each morning workout, I jogged down the hill and dived headlong into the frigid waters of the lake. I didn't swim around long enough to catch a chill, just a quick dip to cool down and rinse off. When I was done, I walked back up the hill and fixed a bowl of cereal for breakfast.

The following Friday, Stacy came out to visit for the weekend. As soon as she got there, I helped her unload her car. Susan and Mom had come to greet her as well, but before Stacy and I could say more than two words to each other, Mom asked me to help her with something. I wondered what she could need my help with, but I went with her anyway.

It turned out she wanted me to help her take the laundry from the clubhouse laundry room back to our cabin. I wondered why she needed me to carry the basket, but I didn't ask questions. Once we got to the cabin, she asked me to help her fold the sheets and towels. Grudgingly, I did it. When we were finally done—nearly a half-hour later—I raced back down to Susan's house. She and Stacy were sitting in the courtyard talking.

When I rounded the corner, panting slightly from my jog, they both looked up at me. Stacy's eyes were red and a little puffy, as if she'd been crying, but she smiled at me. Susan smiled as well, and asked me to carry their towels and the two inflatable rafts down to the lake. She told me that they'd meet me at the lake in a few minutes.

A few minutes turned into almost an hour, but when they showed up, they both smiled at me. Stacy was her usual self the rest of the weekend. We had a *lot* of sex while she was there, including one memorable walk from the clubhouse back to Susan's house.

It was after dark, and Stacy dropped to her knees to suck my dick. We were close enough to the lights of the clubhouse that I was worried about someone seeing us. As soon as I was hard, she stood, put her arms around my neck, and lifted herself off the ground. I grasped her thighs as she wrapped them around me. We fumbled for a moment, but eventually I slid my cock inside her. I walked her home, holding her and fucking her the entire way. We saw other people in the dark, but no one noticed us.

We got to Susan's, and I ended up holding her with my arms and simply slamming into her. It was a little awkward, but it worked. When I filled her with semen, she cried out softly and bit my shoulder. Afterward, I held her and we kissed until my arms started to shake. Reluctantly, she climbed off me and headed inside. When I got back to our cabin, I went to the bathroom to wash the smell of sex off me.

I lay awake in bed a long time, thinking about the Sex Walk, as I'd begun to think of it. It was one of the most daring and thrilling things I'd ever done (without Susan, that is). We'd walked more than a quarter-mile in the open, having sex the entire time. Anyone could have seen what we were up to.

After a long time lying awake, I quietly got up and went to the bathroom. Once the door was shut, I

jerked off. Though I'd had sex with Stacy several times during the day, I shot a tremendous amount of semen against the shower wall. I cleaned up my mess, and crept back to bed.

The next day, after Stacy left, Dad called Susan's house. Mom had been expecting the call, and was there waiting for it. Dad was at our house in Atlanta, spending two days there before his final trip. Mom was due to pick him up in Columbia on Wednesday. Susan and Stacy were driving to Columbia as well—to rent an apartment, get electricity and phones in Stacy's name, and take care of details for her enrollment at Carolina.

When Wednesday arrived, Mom took our station wagon, while Susan and Stacy took Susan's car. They drove down together, and met my dad at the airport. Afterward, they all had lunch together. Mom and Dad drove back to camp, and Stacy and Susan went apartment hunting. They were due to return at the end of the weekend.

For my part, I paid little attention to all this. I had bigger things on my mind, or so I told myself. It was the end of June, and Gina's family was supposed to arrive on Saturday. Over and over, I rehearsed what I wanted to say to her. Susan had given me some last minute pointers, but I was basically on my own.

It seemed like the days and hours crept by. On one hand, I couldn't wait to see her. On the other, I dreaded it like nothing I'd ever had to face.

Finally, Saturday arrived, and I anxiously waited for Gina and her family.

CHAPTER NINE

On Saturday, I did a light workout, went for a swim, then came back up to the clubhouse to shoot some pool by myself. I spent most of the morning there, simply lounging around and trying to pass the time. Since Susan was still in Columbia with Stacy, Mr. Kershaw—the year-round resident who took care of camp reservations—greeted new arrivals.

About an hour before lunch, I heard the sound of a car approaching and rushed out to see who it was. I was disappointed when it turned out to be a truck, pulling an Airstream trailer. It must be Normandy, I decided. Norm and Dee Brock. Mr. Kershaw went out to greet them, and directed them to their usual spot.

When he came back into the coolness of the clubhouse, he grinned at me.

"Who're you waitin' on, son? As if I didn't know." He practically cackled. "It's that Coulter girl, ain't it? The middle one?"

I nodded. "Yessir."

"Don't call me sir," he said curtly. "I work for a livin'."

I stared at him for a moment, perplexed.

"Call me Gunny," he said.

I nodded.

"You're waitin' on the Coulter girl, ain't ya?"

I nodded again.

"Nice girl. I'd go after her m'self, if I was your age!" He slapped his knee and laughed so hard he lapsed into a coughing fit.

When he recovered, I smiled at him, but didn't say a word.

"You think I'm kiddin'?"

"No, Gunny," I said.

"Darn right, I'm not!" He grinned at me and leaned closer. "You dip your wick yet?"

Holy shit! Did the old geezer just ask me if I was having sex with Gina? I smiled nervously, at a complete loss for words, and tried not to blush.

"Don't think I don't know what goes on around here," he said, still leaning close to me. He laid his finger alongside his nose and brushed it toward the tip. "I was once't young, dumb, and full of come myself." He chortled again and I contemplated my options for escape.

Fortunately, I was saved by a new arrival. Outside the clubhouse, a car pulled to a stop and a family got out. I recognized them, but I only knew their first names. They were Kevin and Leigh somebody, with two kids, a girl and a boy. Mr. Kershaw greeted them perfunctorily and they headed to one of the motel-style rooms across the road from the clubhouse.

When they returned, they had taken off their clothes. Mr. Kershaw went over to talk to them again and I learned their last name, Nolan. Kevin Nolan was short, wore his hair in a crew cut, and reminded me of an accountant. He also sported one of the biggest dicks I've ever seen—even soft, it was longer than mine was when I was erect. His wife was short as well, probably not even five feet tall. She had large, firm breasts, flaming red hair, and a matching bush. They appeared to be in their early thirties, and were both attractive. I didn't remember their kids' names, but the girl looked about six and the boy was probably nine or ten. They went to store their food baskets and Mr. Kershaw returned to me.

"Great rack on that one," he said.

I nodded.

"I bet they bounce around real nice."

I tried not to blush at Mr. Kershaw's brazen assessment of Leigh Nolan.

"And I bet that strawberry honey-pot tastes nice and fine," he said.

I frantically looked around to make sure no one overheard him.

"So, Mr. Kershaw…"

He glared at me.

"Sorry. Gunny," I said. I was desperate to change the subject. "How long have you lived at camp?"

Gunny Kershaw was more than happy to talk about himself, as long as I nodded at the right times and asked a few one-word questions. At first, I was embarrassed by his "dirty old man" comments, but he certainly knew how to tell a story, and I quickly found myself listening raptly.

He'd been a Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant and had fought in World War II and then in Korea. He told me stories of his time in Japan, between the wars. Most of his stories from that time revolved around his exploits with "geesha" girls.

Fortunately, before he could launch into tales of his American conquests, my family came up from the lake for lunch. Before I knew what was happening, Mom invited Mr. Kershaw to join us for lunch. He happily accepted, and I blanched at the possible conversational topics.

Much to my surprise, he was extremely polite to both my mother and my sister, and he was downright deferential to Dad—even calling him "sir." I tried not to gawk as a man twenty-five years older than my father called him sir, but Dad seemed to take it in stride. After lunch, Mom asked if I were going to come down to the lake with them.

"The boy's waitin' for his girl, ma'am," Mr. Kershaw said. "You raised him right, Mrs. Hughes. He's a mighty polite young man."

Mom laughed brightly, leaned down, and kissed him on the forehead. He blushed six shades of red and smiled bashfully. When my family headed back down to the lake, Mr. Kershaw leaned toward me again. I braced myself for the expected off-color comment. I didn't know how I'd react to him talking about my mother, so I steeled myself.

"She's a good woman, your momma," he said.

Huh? I looked at him, bewildered, and he chortled.

"Your daddy's a military man," he said, as if that were all the explanation I needed.

"Um… he *used* to be. He was in the Navy."

He nodded judiciously. "I may've been out a while, but ain't forgot how to treat an officer and his family."

"Oh…"

"Good man, your daddy."

I blinked.

He grinned at my confused look and then launched into a hoary tale involving three drunken "geesha" girls, some chocolate sauce, and something called a "pillow book."

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Finally, I was ready to do something else, anything else. I know Mr. Kershaw was enjoying having someone to listen to his stories, but I was ready to bolt. Stan and Terri—the woman from under the counter—had arrived and been directed to their usual cabin next to ours. But for the past two and a half hours, no one else had shown up. Eventually, I told Mr. Kershaw that I'd better go see my family.

Down at the lake, I dived into the water to cool off and then started swimming for the raft. Erin was lying on her back, soaking up the sun, and didn't even open her eyes when I climbed up next to her.

"They're still not here yet?" she asked as I lay down next to her.

"No," I said disgustedly.

She giggled sympathetically, but was otherwise silent.

I slicked my hair back and tried to relax. After a while, I rolled onto my stomach and folded my arms beneath my chin. I don't know how long I lay there, but I must have closed my eyes and dozed for a little while.

After a while, I felt the raft rock when Erin slipped into the water. The Nolan kids were playing in the shallow end of the lake and I tried to ignore their laughs and squeals. The raft rocked again and I felt Erin climb next to me, dripping cold water on my legs.

"D'you mind, Erin? You're dripping on me."

She shifted and I felt her kneel next to me. I didn't think much about it until she suddenly started tickling me. I'm ashamed to say I overreacted. Drastically. Instead of just rolling away from her, I executed a textbook wrestling reversal and swept her off the raft. Unfortunately, I neatly flipped myself into the cold water in the process.

Note to self: A six-by-ten raft is not *a wrestling mat.*

I came up sputtering and glaring murderously, prepared to dunk her for my trouble. She bobbed to the surface and I…

…came face to face with a very surprised set of glittering dark eyes, white teeth, and slick, shiny black hair.

"I'm… oh, no…" I cast about for something coherent to say. "Shit." Well, I thought cynically, *that* wasn't it.

"Hello to you too," Gina said archly, grinning at me.

"Sorry. Are you okay?"

"Of course I'm okay, you goof."

I blinked and treaded water.

"Aren't you going to say hello?" she asked shyly.

I felt my neck and face heating. "Uh… hi."

I looked over to the lake's edge and my heart sank when I realized not only was *my* family watching, *hers* was too. They were all laughing. Great, I thought to myself, the first time I see Gina in almost a year, and I unceremoniously toss her into the water—in front of her whole family.

"Is she okay?" my dad called out.

I wanted to sink to the bottom and drown myself.

Gina grinned at me and then turned to wave to my dad. "I'm fine!" She gave me a smoldering look and climbed onto the raft. She scooted to the center and sat demurely on her knees, her legs folded beneath her.

I put my hands on the canvas-covered edge, gave a strong scissor-kick to propel myself upward, and hoisted myself onto the raft. Once I'd gotten my balance, I ran both hands through my hair. I slung the water off them and turned to look at Gina.

She was staring at me, open-mouthed, with an expression I was gradually becoming familiar with. She shut her mouth with a clomp and I actually heard her gulp. Although I knew my body had changed, I was still a little embarrassed when people stared at me. I guess I still felt like I was the same pudgy kid I'd been the year before.

I used the silence to study Gina. She'd changed a little—maybe she was a little thinner, or taller (I couldn't tell, with her kneeling). Her face was more adult, too. I don't think I can explain it, but she looked more mature. Her hair was shorter, and I liked it.

I noticed with a start that she already had the beginning of a tan, with tan lines where her bikini had covered her dusky skin. She had triangles of paler skin framing her breasts, her nipples brown and crinkly from the cold water. Just the top of her sparse pubic strip was visible between her thighs. With a pang of guilty pleasure, I noticed she wore the silver bracelet I'd given her for her birthday.

She saw me looking at it and smiled up at me. "I got you a birthday present, too," she said shyly. "But I wanted to give it to you in person."

She'd mentioned that in the last letter I'd gotten from her before my family came to camp.

"But I don't know if it'll fit you now," she said.

Great! I get even bigger, and her gift won't fit. I guess I was lucky—she hadn't immediately told me how much I'd changed. I know it must seem strange, but I was kind of tired of listening to, "How much you've changed." I hadn't changed at all, I was still *me*.

"Um… that's cool. It's the spirit that counts," I said lamely. I lowered myself to the raft and sat cross-legged while Gina continued to stare at me.

"I'm sorry," she said, catching herself. "It's just that you've—"

"Changed so much." I tried to keep the sardonic tone out of my voice.

She looked down and frowned slightly.

"It's okay," I said as gently as I could. "I guess I'm still a little self-conscious. I mean, I *know* I've changed, but sometimes I still feel like people are staring at me. I guess I also still feel like the chunky kid everyone's laughing at."

"You were *never* chunky," she said vehemently. "And no one's ever laughed at you."

I wished it were true, but I decided to let her keep her illusions.

All of a sudden, she reached up and ran her fingers through my damp hair. "Your hair's longer too. I like it." She blushed when she realized she'd just touched me. She tried not to pull her hand back too quickly. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," I said. "I liked it."

She smiled shyly and looked at me with wide, searching eyes. "I missed you."

"I missed you too." My stomach lurched when I thought about what I had to tell her, but I tried not to let my emotions reach my face. "I waited all morning for you, and most of the afternoon, but…"

"Yeah, we left Charleston late, because of Leah. She spent the night at a friend's house last night and didn't come home when she was supposed to."

I couldn't help but smile at her disgusted expression.

"Kara and I were ready to kill her… What're you smiling at?"

I tried not to blush, but I'm sure I wasn't successful.

"What?"

"You're cute when you're mad."

She smiled again, diffidently, and focused on her hands.

"Besides," I said. "It gave me time to talk to Mr. Kershaw. You know, the man who takes care of reservations."

She rolled her eyes at me and nodded.

"Aunt Susan's in Columbia for the weekend, and he's greeting all the people who arrive."

"Duh."

"Oh yeah," I said sheepishly. "He greeted you all."

She nodded theatrically.

I blushed and hung my head, pretending to stare at the canvas of the raft. When I looked up, she was smiling at me. "What?" I asked.

"You're cute when you're a goof." She grinned at me. "You may be a goof, but you're *my* goof."

You say that now, I thought to myself. I smiled at her and tried to hide my growing anxiety.

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The entire Coulter family ate dinner with us that night. Gina and Kara teased Leah about the day's late start, but it wasn't mean-spirited, just good-natured sisterly jabs. For her part, Leah mostly ignored her older sisters and held an animated conversation with Erin. Most of their conversation, what I heard of it, consisted of talk about boys. When I couldn't hear what they were saying, they had their heads together and were giggling.

Gina looked at them indulgently, and then looked at me as if to say, "Ahhh, kids."

I grinned in reply and felt very mature. When I looked up, Kara was smiling at the two of us. Gina blushed and reached for my hand under the table. She twined her fingers through mine and squeezed. I smiled at her and rubbed my thumb along her index finger.

After dinner, our parents wanted to go for a walk. Erin and Leah headed up to the Coulter cabin. When Kara basically disappeared, Gina and I unexpectedly found ourselves alone. Hand in hand, we walked down to the sand volleyball court. The benches along the sidelines were mostly private. We sat on one, very close but not touching, still holding hands.

Before she'd gone to Columbia, Susan and I had a long talk about Gina. She'd given me some really good advice about what I should do, and how I should do it.

The gist of her advice was that I needed to show Gina that I still loved her, but that I wasn't going to take advantage of her. Basically, it would be a Bad Idea to have sex with her, even oral sex.

I knew, and Susan agreed, that Gina was probably going to be shocked and angry when she found out about Amy. She might never want to speak to me again, and I didn't want her to feel that I'd preyed upon her love for me, just to get lucky. So I basically decided I wasn't going to do anything more than kiss her, no matter how much either of us wanted to take things further. Anything else would seem like a violation of her trust. I fervently hoped I wouldn't have to hurt her feelings in the process. That, I thought regretfully, was for later.

I was also walking a fine line about when to tell her about Amy—not to mention Stacy and Susan. (Of course, Susan and I had decided that I didn't need to say anything about Mom.) I needed time to show her I still cared for her, but not too much time. If I took too long, it would seem like I'd only told her out of shame or guilt, not out of a genuine desire to come clean and work things out.

So I'd planned on spending time with Gina, sort of proving I loved her, for a day or two. On Sunday night, I was going to have The Talk with her and take my lumps—for however long I had to take them. In the meantime, I was going to keep the physical side of our relationship to a minimum.

Unfortunately, real life wasn't that simple.

When she sat next to me on the bench, I could feel the warmth of her body. My palms started to get a little sweaty and I felt my heart race. When Gina scooted closer to me, my mouth suddenly went dry. I yearned to reach out and touch her, to hold her, to kiss her, but I knew that I had to keep my desires under control. If not…

Before things could go any further, I turned to face her—to keep my raging hormones in check— and she turned as well. My left knee was touching her right one, and she still held my left hand.

The sun was just starting to dip toward the horizon, and the light turned her skin a reddish bronze. I tried not to stare at her body, but she was even more beautiful than I remembered. Her breasts were firm and round, and they shook slightly when she laughed. With an inward grin, I found myself trying to make her laugh, just to watch them move.

The contrast between her lighter and darker areas of skin was incredibly alluring, and my eyes were drawn to the juncture of her thighs. Since she was sitting with her legs spread slightly, I could barely make out the fleshy lips of her pussy. For a maudlin moment, I wondered if I'd ever get near them again. I shook myself out of my self-pitying reverie and tried to pay attention to what she was saying.

We talked about all sorts of things. She told me about her friend Lisa, and how supportive she had been when I "got stupid." She also apologized for paying so much attention to school herself. It was nice to know she realized it took two people to grow apart, not just one. We talked about her year at school, some of her other friends (Wendy, Margaret, and Sonya), what she'd done before coming to camp, and any number of other things.

I told her about my wrestling season. She asked about some of my matches, so I told her about the first big one, the one with Emmett Carstairs (the arrogant prick). I'd since become a much better wrestler, and looked back at that match with a mixture of amusement and fondness. In fact, I really looked forward to wrestling him again. I didn't know if I could beat him or not, but I vowed that he wouldn't have the time—or the breath—to taunt me. Gina laughed when I told her about what had been going through my head while he was throwing me around the mat, and I tried not to focus on her quivering breasts.

She asked me about my friends, mostly things I'd mentioned in letters but hadn't elaborated on. So I told her about Scott, Kelly, and the rest of the gang. While I *did* mention Amy, I carefully edited out the salacious parts. I told her about football games, and classes, and teachers I liked or didn't like.

We ended up talking until it was dark, neither of us noticing when the sun had gone down. There were very few lights on this side of the camp, and I could barely make out her face and expressions. Suddenly, neither of us was talking. I turned in my seat and sat facing forward. She turned as well, and scooted close to me.

South Carolina has a smell all its own: the freshness of pine trees; the tang of the warm, sandy soil; even the smell of the humidity, thick and rich and full of life. But sitting there next to Gina, all I could smell was her scent, a warm girl sitting next to me, suddenly as nervous as I was.

"It's a beautiful night, isn't it," she said quietly.

"Mmm hmm."

There was hardly any moon out, and the stars shone like pinpricks in the backdrop of the night. I looked up at them with her, and felt her take a deep breath. When she nudged against my arm, I knew what she wanted. I wanted it too, but I was suddenly scared. Would I be able to stop if she wanted more? Would she understand if I didn't let things go too far? Would she even want to do anything more? Would she…? Susan's voice echoed in my mind, "Don't over-analyze things."

I lifted my arm and Gina snuggled against me.

"I missed you a lot," she said.

"Yeah."

Yeah? Was that all I could come up with?!

She laid her head on my shoulder and scooted against me. Her leg, soft and satiny, brushed against mine and she didn't move away. I could smell her shampoo, clean and fragrant—the scent filled my nostrils and threatened to overwhelm me. I felt a stirring in my loins and frantically tried to think of something to avert an erection.

"Now that your family's here," I said, "we can play Marco Polo." What idiot had gotten control of my mouth?!

She laughed and playfully slapped my leg. "You're such a goof." She sighed and moved her head against my shoulder. "But you're my goof."

Thankfully, I shut up after that. Gina was content to curl her legs underneath her and sit quietly as well.

We sat in silence, watching the stars (and the occasional airplane) move across the sky. With no lights around us, our eyes quickly adjusted, and we could actually see the pulse and twinkle of some of the dimmer stars.

When I felt her move, my heart raced and I turned to her. She lifted her head, and I knew what she wanted. I wanted the same thing. I ached for it. I wanted to taste her lips—her soft, supple lips—and lose myself in them. I wanted her tongue against mine. I wanted to feel her sweet breath on my cheek. I wanted…

She lifted her head and kissed me, tenderly at first. When she pulled back, I saw her lick her lips and taste me. She smiled and lifted her face again. I closed my eyes and bent my head to hers.

When I turned toward her and cupped her face, she arched her neck and pressed her lips into mine. I felt her right breast press against my side, and I finally lost the battle against my impending erection—in two microseconds, I was hard as iron. She pressed against me, and I felt the hard little pebble of her nipple against my ribs. Our kiss heated, and her breathing grew ragged. When we pulled back, I looked at her shadowed face and stroked her cheek with my thumb.

"I love you," I said.

"I love you too."

"Very much."

She nodded and her head tilted back again. When our lips met, something passed between us, a kind of intense connection, and she melted against me. I was acutely aware of her soft breast pressing against my side, and my cock pulsated with my heartbeat. Our embrace grew more passionate as we lost ourselves in the kiss. We pulled back, breathless, and I opened my eyes.

Gina opened her eyes and smiled. "Oh, God, Paul. You make me feel so good." She took a deep breath and looked into my eyes. "I've missed you so much."

"I missed you, too."

We continued kissing and murmuring endearments for what seemed like an eternity. Thankfully, through some unspoken agreement, neither of us moved to take things further than kissing and gentle caresses. I honestly don't think I would've been able to stop her if she'd wanted to do more.

I held her in my arms for a while, but I knew we had to get back to our families. After a final lingering kiss, we walked up the hill.

Fortunately, my erection had mostly subsided by the time we came within sight of her cabin. Our parents were sitting on the porch, chatting amiably. I kissed her deeply before we entered the warm circle of light

bathing her cabin's front porch. She pressed her body against mine and I felt the promise of more in her touch. With an effort of will, I kept my dick from getting harder still. I was just barely soft, and I knew she must have felt it against her stomach. Finally, reluctantly, we parted and then walked toward the porch.

Dwight and Karen Delozier had arrived sometime after dinner, and their daughter Trish was inside the cabin with Erin and Leah. Their family had the cabin next to Stan and Terri. Gina's mother, Elizabeth, stuck her head into the cabin and told the girls it was time for them to wind down for the evening. There was a general chorus of girlish disapproval, but no outright dissent.

Trish headed for her cabin, while Erin sat on the porch next to Mom. Kara walked up a few minutes later, and we all stood around and chatted for a while, but my mind wasn't on the conversation. My thoughts were chaotic, swirling with images of the beautiful girl beside me, and how I was going to break her heart.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning dawned bright and clear. I woke up early, much earlier than usual. I hadn't slept well, so I lay in bed for a while, trying to sort out my troubled thoughts. Finally, in disgust, I got up and went to the bathroom. No one else was up, so I quietly slipped into my workout shorts and headed out the front door.

I picked up my jump rope and started warming up. When we had first arrived at camp, I cleared an area to the side of the steps, and the sandy soil had become compacted through repeated use. I don't know what I was trying to purge from my thoughts, but I mindlessly lost myself in the rhythm of jumping and quickly worked up a good sweat.

I normally didn't lift on Sunday, but I felt the urge to do something, anything. I picked up my barbell and started doing curls. When I wore out my biceps, I hefted the bar over my head and started doing triceps presses. After that, I went through a series of butterfly presses with the dumbbells. I did incline presses, straight presses, dead-lifts, bent-over rows, shrugs, and more.

I even pulled one of the twenty-five-pound weights off the barbell and did sit-ups with it clutched to my chest, not caring about the grit and dirt that stuck to my sweaty back. I laid a towel out and did neck bridges, front and back. I did wrist curls and worked my grip. I exercised every muscle group I could think of, and then finished off with a furious session with the jump rope. By the time I was done, I was breathing hard and dripping with perspiration.

Even though I hate running, I trotted away from the cabin, heading up the hill toward the gates. I ran for fifteen minutes, almost two miles, even at my pace. I turned around and headed back to camp. When I passed our cabin, I noticed that the camp was coming to life, but I didn't stop.

I ran the last hundred yards at a flat-out sprint, racing down the hill toward the lake. I felt the sweat dripping down my face, my torso, my pumping arms and legs. A yard or two before the brick coping, I launched myself into the morning-smooth water in one graceful arc. I swam to the shallow end and then turned around. A dozen laps later, I finally dragged myself onto the edge of the lake, exhausted.

A combination of fatigue and the cold water started my muscles quivering. I bent to massage my aching calves and then worked my way up over my hams and quads. When I finally stood up, I looked into Gina's smiling eyes.

"Your mom told me you hadn't had breakfast yet, so I brought you an orange," she said.

I smiled tightly, still breathing hard from my swim. "Thanks."

"Why're you wearing shorts?" she asked.

I looked down and noticed them for the first time since I'd put them on.

"You don't want me to see how cold the water is?" she asked with a wry grin.

"No," I said simply, once I'd stopped laughing. It felt good to laugh, to smile, especially with Gina.

"Oh?" She sat on one of the lounge chairs and began peeling the orange, depositing the rind on a paper towel she'd brought along for that purpose.

"*You* try jumping rope without a little… um… support."

"Ouch," she said playfully.

I nodded.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well what?"

"You gonna show me how cold the water is?" Her eyes twinkled.

I tried to suppress a mischievous smirk. "Sure. I'll show you how cold the water is."

She took one look into my eyes and quickly set the half-peeled orange on the paper towel. When I lunged for her, she squealed and started to run, but I was much too quick. Before she'd taken three steps, I grasped her arm and easily spun her around.

My first inclination was to pull her arm over my shoulder, shoot my own arm through her legs, and hoist her onto my shoulder into a fireman's carry (a classic wrestling takedown). Fortunately, my good sense prevailed and I simply swept her up, one arm around her back, the other at the crook of her knees.

Accompanied by her frantic cries, I took a half-dozen loping strides and leapt into the water. With a tremendous splash, we both went under. She came up sputtering.

"Pretty cold, isn't it?" I asked teasingly.

She sputtered again and brushed her hair out of her face.

When she looked at me, I arched an eyebrow at her and grinned. With a grin of her own, her face softened and she beckoned for me to come closer. When I started swimming toward her, she suddenly kicked onto her back. Her scissoring legs churned the surface and I must have inhaled about a gallon of spring water. For a moment, I was incapacitated by a paroxysm of coughing. Once I cleared my windpipe, I quickly surged after her.

Halfway across the lake, I shot a hand out to grab her kicking ankle and caught her before she could reach the raft. She squawked when I pulled her close, so I braced myself for an assault. She resisted for only a moment, but when I finally got my arms around her to keep her from pushing me away, she suddenly stopped fighting me and I felt two warm lips pressed against mine.

Her disposition changed completely as she wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled herself against me. Fortunately, the raft had been near the shallow end of the lake, and my feet could reach the bottom. Her erect nipples pressed into my chest and our kiss heated. I ran my hands up and down her back, feeling the ripple and play of her muscles as I held her against me.

"That," she said, pulling back and smiling at me, "was for being a wonderful guy."

I smiled at her but immediately cried out in pain as she clamped her fingers and thumbs around my nipples and twisted. Hard.

"And *that*," she said, her eyes dancing with mirth, "was for throwing me in the water."

With that, she pushed away from me and began swimming toward the edge of the lake. When I stopped seeing stars, and the pain in my abused nipples faded to a dull throb, I swam after her. She was just walking up the concrete steps when I caught up. She turned at the top of the stairs, the sun over the hill behind her imparting a glowing full-body halo. She slicked her hair back and looked down at me expectantly.

"I'm just making sure it's safe to come near you," I said, half teasing, half serious.

"Oh, you're safe." She smiled at me and I felt my heart lift. "For now."

I grinned and walked up the stairs toward her.

"But you're going to have to take off those shorts," she said tartly.

"Oh? And why is that?"

She grinned coquettishly. "Maybe I like you better without them," she said. She flipped her hair back flirtatiously and walked over to the lounger she'd so recently had to vacate.

I couldn't stop grinning as I watched her walk. Her ass swayed side-to-side and she gave me a come-hither look over her shoulder. I hurried to catch up, slipping the sodden shorts down my legs as I did.

She waited for me to arrive, then retrieved the orange and the paper towel. When she semi-imperiously pointed at the lounger, I grinned and sat down. I quickly moved aside when I realized she intended to sit by my hips. One look at my shriveled manhood and I realized just *how* cold the water had been, so I quickly crossed my legs. That did little to hide my shrunken condition, but it somehow made me feel better.

Gina merely smiled at me and set the paper towel on my thighs. She finished peeling the orange, pulled

off the first wedge, and fed it to me. I nipped at her fingers with my teeth, but she'd been expecting it. She pulled her hand back and admonished me with a look. I smiled contritely and chewed the orange.

When I reached for the orange to feed myself, she playfully slapped my hand away. One by one, she fed me the rest of the wedges. When I finished them, I captured her hand with my own. She watched curiously as I pulled her fingers to my lips and licked off the sticky juice. Her breathing quickened as I slowly sucked each of her digits into my mouth. By the time I was done, her eyelids were drooping with arousal and she was moaning softly.

"Thanks for the orange," I said sincerely.

Her eyes finally closed and she took a deep breath, then swallowed hard. When she opened her eyes again, they were a little glassy, but she nodded and smiled.

✧ ✧ ✧

After lunch, Gina and I lay out on the far shore of the lake, by the shallow area. The Nolan kids—their names were Alan and Clara—had gone up to the clubhouse to play, so we were pretty much alone. Most of the other sunbathers, including our families, were on the hill side of the lake.

Unfortunately, my intense early morning workout was taking its toll, and I was sore. S-O-R-E, sore. I was used to hard workouts, but I don't know what had come over me that morning. My fingernails hurt. My hair hurt. I think even my teeth hurt, at least in sympathy.

I groaned when I rolled over, and Gina cracked an eyelid, looking at me with a mixture of curiosity and sympathy.

"I had a tough workout this morning," I said by way of explanation.

"Chasing me around the lake, I presume?"

I would have grinned, but I was pretty sure that would hurt too.

"Awww. Poor baby," she said softly, clucking her tongue at me.

I tried to look as pathetic as I could, but she only giggled. When I still didn't smile, she took pity on me.

"You want me to rub your shoulders?" she asked solicitously.

"Would you?"

She nodded, her eyes twinkling.

"God, that'd be great."

She rolled upright and reached for her suntan oil. I surreptitiously looked across the lake, to assure myself that no one was paying too much attention to us, and then looked back at Gina. She blinked when I caught her looking across the lake as well. We shared a conspiratorial smile and then she squeezed some oil into her palm.

"Just lie there and relax," she said. "And I'll make it all better."

I folded my arms under my chin and did as instructed. She rubbed her palms together to spread the oil, and it made a slippery sound that reminded me of… Well, let's just say I was glad that I was lying facedown. When I looked back, I could clearly see that Gina had thought of the same thing. We grinned at each other and she scooted toward me.

I flinched when her fingers first touched my shoulders, but quickly relaxed as she started kneading my knotted muscles. I didn't know a good massage from a punch in the arm, but what she was doing felt wonderful. She worked her fingers into my traps and then down over my delts. I groaned as she gripped me and worked my muscles.

"Are you okay?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, God. Yes," I hissed. "It feels wonderful. Don't stop."

Her hands moved back over my traps and then down to my lats. At first, her touch was soft and warm. But after I started sighing in pleasure, her movements became strong and sure.

"If I didn't love you before," I said, my head still down, "I'd definitely love you now."

She moved down over my lower back to my spinal erectors and hip flexors. Using her thumbs, she massaged my sore muscles. With a groan, I felt the tension flow from my body.

"You're so hard," she said softly.

"Hmm?"

"Last year, you weren't like this."

As if I didn't know how pudgy I was last year, I thought sourly.

"Now, you're all hard. And firm." Her hands worked the top of my glutes and then back up over my sides to my lats. "And strong."

I nodded.

"I know you don't want to talk about it much, but you look really good."

"It's okay to talk about it," I said, looking over my shoulder. "I've just had a lot of people tell me 'how much you've changed.' But I haven't really changed. Not the part that counts, anyway, the part on the inside." I rolled onto my side and looked at her.

She pulled her hands back.

"It's only the outside that's different." I tapped myself on the chest. "In here, I'm still the same guy. I'm maybe a little older, and I've made some mistakes." I didn't want to think about how *many* mistakes I'd made, although I didn't think Amy was one of them. "But inside, it's just me."

She looked at me and nodded, her eyes softening.

"I mean, I still get excited and happy, or sad and scared. I still worry about how much I weigh, and a million other things. And I'm still the same guy who's in love with you."

She blushed and lowered her eyes.

"So I haven't changed," I said. "My body has, but *I* haven't changed. I'm still me. And I still love *you*."

She was silent for a moment, clearly stunned by the intensity of my reaction.

I sat up and pulled her hands into mine. I waited for her to look up, and when she did, I held her eyes with my own. "Whatever happens…" I *knew* what was going to happen, but I didn't want to think about it. "I want you to know something."

She swallowed hard and nodded.

"I will always, *always* love you. Nothing will change that. *Nothing*."

For a moment, she didn't move and I began to panic. All of a sudden, her eyes were brimming with tears and she practically threw herself at me. I tumbled backward with the force of her body slamming into me, and we ended up in a heap on the grass. Her entire body was atop mine, and even though I was stunned, it felt wonderful. I looked up at her in surprise and she kissed me soundly.

"I love you, I love you," she repeated over and over, kissing me each time.

✧ ✧ ✧

Susan got back to camp late that afternoon. My family and Gina's family all had a big dinner at Susan's house that night. While the women were fixing dinner, Dad, Mr. Coulter (he insisted I call him Chris), and I sat in the living room and relaxed. It was kind of weird sitting with them, but it made me feel grown-up. They each drank a beer and I had a Coke.

Once dinner was ready, we all sat down in Susan's dining room. She had put two extra leaves in the table, and four chairs had appeared from somewhere, so even with ten of us, we were comfortable. Susan opened a couple of bottles of wine with dinner, and we all got to drink some. Gina and I got a full glass each, while Erin and Leah only got about half a glass, but I could tell that it made them feel mature.

After dinner, Gina shyly brought out a small box wrapped with brightly colored paper. She handed me the present and conversation died as everyone looked at me expectantly. I tried not to blush, but judging by the expressions around me, I wasn't successful. I ripped the paper and opened the box—a silver necklace was inside.

Suddenly, I understood what Gina had meant when she'd said it might not fit. With all the wrestling practice and working out, my neck was quite a bit bigger than the year before. I silently prayed that the chain would be long enough.

"Do you want me to put it on you?" Gina asked softly.

I nodded, and she reached for the chain. I reached at the same time, and my hand came to rest on hers. We both blushed, and she giggled nervously. I smiled as reassuringly as I could and pulled my hand back. I

bent forward and she placed the cool metal around my neck. It was long enough, so she fastened it in front and then slid the clasp around to the nape of my neck.

"It's a three plus one Figaro pattern," she said.

Whatever that meant, I thought. Instead of asking, I looked up at her and smiled.

"Happy birthday," she whispered. She gave me a quick kiss on the lips and then pulled back, blushing again.

We surveyed the smiling and indulgent faces around us, and I'm sure Gina was as embarrassed as I was. Much to my astonishment, I looked up to find not only Mom and Susan, but Elizabeth and Kara looking at me and smiling. Fortunately, the conversation resumed quickly.

Erin and Leah raced off to find Trish, but the rest of us sat around the table and talked for about an hour. I was in a daze, and remembered little of it. After a while, Kara went back to their cabin, and Gina and I decided to go for a walk by the lake. All the kids had deserted them, but it didn't seem to bother our parents or Susan.

It was just starting to get dark when Gina and I reached the shore of the lake. The raft had drifted close to the edge, so we simply stepped onto it. I gave us a good shove and propelled it toward the center of the lake.

I had planned to have The Talk with Gina that night, but as soon as I opened my mouth to speak, she kissed me. My carefully husbanded resolve crumbled, and I lost myself in her lips. We sank to the still-warm canvas of the raft and lay very close to each other. She rolled to her back and pulled me against her.

Our lips met again, and I forgot everything I wanted to say. I'd carefully rehearsed the words in my head, and they flew away like a puff of dandelion seeds in the wind.

I put my hand on her stomach to steady myself, but she moved it up to cup her right breast. Her nipple quickly hardened under my palm and she moaned into my mouth. My dick was instantly erect, bumping against her hip as she writhed beneath me. I pulled back and looked at her in the fading light. I knew in my heart that she was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen, and I couldn't hurt her. I simply couldn't.

When we broke the kiss, she held up her wrist. I looked from her face to the bracelet and back again.

"This was my favorite birthday present," she said.

I smiled and fingered the silver chain around my neck. "And this is mine."

"My second favorite birthday present was pretty good, too. I think you'll like it."

"Oh? You'll have to show it to me."

She shook her head.

I looked at her, perplexed.

"It's not something I can really show you."

I furrowed my brow, my confusion deepening.

"On my birthday, Mom took me to see the doctor."

The doctor? Huh? Was she sick? Hopefully, I didn't look as baffled as I actually felt.

"The doctor…," she said leadingly.

And then it hit me. My eyes flew wide.

She grinned.

"You're?—"

"On the pill," she said, finishing my thought.

I looked at her and blinked, not trusting myself to speak.

"I want you to be the one," she said softly, stroking my face.

It was an evil twist of fate that caused two things to occur simultaneously—one head swelled and the other was cast into turmoil. I kissed her deeply and felt her arch her back against me.

And so began the war of hormones versus ethics. I honestly didn't know which would win.

CHAPTER TEN

"You're ready?" I asked.

Gina nodded. "I wanted to last year, but I wasn't on the pill." In a smaller voice, "And I was scared."

"You're not scared now?"

"I'm a little scared, but not really. More like nervous." She paused for a moment and bit the inside of her lip. "Now… I really want to… I want to make love with you. I want to make you happy."

"You do make me happy," I said sincerely. "Just being here with you makes me happy."

She smiled and nodded. "But I want you inside me. I want you to make me a woman."

I bent down and kissed her again. When I pulled back, I stroked her hair and looked into her eyes. "When?" I don't know what I hoped her answer would be.

With her left hand, she reached for my erection. Her fingers slid around my thickness and gripped me gently.

I had to stop her. I had to think. I had to…

She shook her head. "Not now," she said softly. "But… soon. It has to be soon."

I don't know whether my expression showed disappointment or relief, but she smiled at me nonetheless.

"Is that okay?" she asked.

I nodded. "I want it to be special," I said.

"Me too."

"Not on the raft in the middle of the lake."

She shook her head.

"And I want to be able to take my time," I said. "So you'll enjoy it."

"Two of my girlfriends said their first time hurt, and was really quick. I don't want mine to be like that."

"Me either."

"With you," she said softly. "I know it won't be. It'll be wonderful."

"I hope so."

"I *know* it will."

I needed some time to think. I wanted to have sex with her. Desperately. But I also knew that if I did, I'd ruin any chance I had of making up with her after I told her about Amy. But what if I didn't tell her about Amy? She'd never know if I didn't tell her. With Amy weighing on my conscience, could I still have a happy relationship with Gina? Would she…?

"What're you thinking about?" Gina asked.

"Huh?"

"You had this kinda serious, kinda scared look on your face," she said. "What were you thinking about?"

Uh-oh. I had to think of something quick. "I was thinking about you… and me… and… us." Even if it wasn't the entire truth, it wasn't an outright lie.

She gripped my shaft and stroked it gently. "Did you like what you were thinking about?"

I nodded quickly. Too quickly? I don't know. Did I still want to have The Talk? Did I still need to? She wanted me to have sex with her, she'd never know if I didn't tell her. What kind of relationship did I want to have with her?

"I want to be with you forever," she breathed.

In that moment, I had the answer to my question. If I wanted to have any kind of relationship with Gina—and I did, very much—I couldn't have Amy or anyone else hanging in the air between us. I'm just not a good liar. I opened my mouth to speak, to tell her, to blurt out the mentally rehearsed words of The Talk.

"Shhhhh," she whispered. "Just kiss me." She punctuated her demand by gently squeezing my cock.

What did I do? I kissed her, of course.

We kissed for a long time, our tongues teasing and tasting each other. I pulled back and kissed down the

side of her jaw to her ear. When I nibbled her earlobe, she arched her back and tensed up.

"I want to suck you," she said quietly. "That's all I could think about, the entire ride from home."

I nuzzled her neck and planted small kisses all over her smooth skin.

"I got so wet thinking about you," she breathed. "I love the taste of your come."

I tweaked her nipple and pulled it gently, still trailing butterfly kisses up her jawline.

"I want to suck you. I want it so bad—"

I kissed her on the lips, darting my tongue forward to tease her with it, moving it along her teeth and then pulling it back. When I broke the kiss, her breathing was shallow and raspy.

"Paul, I…"

I desperately wanted her to suck me. I wanted to feel her lips around my shaft. I wanted her to kneel between my legs and make love to my cock. I wanted to arch my back and shoot into her mouth. I wanted…

I wanted more than one night. I wanted more, it was that simple. If things went too far, before I told her about Amy, I'd lose my future with her, and I knew it. Don't ask me how I knew, I just did.

She used her thumb to rub a drop of pre-come over the tip of my cock. I shuddered and almost gave in. Almost.

I bent down and kissed the hollow of her ear, blowing softly and whispering, "I love you."

She whimpered and her breath caught in her throat.

I kissed along the side of her neck to her shoulder, tasting the slightly salty tang of her skin, mixed with the suntan oil from earlier in the day. I could smell the cocoa butter and the warm smell that was *her*.

I had to do something, and I had to do it quick. Her hand was moving along my cock and I was rapidly losing the capacity for coherent thought.

I moved my hand down her trim stomach to the dark strip of her pubic hair. I once again covered her mouth with my own and she moaned as I slipped my middle finger along her slit. I felt the dew of her arousal coat my fingertip. The pad of my hand brushed across her hooded clit and she gasped against me.

Her hand stopped moving along my length as I dipped my finger between her lips. As slippery as they were, they parted easily and my finger slid inside. I dragged it back along her length and teased under the hood protecting her clit. She bucked her hips against my hand and I felt the little pearl of nerves begin to engorge.

I cupped her mound and gently put pressure on her swelling clit. She whimpered and I kissed her again, feeling her arousal in her erratic breathing. When I slid my middle finger between her labia, she moaned softly and lifted her hips against me.

I broke our kiss and looked down at her. Her eyes were closed and her lips were taut with mounting arousal. Her nostrils flared as she breathed and I smiled to myself as I watched her. I kept one finger languidly moving just at the entrance to her pussy, and enjoyed witnessing the pleasure my actions stirred within her.

I wanted to taste her, to spread her pussy with my lips and tease her clit with my tongue. I flirted with the idea, but ultimately decided against it. If I did go down on her, it would probably lead to her returning the favor. Instead, I plunged my middle finger into her depths and watched her cry out softly in response. Her pussy was extremely wet, but it was still a tight fit. As I eased my digit into her, I felt the ridges along the walls of her vagina. She cried out again when I crooked my finger up and pressed against the hollow at the top of her sheath.

With my finger still buried to the last knuckle, I used the palm of my hand to put pressure on her clit. Her hips shot off the raft and pushed against my hand. I smiled to myself and bent to kiss her again. She was breathing heavily when I pulled back, so I held my finger motionless and bent to capture a nipple with my lips.

I sucked the little pebble into my mouth and moved my tongue in circles around it. She moaned again and tried to exert more pressure against my hand. With a gentle push, I eased her back and held her against the surface of the raft. I lightly clamped my teeth against her nipple and pulled back.

With an audible pop, I released her nipple and began to lick around it. Her breast was springy and firm,

and I pressed my face into her warm flesh as I teased her nipple. I slowly started moving my finger back and forth inside her as I moved to the other nipple. She spastically gripped and released my cock, her hand moving in time with my own.

I kissed all around her other nipple, but made sure not to touch it directly. She began whimpering, then rolled her chest to press her breast against my face. I gave in to her desires and licked her nipple directly, feeling the bumps of her crinkly areola against my tongue. She gasped again and I repeated the maneuver.

I pulled my finger out of her drenched pussy and ran it along her slippery outer lips. She arched her back against me and I smiled to myself. When I recaptured her nipple with my lips, she cried out, louder this time, and held my head to her chest with her right hand. Her left hand had gone slack around my erection, so I gently pulled back to get a better angle on her breasts.

She moaned softly when my shaft slid from her grip, but she didn't move to recapture it. I circled her clit with my slick finger, causing her to shudder. I moved the flesh of her mons against the hooded berry, teasing her mercilessly. I slowly moved my finger in circles, closer and closer to her now-exposed clit, and she shuddered again.

When I touched her clit itself, she bucked her hips against me and I knew she was close. Her thighs were quivering and her breath was coming in short, ragged gasps. I slid my finger down along her length again and cupped her mons. When I switched from one breast to the other, she cried out and pulled my head up to hers.

I planted my lips against hers and she pulled me close. When I plunged my finger back into her fiery depths, she grunted and I felt the first spasms of her orgasm. Her pussy gripped my invading finger, clutching and releasing rhythmically. I crooked the tip of my finger and started moving my hand from side to side. Using my palm to press against her clit, I quickly brought her to the point of no return.

She moaned into my mouth when I moved my finger within her, and I felt her stomach ripple under my forearm. Her legs stiffened and she arched her back against me. I moved my palm in small circles and increased the pressure with my finger. When I did, she erupted.

I felt a gush of warmth and wetness around my fingers and she practically screamed into my mouth. I kissed her fiercely, muffling her cries. She bucked her hips against me as her pussy gripped my finger tightly. I kept rubbing her and moving it side-to-side until she collapsed against the surface of the raft and grabbed my wrist.

I pulled back from our kiss and she took a deep, trembling breath. She swallowed hard and then opened her eyes. It took her a moment to focus on my face, but when she did, she sighed and gifted me with a sated smile.

"Did you like that?" I asked, with just a little mocking note in my tone.

She bit the inside of her lip, but quickly nodded.

"I've missed you."

She took a deep breath and smiled. Her left hand quested for my erection. "I've missed you, too."

Her right hand was still on my wrist, and she pulled my hand up to her mouth. She looked me in the eye as she slowly sucked my wet finger into her mouth, tasting herself. She wrapped her tongue around the tip and pursed her lips, pulling at my knuckle. Even moving along my finger, her tongue felt exquisite.

She took her time cleaning her juices from my skin, and I didn't think it was possible, but my dick got even harder. When she had me clean enough—and throbbing in anticipation—she met my gaze, a smoldering twinkle in her eyes.

Uh-oh, I thought to myself. I knew that look. It had been a while since I'd last seen it, but it was the I-want-to-suck-your-dick look. My lust-crazed mind worked feverishly. I had to think of something, and I had to do it quick. If she asked, and I said no, she'd know something was up. She'd be able to see it in my eyes. She might not know what it was, but she'd know it was there. I had to…

Aha!

I gently pulled my right arm from under her and planted my palm against the surface of the raft. In one motion, I smoothly levered myself up and over her, coming to rest between her spread legs. My bobbing erection brushed against her pussy and her eyes widened in surprise. She started to speak, but I silenced her

with a kiss.

"Shhhh," I said, when I pulled back. "Trust me."

She bit the inside of her lip and nodded.

I spread my knees to get a better base and ground the underside of my cock against her clit. Her eyes clamped shut and she arched her back as the contact sent jolts of pleasure racing to her brain. I leaned down to kiss her again and felt her nipples pressing into my chest.

I started rocking my hips back and forth, pressing the base of my cock against her. I felt her legs moving along my thighs, both inexperience and arousal evident in her motions. When I lowered myself to my elbows, mashing her breasts beneath my weight, she looked at me apprehensively.

"It's okay," I said. "I'm just going to stay like this."

She nodded and then lifted her head to kiss me. When she pulled back, she looked at me with wide, dark eyes. "Is this what it'll be like?"

"What what'll be like?" I asked.

"When we have sex?"

I moved my hips against her and she gasped in pleasure. When she opened her eyes, I grinned and nodded. "It'll be like this, only better."

"Better?"

"Mmm hmm. You'll feel me inside you, filling you up."

She stopped moving her thighs and planted her feet back on the raft—her knees were up and I was comfortably between them. I hoped she'd get lots of experience with how she liked to have me between her thighs.

I kissed her again and then lifted myself with my arms. With a reassuring smile, I moved to sit back on my haunches. I made sure to keep my erection pressed against her pussy, and she arched her back at the sensation.

I flexed my thighs and lifted my hips a little. She groaned as my dick moved away from her clit and I smiled down at her. I wrapped my hand around the base of my shaft and started stroking myself slowly. She felt the motion and her eyes met mine.

She licked her lips and the look in her eye gave me enough warning to head off her imminent request. I kept my right hand firmly wrapped around my girth, but quickly moved my left to her pussy. I put my thumb against the base of her clit and gently moved it in a circle. She gasped and her head dropped back to the raft.

I started stroking myself and moving my hand over her pussy at the same time. It took me a moment, but I soon established a rhythm. Because I was so worked up, I knew I wouldn't last long, so I tried to concentrate on her. I couldn't tell exactly when she was ready to come, because I couldn't feel her pussy spasming, but I tried to pay attention. As well as I could, that is.

With my own orgasm approaching, I guess I completely missed the signs. Her hips bucked against me and she cried out softly. Her legs stiffened and her back arched, and I felt my own climax grow near. As her thighs trembled in the throes of her orgasm, I felt my cock swell.

The first surge of semen blasted from the tip of my dick and landed between her breasts. She cried out again, and I could tell that a second, stronger orgasm had taken her. She quivered in ecstasy as my spurting penis deposited pearly white drops of come all up and down her body, from her chin to her pubic hair.

With a final spastic jerk, I milked the last drops of come from my shaft and sat back on my heels. Gina was breathing as hard as I was, but I could see her white teeth flashing as she smiled at me. She moved her hand to the valley between her breasts and dipped a finger into a cooling puddle of my fluid. She spread the semen around and then brought her fingertip to her lips. Her pink tongue snaked out and tasted my essence. She quickly spread more of my come on her fingers and brought them to her mouth.

I watched, captivated, as she spread my come over her stomach and breasts, then licked it off her fingers. She seemed to savor the taste, and smiled at me as she sucked her fingers clean. My erection didn't subside at all as I watched her greedily swallow my come. I ran my hands along her thighs and smiled down at her. She smiled in return and continued licking her fingers.

"Next time," I said softly, ever mindful that sound carried across the water, "you'll have to get it from the source."

She immediately nodded, then reached for me.

I leaned forward, trapping my erection between our bodies. I could feel my semen on her skin—it was sticky as it dried—but I paid it scant attention as her lips hungrily sought my own.

We simply kissed each other for a long time. I wanted to do more, since my cock was still very hard, but once the fog of hormones had cleared, I began thinking about my situation. I didn't want to over-analyze things, but I knew that I had to be very careful.

Not only did I need to slow things down, we needed to get somewhere less public. After all, we *were* in the middle of the lake, where any passer-by could hear us. Luckily for me, in the battle of hormones versus ethics, my hormones were satiated. For the moment.

I rolled onto my back, pulled her with me, and resumed kissing her. She clutched me tightly and ground her pelvis against mine. My erection was still trapped between us, and I felt my self-control slipping away. I was just about to move my hands down to her ass when we heard voices.

We both listened for a moment, on tenterhooks lest someone discover us. The voices drew closer and we looked at each other. I could see the apprehension in her eyes, so I kissed her on the nose and then smiled at her.

"Let's wait and see who it is," I said quietly. "Then we'll figure out what we want to do."

She nodded.

We waited, and in a minute, the voices reached the edge of the lake. I quickly realized it was Erin, Leah, and Trish. Apparently, they had come down for a night swim. Gina's eyes glinted mischievously and she began to slide down my body.

Fortunately, we could barely see the edge of the lake, which meant the girls probably couldn't see us. I tried to protest silently as Gina knelt between my legs. She ignored my insistent gestures and sucked the tip of my cock into her mouth. For a blissful moment, I closed my eyes and simply enjoyed the feeling of her lips around my glans. I fervently hoped the girls didn't decide to swim toward the raft.

My attention was torn between listening to them and enjoying the sensations as Gina slowly lowered her lips over my erection. She took about half my length in her mouth and I tried not to moan. I heard one soft splash, followed by another, and then a third. Even though the girls were talking quietly, the sound traveled across the expanse of the lake to us. Barely thirty or forty yards separated us from discovery.

Gina slowly bobbed up and down, running her tongue up and down the underside ridge, driving me crazy. I desperately wanted her to do more, but I was equally desperate to avoid discovery. Finally, she pulled off me and I heard her laugh softly.

I sat up and she kissed me fiercely. She knelt between my spread legs, my erection bumping against her knees, and wrapped her arms around my neck. The sound of the girls drew closer and I suddenly realized they were swimming for the raft. Just then, one of them saw us.

"Who's there?"

"It's us, Erin," I said.

"Us who?"

"Duh. Gina and me," I said.

I could hear them stop swimming and start whispering amongst themselves. Gina grinned at me and reached down to stroke my hard-on.

"Y'all mind if we join you?" Leah asked tentatively.

"Not at all," Gina said before I could answer. "We were just gonna go for a swim and then head up to the cabin."

I cocked my head to the side, but she only grinned at me. The girls swam closer and we stood. My dick was still painfully erect, and Gina grasped it gently. She tugged on me until we could actually see the dark shapes of our sisters and Trish.

"What're y'all doing down here?" Erin asked.

"Just talking," I said.

"*Sure* you are," Leah said.

All three of them giggled.

Gina rose on tiptoe and kissed me softly, then tugged me toward the edge of the raft. We sat on the edge and slipped into the cold water just as the girls reached the raft. I don't think any of them noticed my erection, but I couldn't be sure.

"Enjoy the raft," Gina said, as we started swimming toward the concrete steps.

"Enjoy your *boyfriend*," Leah shot back, accompanied by a chorus of girlish titters.

"Thanks, Leah, I will," Gina said insouciantly.

We quickly reached the shadowed end of the lake and swam carefully toward the stairs, feeling for the steps with our feet. I found one and started wading forward. A moment later, Gina was standing beside me. We crouched in the cold water, up to our necks, and washed my semen from our bodies.

In the tree-covered end of the lake, I could barely make out her face, but I clearly heard her take a deep breath and slip beneath the surface. I started to panic, but I quickly discovered why she'd gone under. Her hands gripped my hips and she pulled herself toward me. In a moment, I felt my cock bump against her cheek. In another moment, she captured it with her warm, soft mouth.

I groaned into the night and was rewarded by giggling from the direction of the raft. Gina continued to suck my dick, taking long, slow strokes and keeping her lips tight on my shaft. I was just beginning to wonder how long she could stay down when I felt the shock of cold water on my heated length. She surfaced and white teeth flashed at me. I pulled her up my body and held her close, trapping my erection between us. She wrapped her arms around my back and pressed her cold-hardened nipples against my chest.

"I just love doing that," she said softly.

"Mmmmm. I love it when you do it." I held her for a moment, simply enjoying the feeling of her water-slick skin next to my own. "We should probably head up," I said at last.

"Yeah."

I wrapped my arm around her waist and pulled her close. My mind raced, suddenly recalling that I still had to have The Talk with her. With a sense of relief, I decided it was too late to stir things up, so I simply enjoyed the feeling of her body next to mine. We walked up to her cabin in a companionable silence.

✧ ✧ ✧

When I finally got back to our cabin, Erin was there, but Mom and Dad weren't. I figured they must still be at Susan's. (Gina's parents hadn't been at their cabin when I'd kissed her goodnight and come down the hill.)

My morning workout and all the other activities had finally taken their toll, and I was exhausted and sore. The afternoon massage had helped, but every time I moved, I was painfully aware of my aching muscles. I climbed up the ladder to my top bunk and collapsed.

I lay awake for a long time that night, thinking about Gina. I wanted to tell her about Amy (and Susan, and Stacy), but at the same time, I didn't. She'd never know the difference if I didn't tell her. Right? I simply didn't know. I wanted to have sex with her, but I still felt like it would be a betrayal of her trust.

Part of me also realized that while I loved Gina, I had come to understand and accept that I could love other girls as well. It was something that took some getting used to, but Susan's words echoed in my mind when I thought about it: "You can be in love with more than one person. Even more than one person at a time. But you can really only be *committed* to one person at a time."

Did I want a committed relationship with Gina? Yes, I thought quickly. I'd had a crush on her since I'd first met her, almost four years before. She'd been my friend before she'd developed into a woman, and she was my friend now. Would she still be my friend, after she learned about Amy? I think that's what worried me most. It wasn't the sex, although that was certainly enjoyable—I didn't want to lose her friendship.

And what about Kendall? She had quickly become a good friend, and I could easily fall in love with her (more than I had already?). I knew how she'd felt about me at the end of the previous summer, but would she still feel the same way *this* summer? I didn't want to think that I was choosing between the two girls, but in a way, maybe I was.

I know it was a cynical thought, but I knew I could find sex with any of several willing partners. For that matter, I'd gone most of the past year without sex. With Gina, it was more than sex. I guess I wanted the connection. *That's* what I didn't want to lose.

And what about Amy? Did I still love her? Yes, I answered in the dark. I probably always would. But did I want a relationship with her? That was a tougher question, and I knew my answer was probably "no." I can't really explain why, but I didn't. I hoped we could be friends again, but I knew she didn't want the same things I did.

As I lay awake in bed, just starting to doze off, I thought about Stacy as well. She was trying to do things she thought I liked, putting my pleasure before her own. When we'd had sex, she'd clung to me fiercely at times. It was almost like she was afraid to leave me. It was almost like she was…

My eyes popped open. What had she said?! She had been trying to tell me something, but she couldn't—or wouldn't—say the words. I could think of only one thing she'd be reluctant to say to me, and I cursed myself for a fool for not seeing it sooner. Susan had practically told me, although not in so many words.

I frantically thought through all the conversations I'd had with Stacy, and all the time we'd spent together the previous weekend. Suddenly, things I hadn't noticed before became much more significant: the looks, the touches, the seemingly desperate need to be held, her trying to please me, and more.

I'd even noticed it myself, but I hadn't put the pieces together. I'd seen the difference when she was with me and then when she was around other people. Suddenly, everything clicked into place.

Stacy was in love. With me.

My parents entered the cabin quietly, but I paid them little attention. My mind was awhirl with possibilities and recriminations. Why hadn't I seen it sooner? How could I be so dense? What was I going to do about it? What was I going to do about Gina? What was I going to do about anything?

It took me a long, long time to get to sleep after that. And when I did finally drift off, my sleep was fitful and plagued with vaguely disquieting dreams.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, I awoke feeling worse than ever. As soon as I moved, I regretted it. My shoulders were sore, my arms were sore, my abs were sore, my back was sore, and my legs were sore. Just climbing down the ladder made me feel like an old man. My eyes were gummy from lack of sleep and I had a foul taste in my mouth.

Needless to say, I decided to forego my morning workout. Instead, I took a hot shower, standing under the spigot until the water ran cold and I was forced to turn it off. By the time I shuffled down to the clubhouse for breakfast, my family was nearly through with theirs. Mom gave me a concerned look and fixed me a couple of egg sandwiches and some hash browns.

"Are you okay?" she finally asked, setting my plate in front of me.

"Yeah. I guess. I kinda got carried away with my workout yesterday," I said.

Even Erin looked concerned. But her concern only lasted until Leah and Trish showed up. They raced off down the hill, and Dad turned to me.

"I'm going into town today, to buy some fireworks for the Fourth," he said. "Why don't you come with me?"

His tone sounded more like a suggestion than a question, so I agreed.

✧ ✧ ✧

I was deep in thought most of the way into town. Dad sensed that I didn't want to talk, and pretty much left me to myself. I certainly appreciated it. But by the time we reached the fireworks stand, I had none of my problems resolved.

Shopping for fireworks was fun, since it took my mind off my problems for a while. With a silent chuckle, I realized that was probably what Mom and Dad intended. I was gradually realizing that they actually *did* pay attention to me and my moods, and were pretty good parents.

For almost an hour, Dad and I debated the finer points of fireworks, both of us acting like kids. It was a

fun time, and I enjoyed myself. We probably bought too much, but in hindsight, I don't think the fireworks were really the real purpose of our trip. They were simply the means—I needed to blow off some steam and relax, and Dad somehow knew this.

Note to self: Don't underestimate Dad *either*.

On the drive back, I was feeling more human, but I was still worried about a lot of things. One problem at a time, I told myself.

Normally, I didn't share my concerns with Dad. He would ask about my day-to-day life sometimes, and I knew Mom told him a lot. Due to his schedule, it was hard to talk to him sometimes. I never got the feeling that he didn't *want* to talk, but he was often simply not available.

I'd told myself that I was going to face things like a man. Susan told me I needed to act like a man as well. To a degree, I knew what she meant—in many ways, I tried to emulate my father. I guess it was a sign of maturity that I also realized how much I still had to learn.

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"Have you ever had to do anything you didn't want to?"

He looked at me sidelong. "Sure. All the time."

"Like what?"

"Well, son, I go to work. I have to leave you all, sometimes for a couple of weeks at a time. I don't want to do that, but I do."

"Not that," I said. "You go to work so we can have a nice house, food, clothes, and stuff like that."

He looked at me suddenly, a surprised expression on his face, and the car drifted toward the side of the road. He had to jerk the steering wheel to keep us from driving onto the shoulder. I guess he was shocked I actually realized all the nice things we had cost money, and that money had to come from somewhere.

"I mean, have you ever had to do anything where it didn't make a difference whether you did it or not?" I asked, continuing.

"Like what?"

"I dunno. Something big, where you felt you needed to do it, but if you didn't, nothing really bad would happen."

He nodded somberly. "I joined the Navy, even though I knew I'd probably go to Vietnam. If I hadn't done it, someone else would have, probably. But I felt it was the thing I needed to do. So, yeah, I guess I have."

"Well, my decision isn't that big, I guess. But sometimes it seems like it."

"What's the decision?" he asked.

"It's complicated."

He nodded and laughed softly. "The big ones always are."

"It's about a girl," I said.

"Ahhhhh. Gina?"

I nodded.

He was silent, waiting for me to gather my thoughts.

"I need to tell her something. But if I do, I know she'll be angry. If I don't, she'll probably never know the difference."

"But *you'll* know," he said.

I nodded.

"Son, I guess the question really isn't about her, now is it?"

I cocked my head and looked at him, perplexed.

"It's really about what kind of person *you* want to be," he said.

"Huh?"

"Have you read Shakespeare's *Hamlet* yet?"

I shook my head, confused by the non sequitur.

"Have you ever heard the phrase, 'This above all: to thine ownself be true'?"

I nodded, still puzzled.

"What do you think that means?" he asked.

"I dunno. What's this have to do with—"

"Just think about it for a second."

I did. I also wondered musingly why Shakespeare couldn't write in English. (I wasn't serious, of course—well, maybe not *completely* serious.) I pondered for a moment while Dad drove in silence. "Does it mean you can't lie to yourself?" I asked.

"Something like that," he said. "What else can the word 'true' mean?"

"I dunno."

"How about 'my aim was true'? What does 'true' mean there?"

"Um… good? Straight? Right?"

He nodded. "So when Polonius says, 'to thine ownself be true,' what does he mean?"

For the moment, I ignored the fact that I had no idea who Polonius was. "Be good to yourself?" I asked, still a bit lost. He waited, so I searched for another meaning. "Be honest to yourself?"

He nodded as I slowly began to understand.

"'To thine ownself be true,'" I mused. "Does it mean you've got to do what *you* know is right?"

Dad looked at me seriously. "Yes, son. It does."

"So that's what you meant when you said the question really isn't about her, it's about me."

He nodded again.

"I've got to do what *I* know is right," I said. "I've got to be true to myself."

"Yes, son. You do." We drove in silence for a few moments. "Does that help? Do you know what you have to do now?"

"Yeah," I said sullenly. "I've got to join the Navy and go to Vietnam."

He laughed richly and clapped me on the shoulder. "Oh, I suspect it won't be *that* bad."

✧ ✧ ✧

A couple hours after lunch, we started a game of Marco Polo. Erin, Leah, Trish, her brother Jonathan, Gina, and I were the first ones playing. I guess Kara was on her period, because she was wearing a pair of bikini bottoms and didn't want to join us. But all our dads joined in, even Chris and Dwight.

Mom, Susan, Elizabeth (who was also wearing bikini bottoms), Kara, and Dwight's wife, Karen, watched from the edge of the lake. We made a lot of noise, but we also had a lot of fun. Our dads couldn't keep up with us, and gave up after about forty-five minutes. We continued playing for another hour, while our parents looked on from the comfort of their loungers.

We were all grinning and tired afterward, and sat around on towels or chairs. The younger girls swam out to lie on the raft, but Gina and I stayed near the adults.

"Did you ask Gina about helping with Mr. Kestrel's house?" Susan asked me.

I looked at her blankly and she chuckled.

Gina looked at me expectantly.

Sometimes, I'm kind of slow on the uptake. I rolled my eyes and theatrically smacked myself on the forehead. "Oh yeah!"

Susan quickly explained about Mr. Kestrel to the Coulters and Deloziers. After she told them we had packed up his belongings, she looked at me and gestured for me to continue.

I turned to Gina. "Susan said she was going to hire some guys to come move all his stuff. None of it is really heavy, just a lot of boxes and some furniture and stuff. So I thought maybe we could move it."

Gina's eyes widened in disbelief. "Just the two of us?"

I quickly shook my head and felt my face heat up. "No. When Manfred and Jenny get here next week, we'll all do it. Susan will rent a U-Haul truck, we'll load it here, then take everything to town."

"Oh."

"And she'll pay us fifty dollars each."

"Oh!"

"I figured Manfred and I can move all the heavy stuff," I said. "While you and Jenny move the light stuff and little boxes. It should take us all day, especially with the drive to and from town, but it's fifty bucks."

"Yeah," she said softly. "Fifty bucks."

I looked up and our parents were grinning indulgently. I turned back to Gina. "So. D'you wanna do it?"

She clasped her hands together and nodded quickly. "Yeah. Of course."

"Cool."

✧ ✧ ✧

After my talk with Dad, I'd come to the conclusion that for my own peace of mind, I *had* to have The Talk with Gina. Face things like a man and act like a man, I kept telling myself. I shoved aside any thoughts of Stacy and her love for me—and what I was going to do about it—and rehearsed what I wanted to say to Gina.

Our families ate dinner separately, but Gina quickly found me afterward. She came up behind me and playfully put her hands over my eyes, but I knew it was her.

"Hi," she said brightly.

"Hi, yourself."

She clasped her hands behind her and rose on tiptoes coquettishly. "Whatcha doin'?"

"Pretty much nothing. Why?"

She looked around and then leaned close. "Do you wanna go for a walk a little later? Maybe around dark?"

I swallowed hard and tried to keep my apprehension from showing. When I smiled and nodded, she pirouetted girlishly.

"I gotta go get ready," she said slyly. "I'll meet you at your cabin, around eight o'clock. Okay?"

I nodded and she rose on tiptoe to kiss me. The kiss was warm but fleeting, and when she pulled back, her eyes were shining with anticipation. When she turned and headed toward the door, I watched her swing her hips and wondered what kind of fool I was.

✧ ✧ ✧

I played a few desultory games of ping-pong with Dwight, but my heart wasn't in it. I could tell that he'd even adapted his play-style to accommodate my poor skills. I guess he didn't want to watch me chase his kill-shots all night long. I certainly appreciated the gesture, but I had more on my mind than swatting a little white ball. He understood when I didn't want to play, I mean lose, another game.

It was only a little after seven thirty, but I wandered up to our cabin anyway. At the brow of the hill, just before the short trail that led to our cabin, I passed Kara coming the other way. I tried to smile. She grinned and winked at me, but kept walking. I was about to turn toward our cabin when I stopped and called to her. She walked back up the hill and greeted me warmly.

"What's up, Paul?"

I shifted nervously, trying to find the right words. From the way she was grinning at me, she obviously knew what Gina's plans were. When I still didn't speak, she looked at me with the first traces of concern.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

I nodded quickly. "Yeah. It's just…"

"What is it?"

"It's just… Well… I don't really know how to say this."

She waited.

"You know about Gina and me?"

She nodded, worry still coloring her expression.

"And you know what she… I mean… You *know* about… well… *us?*"

"I think I've got a pretty good idea," she said evenly. "Is everything okay?"

"Yes and no. I mean, more no than yes. But… Well… I know what I mean, I just can't figure out how to say it."

"You don't love her anymore?" she asked accusingly.

"Oh, God. No! I love her more now than ever before."

"Then what is it?"

I finally decided to just spit it out. "Listen, Kara… You know what she has planned for tonight, right?"

She crossed her arms beneath her breasts and nodded.

"Well, I've got to tell Gina something… something she's not going to want to hear."

"You're not going to—"

I held up a hand to forestall whatever she was going to say. "Look. I love her. A lot. And I don't want to do *anything* to hurt her. But if I don't do it now, it'll only hurt worse later. And it's something… it's something that *I* have to do. I couldn't live with myself if I don't tell her. Especially if we… you know."

"I know."

"But just because I've got to hurt her now, and I know it's gonna hurt, doesn't mean I don't love her."

She nodded curtly. "So why're you telling me this?"

"Well… 'Cause I know she's gonna be upset, and I thought maybe it'd make her feel better if you were… you know… kinda close by."

Her face softened.

"She's not gonna want to talk to me," I said remorsefully. "But she's gonna want to talk to *someone*. I don't want her to go through this alone. And she shouldn't have to look all over for someone to talk to. You know?"

"Yeah, I think I do."

I looked at Kara earnestly and studied her for a long moment. "And tell her I love her. I always have, and I always will."

Kara hugged me, and I reluctantly put my arms around her. "You're a good guy, Paul Hughes," she whispered in my ear. "I don't know what you're going to tell her, but I'll watch out for her."

"Thanks," I said, my voice thick with emotion.

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina came down the hill a few minutes early. She had her hair brushed back and held in place with two yellow barrettes. She carried a blanket draped over her arms, and walked with a happy spring in her step. When she saw me walking down the stairs, she ran the last few steps and threw herself into my arms.

I caught her and spun her around as she planted her lips against mine. Our kiss rapidly grew heated, and when we separated, we were both breathless. I set her down and offered her my arm. She shifted the blanket and thrust her arm through mine.

"Where to?" I asked, as lightly as I could.

"Down to the lake."

I looked at her skeptically, but she smiled knowingly and started walking. With her arm linked through mine, I had little choice but to follow where she led.

By the time we reached the lake, the sun had dipped below the far ridge, and the entire basin was thrown into shadow. The sky was still light, so we could easily see the ground as we made our way around the right side of the lake, over the spillway and toward the shallow end.

I had covertly looked back a few times, and was relieved to see that Kara was unobtrusively following us, several hundred yards back. When we turned down the nature walk toward the shaded grotto next to the spillway stream, I turned to look up the hill. I wanted to make sure Kara saw where we went. I don't know if she did or not, but there was nothing I could do about it.

The cleared area was deserted, and already deep in shadow. The grass had been cut earlier in the day, and it smelled fresh and sweet. I helped Gina spread the blanket and then she brushed off her feet before stepping onto it. I did the same, and joined her in the center.

Her arms went around my neck and she melted against me. She tilted her head back and my lips met hers. When she pulled back, she kissed down my neck to my chest.

"I've wanted this for so long," she said, in between kisses.

I started to breathe heavier and shook my head, trying to think of what I needed to say.

Suddenly, she dropped to her knees and put her hands on my hips.

I had to make her stop! If she…

Oh, no.

She put her lips around the crown of my penis and it swelled in response. She laughed lightly—I could feel her warm breath against my pubic hair—and she sucked more of my rapidly hardening dick into her mouth. Under the attention of her insistent lips and tongue, my manhood quickly became fully erect.

She sucked more of me into her mouth, her lips caressing the soft skin of my shaft. In a haze, I felt one of her hands move from my hip and cup my balls, testing their weight. I swallowed hard and fought to recall what I had to do.

My resolve was crumbling. I had to do something.

In her mouth, my cock swelled as she sucked lightly. She ran her tongue over the underside of my glans and teased my balls with her fingernails.

I felt like I was holding onto the edge of a cliff, straining and scrabbling to keep myself from falling. Her lips. Her tongue. Her soft sighs of lust. They all conspired to pull me down, to make me lose myself.

With a Herculean effort of will, I pulled my thoughts away from her supple lips and greedy mouth. I shook my head, trying to clear the fog of desire clouding my senses. When she pulled back and kissed the saliva-slick head of my cock, I had my opening.

I sank to my knees and cupped her face with my hands. She whimpered insistently at the loss of my dick, so I leaned forward and kissed her gently. When we broke the kiss, I pulled back and looked at her.

"You know I love you. Right?"

She smiled and nodded.

"And you know I always will."

She nodded again.

I opened my mouth, but no words came out. I kissed her again and steeled my nerve. When I pulled back, I took a deep breath, swallowed hard, and looked her in the eye.

"Gina, there's something I have to tell you…"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Gina looked into my eyes. A shadow of doubt and confusion flashed across her expression. Her eyes suddenly brimmed with tears.

"Is something wrong?" she asked, her voice tremulous with suppressed emotion.

"No, everything's fine."

She swallowed hard. "You don't want to…?"

"I do. Very much." My dick was still erect, and pressed against her stomach as we knelt on the blanket. "There's nothing I want more, but… I can't."

She sniffled and tried to hold back her tears. "Why not?"

"Because if I do…" I looked into her eyes and almost shut my mouth. But I knew I had to do the right thing, as hard as it seemed. I had to be true to myself. I hugged her to me and felt her trembling. My erection was bent uncomfortably between us, but somehow, that was fitting. "Because if I do," I continued, "then you'll hate me."

"I won't hate you," she said hoarsely. "I love you. I always will."

I pulled back and held her at arms length, looking deep into her dark eyes. "I know you do. And I love you. But there's something I have to tell you."

She squeezed her eyes shut and a pair of tears rolled down her cheeks. She bit the inside of her lip, took a deep breath, then looked at me again.

"Why don't we sit down," I suggested, although I knew I was only delaying the inevitable.

She nodded hesitantly and sat back, her knees tucked demurely under her. I tried to ignore my jutting erection as I joined her on the blanket.

"There's a lot I have to tell you," I said.

And so I talked.

In general details, I told her about Susan. I told her that I loved Susan, but I wasn't *in love* with her. Gina nodded shakily, so I continued. When I started talking about Stacy—once again, in general terms—Gina looked a bit more disturbed. I guess it was because Stacy was closer to our age, and more of a threat. Needless to say, I didn't mention my suspicions about Stacy being in love with me. Tears were running down Gina's face as I continued. To my credit, I didn't make excuses and I didn't whine.

As I told her about Amy, her face hardened and the tears stopped. When I told her that I had had sex with Amy, her nostrils flared. Her lips went white, and I swallowed hard, but kept going. By the time was I finished, Gina looked more angry than distraught. Alas, that was exactly what I had expected.

"Is this Amy person your girlfriend?" Gina asked, her voice cold and hard.

"She *was*. We broke up."

"Oh?" Her voice was full of contempt.

I tried not to cringe at her tone, and nodded solemnly. "Right before the end of school."

She crossed her arms and stared at me defiantly.

"I kind of ruined our relationship," I said. I left it at that.

Gina didn't say anything.

"It was my own fault, though," I said seriously. I paused for a moment and let the silence draw out. "I didn't want to tell you all this. But I've been thinking about it a lot."

She snorted derisively.

I stared at her levelly and some of the contempt drained out of her. "I had to figure out what I wanted to do. But it didn't take me long to realize that you're the girl I want, you're the girl I love."

"Ha!"

"I knew I had to tell you about Amy," I continued implacably. "I couldn't keep this inside. If I did, it would poison our relationship."

"So what makes you think you're going to have a relationship with me?" she asked, her voice full of

indignation and scorn.

"Nothing," I said humbly.

It wasn't the answer she expected, and it took a little of the fury out of her demeanor.

"Only that I love you, and I always will," I said. "Nothing will change that."

Her eyes softened for a moment, but then her jaw clenched and she glared at me.

"And I hope you still love me, but I'll understand if you don't ever want to speak to me again." I stopped and licked my lips, my mouth suddenly dry. "All I can say is I'm sorry, and I love you. I never wanted to hurt you. You've got to believe me when I tell you that. I'd die before I hurt you again."

She didn't say a word, and I tried not to fidget. Suddenly, she stood. I rose as well. Her eyes, flinty and dangerous, held mine. Out of my peripheral vision, I saw her pull the silver bracelet from her wrist. When it hit the ground, the dull thud echoed through my body like an explosion.

"You can keep the necklace," she said bitterly.

With that, she turned and stormed off. Before she'd gone ten feet, I heard her burst into tears and start running. I longed to run after her, to comfort her, but I knew I was the last person she wanted to see. I sincerely hoped Kara was waiting for her.

I bent to pick up the bracelet, still warm from her body. I held it for a long time before I quietly lay down on the blanket. I don't know how long I stayed there, staring up at the dark canopy of pine trees.

It could have been minutes, or it could have been hours.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, I was still sore, so I skipped my workout again. At the clubhouse, breakfast was quiet. I guess my mood kind of infected the rest of my family. When Gina came into the building, her eyes were puffy and red, and she refused to even look at me. Kara hovered near her, and I absently noted that they were both wearing bikini bottoms. When Kara met my gaze, she shrugged minutely. I nodded to her dejectedly and returned to my French toast.

After breakfast, Dwight asked me if I wanted to help him with his barbeque sauce the next morning. I declined. Mom looked at me curiously, but didn't say anything. Dad and Erin went down to the lake, but I wanted to be alone, so I went back up to our cabin.

For a long time, I simply lay on my bunk with my fingers laced behind my head. After a while, I heard voices approaching the cabin. I listened for a moment and recognized Mom and Susan. I couldn't hear what they were talking about, but I could make a pretty good guess—me. I heard Susan give my mom a few words of encouragement and then take her leave.

I didn't move when the screen door opened and Mom walked into the cabin. In silence, I listened to her move about the room, straightening up. She picked up her book from the dresser and sat on her bed.

"I thought I'd come up here where it's cooler," she said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"No."

She read while I brooded. I don't know why, but I felt good just knowing she was there. She didn't say anything and she didn't ask questions, for which I was profoundly grateful.

When I finally opened my mouth to speak, I had to clear my throat. I don't know how I could tell, but I knew Mom had just closed her book and was looking up expectantly.

"I told Gina about Amy," I said.

"How'd it go?"

When I'd come home the night before, everyone was asleep (at least I'd *thought* they were all asleep). Because I really had nowhere else to put them, I had rolled up Gina's blanket and tucked it and the bracelet next to my pillow.

I reached for the bundle and extracted the silver bracelet. I clutched it in my right hand and rolled toward the edge of the top bunk. As I held it up for Mom to see, I looked over the edge. She nodded gravely and then met my gaze. Without saying anything else, I rolled to my back, laid the bracelet on my chest, and laced my fingers behind my head.

She stood and walked over to my bunk. "It'll be okay, honey," she said softly. She put her hand on my

arm and then kissed my out-thrust elbow.

"Thanks, Mom."

She kissed my elbow again and laid her cheek against my arm. I don't know why, but her quiet gesture was very soothing. I blinked back stinging tears and she went back to her book.

After that, we were silent for a long time.

✧ ✧ ✧

I skipped lunch that afternoon, preferring to remain in the cabin. Mom asked if I wanted her to bring me a sandwich, but I wasn't really hungry.

When I heard voices headed up the hill toward the Coulter's cabin, I decided to return their blanket, and hopefully see Gina. I carried the bracelet with me as well. A gift is a gift, I thought, as I trudged up the hill.

I met Kara coming down and she stopped me. She looked so much like Gina that my breath caught in my throat. She didn't look angry, but she didn't look particularly sympathetic either. At her gesture, I followed her back to our cabin. We sat on the porch steps and she appraised me candidly.

"Okay," she said at last. "Let's hear your side of it."

"Huh?"

"Gina told me what you said, but she was pretty upset at the time."

I nodded.

"So I want to hear things from your perspective."

I took a deep breath and recounted the previous night's conversation.

"Do you still love her?" she asked when I finished.

I nodded quickly. "Of course I do."

"Not Gina," Kara said. "Amy. Do you still love her?"

"Do you ever fall *out* of love?" I asked sullenly.

Kara looked at me shrewdly. Her eyes glittered with a new found respect.

"Yeah," I said. "I guess I do. I don't think I want to have a relationship with her anymore, but I do still love her."

"So, what do you want from Gina?"

"I don't know," I said with a sigh. I considered her question for a moment. "I definitely want her to be happy."

Kara's eyebrows rose in approval and she nodded.

"I hope she can be happy with me. But I guess I'll understand if she doesn't want to have anything to do with me. No matter what, I hope we can be friends again. I think that's what I'm going to miss more than anything," I said.

"What about Susan? And Stacy?"

I quickly swiveled my head and stared at Kara. "She told you about them?"

She gave me a look that said, *Of course she did, dummy.*

"Please don't tell anyone about Susan and me," I quickly pleaded.

She smiled mysteriously. "I won't. But you still haven't answered my question."

I shook my head and grinned ruefully. "Stacy is… Stacy's moving to Columbia at the end of the month," I said. "She's got a scholarship to Carolina."

"Ahhh."

"I like Stacy. A lot. But I'm not *in love* with her, although… Well… I'm not in love with her. Not like I am with Gina, at least. But I care about her. I mean… well… you know."

Kara nodded.

"And with Susan… It's… I dunno… It's hard to say, but it's different."

"I know what you mean," she said. She smiled inexplicably. "And even though she doesn't want to admit it, Gina knows, too."

I looked at her quickly.

She shrugged. "I can't tell you why."

I stared at her, hoping to get more information, but she remained mute. "D'you think Gina'll ever want to talk to me again?" I asked.

Kara nodded. "I think so. Once she settles down and starts thinking rationally. Besides, there are some things you don't know about Gina. She knows a lot more about…"

I cocked my head to the side and looked at her, waiting for her to continue.

"She still loves you very much."

Did she just change the subject? "Huh? How—"

"She does."

"You're kidding, right? She still loves me?"

"More than you realize." She paused for a moment, studying me. "Do you know what the opposite of love is?"

I blinked in confusion. "What?"

"Do you know what the opposite of love is?" she asked again, slowly.

"I dunno. Hate?"

She shook her head. "Indifference. You can't hate someone you don't care about. If you don't love someone, you simply don't care about them."

"So… I mean… Huh?"

She turned her knees toward me and laid her hand on my thigh. She reminded me so much of Gina, I felt my heart skip a beat. "Gina's really angry right now," she said. "But if she didn't love you, she couldn't muster this kind of emotion."

I thought about *that* tidbit for a moment.

"It's true. She still loves you very much. But it may take her some time to remember that."

I nodded morosely.

Kara patted my leg and looked at me reassuringly. "You did the right thing," she said.

I felt a wave of relief wash over me. "You really think so?"

She nodded. "You two didn't really have a well-defined relationship."

"How do you *know* all this stuff?" I asked suddenly.

"About you and Gina? She tells me—"

"No. About 'the opposite of love,' and 'well-defined relationships,' and all this other stuff. How do you know all this?"

She laughed musically.

It was Gina's laugh, but I tried not to think about her.

"Gina and I have the same genes," she said. "That, and a couple of psych classes in college. You don't think she's the only one who wants to be a doctor, do you?"

I shook my head sheepishly.

"You'll be all right, Paul. And so will Gina. Things will work out," she said, with more confidence than I felt. "You'll see."

"I hope you're right."

"I think I am. I know my sister."

She got up to leave and I stood, suddenly remembering the blanket and the bracelet. "Kara?"

She turned. "Yes?"

"Here's your family's blanket. Gina kinda… um… well, she ran off before… well, you know."

She nodded.

"And would you give her this?" I held out the bracelet.

She looked from it to my eyes and then held my gaze.

"I gave it to her," I said seriously. "And I want her to keep it. A gift is a gift."

Kara reached out and took the bracelet. "I'll hold on to it for her."

"Thanks."

✧ ✧ ✧

The next day was the Fourth of July. I got up earlier than usual and decided to jump rope. I wasn't very sore at all, but I didn't want to push things; I only did a light workout. Afterward, I stripped off my shorts and went inside to take a shower. Since no one else was awake, I tried to be as quiet as possible. When I came out of the bathroom, Mom opened her eyes, smiled at me, then pulled the sheet up to her chin. I headed out the front door, taking care not to let the screen door slam shut behind me.

When I walked into the clubhouse, Dwight was the only person there. As soon as I saw him, I froze in my tracks. I turned, frantically trying to catch the screen door before it slammed, but I almost lost a finger in the process. The bang of the door echoed in my ears as I sheepishly turned toward Dwight.

He looked up and smiled broadly as soon as he saw me. He motioned me toward him, then bent down and said something too quiet for me to hear. I considered turning and leaving, but after my workout, I was ravenously hungry. I steeled myself and walked toward the counter.

Dwight beamed at me as I rounded the corner. Predictably, I noticed his prodigious erection jutting through the opening between two under-counter curtains. I turned to "our" refrigerator and took out the milk.

"You come to get your knob polished after all?" Dwight asked as I walked toward him.

I shook my head. My family's food baskets were about eight feet from his, and I stopped in front of them. When I stuck my head under the counter to get a box of cereal, I looked to my right. Terri was happily sucking Dwight's monster cock. When she saw me, she pulled him out of her mouth and smiled.

"Hi, Terri," I said.

"Hi. Are you next?"

I shook my head. "Not this time. Thanks anyway."

"You sure, boyo?" Dwight asked from above the counter. "She can suck a golf ball through a garden hose."

Terri squeezed his dick and he yelped apologetically.

"I don't mind," Terri said.

"No, thanks. I appreciate it, though."

"Suit yourself," she said.

With that, she resumed sucking his dick.

I came out from under the counter and looked at Dwight.

He was half-heartedly stirring a large bowl of barbeque sauce. He looked at me and grinned. "What's the world coming to, when a healthy young man turns down a blowjob?"

He laughed heartily at his own joke, but after that, he shut his eyes and gripped the counter to steady himself. I knew Terri must have gone into high gear. As I watched him enjoy her attentions, I felt my resolve weakening. I decided not to stick around long enough to test my willpower. I simply put the cereal and milk back, waved to Dwight, and headed toward the door.

✧ ✧ ✧

"D'you mind if I eat breakfast here?" I asked Susan.

She was sitting in her courtyard, reading the newspaper and nibbling a piece of toast. "Not at all," she said, looking up. "What's up?"

"Well, I… um… nothing… I just wanted to eat breakfast with you."

"Dwight and Terri are in the clubhouse?" she asked with a smirk.

"How'd you know?"

Her grin widened. "I know all sorts of things," she said cryptically. She folded her newspaper and stood. "Besides, it's an annual ritual of theirs. They've been doing it for years."

"Oh."

"C'mon in. What would you like to eat?"

"Anything. Everything. But cereal's fine," I said.

We stepped into the coolness of the kitchen and she looked at me speculatively. "Do you want a regular breakfast, or a *special* breakfast?"

Somehow, I knew we weren't talking about food. "Maybe just a regular breakfast," I said.

"One regular breakfast, coming right up!"

✧ ✧ ✧

After I'd eaten, I didn't really feel like doing anything. Susan obliged me by simply making small talk for a while. Finally, however, she looked at me and cocked her head to the side.

"You want to talk about what we're not talking about?" she asked.

I grinned apologetically. "I guess I was talking about everything *but* what's on my mind."

She nodded.

"I told her," I said.

"I know," she said gently.

"Yeah, I guess it's obvious."

"Mmm hmm."

"Well, I guess it's also obvious she didn't take it as well as you thought she would," I said.

"No," Susan said patiently. "I said she wouldn't be that upset about me, and probably not about Stacy."

"But—"

"But you added Amy to the mix all by yourself," she continued seriously.

"Yeah. I guess I did." I paused for a moment to recollect the events of The Talk. "Come to think of it, she was mostly okay with things up to that point. I mean, she was upset, but when I told her about Amy, she seemed to get really angry."

"Mmm hmm."

"So, what should I do?" I asked, trying not to sound forlorn.

"Give her time."

"Time? Are you sure? I mean, her family's going home at the end of the month."

She nodded. "I think she knows that as well as you do."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means," she said patiently, "that she knows her 'window of opportunity' is getting shorter. When she came to camp this summer, she wanted more from your relationship. Am I right?"

I nodded.

"She wanted to have sex with you?"

I nodded again. "How do you know all this?"

She grinned enigmatically and shrugged. "Call it an educated guess."

I shook my head in wonder.

"But you didn't have sex with her, did you?" She didn't wait for me to answer. She knew me too well to need to. "She may be angry at you right now, but she's probably a little frustrated and horny, too."

"You really think so?"

She nodded firmly. "I don't know Gina as well as you do, but I do know her moth—" She paused and smirked at me. "Let's just say I know a thing or two about Gina, and leave it at that."

"Huh?"

She continued, as if I hadn't spoken. "So I think her emotions and hormones will triumph over her anger."

"I hope you're right," I said.

"I think I am," she said, with more assurance than I felt. "Now," she continued. "I was going to take a bath before I start fixing food for the picnic. And I need to shave. Would you care to join me?"

I nodded enthusiastically and we headed toward her bedroom.

✧ ✧ ✧

A couple of hours later, we were sated and clean. I don't know what it is, but there's something I really like about sex in a bubble bath. Maybe it's the suds, maybe it's the slipperiness, or maybe it's just the warm water. But whatever it is, I like it.

"Stacy should be here in a little while," Susan said as we were drying off. When she looked at my expression, she laughed brightly. "Close your mouth, dear. You'll catch flies."

Clomp.

"What did you think she was going to do for the Fourth?"

I shrugged.

"She doesn't have any family in town. As a matter of fact, I'm practically the only family she has."

"I guess…"

"You really weren't ready to see her," she said. "Not with Gina here, and certainly not with Gina angry at you."

I hung my head.

She tousled my damp hair. "It's not that bad. Cheer up. She'll be happy to see you."

"Yeah, but… Won't that cause problems? I mean, with Gina."

"Why would it?" Susan asked, seemingly oblivious. "Gina'll get her chance. If she wants it."

"I wish I could be as sure as you are," I said morosely.

"I'm sure."

"Oh yeah," I said suddenly. "Speaking of Stacy, there's something else I wanted to talk to you about—"

"Hello!"

At the sound of Stacy's voice (shouting from the front of the house), Susan looked at me and grinned unrepentantly. She quickly put on her bikini bottoms before heading toward the kitchen.

"Hi, Susan, I brought… Oh. Hi, Paul." Stacy smiled and set her grocery bag on the table. She gave Susan a hug and then turned to me. When she released me, she asked, "Would you help me get the rest of my stuff?"

"Um… Sure."

She smiled at me again and turned toward the door. She was wearing her cutoff overalls and a very skimpy tube top. As I followed her, I enjoyed the way her lithe body moved. I had visions of her bent over in front of me, and felt my penis twitch in response. When we reached her Nova, she grabbed another brown paper grocery bag and handed it to me. She retrieved her overnight bag from the front seat and I followed her into the house.

Once there, I saw that Susan had already unloaded the contents of the first bag: mayonnaise, pickles, a Vidalia onion, and several large boxes of elbow macaroni. The bag I carried held cans of beans, brown sugar, bacon, and several other things I didn't recognize. I set it on the counter and turned to the two women.

"Why don't you help Stacy get settled in," Susan said, looking to me. "I need to go check on things at the clubhouse." She gave me a conspiratorial wink. "I'll tell your mom that you're helping me for a little while."

I blinked at her in disbelief.

With that, she was out the door. Stacy grinned at me shyly and I tried not to blush. She didn't need any more help getting settled in than I did. What had Susan been talking about? As if I didn't know.

Because of my realization about Stacy, I was a little awkward and embarrassed. I guess I didn't know how to act around her.

"You want me to take your bag to Kirk's room?" I asked.

When in doubt, be helpful.

She nodded shyly and I picked up her bag. Neither of us moved for a moment or two, and then she giggled. "It's not like I don't know where I'm going," she said.

I nodded and we both moved at the same time, which prompted another nervous giggle. Southern Gentleman that I am, I stepped aside to let her precede me. Once in Kirk's room, I set her overnight bag at the foot of the bed.

"Susan told me a little about today, but what all is happening?" Stacy asked. She began unbuckling the overall straps. When she had them undone, she unsnapped the buttons on the side and let the overalls drop to the floor. Underneath, she was wearing pale blue panties. She grinned when she caught me staring.

"Um… Dwight barbeques ribs and pork shoulder, and most everyone else fixes side dishes and stuff. We have a big pot-luck picnic about mid-afternoon."

"Oh, cool." She crossed her arms, hooked her thumbs in the bodice of her tube top, and pulled it over her head.

"And then when it gets dark, we shoot off fireworks down by the lake," I said.

"Cool."

"Yeah. My dad and I picked up a bunch of fireworks the other day. Dwight usually has a bunch, too."

She grinned at me mischievously. "So… Do I get to meet your girlfriend?"

I must have blushed six shades of red.

Stacy giggled at me. It was a surprisingly girlish sound, and my blush only deepened.

"How'd you know about my girlfr… about Gina?"

"Susan told me."

I raised my eyebrows.

"I asked," she hurriedly amended.

"Oh."

"So. Do I get to meet her?"

I shifted nervously. "That might be kinda hard."

"Why's that?" She sounded worried.

"Well… um… it's not that you can't meet her…"

Stacy's brow creased and she swallowed hard.

"It's just that… well… I don't think she's my girlfriend anymore."

Her expression changed and she took a step toward me, but quickly checked herself. "What happened?"

The concern in her voice made me pause. "I had to tell her something, and she got pretty angry about it."

She waited for me to continue.

"It was about a girl. Another girl."

"Me?"

I shook my head quickly. "No, not you. Although, I did tell her about you. It was about another girl… a girl from high school." I paused for a moment and took a deep breath. "It's complicated."

"Oh," she said softly. "Is there anything I can do?"

I shook my head again. "I don't think so. I guess it'll just take time. At least, that's what Susan told me. She seems a lot more sure about it than I am."

"She usually knows what she's talking about." A melancholy note colored her voice.

Suddenly, it was my turn to be concerned about her. "What's the matter?"

She blinked rapidly and shook her head. "It's nothing," she said quickly. She tried to smile and look happy, but it didn't work.

"Are you sure?" I took a step toward her.

She took a deep breath and blinked back tears.

I thought I knew what the problem was. I took another step toward her and her control faltered. Another step and the dam burst. She flowed into my arms as tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I didn't want to cry," she said, her voice a shaky whisper.

"Shhhh." I stroked her curly hair. "It's okay."

While she wept, I simply held her. My mind was going a thousand miles an hour. I knew what the problem was, but I didn't know how to fix it.

Sobs wracked her shoulders as I held her and thought about how I felt about her. I wanted her to be happy, and it was tearing me up inside to see her like this. I brushed my fingers down her back, feeling the ridges and bumps of her spine. With my hand resting on the waistband of her cotton panties, I came to a conclusion. I did love her. Not like boyfriend-girlfriend, but that didn't make it any less real.

She gripped me fiercely, and after several minutes, her sobs slowly subsided. She sniffled and her breath caught in her throat. She sniffled again and I simply held her close. As she took another ragged breath, I

leaned down to kiss the crown of her head. When she hiccupped, I laughed (I couldn't help myself). She balled a small hand into a fist and hit me on the chest. Then she hiccupped a second time. I laughed and she tried to hit me again. It was only a playful hit, with no force behind it, so I caught her wrist.

"I know right where the sugar is," I said. "I'll be right back."

"You think this is… *hic*… funny?"

I grinned and nodded.

She looked up at me, her eyes red, her nose red, her cheeks and lips glistening. She tried to look defiant, but I could only chuckle.

"It's n… *hic*… not funny!"

"No," I said, feigning seriousness. "It's not." I lifted her chin with my thumb and forefinger and kissed her gently. "I'll be right back."

She nodded and I turned to go. When I returned—with the sugar bowl and a spoon—she had wiped her tears and looked a little more composed. She smiled apologetically as her chest spasmed with another hiccup. I fed her a spoonful of sugar and she tilted her head back to let it slowly melt down her throat. In less than a minute, she looked at me and smiled wanly, hiccup-free.

"You've only gotten this upset once before," I said. "At least as long as *I've* known you."

She wiped her cheeks again and nodded.

I wanted to talk to her about my suspicions. In the past, before I had any "serious" conversation, I usually put a great deal of thought into what I wanted to say. This time I was winging it. I sat down at the foot of the bed and patted the spot next to me. She smiled gratefully and I put my arm around her as she sat down.

"So, what's gotten you all worked up?" I asked gently.

"It's nothing. I'm okay."

"I think I know what it is," I said softly.

She snorted. "I doubt it."

"What makes you say that?"

"I just know," she said sullenly. "You have *no* idea."

"Oh," I mused. "I don't know. I'm a pretty smart guy."

She shook her head disconsolately. "Not about everything."

"Well, you're right about that. But I think I know why you're upset." I leaned down and spoke softly into her ear, "You're in love."

She went rigid and her eyes flew wide. "She promised not to tell," she whispered harshly.

She? She who? Oh, Susan! I mentally smacked myself on the forehead. I pulled Stacy close and kissed the top of her head. "I may be pretty slow on the uptake sometimes, but I figured this one out on my own."

She turned to look at me quickly and seemed to shrink in upon herself. "You're not mad at me?"

I had to chuckle. "Mad? No. Why would I be?"

She swallowed hard, but didn't say anything.

"Why would I be mad at you?"

In a very small voice she said, "Randy used to get real mad at me whenever I told him I… well, whenever I told him."

"Randy was an asshole."

She nodded glumly.

"And you can tell me anytime."

She shrugged. "Why? It's not like—"

"I love you," I said.

"Exactly," she said dejectedly.

She didn't Get It. I tried not to smile. "That's certainly a novel response," I said. How many times had I heard my dad utter *that* phrase?! I'm *not* turning into my father, I thought to myself. When she looked up at me with a puzzled expression, I shoved the thought aside. "When I say 'I love you,'" I said, "you're supposed to say 'I love you, too.'"

By the set of her jaw and her lowered brow, I could tell she was trying to decide if I were teasing her or not.

"Do you want to try this again?" I asked softly, desperately trying to maintain an earnest façade.

Her eyes narrowed.

"Okay," I said. "When I say, 'I love you,' what do you say?"

Watching her face change as she realized I was serious was one of the most gratifying moments I've ever had. Unfortunately, it was short-lived. Having a 110-pound girl catapult into your chest, knock you off the bed, and bang your head into the dresser will do that. I was dazed for a moment, but having a 110-pound girl on top of you and enthusiastically kissing your face also tends to focus your attention. And if the girl in question is half naked and pressing herself against you, it will *really* focus your attention.

Her lips found mine and I recovered enough sense to wrap my arms around her. Her tongue invaded my mouth for a brief moment and then she resumed kissing my face. I could feel her hips working against my midsection and it began to have an effect; my penis started getting hard.

Suddenly, she started moving down my torso, trailing heated kisses as she went. In a moment, she used her lips to capture the growing tip of my dick. She took all of my semi-hard cock into her mouth and quickly sucked me to full erection. Her head bobbed up and down a few times, coating me with her saliva, then she shifted.

Her lips came off my member for a moment as I struggled to lift my head and see what she was doing. I heard a tearing sound and she cursed softly. Without pausing, she moved back up my body and abruptly straddled my hips. Her fingers grasped my hard-on and guided it to her sex. Without preamble, she sank onto my length and started rocking her hips.

I ran my hands up her torso and tweaked her nipples with my thumbs, but she quickly lowered herself against my chest. Her hips continued rocking as she feverishly planted kisses all along my neck and jaw. I lifted my head and her lips sought out mine. When they connected, her tongue darted into my mouth.

When she broke the kiss, she buried her face against the hollow of my neck, whimpering softly as her hips worked against my own. Her pussy didn't really move over my cock, but I knew her clit was rubbing against my pubic bone. I clutched her ass as her fingers dug into my torso.

In a few moments, she stiffened and stopped moving altogether. Her pussy spasmed around my dick and she deliberately rocked her hips once, twice, three times. The third time she ground her pelvis against me, she shuddered and I felt her pussy grip me firmly.

A long, low moan escaped her throat as her climax peaked. Her internal muscles were still rippling against my length when she pulled me to the side and began to roll. I knew what she wanted and rolled with her, coming to rest on top of her, my dick still safely buried in her pussy. Her breasts flattened against my chest as she pulled me against her and kissed me ardently.

When my hips began to move of their own accord, she broke our kiss and cried out softly. Her pussy gripped my thrusting shaft and her eyes closed in ecstasy. I bent down to kiss her again and she arched her back, rocking her pelvis against me. A few short, sharp thrusts and I felt my own orgasm building. The first blast of come surged up my shaft and I buried myself in her depths. With a soft groan, I emptied myself into her.

Afterward, I collapsed against her, both of us panting and shuddering with the force of our orgasms. She held me tightly and laid her cheek against mine.

I felt her hot tears on my skin and kissed her earlobe.

"I…" She paused and drew a deep breath. She trembled as she whispered in my ear, "I love you."

"I love you, too," I said gently.

She cried for a while, but I knew they were tears of release, tears of happiness. I simply held her close.

When her tears finally dried up, I pulled back and looked at her. My dick was semi-erect and still buried within her tight confines. She wriggled her hips against me and smiled.

After a while, we disentangled ourselves and I looked down at her. Her panties were bunched halfway down her left thigh. In her haste to get them off, she had ripped the right leg-hole. She looked down at them and then smiled sheepishly.

I bent to kiss her again and she sighed against me. I pulled out of her and rolled over on my back. She snuggled comfortably against my side and I wrapped my left arm around her.

"Every time I said that to Randy, he hurt me," she said softly. "Sometimes, I couldn't help myself. But after a while, I just stopped saying it."

"What? 'I love you'?"

She nodded.

I felt a murderous rage wash over me. If I ever found Randy… (Well, I shouldn't put in print what I'd do to Randy if I ever found him.)

"At first, he was the sweetest guy. But when we got married, things kinda changed. He got meaner." She was quiet for a long time. "That bastard beat something *good* out of me."

I stroked her shoulder and squeezed her gently. "It's still inside you. You just had to find it again."

She took a deep, trembling breath and nodded. "Sometimes, I lie awake at night, wishing you were older."

"I'm old *enough*," I said, somewhat defensively.

"No, Mr. Sixteen, you're not."

"Yeah," I said reluctantly. "I know what you mean."

"I used to want to run away with you, to someplace, *anyplace* we could be together. Maybe another country, or some island in the Caribbean."

I felt a bit of panic at the thought of leaving my family and friends, but swiftly suppressed it.

"Do you remember the last time I was here, and you had to go help your mom with the laundry?"

Oh, yeah. It was part of the reason I'd put all the pieces together. Mom and Susan at work behind the scenes. Again. I nodded.

"Susan and I had a long talk."

I remembered. I'd come back down to Susan's house and Stacy had looked like she'd been crying. "She's good at those long talks," I said, with feigned blandness.

"Yeah. I wanted to talk about you, but all we talked about was me."

"She's good at *that,* too."

Stacy nodded. "We talked about my moving to Columbia, the scholarship, my new job, getting an apartment, and all sorts of other things. We also talked about the differences between college and high school. I didn't know what she was talking about until she mentioned you."

I idly trailed my fingers along her smooth skin and nodded.

"And then I understood," she said. "I'm going to be a junior in the fall. So are you, right?"

"Yeah." I knew where she was going, but I also knew it was important for *her* to get there.

"But there's a big difference between college and high school." She propped herself up on an elbow and looked at me seriously. "You're only the second guy I've ever loved. I don't even think I loved my daddy."

I nodded soberly.

"But now I know we can't be together. I mean, not like a husband and wife." When I looked into her eyes, she smiled sadly. "Though sometimes, I still think about that island in the Caribbean."

I lifted my head to kiss her softly. "It'd be nice."

She settled her cheek against my chest and sighed. "Yeah, it would."

We lay in silence for a few minutes.

"Thanks for saying what you did," she said. "Even if you don't mean it."

Even if I don't mean it?! What? "Oh, I *mean* it," I said sincerely. "I wouldn't've said it if I didn't."

She propped herself on an elbow again and looked at me searchingly.

I brushed a stray lock of hair away from her cheek and smiled. "I know we can't be boyfriend-girlfriend, but I can still love you."

Her eyes filled with tears and she hugged me tightly.

"Some day," I said, "you're going to find a guy who deserves you, and he's going to make you very happy."

"I already found him," she half-moaned. "And he's still in high school."

I squeezed her shoulder.

"I know, I know." She kissed my chest and rubbed her hand along my stomach. "Thanks," she said softly. "For everything."

"You're welcome."

She tensed up. With a palpable effort of will, she relaxed again. "I love you," she said, her voice thick with emotion.

"I love you, too."

We lay like that for a long time, neither of us speaking.

Finally, she said, "We need to get cleaned up, and I've got to start cooking."

I nodded.

"And we've got to figure out how to get your girlfriend back."

I blinked in surprise.

"Because she's crazy if she thinks she's gonna find a better guy."

CHAPTER TWELVE

It was still mid-morning when Stacy and I cleaned ourselves up and headed to the kitchen. I noticed, with only a hint of amusement, that she moved through Susan's kitchen with complete assurance. She opened cupboards and retrieved pots and utensils with practiced ease. This was an entirely new side of Stacy, one I'd never seen before, and I couldn't help but grin at her domesticity. She smiled with aplomb, handed me a large pot, and directed me to start some water boiling.

While she was adding ingredients to a large casserole dish full of beans, I filled the pot with water and set it on the stove. Per her instructions, I added some salt, put the lid on the pot, and turned the burner on high. It took a long time to come to a boil, but when it did, I dumped in two boxes of elbow macaroni. The entire time, Stacy and I grinned at each other constantly. She was so happy that she practically danced around the kitchen. Susan came back a little later, took one look at us, and smiled broadly.

"Paul," she said, still smirking. "Dwight asked if you could help him with the barbeque. Would you?"

"I'd be glad to."

"Thanks," she said.

The two women shared a conspiratorial grin, then Stacy rose on tiptoe and kissed my cheek. She practically beamed at me as I turned to go. The door hadn't even shut behind me before they launched into animated conversation.

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I think Dwight wanted the company more than he wanted the help, since he seemed to have things well in hand. He stood before the large grill like a king surveying his domain. I tried not to snicker at the mental imaged I'd conjured up—his "robe of state" was a large apron with a big pair of red lips and "Kiss the Cook" printed across it. (There are any number of things you don't need clothes for, but tending a barbeque grill is *not* one of them.)

As soon as I got there, he had his son, Jonathan, fetch him a fresh beer and a small glass. When he returned, Dwight opened the beer. He poured about a third of it into the glass, which he handed to me. He clinked the bottleneck against the rim of my glass and took a swig. I took a slightly smaller swig and was happy I hadn't tried to swallow more. At the tender age of sixteen, I had *no* idea what the appeal of beer was, especially after tasting it. But it felt cool and grown-up to be drinking it, so I smiled like it was ambrosia.

Most of the moms were in the clubhouse preparing food, but mine came out to check on me. That she knew where to find me meant she and Susan were deep in cahoots. Again. I shook my head at the thought.

Mom kissed my cheek, smiled at me, and handed me an apron of my own. Mine read "Women Love a Man Who Can Cook." She noticed my small glass of beer and smiled indulgently.

"Don't let him get into too much trouble, Dwight," she said as she turned to go.

"Now, what would be the fun in that, Beth?" he asked, winking at me.

She merely shook her head and kept walking.

Dwight taught me how to baste the ribs and pork shoulder, and when to turn them. In addition to his other utensils, he had a squirt bottle filled with water and a small bag of Hickory chips. He showed me how to keep the fire from flaring up, as well as when and where to judiciously add the wood chips. Jonathan and Alan Nolan were our helpers. If we needed anything, one of the boys would run and fetch it.

Dad and Chris Coulter joined us after a while, bringing cold beers. Dad spied my empty glass and arched his eyebrows at me. I started to protest my innocence, but he merely smiled and refilled it from his own bottle. Having my dad pour me a beer made me feel grown-up, and my chest swelled with pride.

Since the women were inside the clubhouse preparing all the other food, most of the men gravitated to the grill. Even with all the extra help and suggestions, it was clear that I was Dwight's Chief Assistant. In their company, I was no longer a boy. I was a man.

Gunny Kershaw joined us and several of the men scrambled to offer him a chair. Then, all of them sat around and shot the breeze for a while. Whenever Gunny said anything to my dad, he automatically added "sir" to the end of it. Dad was the only one who received the deferential treatment, but he didn't seem to notice.

Since Gunny had an attentive audience, he launched into stories from Korea and Japan. Dwight grinned and nudged me in the ribs. At one point—in the middle of a story involving two American nurses, the Admiral's limo, and a car chase through Tokyo (during which one nurse was "playing the skin flute like a virtuoso," whatever that meant)—Gunny's audience was laughing so hard, I thought someone might pass out.

By the time the meat was done, I had drunk almost two bottles of beer. My eyes were watering, due to a combination of the smoke from the barbeque and laughing at Gunny's stories. I was a little buzzed from the beer and I was having the time of my life.

Dwight sent the boys into the clubhouse to tell Susan the barbeque was ready, and to fetch two large wooden cutting boards. While they were inside, Dwight and I set up a sturdy folding table. When they returned, we put the cutting boards on the table and started taking meat off the grill.

Dwight then sent the boys back inside to retrieve a couple of large roasting pans. He began pulling meat from the pork shoulders while I cut the long slabs of ribs into two- and three-rib pieces. The boys returned and held the pans while Dwight and I loaded them with barbequed pork. Jonathan and Alan were practically groaning under the weight, but they grinned the entire time.

A steady stream of people began to emerge from the clubhouse, most of them bearing bowls or platters of food. Earlier in the day, the men had gathered all the picnic tables and chairs from around the camp. They were soon laden with food.

With steadying hands from Dad and Chris, Susan climbed onto a chair and gazed over the assembled crowd. With practiced ease, she thanked each of the women by name and told us what they had prepared. She even singled out Dwight and me for cooking the meat. Finally, she thanked everyone else for their help. With that, we all grabbed plates and started loading them with food.

Gina was there, of course, but she didn't even look at me. I wanted to talk to her, but I could tell she didn't want to have anything to do with me. I was going to sit off by myself but Kara and Stacy invited me to join them. They were sitting at a table with Gina, Erin, Leah, and Trish. I tried to decline. They insisted, so I gave in and joined them.

Gina looked daggers at me as I sat down. I smiled, but when she didn't return the gesture, I nodded dejectedly. As soon as I started eating, Gina slammed her utensils on the table, got up in a huff, and stormed off. Kara watched her go and frowned in irritation. She started to rise and go after Gina, but her mother beat her to it.

"I'll take care of this, Kara," Elizabeth said. Her clipped British accent was flat and determined.

Gina had stalked off in the direction of their cabin, and Elizabeth followed. I'm not the best judge of emotions, but even *I* could tell she was displeased.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Don't be," Kara said quickly.

Stacy smiled at me tightly, and I could tell that she wanted to take my hand.

"If she can't be polite," Kara continued, "then she deserves what she's about to get."

"Do I want to know what she's about to get?" I asked. I hated the idea that Gina would get in trouble over me.

Kara shrugged. "Mom'll probably just talk to her this time. She's got a very low tolerance for discourtesy, and that was just plain uncalled-for."

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"It's *not* your fault," Kara said firmly. "If she wants to be angry, that's her decision. But Mom draws the line at being rude." She looked at Leah. "We weren't raised like that."

Leah shook her head quickly. "We weren't. If *I* did something like that, I'd be grounded for a couple of days."

"You would *not*," Kara said.

"Says you, Miss Perfect."

I honestly thought they were going to start arguing. That would make me feel even worse.

Instead, Kara looked disaffected and tossed her hair back. "You may call me Perfect," she said, with theatrical haughtiness.

When she snickered, the mood immediately lightened. Leah laughed as well, and we all joined in. Afterward, conversation at our table slowly resumed as we continued eating.

The barbeque was incredible. The meat practically fell off the bones, and the pulled shoulder just about melted in my mouth. There's a certain freedom that comes from eating messy barbeque at a nudist camp, and I quickly found that I was enjoying myself. Unfortunately, I was in a conversational divide: the younger girls talked about Girl Stuff, while Kara and Stacy talked about college.

Gina's mother came back about twenty minutes later and said something quiet to her husband. He frowned for a moment and then nodded seriously. She returned to her seat and I looked up to find Kara staring at me. She could see the concern plainly written upon my face, and she shrugged almost imperceptibly.

After most everyone finished eating, people drifted off in groups of three or four. My sister and her friends headed down to the lake with Jonathan and Alan. Leigh Nolan went along to watch after the younger kids.

Mom volunteered me to help with the clean up. Six or seven of the women began cleaning up the food and taking the leftovers inside to one of the refrigerators. I was one of a group of six guys who collected the trash and generally picked up our picnic area. With exaggerated groans from some of the guys, we started moving lawn furniture back to its original locations.

The picnic tables were large and heavy—they were constructed of hardwood planks—and I suddenly had the urge to see if I could pick one up. It was tough, but I was strong enough to carry the table by myself. I had to hold it against my chest carefully and watch where I walked, but all the men were impressed. It was awkward at first, but it was worth it to hear their encouragement. When I returned from moving the first table, the five of them were standing around the next one.

"Okay, Charles Atlas," my dad said, gesturing at the table. "It's all yours."

They grinned unabashedly as I moved to pick it up. With the first one, I had discovered the secret to lifting them—it was all about grip and leverage. To a large extent, wrestling is all about grip and leverage, and I knew what I was doing. I cleanly snatched the table off the ground, shifted it over my center of gravity, and clutched it to my chest. I heard a low whistle from one of the men. Since my face was hidden by the large table, I grinned.

"*You*, sir," Dad said to Dwight, "owe me a beer."

I made sure the table was balanced and started to waddle toward the side porch.

Dwight laughed raucously. "I think I owe your *son* a beer, David."

"Then I'll share it with him," Dad said.

The rest of the men laughed and I heard them begin picking up chairs and benches.

They left the remaining four picnic tables for me. By the time I'd moved the first three, the women had finished with the leftovers. I hefted the last table with everyone watching. They gave me an enthusiastic round of applause when I got it settled against my chest and started moving toward the shuffleboard court.

When I returned, Stacy was beaming at me and holding a tall glass of lemonade. She handed it to me and I swallowed half of it in one long draft. Kara smiled at me as well, and we all headed down the hill, bound for the cool waters of the lake.

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After everyone had a swim and relaxed for a while, a bunch of us ended up playing volleyball. After another swim, most everyone simply lounged around on chairs or towels. I didn't see Gina for the rest of the afternoon.

Erin and her friends monopolized the raft, so Kara, Stacy, and I blew up some inflatable rafts from

Susan's house and simply floated around the lake. I held on to their rafts, and each of them had a hand on mine. Because Kara and Stacy wanted to talk, they put me in the middle, facing the opposite direction. We floated around the lake as a unit, drifting wherever the current took us.

It was obvious Kara and Stacy were becoming fast friends, and their conversation covered a wide range of subjects. I quickly zoned out and simply dozed for a while.

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Because we had such a big lunch late in the afternoon, nobody really ate dinner. Instead, there was a party atmosphere around the lake. Dad and Chris brought down a cooler of drinks, but no one felt the need for food. I know *I* certainly wasn't hungry.

Stacy, Kara, and I had moved to towels on the grass at the shallow end of the lake. I kept hoping Gina would come down, but I was disappointed. Kara noticed me looking forlornly up the hill and nudged me gently.

"She's probably still up in the cabin 'cause Mom grounded her," she said.

"Grounded her?" I asked, somewhat shocked.

"Not for long," she assured me. "Mom's method of childrearing is to point out our transgressions, explain how we should've handled things, and then say, 'I want you to sit here and think about what you've done.'"

"Really?"

She nodded. "So you shouldn't worry. That's the way Mom is. The reason Gina's not down here probably has nothing to do with you."

"Oh."

"Yep. And it works, too," she said. "I vividly remember the last time *I* had to sit there and think about what I'd done."

"When was that?" Stacy asked.

Kara laughed ruefully. "Two years ago. I had a big date and Leah accidentally spilled perfume on my dress. I was furious."

"I'll bet," Stacy said.

"I yelled at her and told her I wanted her to die."

"Really?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Needless to say, I didn't go on my date. It was too late to call the guy, so he actually got to the house to pick me up. Mom let him in, but she made *me* tell him I couldn't go out with him. Then I spent the rest of the night in my room. I had to…"

"Sit there and think about what you'd done," Stacy and I chorused. We grinned at each other.

Kara laughed softly. "Yeah. I felt awful, too. Especially after Mom pointed out that Leah was only trying to help. I've been real nice to her ever since."

"I'll bet," Stacy said.

"Mom makes sure we realize the consequences of our actions," Kara said. "And she makes sure we're polite."

"Yeah," I said softly. I thought about Gina, sitting all alone in her cabin. "Polite or not, though, I still want to see her."

Stacy reached out and caressed my thigh.

"You will," said Kara. "And I can almost guarantee she'll be much nicer when you do."

"Well, it's not like I don't deserve it."

"You *don't* deserve it," Kara said testily. "You were honest with her, and that's a lot more than most guys would've been." She looked over me at Stacy. "Am I right?"

Stacy nodded.

"You love her and you want her to be happy," Kara said. Once again, she looked over me and met Stacy's eyes. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I wasn't thinking…"

"It's okay," said Stacy. Her jaw clenched and then she forced a smile. "I know you didn't mean

anything."

Kara sat up and looked at Stacy. "I'm kinda thirsty," she said distractedly. "Are you thirsty, Stacy?"

She started to shake her head, but I guess something in Kara's expression made Stacy nod instead.

"Would you mind getting us some drinks, Paul?" Kara asked.

"Not at all. I'd love to."

I got up and walked around the lake. The sun was just dipping toward the far ridge, and it would soon be dark enough to shoot off the fireworks. When I looked back, Stacy and Kara were sitting up and talking to each other. I grabbed three Cokes from the cooler and headed back to the girls. When I got there, they were still talking. They stopped as soon as I walked up.

Kara smiled at me apologetically. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I forgot to tell you. I wanted a Sprite. Do you mind?"

"No problem," I said.

I set down two of the Cokes and walked back around the lake. I dropped the extra Coke back into the cooler, plunged my hand into the icy water, and found a Sprite. When I got back to the girls, they had their heads close together and were carrying on a serious conversation. They stopped talking as I came closer, then smiled when I handed the Sprite to Kara. She thanked me and I sat down on my towel to enjoy my Coke.

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When it got darker, my dad called to me from across the lake.

"Yes?!" I answered.

"Time for the fireworks, son!"

Stacy and Kara grinned at me.

"I'll be right there, Dad!"

We picked up our towels and started walking around the edge of the lake. Dad had retrieved all of our fireworks and Dwight was just coming down the hill with a crate of his own.

I had just started looking for Gina when Kara nudged my elbow and pointed toward a cluster of loungers. Mom, Susan, and Elizabeth were sitting together. Gina was next to her mother. I felt a rush of emotion when I saw her. I missed talking to her more than anything. I liked Kara, and I loved Stacy, but it wasn't the same with either of them. I wanted to wave to Gina, but she never even looked my direction.

I couldn't get her attention before everybody started moving the lounge chairs into a large semi-circle around the shore of the lake. We would launch our fireworks from the center of the cleared area. The ground was sandy enough so that we could stick rockets in it, and we could use the lake's brick coping for things that needed a firmer base. And if anything went wrong, the lake had all the water we could possibly need.

We made sure to set our crates of fireworks well away from our "launch pad" and Dwight passed out Bic lighters. Gina's dad came down to help, and the four of us quickly sorted out the various fireworks. We wanted a grand finale, so we saved the largest ones for last. I was given the honor of lighting the first rocket.

We started shooting off bottle rockets and other little rockets, but occasionally lit a big rocket or Roman candle. We lit strings of firecrackers and tossed smoke bombs (which float) into the lake to watch them fizzle and dance. I was having a great time, and so was everyone else. I looked up once and Gina was smiling and clapping with the rest of the crowd. Knowing she was enjoying herself made me feel a little better.

While Dad and Dwight were firing off several Roman candles, Chris and I started lighting sparklers and passing them to the crowd. He gently shoved me toward the right of the group and then he moved to the left. Gina was on the right side of the semi-circle, and I began to suspect he'd planned it that way. I took out a handful of sparklers, lit them, and started passing them out, one by one.

When I got to Gina, I took out a half-dozen sparklers and lit them all at once. With a flourish, I presented the "bouquet" to her. Under her mother's watchful eye, she graciously accepted them. She didn't

smile, but she didn't glare either. It wasn't much, I thought, but it was a start. When I looked up, both Chris and my dad were watching me. I felt my face and neck heat up as they grinned unrepentantly.

Parents!

Kara was sitting next to Gina, and I decided to give her a couple of sparklers as well. I know it was a minor gesture, but I wanted to be nice to her. After all, she'd certainly helped me a lot. She smiled politely when I handed them to her. Her smiled widened when I moved in front of Stacy.

I was acutely aware that Gina was watching my every move. I didn't want to overdo things, but I suddenly found myself a little perturbed that she hadn't even smiled at me. With a theatrical flourish, I lit another "bouquet" of sparklers and handed them to Stacy.

Her eyes never left mine as she accepted them. I grinned as her hand lingered on my own, and her eyes glittered as she smiled in return. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Gina's indifferent façade momentarily crumble. A part of me actually enjoyed her jealous reaction.

I winked at Stacy and moved on, taking out another batch of sparklers as I did. I lit them and started passing them out in singles and pairs. I felt both Stacy and Gina's eyes following me, and smiled to myself. I wasn't trying to play games with either of them, but I have to admit I'm only human, and I certainly wasn't above inciting a few feelings of envy.

By the time Chris and I passed out all the sparklers, we were ready for the grand finale. As fast as we could, we launched our biggest and best rockets. For the next ten minutes, we lit up the night sky and rocked the small valley with the sound of gunpowder. Everyone *oohed* and *aahed* as the rockets exploded into showers of light with thunderous reports. When we were done and the smoke began to clear, the audience clapped and cheered.

Everyone surrounded us and most of the men shook our hands. Gunny Kershaw clapped me on the shoulder, then congratulated my dad and the others. Because Dad and Dwight had been extremely safety conscious, we hadn't had a single mishap. I think we were as proud of that as we were of the show itself. Since we had been working to light all the fireworks, none of us had really seen much of the show, but everyone told us it was spectacular.

I beamed with pride as Stacy and Kara gave me hugs. Mom and Susan congratulated me as well, and I felt like I was ten feet tall. Gina and her mom even said something nice to me, but Gina's thanks seemed strictly pro forma. My enthusiasm was dampened when I saw her facial expression, and Kara frowned in response.

I was hoping Gina would stick around after the fireworks, but after I saw her face, I guess I was kind of glad she didn't. She and her mother said their goodbyes and headed up the hill toward their cabin. I watched them go with mixed emotions. I still loved Gina very much, but I wondered how much time she'd need before she stopped giving me the cold (and angry) shoulder.

Dad, Dwight, Chris, and I then cleaned up the remains of the fireworks: paper wrappers, leftover cardboard tubes, and stuff like that. Most of the crowd was headed up the hill to the clubhouse, or to their various houses, cabins, or rooms. When we finished cleaning up, the men turned toward the clubhouse as well.

"You coming, Paul?" Dad asked.

"I don't think so."

Stacy and Kara had lingered when the others left, and I wanted to hang out with them.

Dad looked over his shoulder at the two girls. "Okay, son. Don't stay out too late."

"I won't. Thanks, Dad."

He picked up the crate of trash and chuckled softly as he joined Chris and Dwight.

I walked over to Stacy and Kara. "Y'all wanna hang out for a while?"

Stacy nodded immediately. Kara grinned at the two of us and then nodded as well.

"I'll go see if I can borrow a blanket from Susan's," I said.

"Okay," Kara said. "But I've got to go to the bathroom. Where will you two be when I get back?"

"Why don't you just go to the bathroom at Susan's?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I need to use the bathroom at our cabin."

"Why? Susan's is so much closer. You can just—"

"Paul," Stacy said, interrupting me. She looked pointedly at Kara's bikini bottoms.

I followed her gaze. Yeah? So? "I mean, it's right up the hill," I said, still confused.

Kara laughed musically and I clenched my teeth. Her laugh sounded just like Gina's. With an effort of will, I put thoughts of Gina out of my mind.

Kara stood on tiptoe and kissed me on the cheek. To my surprise, she turned to Stacy and kissed her cheek as well. "Where will you two be?" she asked Stacy.

"I guess we'll be on the far side of the lake," Stacy said. "Where we were this afternoon."

"Okay," Kara said. "Thanks. I'll see you when I come back down."

With that, she turned to go. I was still perplexed, and my confusion only deepened when Stacy chuckled.

"Paul," she said patiently. "When a woman's got her period, and she says she needs to go to the bathroom, don't ask any questions."

"You mean…? I mean… she had to…um… you know…?"

Stacy nodded and tried not to grin. She wasn't all that successful.

I shut my mouth abruptly.

"Sometimes, you're so adorable," she said. She hugged herself to my arm and kissed my shoulder.

Her breasts bracketed my arm, and I relished the feeling of her warm skin against mine.

"Let's go get that blanket," she said, her voice soft and sultry.

I didn't have to be asked twice.

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"May I ask you a question?" I asked Kara.

It was now fully dark, and we'd been hanging out and talking for the past half-hour.

"Sure," she said.

"It's kinda personal," I said. "So I guess you don't have to answer it if you don't want to."

She chuckled. "Go ahead and ask."

"Okay." I tried to think of how to ask my question, but I couldn't think of a clever euphemism. I shifted nervously. "Okay… um… here goes…"

"Just ask," she said. She and Stacy smiled at my nervousness.

"Okay. Well… um… You and Gina have both got your period."

"Yes."

"So does your mom. And I guess Leah does too, since she's wearing bikini bottoms. Right?"

"Yes," she said patiently.

"So, how come all of you have got your period at the same time?" Sometimes, I'm glad I'm a guy. *Really* glad.

She and Stacy looked at each other and they grinned uncertainly.

"I'm sorry," I said, crestfallen. "I guess it was a dumb question. Forget I even asked."

Kara leaned forward and laid her hand on my thigh. "No," she said soothingly. "It's not a dumb question. I guess we," she nodded at Stacy, "have grown up with our periods, and it's just something that we don't think about much. As to why we've all got our periods at the same time, it just happens that way."

"It does?"

Both of them nodded.

"Haven't you noticed it with your mom and Erin?" Kara asked.

I shrugged. "I guess. I mean, I don't pay much attention to it. Unless we're here at camp, there's really no way for me to know."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Kara said.

"So, why does it happen all at once?"

"I don't know, exactly," she said. "It has to do with hormones, I guess. I've always gotten my period within a few days of Mom. And since I've been on the pill, I'm as regular as clockwork. I mean, I can tell, down to the day, when I'll start." She looked at Stacy. "Right?"

Stacy nodded. "Pretty much."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, I know when I'm gonna get my period. But I can also tell by the pills," Kara said.

"Huh? I mean, what's so special about 'em? They're just pills, right?"

"Have you ever *seen* birth control pills?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"You need to get more involved, Paul," she said, half seriously, half sarcastically. "Seriously, you should pay attention to this stuff. I mean, it's kinda your responsibility, too."

"Well, I'm asking, aren't I?" I said, trying not to sound defensive.

"He did ask," Stacy said. She and Kara looked at each other and giggled.

Kara tried to control her laughter and looked at me earnestly. "This is serious stuff, I'm sorry."

"No problem," I said dryly.

"Okay, here's how it works. Most birth control packs have twenty-eight pills," Kara explained. "The first twenty-one are usually white. At least, that's what color mine are."

Stacy nodded.

"They're for the first three weeks of your cycle, and they've got the hormones and stuff in them. The last seven pills don't have anything in them, kinda like placebos, I guess. They're mostly just to keep you on a regular schedule, so you don't forget to take your pill. Anyway, those're are usually blue."

"Mine are pink," Stacy said. "But, yeah."

"So," Kara continued, "I know that when I take the last blue pill, I'm going to start my period the next day. And I start a new pack of pills at the same time."

"I'm not *quite* that regular," Stacy added. "I usually start with the first couple of pills, but sometimes, it's more like the fourth or fifth."

"Oh. But that still doesn't explain why it all happens at the same time."

"It doesn't *always* happen like that. But most of the time, it does. See, Mom's not on the pill," Kara said. "She's had her tubes tied. So she's *usually* the same day as me, but not always. And now that Gina's on the pill, she's a day behind me. And Leah's normally the same day. But since she's not on the pill, it varies."

"Oh, okay."

"So my dad generally has to work late on the days before we all start," she said with a laugh. "We can get pretty cranky. Dad's a smart guy."

"He'd have to be," I said. "Since he's living in a house full of smart women who all get cranky at the same time."

Kara turned to Stacy. "Doesn't he say the sweetest things?"

They grinned at each other.

We were quiet for a few moments, then Stacy looked at me and stretched. I was sitting cross-legged, and she asked if she could lie down and put her head in my lap. She had That Look in her eye. Of course, I agreed.

Her soft, curly hair brushed against my penis and I almost jumped out of my skin. I guess I should have been expecting it, but I had no idea it would feel so *good*. I closed my eyes to savor the sensation. When I opened them, Kara was grinning at me. I smiled sheepishly and her grin widened.

When I started massaging Stacy's temples, she sighed and closed her eyes. I rubbed for a few minutes and then moved down behind her ears to her upper neck. I gently kneaded her muscles and she groaned in pleasure.

Kara's eyes twinkled as she smiled at me. Stacy started moving her head from side to side as I worked the tension out of her neck. Her breathing deepened and I watched her face go slack as she relaxed. The crown of her head pressed against the tip of my dick and her silky hair began to have an effect on me.

I've had some erections that occurred so quickly they almost hurt—but nothing in the world compared to the feeling of my dick *slowly* swelling with arousal. It happened so gradually I could actually enjoy it.

Stacy smiled when she felt my tumescent manhood press against the top of her head. She arched her neck a little and rubbed against me more firmly. I moved my hands down her neck to her shoulders and tenderly

kneaded them. She sighed blissfully and her neck went limp. When it did, my nearly erect dick pressed against the back of her head, hidden by her dark hair.

"I bet that feels really nice," Kara said.

I'd almost forgotten she was there.

"Mmmmm," Stacy breathed. "It *does*."

"In that case, I think I'll let you two have some privacy," Kara said. She shifted and crawled toward Stacy. "You're a lucky woman, Stacy."

When Stacy started to rise, my erection sprang into view. Kara put her hand between Stacy's breasts and pushed her back to the blanket.

Kara's eyes locked on my hard-on and her eyebrows rose. "I didn't know *how* lucky," she said with a smile, still staring at my dick. She shifted her gaze to Stacy, and they exchanged knowing smiles.

Kara leaned down, her hand brushing lightly down Stacy's trim stomach. Stacy rose a little to meet her and their lips met. Kara's face was only inches from my erection, and the thought thrilled me.

What I thought would be a quick kiss turned into something hotter. My dick swelled at the sight. As the kiss drew out, I looked down Stacy's body. Kara was idly running her fingers through Stacy's pubic hair, pressing down ever so slightly at the top of her slit. When they separated, they were both breathing a little heavier.

"I'm jealous," Kara said softly.

Stacy smiled in response and I tried not to blush. I don't think I was successful. Kara leaned down and kissed Stacy again—a light, playful kiss—then sat up. Stacy's eyes were still closed, but I recognized the expression on her face.

It was pure desire.

Kara leaned forward and pressed her cheek against mine, kissing me lightly. "Tonight," she whispered, "you take care of Stacy." She kissed me again. It was a lingering, warm kiss, and I could feel her breath against my skin. "She told me what you said this morning."

I nearly choked.

"She's very lucky to have you," she said, her voice still pitched low.

I swallowed hard and nodded dumbly.

"I'll work on Gina," Kara said quietly. With that, she stood and smiled down at us. "Night," she said softly.

"Night," Stacy and I chorused.

When she was gone, I turned back to Stacy.

She made a moue. "You stopped rubbing," she said with feigned distress.

I grinned at her and resumed massaging her shoulders. She closed her eyes and settled into my lap, making happy, relaxed noises.

After a few minutes of working on her shoulders and upper arms, I moved down her chest to the sides of her breasts. Since they weren't big enough to really spread to the sides, they kept their nearly perfect shape.

I traced my fingers along the outer curve and her breathing quickened. Using only my fingertips, I started spiraling toward her nipples. When I came close to her areolas, I spiraled back out. She whimpered impatiently, but I didn't reverse my fingers' course. When I moved back inward, her nipples became puffy and their color darkened.

I smiled to myself as she began to squirm in my lap. My cock swelled as her hair rubbed against it. I leaned forward a little and ran the backs of my fingernails down her torso. When I got to her firm stomach, I flipped my hands over and ran the pads of my fingers up the valley between her breasts. I circled around the tops and then cupped the sides, pushing them together gently.

"Do you wish I had bigger boobs?" she asked suddenly.

"Why?" I kept my fingers moving along her smooth skin.

"Gina's are bigger, Susan's are bigger, and Kara's are bigger. That girl, what's her name? Kelly? Kimberly?"

"Kendall," I said softly.

"Hers are a lot bigger."

"So?"

"Mine are so *small*," she said.

"I like 'em."

"But don't you wish they were bigger?"

"You know what I wish?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I wish you could look through my eyes. I wish you could see how beautiful you are."

Her eyes brimmed with tears.

"When I look at you, I don't see just your breasts, or hips, or legs. I don't even see just a pretty face. I see a person I like, a person I love. I see a smart, funny, beautiful *person*."

She blinked and tears rolled down her face.

"And I think your boobs are perfect. But I'll tell you, whenever I look at them, I *do* think one thing."

Her breath caught in her throat and she looked at me anxiously.

"I think, 'Those're for *me?!*'"

She laughed tearfully and then smiled at me. "Paul?"

"Mmm hmm?"

"Can we pretend we're on that Caribbean island, only the two of us? Maybe just for tonight?"

I nodded. I shifted from under her, making sure to cradle her head and let it down gently. She smiled as I moved around her body. I knelt next to her and kissed her warmly. Her breathing quickened and our kiss grew heated. When I pulled back, I smiled at her and moved down her body.

I sucked one nipple into my mouth and flicked it with my tongue. She arched her back and hissed when I nipped it gently. I switched to the other nipple, but didn't linger. Planting kisses as I went, I slowly worked my way toward her pussy. She spread her legs for me and I lay between them. I shifted slightly and rearranged my erection. When it was comfortably pressed against my stomach, I turned my attention back to her sex.

The scent of her excitement greeted me as I bent forward to kiss her lips. She was moist, but not wet, and I gently nosed her labia. She whimpered as I kissed along the length of her slit. Her breathing grew a little ragged when I pressed my mouth against her pussy. Soft pubic hair parted before my questing tongue and I tasted her. I tasted dewdrops of her arousal—the flavor was tangy, salty, and slightly metallic all at once.

I licked her a few times, getting her wet with my saliva and spreading her own moisture. With just the tip of my tongue, I spread her outer labia. As they swelled with her mounting arousal, my licks became longer, and I used more pressure. Soon, I felt her inner lips against my tongue. The taste of her juices filled my mouth.

Her stomach heaved as I flicked my tongue against her hooded clit. I could hear her breathing become more ragged, and she ran her hands through my hair. With small side-to-side motions, I spread her outer labia with my lips and tongue. As they swelled completely, they parted easily and I put my lips at the top of her slit.

She gasped and her legs went rigid. I closed my eyes and inhaled her scent. Slowly, delicately, I traced my tongue around the base of her clit. She moved her hips against me, but I kept teasing her. Her thighs rose and clamped over my ears, drowning out her soft whimpers.

I smiled to myself and continued teasing her clit. I licked up under the protective hood and she shuddered. Backing off for a moment, I pressed my chin against her sex and moved my head in a circular motion. The result was to move her outer labia over her inner lips, and put pressure on her clit. It worked like a charm, and she bucked her hips against me.

I continued sucking and gently licking her engorged clit for a few minutes, gradually using more pressure. Once her hips were involuntarily lifting and she was clutching my hair, I backed off. Her breathing was hard and fast as her hips slowly sank to the blanket.

I snaked one arm around her hip and ran it through her damp pubic hair. With the other, I spread her

slippery lips and pressed two fingers into her pussy. She gasped as they slipped into her, and I slid my tongue along her inner lips.

I pressed two fingers against the base of her clit and started moving them in small circles. With the two fingers inside her, I gently rubbed along the ridges of her pussy. I tilted my head to the side and began flicking her exposed clit with my tongue, driving her toward her release.

Moisture gushed around my fingers as I crooked them up and pressed against the hollow behind her pubic bone. Her hips immediately came off the blanket, and my neck craned in self-defense. She started bucking against me, but with a little warning, I easily rode out her gyrations.

I thrust my fingers in and out of her pussy, making her cry out in ecstasy. Every few thrusts, I stopped and pressed my fingertips against her internal spot and her hips shot off the blanket. At that point, I would stop all movement and let her slowly come back down. Once her ass settled against the ground again, I'd start all over.

Stopping and starting like that, I quickly had her moaning and begging me to make her come. Finally, I relented. I began lapping along the length of her pussy, flicking my tongue against her clit at the top of each stroke. The fingers inside her pressed against her spot while I moved them in gentle circles. With my left hand, I rubbed the base of her clit.

Her hands gripped my hair and I was suddenly afraid she was going to pull it out. As her hips bounced and humped against my face, she moaned incoherently. When her pussy rose to meet my lips and she held it there, I knew she was close. Her thighs and stomach trembled, and I could feel her inner muscles begin to spasm.

With her hands, she held me steady and I concentrated on her clit. Her trembling increased until she was nearly quaking with pent-up sexual energy. Suddenly, her clit disappeared and she let out a long, low moan. Her moan rose to a shriek as a flood of her juices washed over my hand. Her hips fell back to the blanket and her thighs clamped against my head.

I felt her internal muscles go wild, so I kept up the pressure with my fingers. Her legs squeezed my head almost painfully, but it was worth it. I could feel her pussy rippling with her release, while her stomach quivered in harmony. Even though my ears were covered by her supple thighs, I could still hear her crying out in ecstasy.

When her orgasm finally subsided, her legs fell open, releasing my head. My neck ached and my jaw popped when I moved it, but I wasn't about to complain. Stacy's chest was heaving as she sucked in oxygen, her breath whistling through her nose. Her thighs were still trembling, and she cried out softly when I pulled my fingers from her pussy.

I gently kissed her hooded clit and she gasped deliriously. I watched her stomach muscles contract as I rose on hands and knees and kissed my way up her body. A light sheen of sweat coated her skin, and I tasted the salt of her exertions as my lips brushed over her. I paused for a moment to suckle a nipple, then continued upward.

Her breathing was still heavy as my face came level with hers. When she felt my breath, she opened her eyes and stared at me dazedly. I smiled and kissed her. As she inhaled her own scent—her juices still coated my lips and chin—our kiss rapidly grew heated.

The head of my cock bumped against her pussy and she arched her back in response. I broke our kiss and gazed down at her.

"Are you ready for me?" I asked.

She took a deep breath through her nose and nodded.

I reached down and steadied my cock at her entrance. When I rubbed the glans against her slippery labia, her eyelids fluttered. As I slowly slid into her, she arched her back and moaned softly. My cock gradually spread her open further than my fingers had, and she hissed in pleasure. When my pelvis ground against hers, I simply held myself inside her.

"Oh, God," she breathed. "Your dick is so perfect." Her stomach heaved against me and I felt her internal muscles spasm. "It feels like… oh, God… it feels like…" She closed her eyes and took a deep, shuddering breath. Her pussy clenched my erection, and she groaned. "It's like one long, soft orgasm," she

said finally.

I grinned at her and began pulling my hips back. Her arms shot out to the sides and she scrunched the blanket between her fingers. The cooling night air bathed my cock as it withdrew from her heated depths. When only the head remained inside her, I paused for a moment. The moment drew out and she gazed into my eyes, her breathing heavy.

"Please put it back in," she begged. "Please, please, please."

Instead of answering, I lowered my hips and sank my length into her.

"Yes," she hissed. "Oh, God. Keep doing that."

"This?" I asked with feigned innocence as I pulled my hips back.

She bit her lip gently and nodded. I reached the end of my stroke and halted. Her face contorted and she pleaded with her body. I smiled down at her and slowly thrust back into her.

With my dick buried to the root, I paused again. Her pussy squeezed my length, then she clamped her eyes shut and began to quiver. I watched her nostrils flare as she breathed quickly, her face a mask of lust.

"Keep fucking me," she begged.

When I didn't move, she bucked her hips against me.

"Please," she whispered. "Please. I need it. Oh, God. You make me feel so good."

Finally, I relented and began moving within her. I kept my pace deliberately slow, enjoying the sensations as her pussy spastically gripped my shaft. I could feel her juices gushing with every thrust.

She relinquished her grip on the blanket and grabbed my ass. On each in-stroke, she pulled me against her. When I drew back, she reluctantly let me go. She pulled her legs up and her calves brushed against my thighs, but she never let go of my ass.

With measured strokes, I filled her, then pulled back. Her pussy still clutched at me and she began to quiver. Slick internal membranes caressed my shaft as I moved within her.

I knew she was working toward another orgasm—I could see it in her eyes—and I used every trick I knew to keep from coming before she did. At one point, I simply held myself inside her and rocked my hips. When my imminent orgasm subsided, I resumed thrusting.

Her pussy tightened around my cock and her eyes rolled back. She arched her back against me, moaning as she did. Her hands turned to talons and pulled me inside her. I had to practically force my shaft into her snug, molten depths. When I finally spread her open, she cried out wordlessly and arched her back even further.

As her orgasm overwhelmed her senses, she called out my name. My own climax was close, so I kept moving within her, thrusting and pulling back. She clenched her teeth, her eyes flew open, and she looked into mine. Aftershocks from her release still coursed through her pussy, spurred on by my thrusting.

When I reached the point of no return, I buried myself as deeply as I could. I felt the first gush of semen come blasting from my penis and cried out incoherently. My cock swelled as spurt after spurt of hot, white come filled her. I felt her internal muscles working, but every external sensation quickly faded into the background as my reality shrunk to a bright white mote.

Slowly, very slowly, I opened my eyes and looked down at Stacy. Her chest was heaving from the exertion, and I was suddenly aware of the sweat running down my body. She smiled at me languidly and then closed her eyes.

I half collapsed against her, my hard cock still buried in her pussy. Our combined fluids oozed around my girth and I could feel them coating my thighs. When I kissed her passionately, she responded against me, our sweaty bodies sliding over each other.

She tensed up momentarily, then relaxed. "I love you," she said, softly.

I looked into her eyes and smiled. "I love you, too."

"This has been the most incredible day of my life."

I nodded and tried not to smile like an idiot.

"And I can't believe I've got to move away. I may never see you again."

"Shhhh," I said. "Don't worry about that right now."

"I don't ever want to give you up."

"Tonight," I said gently, "you don't have to."
Her eyes filled with tears of happiness and I began to move within her again.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

By the time Stacy and I walked back to Susan's house, it was very late. We took a quick, cool shower and then she walked me to the door. She looked as worn out as I was, but we were both happy. She gave me a smoldering goodnight kiss, then I walked home.

When I finally got back to our cabin, the porch light was on and there was something in one of the rocking chairs. As I got closer, I realized it was a person. Uh-oh. Mom was wrapped up in a blanket and asleep. Since I normally didn't wear my watch, I had no idea what time it was.

As soon as I walked up the stairs, she stirred. The porch creaked softly with my weight and she blinked sleepily.

"Sorry I'm home late, Mom," I said softly.

She smiled and nodded. "We'll talk in the morning."

I extended a hand to her and she slowly uncurled. With a yawn, she hitched the blanket around her shoulders and smiled at me sleepily as I helped her to her feet. I held the door open and then followed her into the darkened cabin.

Mom kissed me goodnight and I turned off the porch light. She quietly padded to the bathroom and I climbed into my top bunk. When Mom climbed into bed a few minutes later, she and Dad had a quick, quiet conversation. I didn't hear what they said, but I guess I didn't really need to—I knew it was about me.

The next morning, I got up a little later than usual. I had slept well, just not long enough. Mom and Dad were already up, and Erin was stirring. I slipped on my workout shorts and headed outside. After warming up with the jump rope, I started doing push-ups.

I had just started doing sit-ups when Mom and Erin came out of the cabin, waved to me, and headed down the hill. Several minutes later, Dad came out of the cabin and waited for me to finish my set of exercises. When I stood up to retrieve the jump rope, he tossed something to me. I didn't see what it was, but I reached out and caught it automatically. It was my watch.

"Do you know what time you came home last night?" Dad asked conversationally.

"Um…?"

"If you had your watch on, you'd've known it was after one thirty."

I hadn't thought it was *that* late.

He nodded. "Your mother and I know you're not going to get into trouble, not here. But your curfew at camp is the same as it is at home."

"Yes, sir." As a rule, I didn't call my father "sir," but it was one of Those Conversations.

"So we expect you to be back at the cabin by midnight."

I nodded and studied the ground.

"Don't hang your head, son," he said. "Look at me when I'm talking to you." His voice wasn't angry, but it was definitely firm.

I immediately looked up and met his gaze.

"That's better. You need to look at people when they're talking to you, Paul. It shows respect. You know that."

I felt my cheeks heat up as I nodded, but my eyes never left his face.

He glanced at the watch I held. "You can either wear that and come home at midnight," he said. "Or not, and take your chances on getting home on time. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good," he said.

Sometimes, it was easy to forget my father's military background. This wasn't one of those times.

"Now," he said, his tone lighter. "While you finish your workout, I'm going to go shower."

When he walked back inside the cabin, I strapped on my watch. It seemed too tight, but I knew I'd get used to it. I'd *better* get used to it, I thought. I knew I wouldn't enjoy the deliberately unstated consequences

if I came home after midnight again.

When I finished jumping rope, I went inside, slipped off my shorts, and threw them in the hamper. Dad smiled at me as he came out of the bathroom, the pleasant smell of his aftershave wafting after him.

I thought Dad would head down to the clubhouse, so I didn't even bother to shut the bathroom door when I hopped in the shower. I washed quickly and then stepped out to dry myself. To my surprise, Dad was sitting on the bed reading his book (the latest Robert Ludlum thriller).

"I thought I'd wait and walk down with you," he said.

"Um… cool. Thanks."

He smiled and returned his attention to his book.

I started doing my regular bathroom routine. Normally, I didn't grow enough facial hair to shave on a regular basis. The night before, however, Stacy had commented on my peach fuzz, so I felt the need to clean up my face. When we were at home, I used one of Dad's beat-up old razors. Unfortunately, I'd forgotten to pack it. Erin had been shaving for about a year, but she had to do it about as often as I did. At camp, she and Mom usually shared a pack of disposable razors. Since I wasn't about to use a pink plastic razor…

"Dad?" I asked. "Do you mind if I borrow your razor?"

He set his book down and walked toward me. It was a little weird having him stand behind me in the bathroom, but I held my ground. At six feet, he was still three inches taller than me, and could easily look over my shoulder. He looked in the mirror and examined my face critically. I almost jumped when he put his hand on my shoulder and stretched past me.

"Here you go," he said as he reached into his toiletries bag and withdrew his safety razor and a packet of new blades. "I guess it's time we bought you a razor of your own."

My eyes widened.

"Although you might not have to use it all the time. *Yet.*" He looked at me archly and smiled. "Be glad for that."

I nodded quickly and hid my mild confusion. I actually liked to shave, even though I didn't have to do it very often. It was fun, and made me feel grown-up.

"But there's something about buying your own razor that makes you feel like a man," he said.

I nodded as sagely as I could. "I guess I should probably shave every day," I said.

Dad took one look at my serious expression and laughed out loud. He clapped me on the shoulder and smiled at my reflection in the mirror. "Son, I didn't have to shave every day until I was in college. You go right ahead, if it'll make you happy. But I think you'll get tired of it pretty quick." He grinned at me again and returned to his book.

I changed the razor blade, lathered my face, and carefully shaved the few patches of hair on my chin and jaw. I tried to shave like Dad, but his motions were more deft than mine.

"Why don't we drive to town tomorrow?" Dad asked from the bed.

"Uh, sure. Whatever."

"Your mom can give us a grocery list and we'll do the shopping. I'll help you pick out a razor. Okay?"

"Sure, Dad. Sounds cool."

It *didn't* sound all that cool, but I *would* be buying my own razor. That alone would be worth the trip.

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When Dad and I finally made it down to the clubhouse, I saw that Stacy and Susan would be joining my family for breakfast. Since Stacy now had a bit more financial freedom, she had taken the rest of the week off and planned to stay with Susan until Sunday.

For breakfast, Mom and Susan had fixed big cheese omelettes. Stacy and Erin were setting one of the larger tables with sausage, biscuits, gravy, grits, and glasses of orange juice. With timing honed by years of motherhood, Mom and Susan had everything ready just as Dad and I walked into the building.

During breakfast, Dad announced that he and I had a mission in town the following day. Mom smiled and nodded when he asked her for a grocery list. He said we also had a secret mission, one he'd "brief" me on later. He grinned mischievously, but wouldn't say anything else about it. I don't think even Mom knew

what he was up to. Suddenly, our trip to town held more promise than I'd originally thought.

Gina's family entered the clubhouse midway through our meal. I noticed that Kara and her mother no longer wore bikini bottoms, although Gina and Leah still wore theirs. When they saw us, they all came over to say hello. I smiled at Gina, but her expression didn't change. Kara noticed and elbowed her sister in the ribs. Gina smiled at me, but it was clearly obligatory—the smile didn't reach her eyes.

Mom, Dad, and Susan talked to Chris and Elizabeth. Leah went around to Erin, and Kara came over to Stacy and me. Kara tried to pull Gina over to us, but she resisted, stubbornly insisting on remaining aloof. After a few minutes of idle chitchat, the Coulter family went to fix their own breakfast.

I guess I was a little down about Gina, and Stacy noticed. She surreptitiously put her hand on my thigh and squeezed. I smiled at her and tried to look happier. Judging by her concerned expression, I didn't do so well.

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After breakfast, we spent the rest of the morning at the lake. I sat next to Gina, but she pretty much ignored me. Each time I tried to start a conversation, she responded with monosyllabic answers. Eventually, I got tired of trying and went for a swim.

I goofed off for a little while, then swam toward the shallow end of the lake, where Stacy and Kara had laid out their towels. They were keeping an eye on Clara Nolan while her mom and dad were across the lake with the other adults.

Clara was happily playing with a very waterlogged Barbie doll. She flashed me a cheerful, gap-toothed grin when I waded past her. As I approached them, Stacy and Kara were smiling and trying not to laugh. For a moment, I wondered why. Then Clara splashed me from behind, giggled, and noisily swam away.

I smiled helplessly at the two older girls and promptly chased down Clara. She squealed playfully when I caught her, and I easily swept her into my arms. I waded toward the deeper part of the shallow end of the lake. Clara squirmed and tried to get loose, but I was used to holding on to 160-pound wrestlers. A wriggling six-year-old girl wasn't about to get loose.

When the water was up to my waist, I tossed Clara into the lake. As soon as she hit, I submerged and started swimming toward her. When I burst upward and swept her with me, she screamed again. At the top of my lunge, I tossed her into the lake again. She sputtered to the surface, looked at me with wide eyes and an ear-to-ear grin, then begged me to do it again.

For the next fifteen or twenty minutes, I played with Clara. She squealed happily as I tossed her, spun her, and lifted her above my head. Eventually, I put her on my shoulders and carried her toward the shore. Either Kara or Stacy had retrieved the floating Barbie doll, and it was lying next to them. I blushed as they grinned at me. When I set Clara down, she gifted me with another toothy grin.

"Did you like that, Clara?" Kara asked.

Clara smiled and quickly nodded.

"He's a good guy to play with, isn't he?"

Clara grinned shyly and nodded again. Suddenly, she giggled, grabbed her Barbie doll, then bolted around the lake as fast as her little legs would take her. "Bye, Miss Kara," she yelled over her shoulder. "Bye, Miss Stacy." She giggled again and kept running toward her mother.

"And what am I," I asked with feigned indignation, "chopped liver?"

"You can play with us," Stacy said, her voice low and sultry. "Mister Paul."

I must have turned six shades of red.

✧ ✧ ✧

Around lunchtime, the air grew still and heavy. Fifteen minutes later, the wind picked up and clouds started moving in. A summer thunderstorm was blowing in quickly, so everyone picked up their blankets and towels, then headed up the hill to the clubhouse. The first fat raindrops began falling about half an hour later. We ate lunch with the storm drumming a tattoo on the roof.

With the rain still coming down, most of us found diversions. Kara and Stacy wanted to play Scrabble,

and they invited me to join them. They invited Gina too, but when she learned that I was playing, she declined. I shook my head despondently as I watched Kara try to persuade her sister.

"Kara said she's just being stubborn," Stacy said quietly.

I turned back to look at Stacy.

She reached out and held my hand. "I'm so sorry, Paul."

I shrugged.

"Yesterday," she said, "I was real worried that I'd caused all this."

I started to shake my head, but she kept talking.

"Kara told me I didn't. She said Gina's mostly angry about… um…" She paused to think for a moment. "Amy! Yeah, Gina's mad about her."

I nodded morosely.

"Actually, she's not really mad that you had sex with someone else." She laughed nervously. "Obviously."

I grinned.

"Kara said she's mad that you did it behind her back. I guess that kinda makes sense."

"Kinda, but not really."

"Well," she continued. "According to Kara, Gina's also just being stubborn. She thinks she's punishing you, I guess."

"Really?"

She nodded. "So Kara and I have kinda been paying a lot of attention to you." She grinned and bit her bottom lip.

I just stared at her, at a loss for words.

"Of course," she quickly amended, "I'd pay attention to you anyway."

I squeezed her hand and smiled.

Her eyes sparkled as her face lit up.

"Thanks, Stacy." I put my other hand on hers and looked into her eyes. "I really do love you. Sometimes, I wish we *could* run away together."

"If you did that," she said, pretending to be cheerful, "you'd never get Gina back."

"You know what I mean," I said.

She nodded and her eyes grew misty. "Thank you."

"You two want to be alone?" Kara asked, suddenly appearing at the table.

We looked up in surprise, and she grinned at us.

Stacy wiped the corners of her eyes and shook her head. "No. Paul's just making it hard for me to help him get Gina back."

Kara unceremoniously flopped into a chair and sighed in frustration. "Yeah, well, she's being a pig-headed little—" She looked up at us and blushed. "Sorry. The women in our family," she said, turning to me, "can be strong willed."

"Really?" I asked with artful innocence.

Kara started to nod seriously, then caught herself and grinned ruefully. "Yeah," she said. "Believe it or not, independent thinking can sometimes be a problem."

Stacy and I looked at each other and grinned.

"Let's just play Scrabble," Kara said with a trace of disgust.

We drew our letters and started to play. The rain showed no sign of letting up, so we settled in and enjoyed ourselves. Every once in a while, I turned around and looked at Gina. Most of the time, she was reading her book. But once, I caught her looking at us longingly. She locked eyes with me, scowled, and turned back to her book.

✧ ✧ ✧

When dinnertime rolled around, it was still raining, although the worst of the storm had passed. Susan walked into the clubhouse, shook off her umbrella, and leaned it against the wall near the door. She stopped

and talked to a few people on her way through the building. My parents had spent the afternoon talking with Gina's parents on the couches, and Susan joined them.

They talked for a while and then Mom, Susan, and Elizabeth all went to the kitchen area at the same time. We were probably going to eat dinner with Gina's family. Fantastic, I thought, more time with a very distant Gina. I suppose my expression was as dour as my mood, because Kara suddenly laughed at me. (Her last play had been "quirky", on a Triple Word score, and she was in a good mood.)

"What's so funny?" I asked. I hoped I didn't sound as frustrated as I felt.

"You, silly," Kara said.

"Huh?"

Kara smiled mysteriously.

Stacy and I automatically leaned closer.

"Okay," Kara said. "Your family is eating with ours tonight, right?"

"Yeah, I figured that much out o—"

"And you're all down about it 'cause you think you'll have to sit there and Gina won't talk to you."

"Pretty much," I snapped.

"You don't get it, do you?"

I bridled, but she quickly smiled at me.

"Mom's gonna be there," she said, as if that answered everything.

Stacy snickered.

I looked at her with a wounded expression. When she sobered quickly, I immediately felt bad.

"Remember what happened yesterday?" Stacy asked. "At the picnic?"

I must have looked as confused as I felt.

"Gina got up and stormed off?" Kara prompted.

I still didn't get it.

"And then Mom went and talked to her," Kara said. She paused for a moment. "Do you honestly think Gina's gonna give you the silent treatment as long as Mom's watching?" Kara asked.

Comprehension began to blossom in my brain.

"If you sit next to her and you make polite conversation," Kara continued, "she'll have *no choice* but to talk to you. See?"

"Oh, I get it!"

The two older girls looked at me with insufferable grins.

✧ ✧ ✧

Dinner that night could best be described as the triumph of experience over hope. Gina talked to me, but she answered every question in as few words as possible. And, of course, she didn't say one word that wasn't a direct response to one of my questions. Midway through the meal, I gave up.

After dinner, Susan came up to me and put her arm through mine. All of the other women were cleaning up the remains of our meal, Dad and Chris were talking to each other, so we were alone.

"You need to learn to ask open-ended questions," she said.

"Huh?"

"Open-ended questions," she repeated. "It's an interviewing trick my father taught me. You asked Gina too many closed-ended questions."

"What?"

"Did you swim in the lake today?"

"Huh?" Did she just change the subject?

"Just answer the question," she gently prompted.

"Did I swim in the lake today? Yeah."

"I asked a closed-ended question. Not a whole lot of answer needed." She paused for a moment to let that sink in.

I had my doubts as to how far it would sink.

"What did you do today?" she asked.

"I just told you," I said.

"No," she said patiently. "You didn't. What did you do today?"

I shrugged in frustration. "I told you. I went for a swim."

"And?"

I rolled my eyes and continued. "I played with Clara Nolan. I played Scrabble with Kara and Stacy. I ate dinner. I… Oh…" I paused and looked at her in growing surprise. "Oh. I get it."

She smiled and nodded. "Closed-ended questions don't leave a lot of room for conversation. Did you swim in the lake today? Yes. Where did you play Scrabble? In the clubhouse. What color are my eyes? Blue."

I nodded.

"Open-ended questions are where you can really start a conversation. What did you do today? What happened during your Scrabble game? Why do you like blue eyes?"

"Wow."

"Mmm hmm. There aren't any one-word answers to those questions."

I shook my head.

"If you want to draw someone out, use open-ended questions."

"Yeah!"

"So," she asked, "what are you going to ask the next time you talk to Gina?"

"The next time I talk to Gina," I said excitedly, "I'm going to…" I looked at Susan with a mixture of surprise and chagrin.

She smiled munificently.

I felt my face and ears heating. "That was an open-ended question," I said, half accusingly, half in wonder.

"Mmm hmm."

"The next time I talk to Gina, I'm going to ask open-ended questions."

She turned and kissed me on the cheek. "She's trying to stay mad at you, so you'll have your work cut out for you."

I nodded sullenly.

"But Kara's on your side," Susan said. "Trust what she tells you, she wants you and Gina to be happy."

With that, she turned and walked back to my parents.

"Hey! Wait," I called after her. "How d'you know about Kara?"

She merely shook her head and laughed brightly.

Was I the *only* one who didn't know what was going on?

✧ ✧ ✧

Later, Mom and Dad told me they were going with Gina's parents to Susan's house. Before she left, Susan took Stacy aside and talked to her for a few minutes. Afterward, she picked up her umbrella and followed my parents out the clubhouse door.

Outside, it was raining steadily and had turned cold. Well, as cold as South Carolina gets in early July. Gina's and my parents would get chilly and wet walking to Susan's house, but I guess that was their problem. I know I certainly didn't want to go traipsing off in the rain.

No sooner had I thought this than Stacy asked if I wanted to go for a walk. A walk? It was raining outside, and not all that warm. Was she crazy?

Kara merely smiled at us as she excused herself. I watched her as she walked over to Gina and flopped down on the couch. Stacy grabbed my hand and practically dragged me out of the clubhouse.

It wasn't raining very hard, but it was steady enough that we were both drenched by the time we had gone fifty feet. Stacy led me up the hill, and it quickly became clear she was leading me toward our cabin. With my parents at Susan's house, and Erin with her friends in the clubhouse, we would have the cabin to ourselves. Going for a walk suddenly didn't sound like such a bad idea.

Since we were already soaked, there was really no reason to run, but we did anyway. The last hundred yards, we sprinted up the hill, raindrops pelting our water-slick bodies. I bounded up the stairs, turned, and caught Stacy as she leapt onto the porch. I held her feet off the ground and she kissed me soundly. When I set her down, we kept kissing, each kiss hotter than the last.

"I want to make love in the rain," she said when we finally pulled apart.

"It's cold," I said in a half-hearted protest. "And wet."

She reached for my penis. "We're already wet," she said. "And I could warm you up." She stroked me, and I began to respond. "I could warm up certain parts quicker than others." Still stroking my growing member, she started backing down the stairs.

I had little choice but to follow her. I looked around to see if anyone could see us. With the storm, it was getting dark earlier than usual, and the rain cut visibility even further. I was pretty sure no one would see us, but we *were* out in the open.

Stacy dropped to her knees before me, kissed my half-hard cock, then engulfed it with her mouth. My penis quickly sprang to full attention. She kept sucking for a few more minutes, making my head spin from the heat and delicate friction she applied to my manhood.

When she pulled her lips away from my organ long enough for me to regain a semblance of coherent thought, I quickly pulled her to her feet. She looked at me curiously when I stepped close to her and put my hands under her arms. I easily lifted her into the air, then pulled her against my chest.

She quickly realized what I was doing and wrapped her arms around my neck. When she circled my waist with her legs, I lowered my hands to her hips. I held her up while she reached between us for my erection. I felt her aim my cock at her opening and then I lowered her onto it. The tip entered her and she returned her hand to my neck to steady herself. I lowered her further and felt my girth spread her open. She sank onto my length with a wordless groan.

Her slick breasts and engorged nipples pressed against my chest as she hugged me close. I quickly forgot about the chill and the rain. Her skin was cold at first, but the contact warmed us both. As her lips sought mine, she began rocking her hips against me. She mewled into my mouth each time her clit pressed against the base of my shaft. I cupped her ass and started moving within her.

I leaned back a little to get her over my center of gravity and she held herself tight against me. Because of the position, I couldn't move my hips very far, but it was enough. Out in the open, in front of my family's cabin and hidden only by the steady rain and dwindling light, we kissed passionately and rocked against each other.

Her skin was slippery, and I found I was having a hard time holding onto her as she humped against me. When my hand slipped and my fingers brushed against her anus, she cried out in pleasure. Her pussy clutched at me, and I felt a rush of warmth and moisture flow over my dick.

I quickly moved my finger back over her anus, and her pussy spasmed again. Her back bowed as she humped her hips against me, and I smiled to myself. I pressed my finger into the bud of her ass and she cried out again. As I teased her anus, her pussy became a molten vise, clutching my cock and sending tendrils of pure ecstasy through my groin.

Her movements became less controlled, more frantic, and the first two knuckles of my finger slipped into her ass. She immediately arched her back and cried out, her face turned heavenward, heedless of the rain. Her legs cinched around my waist and held her hips against me as the first throes of orgasm took her.

With my finger still buried in her ass, she came, hard. She bucked her hips against me once, but quickly stopped moving. I clenched my buttocks and my cock swelled within her. She cried out again, shuddering as her pussy spasmed around my invading manhood. Contractions surged through her pussy, clamping and releasing my dick. Her climax seemed to roll on and on, making her cry out with each new wave of pleasure.

When her orgasm finally subsided, her fingers began to slip from around my neck. She went limp, and I scrambled to catch her before she fell. I hastily moved one hand around her back and supported her as her arms flopped to the sides. I shifted my body and pulled her against me bonelessly. I pulled my finger out of her and steadied her with both hands as I settled her weight.

My cock was still very hard, and remained buried in her steamy pussy. She moaned softly when her sensitive clit rubbed against my shaft as I shifted her, but otherwise, she was dead to the world. The rain started to pick up and I shook my head to clear my eyes. She shivered against me, more from the cold than any aftershocks from her orgasm, and I walked toward the cabin porch.

I routinely worked out with more weight than Stacy's 110 pounds, so carrying her was no problem. She clutched me weakly and moaned into my shoulder as I mounted the steps. Her skin raised goose bumps when a gust of wind blew up, and she shivered again.

I shifted her again, to make sure I could support her with one arm, and opened the cabin door. Once inside, I walked to the bathroom, not caring that we were dripping on the floor. Stacy began to return to her senses when I flipped on the light. She pulled back and looked at me with unfocused eyes.

When she closed her eyes and shivered again, I moved to set her down. She gasped as my rigid length rubbed over her clit. I set her on her feet and spent a moment assuring myself that she wouldn't fall.

Without the heat of my body to warm her, she started shivering continuously. I turned on the shower and adjusted the water. Since the water heater was so close, the stream quickly grew hot. I turned it down just a little and pulled her toward the tub. Still shivering, she stepped under the water with little urging. I stepped in behind her and pulled the curtain.

Once she was under the sluicing warmth of the shower, I stepped close to her and started rubbing her arms and shoulders. When she stopped shivering, she looked up at me gratefully.

"I can't remember the last time I came that hard," she said softly.

I cocked my head to the side and grinned.

"Aren't you Mr. Smug," she said, with more life and energy than she'd displayed since her orgasm.

I nodded insouciantly.

When my erection bumped into her, she looked down. "You didn't come?" she asked, looking back up at me in surprise.

I shook my head. "I'm okay," I said.

She smiled mischievously and began stroking my erection. "My pussy is still too sensitive," she said. "But you could fuck me in the ass."

I arched an eyebrow.

"It's been a while since you did." She smiled seductively. "I miss you back there," she said in a little-girl voice.

"You do?"

She bit her lip coquettishly, fluttered her eyelids, and nodded.

"In that case…," I said.

I didn't wait for her to answer before I turned her around and pressed her against the shower wall. She arched her back and stuck her hips out to receive me. When she spread her cheeks, I aimed my straining erection at her ass.

Once I slipped the head inside her, I put my hands on her hips. With one long, steady thrust, I was inside her. I fucked her with sure strokes, one hand on her hip, the other tweaking her puffy nipples. Still tingling and worked up from her first orgasm, she came quickly a second time. When she did, I buried myself in her ass and emptied my balls inside her.

After we both caught our breath, we separated. Our sex had been so fast that the water was still running hot. With gentle touches, we silently washed each other. We kissed and stroked each other until the water began to run cold, then turned the water off and reached for our towels. When we were dry and warm again, we turned off the light and walked back into the darkened cabin.

"I've never seen your cabin before," she said. "Well, not when you all were here. It's different now that you are," she said, indicating the room with a nod. "It's like a home."

"You've seen our cabin before?" I asked.

She nodded. "This spring, before your family came to camp. I asked Susan about it, and she showed me."

"Oh?"

She shrugged and nodded. "Yeah. It's silly, isn't it?" She looked up at me and then melted into my arms. "I wanted to see where you lived. At the time, I knew I loved you, but I didn't want to admit it to myself. I guess I just wanted to touch some part of you. You know?"

I nodded. I didn't *really* understand, but the idea wasn't completely foreign.

"It seems like a lifetime since yesterday morning," she said softly. "I know I'll have to let you go, but I'm glad we had this time."

That, I understood. I nodded again.

"Every time I see you look at Gina, I see it in your eyes, your love for her."

I started to protest, but she cut me off.

"It's true, I see it," she said. "And when she treats you like you don't exist, I want to slap her."

I tensed up.

"Don't worry," she said quickly. "I won't. Kara says Gina loves you very much. And I know how much you love her." She paused for a moment and took a deep, ragged breath. "I just want you to be happy."

My chest constricted and I blinked back tears. I held her close, at a loss for words. I hugged her for a moment longer and then she pulled back.

"Do you sleep on the top bunk, or the bottom?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Top."

"Can we climb up there?"

"Sure."

I let her climb up first. Watching her ascend the ladder, I resisted the urge to caress her ass. When she reached the top rung and climbed onto the bed, I followed her. I lay on my back and she curled up next to me, my arm thrown over her protectively.

"It smells like you," she said.

I sniffed, panic rising. Did it stink? Why hadn't I noticed? Did I…?

"Relax, silly," she said. "I like it. It smells like you. You smell good."

I never knew I smelled good. Wisely, I kept my mouth shut.

We lay there for a long time, simply kissing each other and enjoying ourselves. I played with her breasts (her pussy was still too sensitive) and she stroked my penis. Since we were both more or less sated, it was just fun fondling, with no real purpose other than to give the other person pleasure.

"I want to fix you breakfast in the morning," she said suddenly, her eyes alight.

"Oh?"

She nodded. "A *special* breakfast."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Susan told me about those," she said with a wry grin.

"She tells you a lot," I said acerbically.

"Don't be mad," Stacy said quickly. "I asked her what I could do that you liked. She knew I wanted to make you happy, so she told me about them. Do you know what she calls them?" she asked, her voice pitched low.

I shook my head.

She grinned. "B&B. You know, like Bed and Breakfast?"

"Yeah."

"Only she calls them her Breakfast and a Blowjob."

I chuckled softly.

"So I want to fix you a *special* breakfast. Would you like that?"

I thought about it for two microseconds and then nodded.

Her face lit up and she hugged me tightly.

"One thing, though," I said, pulling back.

Her expression grew pensive.

"I don't want you to try to swallow my come," I said seriously.

"But I—"

"No buts. You don't like it, and I can tell."

"I'll learn to like it. I know I will."

"No," I said firmly.

Her face fell, and her eyes welled up with tears.

"I know you just want to make me happy, and I really appreciate that. But sex isn't about one person making another one happy. It's about *two* people, making *each other* happy."

"But—"

I shook my head. "You hate the taste of come. You once told me it's like getting shampoo in your mouth. Do you remember that?"

She sniffled and nodded.

"When *you* don't enjoy it, *I* don't enjoy it either."

"Oh," she said in a small voice.

I kissed her cheeks, tasting the salt of her tears. "There *is* something you can do, something I really like."

She still had her hand on my half-hard dick. As I thought about what I wanted, my cock twitched and began to swell further. She felt it and then anxiously looked into my eyes.

"You remember the time I spent the day at your trailer. I told my mom I was going to see a movie, but you wanted to stay home and fool around?"

She nodded.

"You sucked me off, and when I was ready to come, I shot all over your face." My dick was now almost fully erect.

She nodded again and absently began stroking my shaft.

"I really liked seeing you covered in my come. It was like I was marking my territory," I said.

She gripped my shaft and nodded.

"Why don't you fix me a special breakfast, and then I can come on your face after you suck me off. Would you like that?"

"God, yes."

"Better than trying to swallow my come?"

She nodded guiltily, then smiled. "Much better."

Sensitive or not, she pulled me on top of her and we made love slowly, gently. When I came, she kissed me fiercely and held me inside her.

"I'm so lucky I met you," she said, her breathing heavy and a catch in her voice.

"*I'm* the lucky one," I said firmly.

✧ ✧ ✧

About ten o'clock, we cleaned up and I walked her down to the clubhouse. The rain had stopped, but a thick, clinging mist hung over the camp. Erin and her friends were playing a game of Life, but Gina and Kara were nowhere to be seen.

"Hey Erin," I said. "Where're Mom and Dad?"

"Still at Susan's, I guess," she said absently.

"Where'd Gina and Kara go?"

"They went up to our cabin a couple of hours ago," Leah said.

It was clear the girls were wrapped up in their game, so Stacy and I quietly took our leave. I walked her back to Susan's. We passed Gina's parents with mine, going the other direction. Dad looked at his watch, pointedly looked at mine, then smiled at me. We talked for a few minutes and then headed our separate ways.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, I got up early and wiped off my weights before I did anything else. I kept them on the porch, but the storm had been blowing enough that they were wet. Once I had all the plates and bars dry, I wiped off my bench. After my usual ab, side, and leg workout, I jumped rope, then hit the shower.

Mom was up when I emerged from the bathroom. With a smile, she kissed my cheek. She looked at me critically and I quelled my momentary anxiety.

"You *do* need to buy a razor," she said.

I tried not to blush. I knew I couldn't possibly have grown whiskers overnight, but it still made me feel grown-up. "What time did Dad want to go to town?" I asked.

"About ten."

"Okay. Stacy wanted to fix me breakfast. Is that okay?"

"Mmm hmm."

Suddenly, I kissed her cheek and she smiled in surprise. "Thanks, Mom," I said. I made sure the screen door didn't slam and then bounded down the steps.

When I reached Susan's house, I found her sitting outside, reading the newspaper.

"Good morning, sunshine," she said when I rounded the corner and entered the courtyard. "How are you today?"

"I'm *great!*"

Her eyebrows rose and she smiled at me. She looked over her shoulder and I followed her gaze. Stacy was bustling about the kitchen.

"*She's* in a good mood this morning, too," Susan said.

I nodded and smiled like an idiot.

"And I notice she only set out one plate for breakfast."

My face heated, but I couldn't stop smiling. I shifted nervously from foot to foot.

She folded her newspaper and stood. "You two have fun," she said, with only a hint of amusement. With that, she kissed me on the cheek and walked out of the courtyard.

When I stepped inside, Stacy flew into my arms as soon as I shut the door. From the looks of things, she had cooked more food than I could ever possibly eat.

"Are you ready for your B&B?" she asked.

I nodded quickly and felt my penis stir.

✧ ✧ ✧

The day was shaping up to be cool and sunny, without a cloud in the sky. Dad and I left for town at ten. During the drive, he briefed me on our "secret mission." We went to the drugstore first, where Dad helped me pick out a safety razor and a pack of blades. In addition, Mom had given us a short list of things we needed from the drugstore.

We located everything on the list, then found the cheapest cans of shaving cream available. We grabbed all they had, fifteen cans. With one pack of stick pins and two Bic lighters, we had everything we needed. Afterward, Dad and I had lunch at McDonalds and then went to the grocery store.

"Important bachelor lesson number one," Dad said as we entered the Winn-Dixie.

"Yeah?"

"Never, I repeat, *never* go grocery shopping when you're hungry."

"Huh?"

"Trust me, son. You'll buy cookies, ice cream, potato chips, and anything else that looks tasty." He chuckled softly. "You won't get bread, milk, or eggs, but you'll have enough junk food to last a week."

Nonsense, I thought. If I came to the store for groceries, I'd buy good food. What did being hungry have to do with it? I nodded like I understood him and we started shopping.

The drive back to camp took longer than I wanted—I was eager to transform the shaving cream cans. I could tell that Dad was excited too. As soon as we got back to camp, we unloaded the groceries and our other purchases.

When that was done, we set our shaving cream cans on one of the tables and started modifying them. His plan was simple: put a stick pin in the nozzle of a can of shaving cream; use the lighter to melt the plastic around the pin; remove the pin when the plastic cooled. The process left a tiny hole for the shaving cream to escape. According to Dad, the resulting cans would shoot the shaving cream six or eight feet.

Jonathan and Alan wandered through the clubhouse and asked what we were doing. With a grin, Dad sent them off to round up their fathers, Chris Coulter, Stan Dunbar, and anyone else who wanted to have fun. They grinned and dashed out the screen door.

It took us about ten minutes to melt the nozzles on all the cans. A few minutes later, Dwight arrived. When he saw what we were up to, he laughed richly. Dad grinned infectiously and we gathered up the modified cans. We took them outside and set most of them on the clubhouse porch.

Dad, Dwight, and I each grabbed a can and stood in front of the concrete steps. We held the cans behind our backs and waited. Soon enough, some of the other men came into view. Chris, Stan, and Alan's father, Kevin, were following Jonathan and Alan up from the lake. To my surprise, Stacy and Kara were with them as well.

"We thought we'd have a little fun with some shaving cream!" my dad shouted as they approached.

We could see them looking at one another.

"C'mon up!" Dad yelled. "We've got enough cans for everyone."

They picked up their pace. Dad, Dwight, and I grinned at each other.

As they approached, Chris Coulter pulled up short. He looked directly at Dwight, then swiveled his head to look at my father. His eyes dropped to where our hands were conspicuously hidden behind our backs. None of the others seemed to notice that Chris had fallen back. Everyone else had their eyes glued to the cans of shaving cream, the bait. I grinned to myself. They would have to "run the gauntlet" to get to the cans—it would be like shooting fish in a barrel.

As soon as the group came into range, Dad, Dwight, and I all brandished our cans. At the same time, we opened fire. Three streamers of white shaving cream arced out and hit the group. I aimed at Stacy and Kara. They squealed in outrage, but quickly dodged toward the cans on the porch.

Jonathan and Alan, both small and nimble, darted behind us and came at the porch from the sides. Dwight concentrated on them, getting in a few good squirts before they armed themselves. Stan Dunbar and Kevin Nolan looked at each other, shrugged, and opted to charge my father. He got them pretty good before they bowled him over and reached the porch.

After that, a general melee erupted, with shouts, laughs, and rippling streamers of shaving cream. Stacy and Kara exacted their revenge by double-teaming me. I fought valiantly, but quickly had shaving cream all over me. Jonathan and Alan stuck together and picked at the fringe of the group like true opportunists, squirting anyone who came into range.

All the noise brought people up the hill from the lake, but I barely noticed—Stacy and Kara were busy chasing me. I swooped by the porch and picked up the last can of shaving cream, having long since exhausted my first one. I turned on the two girls and closed the distance between us, spraying the whole time.

Instead of running away, they decided to tackle me. Two slippery, shaving-cream-covered girls slammed into me and took the wind out of my lungs. I landed on my back, where they proceeded to tickle me. Being a wrestler has its advantages, and one of them was that there was *no* way those two girls were going to keep me on my back.

I didn't want to hurt either of them, so I merely used a couple of quick escape moves, rather than reversals (which would have left one of them pinned beneath me). With a quick bridge out, followed by a powerful lunge, I shot to my feet. I stood over them and they both cried foul.

With most of the shaving cream cans exhausted, the friendly brawl was winding down. I reached a hand down to the two girls and easily pulled them to their feet. When I looked up, a group of people had surrounded us and were watching with a mixture of wonder and amusement. All the shaving cream fighters were panting and grinning, most of us covered from head to toe in the foamy white substance.

Dad saw Mom in the crowd and nonchalantly walked toward her. She quickly realized what he was up to, however, and tried to run away. He easily caught her and pulled her into a bear hug, smearing one entire side of her body with shaving cream. Kara and Stacy went after Erin, Leah, and Trish. Another melee ensued, this one with cream-covered people chasing family or friends.

I looked for Gina and quickly located her. She no longer wore her bikini bottoms, I absently noted. She

was laughing and watching Kara chase Leah and Trish. I don't know what came over me, but I was suddenly determined to coat her in shaving cream. She heard me charging toward her, but she was too late to avoid my rush. She squirmed and laughed as I swept her up.

I took a guilty pleasure as I smeared shaving cream on her. It had been so long since I'd held her, even touched her, that I delighted in the feel of her warm skin. She quickly grew slippery, laughing and trying to wriggle from my grasp all the while. When I had transferred enough of my shaving cream coating to her, I let her go.

The shrieking, squealing, laughing crowd of people quickly ended up heading down the hill, all of us with various amounts of shaving cream on our bodies. At the lake, everyone simply dived or waded into the water. It was cold, but after our exertions, it was also very refreshing. Patches of dissolving shaving cream floated across the water and people playfully splashed one another.

Unfortunately, Gina had decided she was still angry with me. After rinsing off, she stood apart while the rest of us goofed off in the lake. Her mother talked to her for a moment, but Gina merely shook her head and took a seat in one of the lounge chairs.

If she wanted to sulk, let her, I decided. When Stacy and Kara tried to dunk me, I stopped thinking about Gina altogether. I was going to have fun. If she wanted to have fun with me, that was fine. If not, that was fine, too. It was her decision.

✧ ✧ ✧

On Saturday, I wanted to spend time with Gina, but she was still giving me the cold shoulder. Her loss, I thought. I still loved her, and I felt pangs of loss whenever I looked at her, but I was getting tired of banging my head against the wall of her wintry attitude. I guess there was only so much crap I was willing to put up with, and I was rapidly reaching that point.

Kara and Stacy had gone off together to lie out in the sun, so I basically skulked around the clubhouse, waiting for someone to arrive. The Erikssons, Manfred's family, lived in Charlotte, North Carolina, and the drive wasn't a long one. Jenny Jordan and her family lived in Atlanta, and from personal experience, I knew it was a long, tiring drive. Susan had mentioned that a few other families were due to arrive, but I couldn't remember who they were.

Around noon, Manfred and his parents, John and Ingrid, arrived. I went to help them unload their car. Well, I helped them unload their car *after* the usual gawking at how much I'd changed. I was getting used to the attention, and tried to take it in stride. Manfred circled me three times, simply looking at me.

"Little man," he said, after the third circuit, "you look *buff*."

"Come on, son," his father said. "Let's unload the car."

Manfred grinned at me, I grinned in return, and we started carrying things into their room. When we were done, I surreptitiously watched Manfred's mom take off her clothes. Manfred looked just like his dad—tall, thin, and fair. His mom, Ingrid, was also tall, with large breasts and a very shapely figure. She had fair hair, but tanned easily. I imagine Valkyries looked like her.

Afterward, Manfred's mom liberally coated him with sunblock, he donned a protective t-shirt, and we headed toward the lake. He asked about Gina and I told him enough of the story to satisfy his curiosity, but not enough to pique his interest. I quickly got the idea, however, that he wasn't paying much attention. His mind was clearly on the imminent arrival of one Miss Jenny Jordan.

A couple of other families arrived a little later. Tom and Myra Tharp arrived first. The Tharp twins, Thomas and Theresa, came down to the lake and greeted most of the other teenagers. As usual, they spent time with each other more than anyone else.

Two other families arrived mid-afternoon, the Eakers, Brent and Debora, and the Sterlings, Aaron and Sara. The Eakers had two sons, ages six and eight, and the Sterlings had three girls, four, six, and nine. With Alan and Clara Nolan, as well as Jonathan Delozier, the shallow end of the lake was soon overflowing with laughing, shouting children.

About an hour before dinnertime, the Jordan family arrived. I could tell when they pulled up because Manfred suddenly disappeared. One minute we were playing pool, the next minute, the screen door was

slamming shut behind him.

The parents, John and Jessica, were just how I remembered them. Well, I didn't remember much about John, mostly because he was a pretty average guy. Jessica, however, was something else entirely. She used to be a model, and was about an inch shorter than me, with long dark hair and firm breasts. Jenny was a year older than me and looked just like her mother. Looking at her, I realized that I'd forgotten how beautiful she was. At fourteen, Jill looked a lot more like Jenny than she had the previous year. I searched my memory for the other two kids' names and finally remembered them—Jackie, eleven, and John Jr., ten.

Manfred made a beeline for Jenny, and when she saw him, her face lit up. I rolled my eyes and helped them unload their food baskets. The Jordans were staying in one of the larger cabins, behind the motel-style buildings, and Manfred walked up to help them unload.

I didn't want to stick around to watch Manfred and Jenny make moon-eyes at each other, so I headed back down to the lake. When I politely asked Gina if the seat next to her was occupied, she said it wasn't. But as soon as I sat down, she picked up her book and towel then headed up the hill.

Fine, I thought, be that way.

✧ ✧ ✧

Sunday morning, I went for a run. I hated running, but I wanted the time alone. I ran for more than half an hour, about four miles. Even though I wasn't used to running that much, my time spent with the jump rope hadn't been wasted. When I returned to camp, I was winded, but not breathing too hard. I went for a swim and then cleaned up for breakfast.

With so many recently arrived families, the clubhouse was full of people. Dad fixed his banana pancakes, and Gina's family, Susan, and Stacy joined us for breakfast. I didn't even sit next to Gina. Whenever I looked at her, I knew I loved her, but I guess I just didn't have the energy to deal with her.

Everyone else at breakfast was happy and talkative, but I was somber, and maybe a little angry. Both Stacy and Kara noticed and tried to draw me out. If Gina noticed, she didn't show it, and that made me even madder. I loved her desperately, but I couldn't stand to be around her. How messed up is that?

After breakfast, Manfred and Jenny disappeared. I needed to talk to them about helping move Mr. Kestrel's stuff, so I was a little perturbed by their Houdini act. When I finally found them—just before lunch, coming up from the shuffleboard courts—I asked them about helping with the move.

When I told them how much they'd get paid, they were both eager. Fifty bucks was a lot of money to all of us. I didn't know if Gina was still interested in helping, but I guess I didn't really care. Manfred and Jenny walked off toward the clubhouse holding hands. I watched them go and tried not to think about Gina.

What did Kara say was the opposite of love? Indifference?

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that night, Stacy wanted to spend some time alone with me, since she had to return to work in the morning. She would be leaving very early, so we couldn't stay up too late. I was more than happy to be with her, but I couldn't shake my thoughts of Gina.

Stacy could tell I was upset, and when I saw her expression, I resolved myself to get in a better mood. We started kissing each other and quickly moved on to stroking and fondling. We had sex, but it was hard and fast, and I think it really surprised her. I guess I was still angry about Gina, and I realized with a start that I was taking it out on Stacy.

I consciously made up my mind to slow down and enjoy myself, and soon forgot about Gina entirely. Stacy and I spent the rest of the evening making love, having sex, and just plain fucking. By the time we were done, I was a little sore, drained, and very happy. From the look on Stacy's face, she felt the same way.

We showered together and she kissed me goodnight at the door. I walked from Susan's house back to our cabin in a contemplative silence.

I didn't think of Gina once.

✧ ✧ ✧

Monday night, things came to a head.

Gina had spent the past week glaring at me, ignoring me, or giving me perfunctory answers to my questions (and only when her mother was watching and ensuring her politeness).

I was in a seething funk, and in no mood to talk. So when Kara came up to me after dinner, I tried to be polite. In reality, I didn't feel like dealing with her. I know she was just trying to help, and I sincerely appreciated it, but I guess I wasn't in the mood to be helped.

Kara, however, is nothing if not determined. She coaxed and cajoled me, and eventually pulled me to my feet. I didn't know where she was taking me, and I didn't really care.

She led me to the nature walk by the spillway stream, the same place where Gina and I had The Talk. I probably shouldn't have been surprised to find Gina sitting on a blanket, waiting. For a moment, my heart soared at the thought that she'd forgiven me, but one look at her face dashed that hope.

Gina stood and started to protest, but a scathing look from Kara silenced her. Kara jabbed a finger in Gina's direction and imperiously told her to sit down. She leveled the same finger at me and gave the same order. I convinced myself that I was sitting down to be polite, but the truth was that I was actually a little scared of Kara. I'd never seen her this angry. She sat down and glared at each of us in turn.

She looked at me. "*You* started this mess. You were a stand-up guy and you told her the truth about Amy, but none of this would have happened if you'd just kept your dick in your pants."

I started to protest, but Kara's glare cut me off mid-breath.

"You tried to be nice to her, I'll give you that," she said. "But for the past couple of days, you've been pissed off, and it shows."

My silence was admission enough.

Kara rounded on her sister. "And *you* have been an ice-cold bitch for a week."

"I have n—"

"You *have*, and you know it," Kara said flatly. "He tried to be nice to you. He tried to fix things. But you gave him the cold shoulder every time."

"Well, he's been screwing everything that moved," Gina said defensively.

"He has *not*," Kara said crossly.

"What about Susan?"

Kara shook her head irritably. "You *know* about Susan," she said. "You know how it is."

Shocked by the two girls' vehemence, I merely watched, turning my head as if I were watching tennis.

"Then what about Stacy?"

Kara's eyes softened momentarily, then hardened again. "What do *you* know about Stacy?" she snarled.

"I know he's been screwing her."

"Are you mad because he's been screwing *her?*" Kara shot back. "Or because he *hasn't* been screwing you?"

"I—"

"Stacy is desperately in love with him," Kara said, her voice softer. "She's head-over-heels *crazy* in love with him. According to her, he's the best lover she's ever had."

I blinked in shock.

"But every time I was with her," Kara continued remorselessly, "all she talked about was how he could get *you* back."

Even Gina blinked at that.

"*That* is love," Kara said. "She loves him enough to sacrifice her own happiness for his."

"She's welcome to him, then," Gina said scornfully.

"She deserves him more than you do."

Gina's contemptuous façade slipped a little. "Well," she said sanctimoniously, "at least I wasn't having sex with other people."

"Oh, no?!"

Gina's eyes flew wide.

"What do you think *we've* been doing?" Kara asked.

Gina worked her mouth soundlessly.

"And what about you and Leah?" When Kara saw Gina's expression, she smiled humorlessly. "You didn't think I knew about that, did you?"

Gina swallowed hard.

"What about you and Lisa? Every time she spent the night with you, you two were having sex. Going down on a girl may not be the same as having a guy inside you, but it's still pretty much sex." Kara turned and regarded me coolly. "Wouldn't you agree?"

I could only stare in shock. I thought about Gina having sex with Kara, or Leah, or her friend Lisa. It was incredibly arousing. Despite the immediate situation, I felt my penis twitch in response.

Kara turned back to Gina. "You weren't going to *tell* him about the two of us," she said. "Were you?"

"It's not like you're guys," Gina said quickly, trying to regain her composure.

"Okay, let's talk about guys," Kara said implacably. "If Joey Whatshisname had wanted you to suck him off, would you have said no? Hmm?"

"But I never *did*," Gina said. She pointed at me accusingly. "He *screwed* that Amy girl." Tears of frustration welled up in her eyes. "It's not like I did it with another guy."

"No," Kara said softly. "But what about Dan? Or Carl?"

I blinked and looked at Gina.

When she didn't say anything, Kara turned to me. "The women in our family like the taste of come," she said matter-of-factly. "Mom does, I do, Gina does, and I'm sure Leah will too, as soon as she gets her first taste."

My penis twitched and began to jerk upright. I shifted and tried to hide it.

Kara shook her head. "Don't hide your hard-on," she said. "Gina should see what she's missing."

My eyebrows rose in shock and surprise, but I stopped trying to hide my burgeoning erection.

"Good," Kara said. "Now where was I? Oh, yes. The women in our family like the taste of come. But I'm sure you noticed."

I nodded.

"Dan and Carl were boyfriends of mine," Kara said. "I was dating Dan last fall, and then Carl over the holidays and for a couple of months this spring."

"Kara, no," Gina whispered. She looked at her sister with growing desperation.

"When I'd come home from a date," Kara said, still looking at me, "Gina loved to suck their come out of my pussy."

Gina slumped and looked from her sister to me and then back to Kara again.

"She gets so worked up when she tastes a guy's come," Kara said. "So do I. She'd go down on me, and then we'd kiss, and the taste would get me all worked up too. We'd end up in a sixty-nine, getting each other off."

My cock swelled at the mental image I conjured up.

Kara turned back to Gina and continued. "Sucking their come out of my pussy may not be the same as having sex with them," she said. "But it's pretty darn close. And you *were* having sex with me, Leah, and Lisa. At least *he*," she tossed her head in my direction, "had the guts to tell you about the women he had sex with. So you can be self-righteous if you want, but I don't think you're that kind of hypocrite," she said gently. "You *know* about Susan…"

For a moment, I wondered what she meant by that.

"…and Stacy loves him so much that she's been trying to figure out a way for him to get you back. The only girl he cheated on you with was Amy, and he was so in love with you that it ruined their relationship."

Gina started weeping softly but I tightly controlled the urge to reach out to her.

Kara let her cry for several long moments. Then she said, "I haven't had sex with a guy in three weeks."

Gina looked up quickly, tears still running down her cheeks.

"Talking about the taste of come, going down on you, and all the rest is making me incredibly horny,"

Kara said. Then she nodded in my direction. "He's got a great body, and my mouth is watering, just from looking at his hard-on."

Gina swallowed hard and looked panicked.

"But you know I wouldn't do that to you, Gina," Kara said softly. "He loves you. I can see it in his eyes. So can Stacy. If you had bothered to look, you'd've seen it too. So as much as I want his dick," she look wistfully at my erection, "you know I wouldn't do that as long as he's your guy."

Gina's tears slowed and her face hardened.

"He's a great guy, Gina. He's smart, funny, cute, and he loves you. He's made his mistakes, but he owned up to them and tried to make things right. But your ice princess attitude has pushed him away, and you're this close," she held her finger and thumb a quarter-inch apart, "to losing him."

I looked at Gina while Kara paused for a breath. Gina studiously ignored me, and I felt my temper flare.

"So you need to decide," Kara said to Gina. "Because this 'punish him' bullshit has *got* to stop. If you love him, you need to respect his apology. You probably need to apologize yourself. And you *definitely* need to try to fix your relationship." She paused for a moment and drew a deep breath. "If you don't love him anymore, you need to tell him, so he can move on."

Gina set her jaw and her nostrils flared.

"If you love him, he's your guy and you need to take care of him," Kara said. "If you don't love him, he's not your guy anymore, and *I'll* be more than happy to take care of him."

I swallowed hard and looked at Kara, suddenly seeing her as a woman, and not just my (ex-?) girlfriend's older sister.

Kara leveled her gaze at her sister. "So," she said heavily. "Which is it gonna be?"

When Gina directed a flinty, contemptuous stare at me, I finally snapped. A torrent of inarticulate rage boiled up within me. What had I ever done to deserve such scorn from her? Sure, I guess I'd cheated on her, but I also told her the truth and I wanted to work things out.

But Kara's revelations put Gina's holier-than-thou attitude in an entirely new light. If Gina had even *tried* to talk to me about our relationship, I don't think I would have been as angry as I was. Instead of talking, or moving on, she seemed only interested in punishing me.

And I was tired of her shit. I was over it. Enough. Done.

I stood, my erection bobbing with the suddenness of the motion. Both girls looked up at me in surprise.

"Fine, Gina," I spat. "If you want it to be this way, that's fine with me. I wanted to have a relationship with you. I wanted to work things out. But you only wanted to make me suffer. So I'm through. *We're* through."

I turned on my heels and stormed off.

"Paul! Wait!"

Despite my fury, I stopped in my tracks.

Whose voice had it been? I couldn't tell.

Did I care? I didn't know.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

I stood there for a moment and simply fumed. I balled my hands into fists and then flexed my fingers. Tension and frustration flowed through my body, and I felt my muscles begin to quiver slightly with pent-up emotion. My breath came in staccato bursts through my nose, the sound like a bull makes when it's ready to charge.

"Paul, please."

Maybe it was the strumming of emotion in my ears, or maybe it was simply the wind in the trees, but I still couldn't tell whose voice it was. I strained and replayed the plea in my head, trying to discern the speaker.

Why did I care?

I'd only gotten scorn and derision from Gina. Kara's revelation and attraction notwithstanding, I wasn't in the mood for human contact, much less female contact.

"Please."

She sounded desperate, and I almost turned. But with an effort of will, I slowly relaxed my muscles, from head to toe. Then I took a deep breath. Without turning around, I continued walking.

Behind me, I heard the sound of sobbing. I was so angry, I didn't care.

If you beat a dog enough, sooner or later it will quit coming back for more. I had reached that point. I was tired of playing the idiotic puppy that was eager to get kicked again.

Twilight was deepening as I reached the edge of the lake. When I turned up the hill, I heard footsteps behind me—I ignored them and deliberately kept walking. A hand reached out and grabbed my bicep, but I pulled away with an angry shrug and continued up the hill. She reached out for me again, this time with both hands. I could have pulled away a second time, but I didn't. I honestly didn't care which girl it was. I rounded on her furiously.

"What?!"

Kara flinched and shrank back. I'm sure the look in my eyes clearly conveyed how livid I was. I'm not usually a violent person, but at that moment, I wanted to break something.

"Paul, I—"

"Is this some fucking *game* to you?! Who Gets The Guy? You and Gina play it, maybe you flip a fucking coin?"

She shook her head and backed away as I advanced menacingly toward her.

"This is my fucking *life* we're talking about!" I raged.

She stopped backing up and clasped her hands in front of her. Then she closed her eyes, swallowing hard as she did.

I could tell she was scared, and I felt a momentary pang of guilt.

"Paul… Come back. *Please?*" Her voice was soft, feminine, scared, and so much like Gina's.

"Why?" I asked, my tone laden with scorn. "Do I have an abuse low-level light? Maybe I need to go back so she can put a fucking cherry on the bitch sundae? Is that it?"

Her eyes still closed, Kara shook her head.

"What then? What possible reason could I have for going back to that clearing?"

"She loves you."

"Yeah?" I snorted derisively. "Well, she's got a strange fucking way of showing it." I took a step toward her and she involuntarily flinched. "When I love someone," I said, "I don't treat them like shit."

"She was scared."

"Scared?!" I waved my arms and she cringed again. "Of what?" She started to speak but I cut her off. "This I gotta hear. I wanna know what's so scary that it turns a woman into a first-fucking-class bitch."

Kara opened her eyes and looked at me steadily. "She was scared of losing you."

"Yeah? Well, she must be fucking terrified now, because now she's actually *lost* me."

"No, please. You can't mean that." She reached for me automatically, but one look at my suddenly feral expression and she recoiled in alarm.

"You want to see how much I mean it?" I asked dangerously.

She shook her head quickly. "I know you still love her," she said.

"And what makes you think that?" Some of the towering rage was draining out of me, but I was still full of adrenaline and seething with resentment.

"You remember I told you about the opposite of love?"

"So?"

"It's not hate. It's indifference."

"Yeah, well, it may take me a while, but right now I'm working on indifference."

She looked at me, her face a mask of anguish, and her eyes brimmed with tears.

Without saying another word, I turned and walked up the hill.

✧ ✧ ✧

I lay on my bed for a long time that night. Sometime later, Erin climbed into the bunk beneath me and said goodnight. I mumbled something but she was too sleepy to reply. Mom and Dad came back a while later, but I didn't feel like talking to them.

My emotions were awhirl and I was full of conflicting desires. In my mind, I summoned up the conversation and thought it through. Even though recalling Gina's attitude only served to make me angrier, I still did it. Why couldn't I stop thinking about her? Why was she so mad at me? What had I done? I just didn't understand her, or girls at all, for that matter. I thought I did, maybe a little, but I was wrong.

Worse still, my feelings alternated between horny and furious. My poor dick probably didn't know what to do, stand at attention or simply lie there and be still. Thinking of Gina and her sisters having sex made me incredibly horny, and I would feel my manhood stiffening. Then I would think of her expression, or her attitude over the past week, and my erection would just as quickly deflate.

The worst part (worse than being horny, angry, and alone, that is) was that I felt adrift. Gina had always been a sort of an anchor for me. Even when I was most worried about Amy and her potential pregnancy, I couldn't stop thinking about Gina. Now, I felt that queasy feeling you get when you spin around so much that you can't tell which direction is up.

I also felt bad about yelling at Kara. I know she was only trying to help, but I was angry and she was convenient. I knew better than to take my resentment and frustration out on her, and I castigated myself for doing it.

At the root of it all was the despair I felt. I wanted to be angry with Gina. I wanted to make her hurt and suffer as much as I had. But I also loved her. I couldn't shake the feeling, no matter how hard I concentrated on all her petty, vindictive actions.

Love isn't supposed to hurt like this, is it?

Needless to say, I didn't sleep well that night.

✧ ✧ ✧

When I got up the next morning, it was still early. I was tired, but I was awake. I didn't even feel like working out. I grabbed my towel and headed down to the lake. A cool morning mist hung over the water, but I dived in anyway.

I swam out to the raft and pulled myself onto it. The sun was just coming over the ridge behind the clubhouse, and I watched the first rays bathe the valley with their orange glow. For a moment at least, I was at peace. I didn't think of anything except the sun and the slowly warming air around me. As the golden shafts of light touched more and more of the basin, the air filled with the sounds of the woods.

After a while, I took a running dive and knifed into the cold, clear water. I swam to the shore on one lungful of air, coming up in a burst of spray, gasping for breath. I slicked back my hair, put my hands on the brick coping, and kicked upward. Not bothering to even dry myself, I wrapped my towel around my waist and headed up the hill.

I sat on the clubhouse's side patio for a long time, simply looking out over the shuffleboard courts. I could hear the sounds of people trickling into the clubhouse behind me, but I paid them little attention.

I knew I had a big day ahead of me—moving all of Mr. Kestrel's belongings—so I wanted to enjoy the quiet as long as I could. I still didn't know if Gina would help us or not, and I'd like to say I didn't care.

Unfortunately, I did.

Once my immediate anger and pent-up frustration had been expunged, I realized that I wanted to see her. I thought I was crazy. I *must* be crazy.

When I heard the screen door behind me open, I idly wondered who it was, but didn't turn around. The person pulled a chair next to mine and moved around to sit down. In my peripheral vision, I saw a short, shapely, darkly tanned body. I wondered how I would feel if it was Gina. Once again, conflicting emotions assailed me.

"Hi," she said.

I turned and Kara smiled at me tentatively. "Hi," I said flatly.

"So," she said conversationally. "You all are moving Mr. Kestrel's stuff today, right?"

I regarded her coolly. "That's not what you came here to talk about, is it?"

She blinked in surprise and then shook her head.

I crossed my legs and turned back to look down the terraced hill. "Listen," I said. "I'm sorry about last night. I know you were only trying to help. I was angry."

"I know."

"That's not an excuse for how I treated you, though," I said. "I wasn't angry at you, and I shouldn't have lost my temper. I'm sorry."

She was silent for a moment.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw her nod.

"You had every right to be angry. Gina hasn't been very nice to you." She paused and then drew a deep breath. "And I probably shouldn't've said what I said."

I shook my head. "It needed to be said, I guess. I mean, I know what I did was wrong. Hearing it from you didn't make me feel any worse."

She nodded.

"But I don't think Gina thought she was doing anything wrong," I said. "She needed to be knocked off her high horse, and I sure couldn't do it."

Kara shrugged and nodded again.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, the unseen presence of Gina hanging in the air between us.

"How is she?" I finally asked.

"Upset. Ashamed. Scared."

I nodded silently.

"She still loves you," Kara said softly.

I nodded again, not trusting myself to speak. On one hand, I wanted to make Gina hurt like I had hurt, like I *did* hurt. It was mean and spiteful, but it was how I felt. On the other hand, I wanted to do *anything* to take away her suffering and pain.

"She wants to talk to you."

"Yeah, well, I don't know if I'd be very good company right now."

Kara was silent for a long moment. "You know," she said reflectively, "you're a lot more mature than most sixteen-year-old guys."

I shrugged.

"I'm serious. You're kinda introspective, and you actually think about what you say before you say it."

I didn't know how to respond, so I kept my mouth shut.

"Maybe that's why I'm so attracted to you."

My throat suddenly felt tight.

"You're not even really like guys *my* age," she said.

I snorted softly.

"It's true. I know that's why Stacy loves you. Well, that and a lot of other reasons."

"I guess."

She nodded. "And it's why you're so sexy."

I turned to regard her as calmly as I could. "You mean, you were serious about… um… what you said last night?"

She nodded simply.

My towel-covered penis stirred at the thought, but I tried to consciously will my arousal to subside.

"Yeah," she said. "I was. I am. I think you're really sexy. And hunky. But… well… Gina and I kinda have these rules."

I thought back to a conversation I'd had with Gina, on the couch in my family's cabin. It had been her last day at camp the previous summer, and it had been nearly perfect. I wondered if I'd ever get the chance to repeat the experience. I shook my head and dragged my thoughts back to the present.

"We had this big fight a couple of years ago," Kara said. "About a guy."

"She told me."

"She did?"

I nodded.

"Yeah, that makes sense. Ever since then," she continued, "we've kinda had these rules. The big one is that we never try to steal the other one's guy."

"Yeah, I know."

"So… I mean… you know. Since she's still got feelings for you, I've got to respect that."

In a way, it was a relief. But in a way… Stop it, Paul! You too, little Paul.

"I might not want to," she said, "but I will. Even after some of the things Stacy told me." She closed her eyes and swallowed hard. "That thing you do, where you stop and calm down for a minute, so you can last longer." She shivered involuntarily. "God, there are a lot of older guys who've never figured *that* one out."

I blinked at her, completely flabbergasted.

When she opened her eyes and saw my expression, she grinned. "Sorry. I guess I got a little carried away."

"Well," I said dryly, "you were pretty close to having *me* carry you away."

She smiled wryly and inclined her head in my direction.

I shrugged.

"I just wanted you to know that I really do think you're attractive, and I was serious about what I said last night. But… you know."

I nodded.

"We can't do anything. Gina would never forgive me. And you might be a great guy…" Her eyes wandered over my shoulders and torso, then momentarily settled on my groin. "But she's my sister. Okay?"

"I'm cool," I said.

She reached out and put her hand on my arm. "Thanks. You *are* a great guy. You and Gina really do deserve each other."

"I dunno."

"You really do. You just need to figure that out for yourselves."

"I guess."

"She still wants to talk to you," Kara said.

I didn't know how I felt about that, or if I was even ready. On one hand, I was still a little angry with her. I couldn't wipe away my feelings of frustration and resentment overnight. It might have been mean-spirited and bitter, but I wanted to make her sweat a little. But, I thought to myself ruefully, that was precisely what she had done to me. Was I big enough to forgive and forget? I wanted to think so, but I just wasn't sure.

"If you don't want to talk to her, I'll tell her."

I shook my head. "No," I said. "I guess we probably need to talk. I don't know exactly how I feel about her, but I won't do to her what she did to me."

"I understand."

I nodded.

"Is now okay? Or do you want to wait till later?"

"Now's fine, I guess."

Kara nodded and placed her hands on my forearm. "You *are* a great guy, Paul. In many ways, you're a lot more mature than Gina. You're the first big relationship she's had with a guy."

I nodded.

"She's scared, and insecure, and she doesn't really know what to do. But she *does* love you."

"Okay. Thanks."

She stood and then bent to kiss my cheek. "I'll go get her," she said softly.

I stopped her before she could leave. "One question," I said quietly.

She looked at me a little pensively, but nodded.

"When I stormed off last night," I asked, "which one of you called out to me?" When Kara smiled patiently, I found myself on pins and needles, waiting for the answer. She looked into my eyes and I tried not to let my anxiety show.

"Gina," she said.

I looked at her skeptically. "Really?"

"Yeah," she said, nodding. "She called out at first, but I ran after you. Obviously."

I nodded solemnly. "Thanks."

She patted my arm. "I'll go get her now."

I nodded again, and she turned to leave.

A few minutes later, I heard the screen door open behind me. I was tempted to keep staring straight ahead, but I mentally admonished myself and turned to look.

Gina stuck her head out tentatively. Her eyes were red from crying, and instead of looking at me, she stared at the ground.

"Can I come out?" she asked softly.

"Yeah."

She stepped onto the porch and let the screen door shut softly behind her. When it became clear she was just going to stand there, I gestured to the chair her sister had so recently vacated. She sat, and I noticed a couple of wadded-up Kleenex in her fist. She also wore the silver bracelet I'd given her.

Neither of us spoke for several long moments, and I could almost feel her anxiety growing. For my part, I don't know what I felt. It was kind of like one part love, two parts simmering resentment.

"So," I said musingly. "What did you want to talk about?" How lame was that?!

"Did Kara tell you…?" she asked hesitantly.

I nodded. "Yeah," I said without looking at her. "But it's not the same as you telling me."

She sniffled. Out of my peripheral vision, I saw her wipe the corner of her eye. "What do you want to know?"

When I turned and looked at her, I knew what she thought I was going to ask. I could almost *feel* her desire, but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I don't know how I knew, but I did. She thought I was going to ask if she still loved me. Instead, I said, "I dunno. I guess I want to know why."

She looked panicked for a moment, looking over her shoulder and then back at me. "Didn't Kara tell you?"

I nodded. "But I want to hear it from you."

She swallowed hard and looked at me with wide, scared eyes.

I let the silence draw out. "So… why?"

She fidgeted with her Kleenex, staring at her hands as she did. "I was angry," she said meekly.

"Yeah, well, that much was obvious," I said sardonically.

"And scared."

"Of what?"

She took a deep, shuddering breath. "Of losing you."

"Why?" I asked, genuinely perplexed. When we'd had The Talk, hadn't I said I loved her? Hadn't I said I wanted to work things out? Did I stutter?

She shrugged expressively.

"What made you think that?"

Instead of answering me, she fidgeted with her Kleenex and made a noncommittal sound.

"Okay," I said. "Forget it. I guess there's no sense in bringing it up again."

She looked up and gazed at me intently, trying to discern my mood.

I smiled. It wasn't a happy smile, but at least it wasn't a scowl. Over the past week, I'd seen more than my fair share of scowls, mostly from Gina. As much as I might have wanted to, I didn't return the favor.

She smiled sadly in return.

"Do you *want* to have a relationship with me?" I asked.

She looked hopeful. "If you want me to."

I shook my head, but I immediately realized she misunderstood me. I quickly explained. "It's not about what *I* want. It's about what *you* want. So, what do you want?"

"I want things to go back to the way they used to be," she said softly.

"That may take some time," I said honestly.

She nodded sadly and then studied her hands.

"But if we *talk* to each other, instead of just getting angry and frustrated, I think we'll both be happier."

When she looked up and saw that I was serious, she smiled the first happy smile I'd seen from her in a long time. It was still a far cry from the bright smile she flashed when she was truly happy. Her expression was wan and a little scared, but it was a start.

"Do you still want to help move Mr. Kestrel's stuff?" I asked.

"If you want me to."

I started to tell her it wasn't about what *I* wanted, but checked myself. "I'd like that," I said instead.

Her answering smile actually reached her eyes.

"Why don't we have breakfast?" I suggested. "How 'bout a couple of oranges?"

She nodded quickly and practically leapt to her feet. "I'll get them," she said.

She was through the door before I could even answer. In little more than a minute, she returned with two large oranges and some paper towels. We ate the oranges in a companionable, if uncertain, silence.

I still loved her. I was sure of that. But I still had a great deal of resentment and hurt to work through. That would take time.

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I went looking for Manfred and Jenny as soon as Gina and I finished breakfast. I wanted to get the truck loaded before the heat of the day. And I didn't want the two of them sneaking off for a morning quickie before I could find them. We had a job to do, and I wanted to get it done.

Luckily, I found them each having breakfast with their respective families. I looked at my watch, eight fifteen, and told them to meet me at Susan's house in fifteen minutes. I also told them that they'd probably want to wear sneakers. They both seemed eager to help—I guess fifty dollars will do that.

Neither Gina nor I had said anything about it, but she quietly tagged along while I told Manfred and Jenny about the schedule. Once the two of them knew when and where, Gina went to talk to her family. Kara smiled smugly when we approached. Gina told her mom she was going to help move Mr. Kestrel's stuff, and then we went over to my parents' table.

Afterward, we walked up the hill in silence. I really didn't know what to say, and she obviously didn't want to talk about her behavior. I guess I didn't feel the need to press the issue. Besides, I could tell she was lost in thought.

When we stopped at my cabin, I invited her inside while I put on my shoes. She shifted from foot to foot as she waited. I quickly got the idea she was working up the nerve to say something. I finished tying my shoelaces and stood, looking at her expectantly as I did. She dithered for a moment, then took a deep breath.

"Paul?"

"Mmm hmm?"

"There's… well… there's something I want to say."

I waited for a moment, silently watching her gather her courage.

She lifted her chin and looked at me with an earnest, serious expression.

I mentally steeled myself for whatever she had to say.

"I'm sorry."

At first, I cocked my head to the side, not quite sure what she was sorry about.

"I'm sorry for how I treated you," she said.

I nodded.

She wrung her hands and concentrated on the floor. "I didn't know what to do," she said plaintively. "At first, I was angry. But then I got scared. I was scared of losing you." She swallowed hard.

"I'm sorry, too," I said. "But let's not worry about that. Not now. The past is behind us."

She nodded, and we stood in silence for several long moments.

"Paul?"

"Yeah?"

"I know it doesn't mean anything, but will you do something for me?"

"If I can."

"Will you hug me? Maybe just once?"

As she looked at me with wide, anxious eyes, I nearly melted. I nodded, and she tentatively stepped toward me. When I spread my arms, she rushed into them. It felt good to hold her, to feel her warm skin pressed against mine.

"I've been so lonely," she said, half sobbing. She squeezed me tight and her tears finally began to flow.

For the time being, my anger and resentment drained away. Holding a beautiful, crying girl in your arms is a pretty good way to stop thinking about yourself. I don't recommend doing what it takes to *make* the girl cry, but if you do, a warm embrace will go a long way toward making things right. It wouldn't solve all of our problems, I thought, but at least it was a step in the right direction.

We stood like that for a long time, Gina wordlessly sobbing and me holding her, simply offering the comfort of my chest and arms. At first, I'd been unsure about rushing things. But even as she cried, I began thinking about her body and how much I enjoyed having her close to me.

Trust a horny sixteen-year-old to think of sex at a time like this! I almost laughed out loud when I realized what I was doing.

Finally, her tears dried up and she sniffled disconsolately. She pulled back and looked up at me.

"I'm so sorry," she said, her voice hoarse.

"Shhhh," I breathed, pulling her against me. "It's okay. We'll figure things out."

She nodded against my chest. "I hope so."

"We will."

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After running up to Gina's cabin to get her shoes, we were late getting to Susan's house. Manfred smirked at me as we entered the courtyard. I could easily tell what he thought we'd been doing. Leave it to Manfred to be completely dense. Susan smiled at the two of us as she stood up, then we all headed out.

The previous night, Susan had driven to town, rented a 24' U-Haul truck, and left her car at the U-Haul lot. When she returned to camp, she parked the truck at Mr. Kestrel's house and then walked back to hers. She told us she'd also filled the ice cube trays while she was at his house. We wouldn't have air conditioning (the doors would be open all day anyway), but at least we'd have cold drinks.

The walk to Mr. Kestrel's house took about twenty minutes. Once we got there, we opened the big U-Haul and pulled out the ramp. Susan had also rented a dolly and a bunch of padded blankets for the furniture. We left the furniture blankets in the back of the truck and wheeled the dolly down the ramp.

Once inside, Susan and I gave the others a quick tour. When we looked into The Room, I was reminded

of how much different it was with all the bondage paraphernalia gone. During the tour, Susan checked her list and pointed out things that would be going to storage, the Salvation Army, or the camp.

Susan had also brought along colored dot stickers, one color for each destination. We decided to load the storage items first, then the Salvation Army things, and finally, the camp stuff. There were also several things which would stay at the house, like the major appliances.

Without further ado, we got started.

While Susan, Gina, and Jenny put the appropriate colored stickers on boxes, Manfred and I began moving the furniture that was destined for storage. Instead of directly affixing the stickers to the furniture, Susan put the colored dots on index cards and simply taped them to the wood.

Moving all of Mr. Kestrel's stuff took a lot less effort than I thought it would. Manfred and I used the dolly or simply carried the furniture to the truck. Once there, we figured out how to place it, then used the blankets for padding. Jenny brought out smaller boxes, which we used to fill in around the furniture. Inside, Susan and Gina grouped boxes together and generally "staged" things for us to load.

After about two hours, we had the majority of the house's contents loaded in the truck. We'd all been very careful, and nothing major had broken (although one lampshade was completely destroyed, and Manfred and I managed to gash the back of one of the dressers slated for the Salvation Army). We were hot, sweaty, and thirsty. At last, we took a final survey of the house to make sure we hadn't missed anything.

Manfred and I went out to the truck to load the dolly and store the ramp while the girls fixed tall glasses of ice water for everyone. When our thirst was sated, we locked up the house and piled into the cab of the truck. It was a tight squeeze with the five of us, so Jenny sat on Manfred's lap and Gina sat on mine.

Susan drove to the clubhouse and parked in the grass, about thirty feet from the front door. The girls took boxes of kitchen stuff into the building while Manfred and I unloaded two couches and several padded easy chairs. It took us about fifteen minutes to unload everything for the camp.

Afterward, we decided to wash off the sweat and dust by taking a quick dip in the lake. The five of us walked down the hill, chatting about the rest of the day and generally enjoying ourselves.

Things weren't back to normal between Gina and me, but they were getting better. She was shy and a little hesitant around me, and I guess I was the same way around her. I wasn't angry with her (as long as I didn't think about the previous week), but I wasn't as open as I had been, either.

For their part, Manfred and Jenny were just plain goofy. They teased each other, they flirted, and they made suggestive comments. It was actually kind of funny to watch— Gina and I merely rolled our eyes and grinned at their antics.

After the heat, humidity, and dust, the lake was shockingly cold. As soon as I dived in, my poor testicles pulled up tight, seeking the warmth of my body. Manfred and Jenny were in their own little world, and they still hadn't figured out that there was something different between Gina and me. I guess I was happy to let them maintain their ignorance.

We swam around for about thirty minutes, just being teenagers, then went up to Susan's for lunch. She fixed us a bunch of ham and cheese sandwiches, which we wolfed down. Afterward, each of us went back to our cabins (and in Manfred's case, to his family's room) to get dressed.

I know it's a little funny, but I actually paid attention to the clothes everyone wore. I guess I was so used to seeing them without clothing that I found myself interested in everyone's choices in attire.

Manfred wore cut-off jeans, a Led Zeppelin "Zoso" t-shirt, and goofy knee-length athletic socks with red stripes around the tops. Jenny appeared wearing light blue short-shorts and a matching crop-top t-shirt. Gina was wearing yellow shorts with a white spaghetti-strap tank top. I had picked out some comfortable shorts and an old US Navy t-shirt from my dad. Susan wore Bermuda shorts and a button-up shirt with the ends tied together a few inches below her breasts.

Gina's hair was held back with yellow barrettes and Jenny had hers in a ponytail. Much to my enjoyment, none of the women wore a bra.

At that point, we hit our first logistical snafu. We couldn't all ride in the truck, and Susan had left her car at the U-Haul lot. After a serious discussion between Susan and my parents, they decided to let me drive

Mom's car. I'd never driven that far by myself, but I would be following Susan as she drove the truck.

Dad took me aside and impressed upon me the seriousness of the situation. No speeding, no goofing around, and *no fooling around*, he said. I tried to look innocent, but he wasn't buying it. When he was satisfied that I appreciated the gravity of the task, he patted me on the shoulder and told me I'd do fine.

I almost leapt for joy as we all piled into my mom's station wagon and waited for Susan to turn the truck around. I tried to look serious whenever I noticed Mom or Dad looking our way. When the truck pulled past us, I put the car into gear and carefully put my foot on the accelerator.

With that, we were headed for town.

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The drive to town was mostly uneventful. We listened to the radio, we talked about goings on at camp, and we planned the rest of our week. Manfred and Jenny wanted to hike to the quarry on Saturday. Jenny's mother was no more disposed to letting them go alone than she had been the previous year, so they asked us to join them.

Gina looked at me hesitantly, but I nodded my agreement. She smiled from ear to ear when I did. Manfred also suggested I get a backpack of my own. He'd brought two, but according to him, it was always nice to have a spare. I couldn't fault his logic, and made a mental note to return to the sporting goods store where I'd bought my weight bench.

Talking about the backpack got us discussing what we were going to do with the money Susan was paying us. Manfred planned to spend his on records and sunglasses. Jenny wanted clothes, and maybe a few records. I didn't really know what I wanted, but clothes and records were never bad choices.

Gina gave me a shy look and said she'd probably spend it on someone special. Hoots and hollers erupted from the back seat as Manfred and Jenny teased me. I must have blushed a deep crimson, because Gina was grinning bashfully when I looked over at her.

When we got to town, Susan led us to the Salvation Army building. The place was more of a warehouse than a store, and Susan simply turned the truck and backed up to the door. She had obviously called ahead, and the staff greeted her warmly.

I carefully parked the car next to the truck, and we all jumped out. Manfred and I moved the heavy stuff while Gina and Jenny helped with boxes and odd-shaped items like lamps, plant stands, and other things. It took us about fifteen minutes to unload everything which wasn't bound for storage.

While Susan was dealing with the paperwork and receipts, the rest of us shifted things in the truck. Manfred had pointed out, and rightly so, that we needed to move things or risk having them come crashing down as soon as Susan put the truck in gear. I was actually impressed that Manfred was paying attention to something besides Jenny.

When we were done, Susan started the truck and we piled into the station wagon. I followed the big U-Haul as Susan drove toward the storage building.

The storage place was really a large fenced-in area with several rows of cinder-block buildings. Susan had rented one of the larger rooms, and it was toward the back of the complex. Since it was a hot Tuesday afternoon, the only person around was the manager. Susan took care of the rental paperwork and then I followed her as she drove toward the last row of buildings.

When we opened the metal door to the storage room, a furnace blast of sweltering air hit us in the face. Baking all day in the hot sun with little or no ventilation made it an oven—the temperature and humidity outside seemed cool by comparison. Manfred and I quickly stripped off our shirts and pulled the ramp from the back of the truck.

Most of the things from Mr. Kestrel's house were going in storage, and the truck was still about half full. We had at least an hour's work ahead of us—work in the soaring afternoon heat and humidity, with no breeze. With mostly good-natured groans, we started unloading.

Because Susan wanted the furniture at the back of the storage room, we put all the boxes, lamps, and other stuff in the roadway between buildings. While we were doing that, Susan dug in her purse for change and walked to the manager's office to use the Coke machine. When she returned, we took a break and

enjoyed our Cokes. They weren't ice cold, but they were a welcome relief from the heat of the storage building.

"God, I'm burning up," Jenny said, fanning herself by fluffing the hem of her crop-top.

"Why don't you take it off?" Manfred suggested, indicating her shirt with a nod.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Despite her tart response, she lifted her shirt and flashed him.

"Yeah!"

Susan eyed the deserted road between the buildings. "Go topless if you want to, ladies," she said. "There's no one here to see. Besides," she said, "the guys are."

Jenny immediately stripped off her top, freeing her round, firm breasts. Manfred practically gawked at her.

When Gina looked at me, she arched an eyebrow, as if asking my permission. I smiled at her and nodded. She grinned, then pulled her shirt over her head. Her breasts were larger than Jenny's, but just as firm.

The skin the girls revealed was actually *less* than we were used to seeing, but the situation was entirely different. In a way, seeing them topless was much more exciting than seeing them fully nude at camp. The chances were slim, but someone *could* come along and see their breasts. I felt myself stiffening at the thought.

We finished our Cokes in silence, grinning at one another. Even Susan, who kept her shirt on, was caught up in the fun. But we still had a lot of work to do, so we started moving the furniture from the truck to the back of the long storage room.

There was no breeze outside, and even with the door open, the room was still stifling. It wasn't long before Jenny was complaining again. I think she wanted the attention more than anything, and Manfred was happy to give it to her. More likely, I thought darkly, he was oblivious to her little game.

"My shorts are so hot," she said sulkily.

"So?" Manfred asked. "Take 'em off."

Jenny's shorts were so skimpy that I could easily see the underside curve of her ass. I could also see the indentation between her labia. And if I looked closely enough, I was pretty sure I'd see a darker spot of moisture as well. The shorts couldn't have been *that* hot. So the imagined spot of moisture wouldn't be sweat, I knew that much for sure.

Susan, ever the instigator, agreed with Manfred. "No one will see you," she said. "Go ahead."

Instead of immediately removing her shorts, Jenny played coy. "Why don't you take off *your* shorts, Manny?"

He grimaced when she called him "Manny," but he didn't correct her.

"Well… um… I dunno about that…"

"Yes, Manfred," Susan chimed in. When she looked at me and smiled mischievously, I tried not to grin. "I'm sure the girls would like to see *your* equipment as much as you'd like to see theirs," she said.

I don't think I've ever seen Manfred blush so deeply.

Gina blushed too, but I knew her well enough to realize she was also getting excited.

Manfred cast about for something to say.

"Yeah, Manfred," Jenny said. "Let's see your equipment." She was only half teasing.

Manfred swallowed hard. "Um…"

While Jenny and Manfred playfully argued back and forth, Gina looked at me. She held my gaze and pursed her lips questioningly. When I arched an eyebrow at her, she hooked her thumbs in the waist of her shorts and panties. With little fanfare, she slipped them over her hips.

As she stepped out of them, I admired her smooth, dark skin and the contrast between it and her lighter skin (she's worn her bikini bottoms most of the past week, so she still had a slight tan line). Her breasts swayed gently as she thrust her shoulders back and looked at me boldly.

The world shrank to just the two of us. It was like Gina was putting herself on display for me, offering her body for my pleasure, and mine alone. In the background, Manfred was still futilely trying to resist Jenny's wheedling, but I ignored him. I held her eyes for a moment, then casually looked her up and down.

"Thank you," I mouthed.

She grinned bashfully and then her gaze pointedly dropped to my groin. When she licked her lips, I almost lost it. It was only through a tremendous effort of will that I didn't get an erection. Even though I avoided a full-blown hard-on, my dick still swelled against my shorts. I tried not to shift uncomfortably.

"Yeah, Manfred," I said absently, never breaking eye contact with Gina. "We like looking at the girls." Finally, I turned to him. I don't know why he didn't want to take off his shorts. It wasn't like Jenny hadn't seen his dick before. Jenny had even… Stop it, Paul. Thoughts like those cause erections. I shrugged at Manfred. "Let them look at us if they want to."

When I turned back to Gina, she grinned shyly and nodded.

Manfred stood there helplessly, assailed from all corners.

I looked at him again and shrugged. With a wry smile, I turned back to Gina. When our eyes met, we entered that "only us" pseudo-world once more. I pulled my shorts and underwear down my legs and stepped out of them. When I stood, my tumescent dick flopped free.

Gina grinned and shamelessly looked me over. For a moment, her eyes lingered on my penis. I clenched my buttocks and made it twitch. She covered her mouth and giggled.

By the time I looked at Jenny, she was pulling off her short-shorts. Finally, Manfred gave in to peer pressure and unbuttoned his cut-offs. Little had Jenny known that his shorts hid a dick which was far harder than mine. Poor Manfred wasn't at full staff, but he was close enough. He blushed again, but Jenny's eyes practically bored holes in his groin.

When I looked at Susan, she was grinning at me. She shrugged with feigned innocence and I snorted softly. Gina turned to look at Susan as well. When she winked, Gina giggled again.

"Okay, people," I said, imitating my dad's military voice. "We've got a lot to do. So let's get this room squared away."

"And the U-Haul place closes at five o'clock," Susan said. "We need to have the truck back by then."

I clapped my hands together for emphasis. "Chop-chop. Let's go."

I can't really explain why, but working with Gina and Jenny was a lot more exciting after that. We were from a nudist camp, I thought to myself. I saw them without clothes all the time. I guess it was that we were out in the open, more or less, and we were doing something a little bit dangerous.

While we were working, Gina didn't tease me much, but Jenny mercilessly flirted with Manfred. She bent over in front of him. She brushed against him. She made suggestive comments. She did everything short of dropping to her knees in front of him. The poor guy was almost fully erect the entire time. He looked like he was either ready to climb under a rock or to jump her bones, regardless of who was watching.

As I carried a box into the storage room, I leaned close to Susan. "*You* are a troublemaker," I said softly.

She smiled unrepentantly.

Gina, who had overheard me, was also grinning.

"And *you*," I said to her with mock sternness, "are not much better."

After we finally got everything into the storage room and arranged it to Susan's satisfaction, we reluctantly gathered up our clothes and put them back on. I know I'd been having fun watching the two girls work. Judging by Manfred's near-constant erection, he had too. And the girls certainly seemed to take pleasure in watching *us*.

While Manfred put the dolly in the back of the truck, Gina and Jenny re-folded the furniture blankets. Once everyone else was out of earshot, I took the opportunity to talk to Susan.

"How come you didn't take off your clothes, too?" I asked.

She shrugged. "You guys were having so much fun with the girls."

"So?"

"And…"

"And what?"

"Well," she said hesitantly.

"You wanted me to pay attention to Gina," I said. "Didn't you?"

She looked at me shrewdly for a moment. Then she lifted her eyebrows and nodded. "That's pretty

perceptive," she said.

I tried to play it off, but she could see how proud I was.

"You two seem like you're working things out," she said.

I nodded.

"I didn't want to get in the way of that."

I turned and regarded her seriously. "You know I'm not like that," I said.

"It wasn't *you* I was thinking about."

"Oh."

"Mmm hmm."

"I hadn't thought about it that way," I said sheepishly.

"No, you hadn't." She looped her arm through mine. "But you seem to be doing just fine now," she said teasingly. Then she turned serious. "And you seemed to handle Gina and her weeklong petulant attitude."

I snorted.

"Well," she said. "You didn't get frustrated, much. Or angry."

I shook my head. "You have no *idea* how angry I got." I began to bristle at the mere thought of Monday night.

"Tell me about it some other time," she said perceptively.

With that, we walked around the back of the truck to the others.

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We returned the truck to U-Haul right on time. In the parking lot of the U-Haul place, Susan handed each of us an envelope. They held five ten-dollar bills apiece.

The first thing we wanted to do was get something cold to drink. After that, Manfred and I wanted to go spend some of our hard-earned money at the sporting goods store.

"Paul," Susan said, before we got into our cars. "I wanted to feed you all dinner, too. Is pizza okay?"

The four of us looked at each other and nodded enthusiastically.

"Instead of driving all over town in two cars," she said. "Why don't we park your mom's car at the pizza place and I'll chauffeur everyone. Okay?"

"Sure," I said. "Sounds great."

The restaurant was about a half-mile away, and the parking lot was practically deserted. We locked Mom's car and piled into Susan's. Manfred and Jenny jumped in the back seat before I could get to it, so Gina and I got into the front with Susan. It's not that I minded sitting up front, but I guess I wanted the meager privacy the back seat would afford. I glared at Manfred, but he was clueless.

Susan knew of a malt shop in town, so we went there first. She treated us to large cherry/cola swirl Icees. I think I drank half of mine in record time. After that, we headed toward the sporting goods store—the money was already burning a hole in our pockets.

Still drinking our Icees, Manfred and I toured the store. We quickly located the hiking and camping section, and Manfred helped me pick out a backpack. Manfred also picked up two queen-size inflatable rafts. He handed one to me and kept the other for himself.

"What're these for, Stick?" I asked.

"The quarry, Little Man, the quarry."

"Huh?"

He rolled his eyes at me.

Suddenly, I Got It. I winked at him, and we shared a secretive grin.

When we found the girls, they were looking at sunglasses. They (easily) talked Manfred and me into picking out sunglasses, too. Once we all looked cool, we went to the front of the store to make our purchases.

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The pizza place had air conditioning, and the temperature was turned way down. (That's one thing I like

about the South, we *know* how to use air conditioning.) My skin raised goose bumps as soon as we entered. After coming in from the bright sunlight, the interior of the restaurant was very dim. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust, but when they did, I saw that the place was mostly empty.

A diffident waitress, a couple of years older than us, picked up menus and napkin-wrapped rolls of silverware. Susan asked for a back corner booth, and the waitress led us to it. No sooner had we sat down than Gina and Jenny got up to go to the restroom.

"Will you order me a Coke, Paul?" Gina asked.

I nodded.

"Me too," Jenny said to Manfred.

He and I looked at each other and grinned.

The waitress took our order—four Cokes and an iced tea—then went off to get our drinks.

"I think I'm gonna go to the restroom, too," I said to no one in particular. I wanted to get rid of the day's accumulated sweat, dust, and who knew what else. "I want to wash up before eating."

I slid out of the booth and Manfred wordlessly joined me. Neither of us had to use the toilet, so he waited for me while I washed my face, hands, and arms. While I was drying them, he used the sink. I waited for him to finish and then we walked back to the booth.

When we got there, the waitress had already brought our drinks. We slid into the booth and Susan excused herself to go to the restroom. She and the girls came back several minutes later. It was evident that they'd cleaned up too.

We ordered two large pizzas, one sausage and one pepperoni, and chatted amiably about our day. Midway through the conversation, I felt Gina's hand steal into my lap. When she found my hand, she quietly laced her fingers through my own and squeezed. I turned to her and she looked at me hopefully. When I smiled, her answering smile lit up her face.

The pizza came a little while later and we enthusiastically tore into it. I think Gina, Jenny, and Susan might have eaten four pieces between them. Manfred and I devoured the rest. By the time we were done, the pizza pans were practically spotless.

Afterward, we relaxed in the comfortable booth and sipped our Cokes for a while longer. I was certainly enjoying myself, since the cold air in the restaurant made the girls' nipples stand at attention. Good conversation and a fine view, I thought to myself.

Unfortunately, it would be getting dark soon, and we still had an hour and a half drive back to camp. Even though Manfred and I tried to give her money, Susan insisted on buying our dinner. When we finally left, it was after eight o'clock.

I followed Susan's car out of the parking lot and we were soon on the highway. In the back seat, Manfred slid toward Jenny and they were making out before long. Gina looked at me shyly, her eyes full of anticipation. I gripped the steering wheel with my left hand, put my right hand on the seat back, and gestured to her. In a flash, she was snuggled next to me.

The sounds from the back seat grew more amorous, but I studiously tried to avoid looking. Finally, however, the feeling of Gina's body against mine and the sounds from Manfred and Jenny got the best of me.

I leaned down to whisper in Gina's ear. "Why don't you take off your shirt?" I suggested.

She looked at me, her expression a mixture of surprise and desire.

I nodded reassuringly. "I like looking at your body," I said.

She smiled broadly and pulled her shirt out of the waistband of her shorts. While she did that, I momentarily steadied the steering wheel with my right hand and turned on the car's headlights with my left. The sun had just set, and I didn't want to have to reach for the light switch at an inopportune moment.

When Gina leaned back against me, I reached around her shoulder and rubbed the outside curve of her breast. She snuggled close and put her hand on my thigh. I shifted in my seat as my dick began to swell.

"Play with your nipples," I said softly. "Make them hard."

She looked at me curiously, but reached up and tweaked her nipples, circling them with her fingertips and then tugging gently. I tried to keep my eyes on the road, but I stole glances whenever I could. Her

nipples quickly puckered, becoming little brown pebbles.

From the back seat, we heard soft sighs and whimpers. When Gina had removed her shirt, I guess Manfred and Jenny took it as a sign that we weren't paying attention to them. Either that, or they simply didn't care.

Out of my peripheral vision, I could see Jenny's head bobbing up and down over Manfred's lap. Trying to get a better view, I looked over my shoulder quickly. Manfred had his eyes closed and was enjoying Jenny's attention, completely heedless of Gina and me.

Gina saw me turn my head, so she snuck a peek too. When she saw what was going on in the back seat, she squirmed and pressed herself against me. She faced forward and I cupped her right breast. Then she tweaked her own left nipple, sighing softly as she did.

I was trying to concentrate on driving—I didn't want to get us killed—so I didn't notice when Manfred and Jenny switched positions. Gina kept looking over her shoulder at the scene behind us, and when she gasped softly, I took a quick look. Manfred and Jenny had long since shed their clothes, and she was on her back, her legs spread so he could kneel between them.

I leaned down to Gina and kissed her ear. "Take off your shorts," I said.

She didn't show the slightest hesitation, lifting her hips to slide her shorts and panties over her firm legs. When she sat back, I put my arm back around her.

"Play with your pussy," I commanded.

"But I want to suck you," she said.

I shook my head. "I don't think I'd be able to drive if you did," I said. I was already concerned enough, and was trying to pay close attention to the road.

I chuckled humorlessly to myself. Just the night before, I was seething mad and looking to vent my rage. Tonight, I had a naked girl next to me, and she wanted to suck my dick. It's amazing how "resentful" and "horny" are two mutually exclusive emotions.

I turned back to Gina. "Play with your pussy," I said. "Rub your clit."

Her hand snaked between her thighs and she started rubbing herself.

"Stick a finger in your pussy," I said. "I want to taste you."

She did as instructed.

I risked a quick glance, and watched her slide her middle finger between her labia. She pushed, and her finger slowly disappeared. I let her play with herself for a minute or two. I wanted her to get her juices flowing.

"Pull it out," I said. "Let me taste it."

With a whimper, she withdrew her finger and brought it to my lips. The smell of her musk was almost overpowering. I darted my tongue out and tasted her. Then I captured her finger with my lips and sucked it clean.

By now, my cock was completely hard, and had formed a noticeable lump in my shorts. I concentrated on Susan's taillights ahead of me as Gina started kneading my erection. She reached up the leg of my shorts, but they were too tight for her to do much more than tickle my balls.

I lifted my hips. "Help me slide my shorts down," I said.

With a little effort, we eventually slid them to my thighs.

Gina started to lower her head to my lap, but I stopped her.

"You can't."

She made a moue.

"Seriously," I said. "I'll run off the road or hit someone head-on. I'm sorry."

She nodded, but I could see the disappointment in her eyes.

"Stroke my cock with one hand and play with yourself with the other," I said firmly.

She shifted a little and turned toward me. With her right hand, she played with my dick. Her left hand was busy rubbing in small circles over her clit. Behind us, the sounds of sex grew louder as Manfred increased his pace. How had my mom's station wagon turned into a teen sexmobile? I didn't know, and I didn't care. And when Gina rubbed a drop of pre-come over my glans and then sucked her finger, I ceased

wondering.

The sound of Jenny's moans filled the car, even above the noise of the open windows and the radio. I glanced back quickly and watched Manfred pull out and begin stroking his cock. With a groan, he came. I felt the car drifting and hastily turned my attention back to the road.

Gina kept right on caressing my hard shaft. Every few strokes, she would rub some of the leaking precome over her finger and then taste it. It was incredibly erotic, so I had to exert considerable effort to keep from coming.

In the back, Manfred and Jenny began to untangle themselves. At Jenny's insistence, Manfred used his shirt to clean off her stomach. Gina looked at me, and I could immediately tell what was on *her* mind.

Finally, thankfully, we reached the stop sign where we turned left onto the county road that led by the camp. As soon as we pulled to a stop, Gina lowered her head to my lap. When I didn't try to stop her, she locked her lips around my glans and tongued the tip.

Susan turned left and I rolled forward, my body on autopilot. I hit the brakes a little harder than I meant to, but Gina never stopped sucking. She pumped her fist twice, and I erupted. When the first spurt hit the back of her throat, she flinched, but kept swallowing. She made soft noises of delight as my semen gushed over her tongue.

When I finally stopped spurting, I opened my eyes. My knuckles were white, from where I clutched the steering wheel, and I had the brake pedal at the end of its travel. I relaxed and looked to my left. Susan's taillights were dwindling in the distance.

When she noticed I wasn't behind her, she started to slow down. The brighter brake lights roused me from my stupor and I quickly looked to my right. The road was clear, so I eased forward and turned left. As soon as Susan saw my headlights swing onto the county road, she stopped braking.

I looked down at my lap to find a very happy Gina. She grinned at me and suckled my shrinking manhood. My head was still sensitive, and I flinched when she caressed it with her tongue. The flinch made me swerve, and I hastily corrected. I overcorrected and swerved into the oncoming lane. Luckily, there were no other cars on the road. My heart was racing as I hurriedly brought the car back under control.

When I pulled Gina from my lap, she understood. Nonetheless, she looked disappointed. In the back seat, Manfred and Jenny were still sorting themselves out, courtesy of my careening across the road.

I glanced at Gina, and she looked at me with glittering eyes, her expression a mixture of satisfaction and desire.

"Did you come?" I asked quietly.

She shook her head. At my inquiring look, she hugged herself to my arm. "I was hoping you'd take care of me later," she said, her voice soft and sultry.

With that, she laid her head on my shoulder and sighed happily.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

By the time we reached the camp gate, Manfred and Jenny were making out again. Gina had helped me slip my shirt over my head and was snuggled next to me, her soft breast pressed against my bare skin. After nearly running the car off the road, we decided it was probably best for me to put my shorts back on.

Susan unlocked the gate and then pulled through. I followed, put the car in Park, and got out to relock the chain. Before I got back in the car, I discreetly slipped off my shorts and underwear. Gina smiled as I slid behind the wheel. She tucked herself next to me, and began gently playing with my dick.

"I missed this," she said quietly.

Behind us, Manfred and Jenny were too wrapped up in each other to overhear.

"Me too," I said.

I really didn't know what to think about what had happened during the drive home. On a purely physical level, I'd certainly enjoyed myself. On an emotional level, I'd also enjoyed myself. But I also wondered if things were moving too fast.

After all, Gina had had a week to work through her feelings, and only the utter shock of the previous night had forced her to change her behavior or risk losing me. The previous night was still a raw wound for me, one that had barely begun to heal. Just thinking about her childish attitude made me a little angry.

But now she seemed to be genuinely repentant. I felt certain that I'd be able to tell if she were just pretending. What purpose could she have if she *were* pretending? None that I could see. Why rebuild trust with someone you're not interested in? No reason. So I assumed her apology had been genuine and she honestly wanted to work things out.

That left me in a minor quandary, although it wasn't an emotional one. Even the night before, when I'd still been fuming, I knew I loved her. But I didn't want to appear to give in too quickly. I guess I didn't want to send the signal that she could ride roughshod over me, regardless of the consequences, and I'd unconditionally forgive her.

I certainly didn't want her to go overboard trying to make up for her behavior, but I also didn't want her to think she could treat me the way she had and then simply fix everything by crying and saying she was sorry. An apology went a long way, but I guess I wanted to know that she wouldn't do the same thing again. Unfortunately, there was no easy way to tell if she would or wouldn't.

With a sigh of resignation, I carefully pulled the station wagon behind our cabin. Fortunately, we'd been driving with the windows open and it didn't reek of sex. Besides, my parents were nowhere to be seen (we didn't know what time we would return, so they weren't waiting for us). I decided to leave the windows cracked, just in case.

As soon as I put the car in Park and turned off the engine, I slumped against the seat. During the drive home, I hadn't realized how tired I was. I hadn't slept well the night before, I'd gotten up early, then I'd worked hard all day. It wasn't yet ten o'clock, but I was beat.

I pushed thoughts of how tired I was out of my mind and thought about Gina. I didn't know what to do, and in a way, I didn't know what I wanted. I wanted her, physically and emotionally, that much was certain. But I wanted the old Gina. Neither of us could go back in time, so we'd just have to see how things worked out.

"I can't wait to take a shower," Jenny said, interrupting my introspection.

Gina and I nodded in agreement.

"Hey," Manfred said. "I've got a great idea."

"Yeah?" I asked.

"Why don't we all take a shower down at the clubhouse?"

"Yeah!" Jenny said enthusiastically. "That'd be cool!"

Was she on happy pills?! The girl was terminally upbeat. I shook my head in amazement as she and Manfred jumped out of the car and started walking toward the clubhouse.

"You want to?" Gina asked me quietly.

I sighed deeply. "No. Yes. I dunno."

"I know what you mean." She sounded like she was as tired as I was.

"I guess we probably should," I said. "Just to be polite."

"Yeah, I guess so. I'll run up and get a towel from our cabin."

I shook my head. "Let's just use some of ours," I said. "And I'll get some soap and shampoo."

I opened the car door and got out. Gina simply slid by the steering wheel and got out behind me. Then we grabbed towels and shower stuff from our cabin. Just as we headed down the hill to the clubhouse, we ran into my parents. They were walking down from the Coulters' cabin.

"Everything go okay, son?" my dad asked.

I nodded wearily. "The car keys are on the dresser."

"Did you kids have fun?" Mom asked.

Gina and I both nodded at once.

"You look tired," Mom said.

"Yeah."

"We're going to go take a shower," Gina said helpfully.

"Okay," Mom said. "We'll see you when you get back."

I nodded. Gina looped her arm through mine and then we wearily continued down the hill.

When we got to the clubhouse, Manfred and Jenny were already in the communal shower. No one was near enough to see what was going on, so they were fooling around. Gina and I looked at each other and rolled our eyes. We pulled off our shoes and socks and joined them in the tiled area.

I moved to let Gina get under the stream first, but she tugged me in with her. Feeling her body that close made me tingle, despite my tiredness. Her eyes sparkled with excitement as well. After we both got wet, I washed quickly and then pulled her toward me.

While Manfred and Jenny played grab-ass under the shower stream, I gently lathered Gina's hair and massaged the shampoo into her scalp. She groaned in pleasure and leaned against me. Her water-slick ass brushed against my limp penis, and she ground against me. In spite of my fatigue, I reacted predictably. I didn't reach full erection, but anyone looking at me could have easily seen I was excited.

Manfred and Jenny stepped out of the shower area and grabbed their towels. I pushed Gina toward the spigot and rinsed her hair with the same care I'd washed it with. She looked over her shoulder and thanked me with a tired smile.

When we finished, I shut off the water while Gina reached for our towels. I dried off quickly and turned to wait for her. But while she was still towel-drying her hair, exhaustion finally got the best of me.

"Hey," I said softly. "I'm gonna go sit on one of the couches for a minute or two."

She nodded.

"Just for a minute, okay?"

"Okay," she said. "I'll be right over."

I shuffled toward the couches and slumped onto one. I had a hard time holding my head up, so I folded my towel and put it on the armrest. With a sigh, I stretched out on the couch and rested my head on my damp, makeshift pillow.

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I opened my eyes and tried to figure out where I was. Someone was shaking my shoulder. My vision was bleary, so I blinked my eyes to clear them. When I looked up, Mom smiled down at me. I was on the top bunk, what was she doing above me? *Hold on a second,* I thought, *I'm not on my bunk. So where am I?*

"Wake up, sweet pea," she said. "It's time to go to bed."

I nodded and tried to get up, but something was holding my left arm down.

"Come on up to the cabin soon," Mom said.

I nodded, still disoriented.

She smiled fondly and walked away.

Where was I? My eyes were finally clear enough to see, but the lights were dim. I looked around and slowly gathered my bearings.

I was in the clubhouse, lying on a couch. Why couldn't I get up?

Gina.

I was on my side and she was spooned in front of me, her head on my left arm (which had gone to sleep). My right hand rested comfortably on her stomach and she was sighing softly as she breathed. Her ass was nestled against my dick, so I blissfully let my sleep-fuddled brain imagine what it would be like to have sex with her in this position.

Reluctantly, very reluctantly, I dragged my thoughts back to more practical matters and lifted my left wrist. Prickling sensations surged through my forearm and hand as the blood returned to them. I squinted and checked the time, eleven forty-five. Uh-oh. I'd better get moving if I wanted to be home by midnight.

Instead of waking Gina immediately, I lifted my head and looked around. The back of the couch blocked most of my view, but I listened intently. When I didn't see or hear anyone else, I laid my head back down.

With no one around to see, I ran my hand over Gina's hip and then down her thigh. Her skin was soft, smooth, and warm. I pulled my hand back and let it rest on the point of her hip, simply luxuriating in the feeling of her body against me.

I grudgingly lifted my hand from her hip and gently shook her shoulder.

"Gina," I whispered. "Wake up."

She mumbled and shifted against me.

I shook her again, a little harder.

"Huh?"

"Wake up, sleepyhead," I whispered.

"I'm 'wake," she said softly, slowly.

I moved my hand back down to her hip as she yawned.

"Wha' time izzit?" she mumbled.

"Almost midnight."

"Gotta get home."

"Mmm hmm."

"I'm so comfy here, though," she said with a sigh.

"Me too."

I ran my fingers up her stomach to her rib cage. She lifted her arm to accommodate me, and I gently cupped her right breast. Because of their size, they sagged a little to the side, but not much. When I gently caressed her nipple, she put her hand over mine and snuggled back against me. Neither of us wanted to get up yet, so we merely lay there for a few minutes, the consequences of being late forgotten.

"You looked so comfy," she said. "And I was so tired."

"Mmm hmm."

"I hope you don't mind that I joined you," she said, a hint of anxiety creeping into her voice.

"No. I kinda like it."

She sighed contentedly. "I could get used to this," she said softly.

We dozed for a while, in that warm, wonderful limbo between asleep and awake. Her breathing grew slow and steady, but I could tell she wasn't going back to sleep. I don't know how I knew, but I felt her gathering her courage and preparing to speak.

"I really am sorry about how I behaved," she said quietly.

"I'll survive."

She shook her head. "That's not the point. Kara told me what I was doing. Mom told me, too. I didn't want to listen to either of them." She paused for a moment. "I hope you can forgive me."

I nodded and kissed the back of her head, inhaling the scent of her clean, fresh hair. "I can," I said. "I have."

Suddenly, she rolled over to face me. Her body molded to mine, her breasts pressed against my chest.

"I'm sorry too," I said. "I'm sorry about Amy."

She nodded. "I understand. *Now*."

"Good." I kissed her nose.

She lifted her face and our lips connected. We shared a long, deep kiss, our tongues gently twined together. When she pulled back, she looked at me seriously.

"Paul?"

"Mmm hmm?"

"Um… do you… um… I mean… are you still…"

"Yes?" I prompted patiently.

"Do you still love me?" she asked timidly.

Ah, I thought to myself, *the $64,000 question.*

She waited, and I could feel the tension building within her.

"Yes," I said firmly.

She swallowed hard and smiled in relief. Then she pressed herself against my chest. "I was so afraid you didn't love me anymore," she said after a moment.

"I still love you. I never stopped. But you don't always make it easy for me," I said.

"I love you, too. And I'll try to make it easier." She laughed tearfully and then looked at me with a serious expression. "Um… I don't wanna sound *too* easy, but didn't you promise to… um… take care of me?"

I arched an eyebrow at her. My memory was still a little fuzzy, and I had no idea what she was talking about.

"You know," she whispered insistently. She pressed her hips against me and gyrated them.

I grinned as I Got It.

"I'm glad Susan taught you how to go down on a girl," she said. "You're really, *really* good. God, I get so wet just thinking—"

I shook my head. "Susan didn't teach me that."

She looked surprised.

"Stacy did."

"She *did?*"

I nodded.

"She likes girls?" she asked incredulously.

I nodded again.

Her eyes widened as her nostrils flared. "Kara," she said heatedly, "is a rat."

"Huh?"

"She didn't tell me Stacy liked girls too."

"What?"

"Kara and Stacy," she said distractedly. "Saturday night. She didn't tell me."

"Saturday night? What happened Saturday night?"

She opened her mouth to speak, but the creak of the clubhouse door interrupted her.

"Paul?"

It was my father. I smiled apologetically and struggled to sit up. "Over here, Dad." When I lifted my head above the back of the couch to look at him, he tapped his watch. I pulled my arm out from under Gina and looked at my own watch. I grimaced and looked over the back of the couch. "I'm coming, Dad. Right now. Sorry."

He nodded wordlessly and stepped through the door, into the night.

"What time is it?" Gina asked.

"Twelve thirty."

"Uh-oh."

"My sentiments exactly."

The nagging questions about Kara and Stacy suddenly deserted me. Gina and I stood quickly and then I grabbed her hand as we raced out of the clubhouse. We caught up with my dad as he walked back up the

hill.

"I'm sorry, Dad."

"I know, son. You've had a long day."

I nodded.

"But that's no excuse."

"No, sir."

"Go on," he said. "Take Gina home and then come back to our cabin. We'll talk in the morning."

He didn't sound angry, which I took as a good sign. Then again, he never sounded angry when he punished me, either…

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Tentative conversations and troublesome, unanswered questions aside, I slept like a baby. The next morning, I got up and did my regular workout. After my shower, I waited for Mom and Erin to head down to the clubhouse. I knew Dad would want to talk to me, and there was no sense in shirking my responsibility. When he finished his shower, I was waiting for him.

"I'm sorry about last night, Dad. It won't happen again."

"What *should* you have done?" he asked.

"Um… Come home *before* midnight?"

He nodded. "And?"

"Um…"

"What were you doing that made you late?"

"Just talking," I said quickly.

"Uh-huh. And you couldn't talk on our porch, or at Gina's cabin?"

I looked at him blankly.

"Son, if you were talking, and you needed more time, you should've come up to the cabin and told us."

I stared mutely.

"We want you home by midnight because we want you safe, and we want to know where you are. If you come and check in, we'll let you have more time," he said. "This isn't prison, and you're not a child."

"Oh. Okay."

"You need to be responsible. Not only for your own sake, but for Gina's too. Did you know that her father came looking for her last night? He came here first, obviously. How do you think it made me feel when I had to tell Chris I didn't know why his daughter wasn't home yet?"

"Um… not good?"

He nodded. "Not good is right, son. If you'd told us what you were doing, and told her parents, I'm sure you could have talked as long as you needed to."

"Yes, sir."

"You need to *think*, son. If you want to be treated like an adult, you need to act like one."

I nodded.

"That means you need to be responsible. And when Gina's with you, you're responsible for her too."

"Yes, sir. It won't happen again, Dad. I'll be more responsible."

"I know you will, Paul." He smiled at me, and I smiled in return. "Now," he said, "what do you think your punishment should be?"

For a fleeting moment, I'd thought I was going to get off with only a lecture. And I hated it when he made me choose my own punishment! I thought for a few seconds, trying to come up with a suitably harsh sentence. "I have to be home by ten, for a week?"

"Do you think that's fair?"

No, I thought sullenly. It was super harsh. I'd only been half an hour late. But I suspected that if I'd suggested something that wasn't severe enough, he'd make my punishment even worse than an early curfew for a week. "Yes, sir," I said. "I think it's fair."

"Okay then," he said. "Let me talk it over with your mom."

With that, he put his arm around my shoulder and we walked down to breakfast.

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"Did you get in trouble?" I asked Gina after breakfast.

She nodded.

"I've got a ten o'clock curfew for a week," I said gloomily.

"Wow, that's harsh."

"Tell me about it." I always came up with something too severe! I'd begun to suspect it was the reason my parents made *me* choose my punishment. They couldn't be that devilishly clever, could they? They could, and I knew it.

"I had to—"

"Sit there and think about what you'd done?" I asked, half-facetiously.

"Yeah! How'd you know?"

I grinned. "Kara told me a little about your mom."

"Oh. Okay. Cool."

"That's not such a bad punishment," I said.

"Well, I also have to do the dishes for two days."

"That's not so bad either," I said.

She shook her head. "I normally have to do them after at least one meal. Leah, Kara, and I rotate which meal we have to do."

I nodded.

She laughed sharply. "So Kara and Leah are encouraging me to stay out as late as I want," she said. "They don't seem to mind when my punishment means less work for them."

"Ha! Yeah."

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I hung around after lunch and waited for Gina to finish the dishes. She saw me waiting and rushed to dry everything.

"Hey," she said cheerfully. She practically skipped around the end of the kitchen counter.

Watching her breasts bounce as she moved had me momentarily mesmerized. I shook my head to restore my train of thought.

She was obviously aware of what she'd done and its effects, and she grinned shamelessly.

"You wanna go for a walk?" I asked, finally looking her in the eye.

"Sure. Where to?"

"I dunno." I shrugged. "Just somewhere we can talk. Let's take our towels. We can sit on 'em if we wanna stop."

She nodded. "Lemme tell my mom we're going."

"Okay. I'd better tell mine too."

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Instead of walking toward the lake, we headed in the other direction, away from camp. At the road to Mr. Kestrel's house, we turned and started down it. It wasn't an oft-traveled path, so we'd have some privacy. As we walked, I could sense Gina's growing anxiety.

"Listen," I said as we walked. "There's some stuff we need to talk about."

She nodded nervously.

"Some of it's heavy, some of it's not. It's all just stuff, though." I turned to look at her, to gauge her reaction. "Okay?"

She took a deep breath and smiled as she nodded. It was clearly a front, but at least it was a brave front.

"I've got a lot of questions, but we need to work some things out first."

"Is it something I did yesterday, or last night? If it was, just tell me and I won't do it again," she said in a

rush.

I shook my head and tried to allay her fears. "No, it's nothing like that. It's just some stuff I've been thinking about a lot."

She stopped walking and turned to me. "Is it Stacy? If you want to be with her instead of me, I'll understand."

I shook my head.

"Is it 'cause we haven't had sex?" she asked tearfully. She grabbed my hand and started to pull me toward the woods. "If it is, we can do it now if you want."

I resisted her tugging and instead pulled her close. "It's nothing like that. You know that," I gently admonished her. "If it were just about sex, I never would've told you about Susan, Stacy, or," I steeled my nerves, "Amy." When she didn't react much, I continued. "I would've just had sex with you, and you never would've known."

Gina swallowed hard and looked at me with scared, liquid brown eyes.

"But you know I couldn't do that to you," I said earnestly.

She bit the inside of her lip and nodded.

I put my arms around her waist and looked into her eyes. "I want to have sex with you. I want to make love to you. But I also want to have a relationship with you. I want more than just sex. Does that make sense?"

She nodded hesitantly.

"But that also means there are some things we need to talk about."

She nodded again.

"Like Susan. And Stacy. And… Amy." I turned us both toward Mr. Kestrel's house and reached for her hand.

She clutched mine as if I were going to pull her from a burning building.

"Relax," I said gently.

She did, somewhat.

Over the course of the morning, I'd thought through this conversation a little bit, basic ideas and things, but for the most part, I was winging it. What's the line from the song? *"Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose."*

We walked for a few more minutes and eventually arrived at Mr. Kestrel's house. The curtains were still up, and if I hadn't known the house was empty, I would have thought someone still lived there.

We walked around to the back patio and spread our towels in the shade under a large tree. We sat down—me cross-legged and Gina with her legs demurely tucked under her—and I looked at her seriously.

"If we don't talk about this stuff," I said slowly, "it'll always be between us. Okay?"

"Okay. I guess."

"Trust me, if we don't, it will." I grinned ruefully. "I've already ruined one relationship because I wasn't honest. I thought I'd ruined two, but…"

She smiled wanly.

I paused for a moment to gather my thoughts. Start with the past, I thought, then work toward the present. "Amy," I said solemnly.

Her jaw tensed at the other girl's name, but to her credit, Gina tried to remain calm.

"I loved her. I still do love her, in a way. You never fall out of love."

She nodded.

"But it's over between us. When I'm with you, I don't think of her. I don't usually think of her the rest of the time, either. Okay?"

Gina nodded.

I took her hands in my own and looked into her eyes. "I'm serious about that. Okay? Amy is in the past."

"Okay."

She looked like she was working up the nerve to speak, so I remained silent.

"I guess the problem I had with it was that it was behind my back." She suddenly looked at me cautiously.

I nodded.

"But it wasn't really," she said. "Kara said we didn't have a well-defined relationship, but I didn't truly know what she meant. Until now, that is." She looked up and smiled apologetically. "I guess I just didn't want to think about it."

I grinned and shook my head.

"But when I left, last summer, we didn't say 'we won't have sex with anyone else.'"

"No, we didn't. That doesn't make it right, though."

She shook her head.

I could tell she was trying to come up with the right words, so I kept my mouth shut.

"I don't feel bad about what I did with my sisters. Or with Lisa." She looked at me intently. "Does that make sense?"

I nodded. "I don't feel bad about what I did with Amy."

Her reaction to hearing Amy's name was less than before, but still noticeable.

"The problem was the emotions," I said. "It was how I felt about Amy."

Gina nodded.

"Let me ask you something, though."

"Okay."

"How come you weren't all that upset about Stacy? Or Susan?"

She shrugged. "I know it's not the same with them, that you don't love them."

"Oh, but I do."

She reluctantly nodded.

"I love them both, very much. But you're right, it's not the same with either of them. I'm *in love* with you. It's different."

"Yeah," she said, nodding. "Mom and I had a big talk about that a while ago."

Ah, I thought. Some of the pieces were falling into place. I should have expected as much.

Note to self: Some other parents aren't clueless either.

"So, you're not jealous?" I asked, half unconvinced. I don't know how, but I thought I already knew the answer. When she blushed, I shifted nervously, suddenly unsure of my certitude.

"I *was* jealous," she said, studying her hands. "But Kara hit the nail on the head about why." She laughed ironically.

I frantically thought back through the fateful confrontation with Kara.

"I wasn't jealous that you were having sex with them. I was upset that you *weren't* having sex with *me*." She blushed again and then suddenly looked up. "Does that make sense?"

I nodded, a little stunned.

"Kara says you'll make a really good lover," she said out of the blue. Then she quickly dropped her gaze to her hands. "I don't know much about that, yet." She lifted her face and smiled shyly. "I just know how I feel whenever I'm with you."

I smiled.

"But I want to… um… I want to know about the other, too," she said.

"We will," I said assuredly. "When the time's right."

"It's not right now?"

She sounded so plaintive I almost laughed. "No. Not yet."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, her expression full of anxiety. "I'll do anything you want."

"It's not that," I said. Then I tapped myself on the forehead. "It's here."

"Do you still want to?"

I nodded vigorously. "But not yet. Not until the time's right."

"When d'you think it'll be right?"

I couldn't help but smile at her enthusiasm. "Soon."

"*How* soon?"

"Look," I said, half in frustration, half in genuine amusement. "If you want, I'll throw you down right here and ravish you."

"Oh, goody." She clapped her hands gleefully, but it was clear she knew I was only joking.

"Seriously," I said, trying to regain a little composure.

"Seriously." She subtly thrust her chest forward and gave me a sultry look.

I almost caved. "You know what I mean," I said soberly, shoring up my failing resolve.

"Yeah."

I needed to get the conversation back on track, because I didn't know how long my resistance would last if she *really* tried to get me to have sex with her. A guy can only take so much temptation, and as beautiful and enthusiastic as Gina was, she was perilously close to pushing me over the edge.

She smiled shyly and bit the inside of her lip.

"What did you mean last night," I asked, "when you said Kara was a rat?"

She blushed, but remained mute.

"What were she and Stacy doing on Saturday night?" I asked. I thought about it for a second, working through the possibilities. And then it hit me. The Fourth of July! Before she left, Kara had given Stacy a heated kiss. Now that I knew Kara liked girls too (as if I hadn't known on the Fourth), it all made sense. Before Gina could answer, I said, "They were having sex, weren't they?"

She nodded, her expression slightly disgusted. "And they didn't invite me," she said petulantly. She was entirely serious.

I burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?"

"You," I said, gasping for air.

"I am *not*."

"Are too."

She pouted, but I could tell that her feelings weren't really hurt.

"Seriously," I said, once I'd stopped laughing. "Why're you upset?"

"I wanted to have fun too."

"With Stacy?" I hoped I didn't sound as incredulous as I felt.

She shrugged. "I guess. I mean, she *is* really cute."

I nodded. As I did, I carefully watched Gina for a jealous reaction. When I didn't see any, I furrowed my brow in confusion. "You really *aren't* jealous, are you?"

"Of you and Stacy?"

I nodded.

"Maybe a little. But I think I understand." She wrinkled her brow in concentration and then nodded decisively. "I mean, it works for my mom and dad. I asked my mom about their relationship a while ago." She gazed at me earnestly. "I was really worried about them getting a divorce. But she explained how it works."

Even though I had *no* idea what she was talking about, I nodded like I did.

"But I guess you know all this," she continued. "Your parents are the same way."

Huh? My parents were what *way?* Again, I nodded like I understood what she was talking about. In reality, my mind was frantically trying to figure out what she meant.

"Besides," she continued, "Kara said Stacy's really nice."

"Yeah," I said distractedly.

"I didn't know *how* nice," Gina added, sotto voce. Then she looked at me steadily. "So I trust you. And Kara says I can trust Stacy too. I mean, after all, when I had my weeklong lapse of sanity," she smiled thinly, "Stacy was still trying to help you get me back."

I nodded.

"So yeah, maybe I'm a little jealous of Stacy, but I understand. I think."

"Oh." I paused for a moment. "But what about Susan?"

"Of course I understand about her, silly," she said. "Sheesh, sometimes you're a goof."

I was a little embarrassed, and once again, I nodded like I understood what she was talking about. Unfortunately, I had *no* clue. *Why* would she "of course" understand about Susan? In a matter of minutes, I had a thousand questions running through my mind. But I didn't want to look like an idiot by asking them. Gina thought I knew the answers, and I guess I was afraid to demonstrate my ignorance.

My thoughts were chaotic and distracted, and I really wanted to talk to Susan. If anyone could help me sort things out, it would be her. Gina and I still had a lot to talk about, but at least I understood her a little better. Unfortunately, that newfound understanding revealed a dozen fresh mysteries.

"And you're a goof who promised me something," she said, her voice husky with desire.

I mentally shook myself out of my addled reverie and looked into her eyes—they were already slightly glassy with lust. Her nostrils flared as she smiled and gave me a look without a hint of ambiguity.

I crawled toward her and our lips met. She moaned into my mouth as I pushed her onto her back, without breaking our kiss. My penis suddenly sprang to attention and gently pressed against her smooth hip. Before she could reach for it, however, I kissed down her chest to her stomach.

I probably rushed things a little—I wanted to get back to camp and talk to Susan—but judging by the way Gina cried out and clamped her thighs against my ears, I don't think she noticed. Afterward, I stood while she knelt before me and sucked me off. I held her head when I came, and she moaned in delight as my semen gushed over her tongue.

We lay in the shade of the tree for a while after that, just cuddling, relaxing, and gently stroking each other. It was languid and comfortable, but I was itching to get back to camp.

When it got close to dinnertime, we picked up our towels and walked back around the house. Before we left, we decided to use the courtyard shower to rinse off. Without even drying off, we wrapped our towels around our waists and headed back to camp.

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After dinner, I made up an excuse and headed to Susan's house. The whole time I'd been eating, I couldn't wait to talk to her. I finally knocked on her kitchen door and waited with barely concealed impatience. When she didn't immediately answer, I knocked again and waited.

And then I waited some more.

So I knocked again, louder.

And waited.

Maybe she was in her bedroom, I thought. I trotted around to the back patio, intending to knock on the sliding glass door. The curtains were open, but the room was dark. I knocked anyway.

Still no answer.

I walked back toward the courtyard, but instead of entering, I went past it to the garage. Sure enough, her car was gone. Where had she gone? Any number of places, I thought sourly.

I walked back to the clubhouse, hoping to find Mom and ask her. No luck. I finally found her at our cabin. She had just stepped out of the shower and was combing her hair.

"Have you seen Susan?" I asked, somewhat abruptly.

"She went to town. Why? What's up?"

Could I ask Mom? How? What would I say? Unfortunately, I didn't even know what to ask.

"Is everything okay, honey?" she asked.

"Yeah, Mom, everything's fine."

I dithered for a moment longer and was just working up the nerve to talk to her when Dad entered the cabin. As soon as I saw him, my courage evaporated.

"Hi, Paul," he said cheerfully. "What's goin' on?"

"Oh, nothing." *He sure is in a good mood,* I thought to myself.

He walked up behind Mom and kissed her on the side of the neck. "You all ready, sweetie?" he asked her.

She smiled and nodded.

Neither of them was really paying attention to me, so I decided to slip out. "I'm gonna go down to the clubhouse," I said.

"Okay, honey," Mom said over her shoulder. "Have fun."

Dad was getting into the shower as I left. Hadn't he taken a shower in the morning? *What's it matter?* I thought to myself as I bounded down the stairs.

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Even though I tried to pay attention, I never saw Susan drive by the clubhouse. There were a couple of times when I went out and restlessly looked around the camp, but I never found her. Gina was playing cards with Kara at the clubhouse, Manfred and Jenny were off doing Manfred and Jenny things, and the Tharp twins were in their own little world, so I was pretty much on my own.

When I returned from the last "search patrol," I went looking for Mom. She wasn't in the cabin and neither was Dad. It was getting dark, so I figured I'd simply missed them somewhere. I walked up to the Coulters' cabin, but the younger girls were the only ones there.

I stopped by the clubhouse again, but there was still no sign of my parents. Gina's parents weren't there either, and neither was Gina. Kara was sitting on one of the couches, quietly reading a book. I nearly threw my hands up in frustration. I still wanted to talk to Susan, but now *everyone* seemed to be MIA!

Though I hadn't seen her car drive by, I went to see if she was home. If she'd driven by when I was prowling around looking for her, I thought I might have missed her. Sure enough, her car was in the garage, but when I knocked on the kitchen door, she didn't answer. I knocked again, but she still didn't answer. I thought about simply going inside but then decided against it. She was probably in her bedroom and couldn't hear me knocking.

Since dinner, I'd been framing questions in my head, and eagerly thought them through as I walked around to the back patio. What was so special about the Coulters' relationship? Why were they like my parents? How did Susan know Gina wouldn't be upset about me having sex with her and Stacy? Had she talked to Gina's mom like she talked to mine? Did she ever talk to Gina about me? How come Gina (and everyone else) seemed to know what was going on, but I was clueless? Was there something she hadn't told me? In addition, I had literally dozens of secondary and follow-up questions.

When I rounded the back corner of the house, I froze.

Well, I thought wryly, *at least I found Gina.* She was standing at the edge of the patio, just outside a yellow square of light spilling from inside Susan's bedroom. Susan's curtains were still open, but the sight inside the room itself had caused me to freeze in my tracks.

I walked toward Gina as quietly as I could, but when I stepped on a twig, she whirled and stared directly at me. It took me a moment to realize that she couldn't see me—her eyes hadn't adjusted to the darkness after staring into the well-lit room.

"It's me, Gina," I said softly. I had half crouched when she spun on me, so I stood and walked toward her.

"What are you *doing* here?" she whispered urgently.

"Not the same thing *you* are," I said as I stepped close to her. I looked over her shoulder at the scene in Susan's bedroom.

Gina's parents, my parents, and Susan were all… Well, "getting comfortable" is probably the best way to describe it.

"Don't get too close to the light," I warned.

"Yeah, I know," she said, her back to the house.

The light inside the room reflected off the big sliding glass doors and turned them into mirrors. As long as Gina and I stayed in the dark, no one inside could see *us* but we could see *them* just fine.

I also figured out why they hadn't heard me at the kitchen door. Through the big panes of glass, I faintly heard music. It wasn't loud enough that I could tell what it was, but the bass and drum parts were easily loud enough to drown out my knocking.

Inside, Dad and Chris were sitting on Susan's bed. Elizabeth was on her knees, sucking my dad's

erection, while Susan was doing the same for Chris. Mom was kneeling behind the two women, playing with their pussies. I probably should have been shocked, but the sheer surprise of seeing them simply overwhelmed me.

"How'd you know about this?" Gina asked quietly.

I shrugged, still looking over her shoulder. "I didn't. I came looking for Susan."

"Oh, *really?*"

I returned my eyes to Gina and shook my head. "It's not what you think," I said calmly. "I wanted to talk to her about something."

"Uh-huh," she teased gently. "*Sure* you did."

"I did."

I tried to look at her, but my eyes were irresistibly drawn to the scene unfolding inside. Susan lay on her back and Chris knelt next to her head. Mom lay between Susan's legs and was busy licking her pussy while Chris fed Susan his dick.

"I had a bunch of questions for her," I said, tossing my head in Susan's direction. "About something you said this afternoon. Although I think I just figured out what you were talking about."

Gina turned her head and looked at the people in the house. Then she turned and looked at me in growing disbelief. "You mean you didn't…? You're kidding, right?"

I shook my head tersely.

"Really? You didn't know your parents were swingers?"

"No, okay. I didn't know."

"Wow."

"So what are *you* doing here?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"I… um… well…"

"You were spying on your parents, weren't you?" I asked. I thought back to my own experiences watching my parents have sex—they'd all been opportunistic. That hadn't stopped me from watching, but I hadn't gone looking to spy on them.

"It's *not* spying," Gina said.

"Oh?"

"Well," she said, "maybe it is, a little. But it gets me so… you know…"

I shook my head. I knew what she was talking about, but it excited me, and I wanted to hear *her* say it. "No," I said with faux innocence. "Tell me. It gets you what?"

She rolled her eyes. "You know," she said insistently.

I shook my head and grinned at her mischievously.

"It gets me hot," she said. "And wet."

"Mmm hmm. I thought so."

Before she could react, I stepped close to her. "And it gets me hot thinking about it," I said. Then I put my left hand on the small of her back and pulled her against me. With my right hand, I tilted her head up and kissed her. She responded eagerly, and we were soon kissing passionately.

"I love you," she said when we broke the kiss. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Well, you'll always have your sisters," I said flippantly.

"You know what I mean. It's not the same."

I nodded, grinning. "I love you, too," I said.

My hard-on pressed against her stomach and she pulled back slightly, reaching for it. I sighed in pleasure as she gently stroked me. When I opened my eyes, my gaze was irresistibly drawn to the sliding glass doors.

Inside, Dad was lying on his back and Elizabeth had moved to sixty-nine with him. She was eagerly sucking his cock and playing with his balls. Dad had his arms wrapped around her thighs, holding her open for his flicking tongue. Gina turned to look and her breath caught in her throat.

"You come by it honestly," I said, indicating her mother.

Without looking away from the torrid scene in Susan's bedroom, she nodded.

"Let's get more comfortable. Okay?"

She turned back to me and bit the inside of her lip. "I don't have a blanket or anything," she said.

"That's okay. Let's just get one of the chairs from the patio."

The patio furniture was just outside the lit area, but I moved cautiously nonetheless. I took the chair furthest from the sliding glass doors and carried it into the yard. When I set it on the ground, I motioned for Gina to join me.

I sat down as she approached, and gestured for her to straddle my lap. The chair sank into the soft earth a little, but quickly steadied. I looked at her invitingly, but she shook her head.

"I'll have my back to the house," she said quietly. "Then I won't be able to see." She grinned shamelessly. "I want to watch."

"Okay." I got up and turned the chair so our sides would be to the lighted scene.

"Thanks."

"No problem," I said as I sat.

She straddled my legs, pressing my erection into my stomach. It also pressed the base of my shaft into her pussy. She'd been telling the truth, she *was* hot and wet. I ran my hands over her thighs as her lips sought mine.

I pulled back from the kiss and grinned at her roguishly. She looked anxious for a moment, but quickly relaxed when I bent to suckle one of her nipples. She hissed and arched her back, pressing the firm globe into my face. I tongued her nipple and it quickly hardened in my mouth. She held my head as I switched to the other breast and laved my tongue over the nipple.

I held her steady with a hand on each side of her ribcage and teased her nipple with my tongue. Above me, I felt her turn to watch the scene inside. As I continued licking and sucking her nipples, she began to hump against my erection.

She gripped my forearms when I moved my hands up and cupped the outer curves of her luscious breasts. I pushed them together slightly and kept teasing her, gently biting each nipple and then pulling back. She began to moan softly and I smiled to myself.

All of a sudden, I felt a little mercenary, so I pulled back from her breasts. It was a few days past a full moon, so I could see her nipples glistening with my saliva. I looked up at her and grinned.

"How long have you known?" I asked.

She tried to pull my lips back to her breast. When she discovered that my wrestling-trained neck was far stronger than her arms, she gave up and looked at me. "Known what?" she asked, breathless and a little agitated.

"About your parents."

She ground her pussy against my cock and tried to pull my face to her breast.

"Tell me."

"Oh, God," she breathed. "Do we have to talk about this now?"

I gripped her ass and pulled her against me, lifting as I did. When I set her back on my lap, her clit pressed against the base of my shaft and she groaned in pleasure.

"Oh, *yes*. Keep doing that," she whispered.

"Not until you tell me," I said. Pavlov would be proud.

"About a year. Now, *please?*" she begged, practically whining.

I grinned to myself again and lifted her. When I slid her down, my length caressed her clit and she cried out.

"Shhhh," I breathed, chiding her.

She captured her lower lip with her teeth and nodded silently.

I lifted her again, her slippery pussy rubbing against the underside of my shaft. "And how long have you been spying on them?"

"Oh, keep doing that," she said, ignoring my question.

"Answer me."

She wordlessly protested and then tried to lift herself off my lap.

I held her down, but rocked my hips against her as I did. "How long?"

"Since I found out," she said. "After last summer."

Despite her mounting frustration, I could tell she was highly aroused. The wetness of her pussy alone would have told me that—her heavy breathing and erratic movements merely confirmed it.

"Unnnnh," she moaned insistently.

I picked her up again and held her against my abdomen. When she squirmed, I let her down, making sure to hold her hips against me.

She gasped as the crown of my cock spread open her labia and brushed against her clit.

"Do you masturbate when you watch them?" I asked.

She knew I was only going to demand an answer before giving her what she wanted, so she nodded, her nostrils flared and her eyes clamped shut. Pavlov would be *very* proud.

I rocked my hips and rubbed my erection against her superheated sex. I wanted to get her off, but not too soon. So I let her cool off a little and turned to look inside. Elizabeth had turned around and was straddling Dad's head. While he licked her, she was kissing Susan. Mom was on her knees in front of Chris and was sucking him, her head bobbing back and forth as she swallowed his length.

I looked at Gina for a moment, but she was staring raptly at the swingers. I reached behind her with my left hand and ran a finger along her gushing slit. She shuddered and humped against me automatically, but she couldn't tear her eyes away from the scene on the other side of the glass doors.

I started teasing her with my left hand, running my fingers along her pussy and occasionally pushing a fingertip inside her. My arm wasn't long enough to let me reach her clit, but she seemed more than happy to rub it against my erection.

I teased her for a few more minutes and then turned my attention back to her nipples. I paused for a moment to admire her breasts. They were perfect: round, firm, and with just the right heft. And her nipples eagerly responded to my lips and tongue. While Gina watched the scene inside, I blissfully nuzzled her chest. As I did, she continued rocking her hips against me, working herself closer to her release.

After several minutes, she shuddered and pulled my head up. With her hands holding my face, her lips crushed against mine. Her tongue quickly invaded my mouth, sparring with my own. She kept rocking her hips against me, though, her clit rubbing against my dick. Finally, she pulled back and looked at me with wild eyes.

"I want to do it," she said, panting. "Now." She licked her lips. "I want to feel your dick inside me."

I wanted to. Oh, *how* I wanted to. But I shook my head. "Not yet," I said.

As if she hadn't heard me, she tried to lift herself and reach between us, but I held her down.

I shook my head again. "Not here."

"Why not?" To punctuate her question, she humped against me.

"I want to, but not here."

She half-whined insistently, and ground against me again.

"Your first time should be special," I said. "You'll always remember it." She was much closer to orgasm than I was, but I had no idea why I was thinking so clearly. Perhaps it was that I'd actually learned to take my time and enjoy myself—*as well as making sure my partner enjoyed herself,* I thought wryly.

"I'll remember it," she said. "Having you inside me will be special enough."

"No." I was adamant.

"Paul, please." She had stopped rocking against my erection, and looked to be on the verge of tears.

I kissed her soundly and she responded against me. When we separated, I looked into her eyes. "I love you, and I want to make your first time special," I said. I looked around us and her gaze followed. "It shouldn't be perched on patio furniture, hiding out behind Susan's house, spying on our parents."

She nodded reluctantly. "When?"

"Tomorrow," I said.

"Where."

"I don't know yet. Let me work on that." Oddly enough, I knew just the woman to ask.

"I want you, Paul," she said, making a last ditch effort to sway me.

"And I want you." I kissed her gently. "You'll have me, all of me."

She grinned hopefully.

"But not here, not like this."

She made a moue, but I didn't give in. When she saw that I was resolved, she licked her lips and gave me a smoldering look. "If you won't have sex with me," she said, "can I at least suck your dick?"

"You'd do that for me?" I asked teasingly.

Without answering, she practically vaulted off my lap and knelt before me. A half-second later, my cock was in her mouth, her tongue caressing the underside of my glans. With her right hand, she gripped the base of my shaft to steady it as she licked up and down the sides. I scooted down in the chair to give her a better angle.

She put her arms on my thighs and started bobbing over my cock. When she tried to take me as deep as she could, she got a little more than half my length into her mouth. She did that several times, dragging her lips over my sensitive skin and sucking gently on the crown at the end of each stroke.

I closed my eyes and groaned as she pulled my saliva-slick cock from her mouth and bent to suck my balls. I spread my legs to accommodate her and she tenderly pulled one of my balls into her mouth. She bathed my scrotum for a minute or two and then returned her attention to my erection.

While she'd been humping against me, I'd gotten pretty worked up, and it wasn't long before I was thrusting my hips upward, trying to shove more of my cock into her mouth. She made little noises of delight as she eagerly swallowed my hard-on. In a few minutes, I felt my orgasm welling up.

When my balls snugged against my body, Gina quickened her pace. She could sense my impending climax, and she couldn't wait to taste me. I gripped the seat of the chair and tried not to groan out loud.

I ultimately lost the battle to remain silent. When I came, I threw my head back and moaned. Gina whimpered in pleasure as the first spurt blasted the back of her throat. Her lips locked around my shaft and she milked me with her hand, pumping my cream into her mouth. I clamped my eyes shut and spurted again, and again, and again.

When I finally opened my eyes, I saw spots. I was breathing hard, and a sheen of sweat covered my brow and upper lip. I finally regained enough self-control to look down my torso. Gina was rubbing my shiny cock against her nipples, coating them with a combination of her saliva and my come.

She smiled up at me when she felt me start to sit up. I pulled my hips back and scooted against the back of the chair. I gestured for her to climb onto my lap and she did. We languidly kissed for a few minutes, and I could taste myself on her lips.

When we broke the kiss, we both turned to look at the scene inside. Elizabeth was on her hands and knees, and my father was fucking her from behind. Her breasts were swinging with each of his thrusts. Behind them, Chris lay on the floor with Susan astride his hips and Mom hovering over his face. The two women were kissing and playing with each other's breasts.

"God," Gina said as she looked at her mom. "That is so hot."

I merely nodded.

"I can't wait until you're doing that to me." She looked at me hopefully.

I held my ground and didn't say anything.

"Why're you making me wait?" she asked plaintively.

I pulled her close and looked into her eyes. "Because I want our first time to be special," I said. "For both of us."

"Unnnnh."

"No whining," I said sternly. "Now stand up for a second."

She looked at me curiously but did as I asked.

I turned the chair to face the sliding glass door and then sat down. "Sit on my lap, facing the door," I said. "I want to play with your tits while I get you off."

Her eyes lit up and she turned. I safely tucked my semi-erect cock against my body as she settled onto my lap. She leaned back against me and I reached around to fondle her breasts. I teased her nipples back to full erection and she moaned quietly.

In Susan's bedroom, Elizabeth had rolled over and Dad was now between her legs, thrusting into her.

Gina and I weren't close enough to see any real details, but I was pretty sure I could see Elizabeth's pussy spreading open to accommodate my dad's girth. Gina must have been looking at the same thing.

"Your dad's bigger than you are," she said matter-of-factly.

"Thanks for pointing that out," I said sarcastically.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean—"

"It's okay," I said quickly, cutting her off.

"I like yours better," she said. "It's just the right size for me." She turned and looked at me out of the corner of her eye. "Yours is the same size as my dad's," she said slyly.

I wasn't averse to looking at other guys' dicks, but I certainly didn't make a habit of it. I decided to take her word for it.

"I like your penis," she said.

"And he likes you."

"I'm serious." She turned to regard me again. "I like it 'cause it's straight, and thick. Kara says thick ones are the best. When it's hard, it's like steel, but the skin is so soft. And it's *just* the right length. I know it'll fit me perfectly," she said with aplomb.

"Uh… Thanks, I guess."

"And best of all," she said, "I like the taste of your stuff. I mean, your semen. You shoot a lot when you come. I like that too."

"I aim to please." *What else could I say to that?*

"Mmmmm." She all but smacked her lips. "You do please me. Very much. If only you'd—"

"Tomorrow," I said firmly.

She pouted for a moment and then turned back to watch the scene inside.

For a few moments, I watched Elizabeth's breasts bounce as Dad fucked her. Susan and Mom had switched positions, but they were still playing with each other's breasts and occasionally kissing. I trailed my hand over Gina's stomach to the juncture of her thighs. She spread them for me as I dipped a finger into sparse, damp pubic hair.

"Mmmmm, that feels nice," she said.

"Good." I moved the other hand up to tease her nipples.

She squirmed against me and sighed.

For several minutes, I leisurely played with her pussy, gently teasing the base of her clit and her inner labia. She was still quite wet from before, but I felt new moisture begin to coat my fingers. She leaned against me and simply enjoyed my attention and the scene inside.

"I hope I look like that when you and I have sex," she said quietly.

"Huh?"

"My mom," she said, pointing with her chin.

I looked over her shoulder.

Dad was still thrusting in and out of Elizabeth, but their pace was quicker and had a growing sense of urgency.

"Don't you think my mom's beautiful?" she asked. Without waiting for my answer, she continued. "That's what I'm going to look like when you're inside me."

"Mmm hmm."

"She's so beautiful."

"You're beautiful too," I whispered. My fingers delved into her and she arched her back. I pulled them out and started moving them in small circles around her exposed clit.

"Oh, yes," she hissed. "Right there."

"Mmm hmm."

Inside, Dad was hammering his cock into Elizabeth. Her legs were along his flanks and she looked like she was urging him on. Chris was fucking Mom from behind while Susan lay on her back underneath the two of them.

I started moving my fingers against the base of Gina's clit, teasing the little pearl and making her

shudder. Her juices flowed freely, and I could feel them coating my fingers, making it more difficult to keep them on her clit.

Gina and I kept our attention focused on her mother and my father. Dad slammed into Elizabeth at a frantic pace, his thick cock spreading her open with each thrust.

When Gina began to tremble, I knew she was close. I moved my other hand from her breasts to her pussy and gently shoved my middle finger inside her. Her channel was well-lubricated, so I had no trouble slipping into her tight pussy. She cried out and began gyrating her hips.

At Elizabeth's urging, Dad pulled out and quickly straddled her chest. She lifted her head, wrapped her lips around his cock, then began pumping him. When Gina saw this, she quivered for a moment and then tensed up. As Dad pumped his semen into her mom's mouth, Gina came, her juices flooding over my intruding finger.

Gina's pussy spasmed and gripped at my finger as her orgasm washed over her. She arched her back for several seconds and then suddenly went limp. Her hands shot out and gripped my own, holding them still.

A few minutes later, Gina and I were still panting. Entranced, we watched as Mom quickly slid off Chris and turned around. Her breasts were pressed against Susan's as she captured Chris's cock with her lips. *His cock* did *look like mine,* I thought reflectively. Susan lifted her head and started licking his balls. He stroked himself a few times and then tensed up.

After he filled my mom's mouth with come, she pulled off him and kissed Susan deeply. I sat up suddenly, nearly dumping Gina onto the ground. I knew what they were doing! They were sharing his come, just like they'd shared mine.

My cock was instantly erect. When she felt it, Gina immediately forgave me for almost bucking her off my lap. She slipped to the ground and turned at the same time. Inside, our parents and Susan were beginning to relax after their orgasms. Gina slurped my cock into her mouth, but I quickly pulled her off.

"We can't," I whispered.

She moaned in rebellion.

"Gina, look." I pointed into the house. "We've got to get out of here."

She reluctantly agreed.

We got up and I stealthily returned the chair to its original spot.

"C'mon," I said. "We can shower at my cabin."

My erection hadn't flagged a bit, and she stared at it hungrily. "Can I suck you in the shower?"

I smiled and nodded.

She just about dragged me up the hill.

✧ ✧ ✧

I took Gina back to her cabin a little before ten o'clock. Kara was there, and smiled when she saw Gina's damp hair and our sated smiles. The younger girls were cleaning up from where they'd had an impromptu Coke and popcorn party.

I led Gina back onto the porch—out of sight of the younger girls—and kissed her goodnight. I told her I loved her, and she melted into my arms.

"I love you too," she said, when she pulled back.

Just then, Erin, Trish, and Jill came bounding out of the cabin. They laughed and teased us a little, but Gina and I simply ignored them. I kissed her gently and then we separated.

"Tomorrow," she whispered. "You promised."

I nodded and then turned to go.

Erin's curfew was normally ten o'clock, so she walked down to our cabin with me. I wasn't really tired, so I just lay in the top bunk and let my thoughts run free. Erin chattered for a while and I honestly tried to pay attention, but she quickly realized that I wasn't listening to her.

"I'm happy you and Gina are back together," she said suddenly.

"Huh?"

"I said, 'I'm happy—'"

"Sorry, Er. I heard what you said. I just wasn't paying attention."
"No kidding."
"Why're *you* happy we're back together?"
"'Cause," she said. "You two are happy when you're together."
"Yeah," I said dreamily.
"See what I mean?"
I grinned to myself. "Yeah, I guess so."
"You're a great guy," she said. "Gina's lucky you still wanna talk to her."
"What?"
"I was ready to kill her, the way she treated you."
"Oh."
"I mean it," she said. "Leah was pretty fed up with her, too."
"Imagine how I felt."
"Uh-huh."
"But that's all in the past now," I said.
"So you two are doing it now?"
"Erin!"
"Well. I mean, if you're not—"
"Erin, *please*."
"What's the matter?" she asked, sounding wounded.
I knew it was mostly an act.
"I just mentioned it 'cause Leah, Trish, and Jill think you're a complete hunk."
I was stunned speechless.
"They think I'm so lucky to live with you."
"You're kidding, right?"
"Uh-uh. Trish and Jill would do you in a flash. I think Leah would too, but she just won't admit it."
"Erin! You all are like, what, thirteen?"
"Trish and Jill are fourteen," she said. "And I'll be fourteen in December."
"So?!"
"So, we know stuff."
I rolled over and stuck my head over the edge of the bed.
Erin looked up, surprised to see me. She jerked her hand from under the sheet and blushed.
Had she just been…?! I put the thought out of my mind and stared at her ominously. "What kind of stuff?" I asked.
"Stuff."
"Erin…"
"You don't have to get angry," she said.
She was right. I closed my eyes for a moment and reigned in my temper. I took a deep breath and then opened my eyes. "You're right, Erin. I'm sorry."
"Oh." She was clearly surprised that I'd agreed with her.
"It's just that you're my sister, and I'm supposed to watch out for you. Okay?"
She nodded.
"And if Trish, Jill, and Leah like me, that's cool."
"They think you're cuter than Shaun Cassidy," she said earnestly.
I couldn't help but laugh.
"I'm serious."
I composed myself. "I know, Er. I'm sorry."
"Okay," she said, clearly not knowing what to make of my tractability.
I opened my mouth to speak, but shut it when we heard Mom and Dad walking up the cabin steps. The door opened and Mom walked in first. When Dad walked in, he looked at his watch and then up at me. He

smiled and nodded approvingly when I met his gaze. I don't know why, but my chest swelled with pride at his approval. I mean, I was being punished, right? Why was I proud to be home early? Go figure.

As my parents moved about the cabin, preparing for bed, I scrutinized them. If I hadn't known what they'd been doing earlier, would I have been able to tell? They acted like nothing had happened. Mom kissed Erin and then stood on tiptoe to kiss me. As I kissed her cheek, I inhaled. The only thing I smelled was baby powder.

They must have showered at Susan's house. *Another reason Susan had such a large shower,* I mused. I surreptitiously watched them like a hawk, but detected no telltale signs of their earlier activities. Perhaps they smiled at each other more, or maybe they touched each other more, but I couldn't tell.

You know that feeling you get when you've known something all along, but it's taken a monumental event to put it all together? I felt like that—stunned, curious, excited, flabbergasted, and a little embarrassed. I had a million questions running through my head, but not all of them were for Susan. I vowed that I'd talk to Mom as well. I didn't know what kind of answers I'd get, but I wouldn't *ever* know if I didn't ask the questions.

I also had a day to plan, even though I had no idea where Gina and I could go for some privacy. I wanted to take more than an hour, or even more than a couple of hours, but I didn't want to hike to the quarry. I vividly remembered how tired and sore Jenny had been after her first time, and I didn't want that for Gina.

I lay on my back and laced my fingers behind my head. For a while, I simply stared at the ceiling and marveled at the wonder of it all. After a while, I fell into a deep, comfortable sleep.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The next morning, my eyes popped open and I immediately had a frightening thought: *What if Mom and Dad got a divorce?* Why hadn't I been worried about that the night before? I had watched the two of them have sex with other people. True, I'd been a little preoccupied at the time, but the more I thought about it, the more I worried.

Did they not love each other any more? *Hold on a second,* I thought. The way they'd acted toward each other when they returned to the cabin had been normal, nothing out of the ordinary. How long had they been swinging? If it had been a while, why hadn't they already gotten a divorce?

Were they just not happy with each other? *No,* I thought. I hadn't noticed any change in their behavior. Maybe I'd been in my own little world a lot of the time, and maybe I was kind of dense sometimes, but I *did* pay attention to some things. Mom and Dad still seemed to love each other. And I knew they had sex, I'd even witnessed some of it.

So why did they have sex with other people? I thought I could answer that question for myself: *variety*. I knew from personal experience that women were different. Even one woman may be different from one time to the next. I liked having sex with Susan, but it was completely different from sex with Stacy. Sex with Amy had been different as well. I knew Gina would be the same way, different.

But did Mom and Dad still love each other? I thought about that question for a long time and finally came to the conclusion that they probably did. I still had no clue about how long they'd been swinging, but I was pretty sure that it hadn't changed their relationship much. Unfortunately, I still had a niggling fear that they might *not* love each other anymore. Instead of dwelling on it, however, I turned my thoughts to something else.

If Gina had known about her parents, that would explain a lot about why she wasn't jealous of Stacy or Susan. Susan! What had Kara said to Gina? "You *know* about Susan." The significance of that statement had *completely* eluded me at the time. I'd simply thought Kara was telling Gina that I'd told the truth about having sex with Susan.

But that *wasn't* what she had meant. Gina knew about Susan swinging with her parents. It was as simple as that. How? Once again, the answer was simple—Gina had been watching her parents. She'd known about my parents too, so she must have seen them with hers.

Or had she seen them with someone else? Who else could it be? I simply didn't know. I felt kind of embarrassed, too. I hadn't even noticed that my own parents were swinging, so how could I hope to figure out who *else* might be involved?

Note to self: Ask Susan about swingers.

As hard as I tried not to, I still worried about the possibility that my parents might get a divorce. I don't know why, but I did. It was like a genie I'd let out of the bottle—once I started agonizing over it, I couldn't stop. Why had I begun thinking about it at all?!

I wanted to talk to Mom, I decided. Normally, I would have talked to Susan, but I had a nagging suspicion she'd simply tell me to ask my mom. Besides, I guess I wanted to hear from Mom herself that she and Dad weren't going to break up. But I'd never talked to her about something this serious before.

So, what was the problem with talking to Mom? I was a little nervous. How exactly do you start a conversation like that? Hi, Mom, are you and Dad going to get a divorce because you want to have sex with other people? *No,* I thought, *definitely not the right opening line.*

I also had to figure out where Gina and I could go for a little privacy. As I started to think about the problem, my mind thankfully drifted away from thoughts of my parents and divorce.

Where could Gina and I go? We could take a blanket and simply walk into the woods, but how romantic would that be? About as romantic as ubiquitous pine trees could get—in other words, hopelessly unmemorable. I thought of a few other places, but quickly dismissed them for one reason or another.

Since I was getting nowhere fast with any of my dilemmas, I decided to get up. Before I climbed down

the ladder, I looked at my parents. They were spooned together and Dad had his arms around Mom, protecting her and holding her close. Even though she was asleep, I decided she looked happy. Were these two people on the verge of divorce? I sincerely hoped not.

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While I was jumping rope after my workout, my mind wandered back to the divorce question. My parents were a team, and they had been as long as I could remember. They had arguments, just like any other couple, but Erin and I rarely saw them. And whenever they had to punish either of us—a thankfully rare occurrence—they *both* did it.

For instance, when I'd suggested my own weeklong early curfew, Dad hadn't simply pronounced judgment, he said he'd discuss it with Mom. It was like that with everything.

When we were younger, Erin and I had even learned that we couldn't use the "if it's okay with your other parent, then it's okay with me" ploy. Mom and Dad talked to each other about decisions they made, and I couldn't even *remember* the last time I'd been grounded because I tried to pit one of them against the other.

Both my sister and I had learned that lesson pretty quickly. Mom and Dad were a unit, and if we tried to manipulate either of them, we got punished. The punishments were always just—I reluctantly had to admit that they *were* fair—but they were always severe enough to be a deterrent. *Pavlov would be very,* very *proud,* I thought with a laugh.

"What's so funny?" Mom asked from the porch.

I almost tripped over my jump rope. (One of the reasons I really liked jumping rope is because it's repetitive enough that I could think about things while I did it. The problem? Break your rhythm and you're going to take a nose-dive.)

"Be careful, honey," she said.

I stopped jumping and coiled the rope. "Yeah," I said, panting from the exertion.

"So, what were you laughing about?"

"Oh, nothing much," I half-lied. "I was just thinking about something I remember from Biology class." Which was more or less true. I *had* learned about Pavlov in Biology.

"Oh?"

"It was funny, but it'd take a long time to explain."

"Okay."

I gathered my courage, shifting from foot to foot a little nervously. "Mom?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Um… are Dad and Erin up yet?"

She nodded. "Your dad's in the shower and Erin's brushing her hair."

"Oh. Okay."

"Is there something you need?"

I shook my head. I thought for a moment, changed my mind, then nodded. "Um…" I took a deep breath and steeled my nerves, wishing I could will my jittery stomach to relax. "Do you think we could… I mean you and me… um… maybe…"

"Yes?"

"Maybe we could talk… or something."

"Sure. Now, or later?"

"Um… whenever."

"Now's fine," she said. "Just give me a minute." Then she turned and headed back inside.

Relief washed over me like a cool rain. *There,* I thought. *I'd said it. I'd asked. Whew!*

A few moments later, I decided to follow her inside. Once there, I slipped off my workout shorts and dropped them in the hamper.

Dad came out of the bathroom, followed by Mom. He looked at me and smiled, but showed no sign that he knew what I'd asked Mom.

"I feel like pancakes this morning," he said jovially. "Anybody else up for some banana pancakes?"

Erin piped up immediately. Banana pancakes were her favorite.

"Okay," Dad said to her. "You wanna be my assistant?"

"Sure."

"Breakfast in about half an hour?" Dad asked Mom.

She nodded.

"C'mon, kiddo," Dad said to Erin.

She jumped up and the two of them headed out the door without a backward glance.

As soon as they were out of earshot, Mom turned to me. "Is everything okay?"

I nodded.

She waited patiently for me to speak.

"D'you mind if I shower first?" I asked. I *was* sweaty and a little rank, but I also hadn't really figured out what I wanted to say.

"Go ahead. I'll be here when you get done."

I showered quickly, my body on autopilot. While I washed, my mind was working a million miles an hour. By the time I got out to dry off, I'd bolstered my courage and I was pretty sure I knew what I wanted to ask. When I emerged from the bathroom, Mom was folding towels. She looked up and smiled.

"Are you and Dad gonna get a divorce?" I blurted. What *idiot* had gotten control of my mouth? That was *not* the first question I'd planned to ask.

"Of course not, honey." She gestured for me to sit next to her on the bed. "What makes you ask that?"

"I saw you last night." Never in a million years had I planned to say *that*, either. Some imbecile was clearly using my voice, because I certainly wasn't saying what I'd planned.

"When?"

How did she sound so calm, so collected? "When you were at Susan's," I said. What was I thinking?!

"Ah."

Ah. Was that all she had to say?!

She turned toward me and put her hand on my thigh. "Did you understand what you saw?"

Duh. Of course I did. They were having sex. In a moment of lucidity, however, I realized that wasn't what she was asking. I shook my head. Then I nodded. I started to shake my head again, but stopped, clearly confused. "I don't know," I said at last.

"That's okay, honey. It's all right not to understand." She paused for a moment and then smiled. "Your dad and I love each other very much, and we're not going to get a divorce. Not now, not ever."

I nodded. It was the first thing I'd truly understood all morning.

"I've been wondering when I was going to get this question."

"You have?"

"Mmm hmm. I thought you might've figured it out earlier, but you've been busy with your own life, haven't you?"

I nodded.

"How did you see?" she asked calmly.

"We… um… I mean, I… um…" I blushed furiously. *Now* I'd let the cat out of the bag—I'd said "we." I mentally cursed myself.

"It's okay. I'm not angry. I'm just curious."

For a moment, I studied her face. She didn't *look* angry. "I went looking for Susan," I said at last. "When she didn't answer the door, I thought she might be in her bedroom, so I went around to knock. I didn't mean to spy on—"

"It's okay, Paul. I understand."

"Are you sure?"

"Mmm hmm. Very sure."

"So… why?" I asked.

"Why am I sure?" She took one look at my expression and shook her head. "Oh, why were we doing

what we were doing?"

I nodded.

"Because it's something your dad and I enjoy."

"Having sex with other people?"

She nodded.

"Does that mean you don't love each other any more?"

For a moment, she laughed brightly. Then she took one look at my face and quickly caught herself. "No," she said seriously. "We love each other more than ever."

"But you have sex with other people."

"Mmm hmm. But your dad and I love each other very much. We have to, in order to have the kind of relationship we do."

"Huh?"

"Think about it for a moment," she said. "You know there's a difference between love and sex."

"Well, yeah, but—"

"We love each other, Paul."

"But you don't like having sex with each other?"

She shook her head and tried not to chuckle. "We enjoy sex with each other. A lot."

Was she blushing?

"But we also enjoy having sex with other couples."

"Like the Coulters?"

"Mmm hmm. We trust them, and we enjoy their company."

"Oh."

"We also," she said, "enjoy swinging with them."

"Do you… swing… with just anyone?"

"No," she said gently. "We're very selective. Chris and Elizabeth are a lot like your dad and me."

I nodded absently.

"They're smart, healthy, clean, and attractive. So we enjoy swinging with them."

"Oh."

"And your dad and I don't have sex with anyone if the other one doesn't know about it."

"But what about…?" I worked my jaw soundlessly, panic gnawing at my belly.

She waited patiently for me to finish my question.

"What about…?" I looked at her and gulped. "What about me? When we… um… I mean… you know."

"What we did was experimentation. There was nothing wrong with it, but we both know we can't do it again."

I swallowed hard and nodded.

"But if I'm going to be with another couple, if we're swinging, then your father knows about it."

"What about that night at Susan's house?" I whispered hoarsely. "With Susan, Stacy, and me?"

"What about it?" she asked coolly.

"You were… swinging. Right? Does Dad know?" I croaked. "Does he know about me?"

She shook her head. "He knows I was there with Susan and Stacy."

"But not me?" Some of the tightness in my chest eased off, but not all of it.

"No, not you." She smiled tenderly. "That's between you and me."

"And Susan and Stacy."

"Mmm hmm. Do *you* trust Susan?"

I nodded.

"I trust her too. And Susan trusts Stacy, so I do too. Do you?"

I thought about it for a moment. I knew without a doubt that Stacy would never do anything to hurt me. "Yes," I said evenly. "I trust her."

"I know you do." She looked at me seriously. "That night is the one time in all the years your dad and I have been married that I didn't tell him the whole truth about one of my liaisons."

"Is that what you call them?" I asked. "Liaisons."

"Sometimes. Usually they're just 'get-togethers.'"

"Oh."

"So your dad always knows about it when I'm with another couple. Normally, however, we're there together."

"Like last night?"

"Like last night," she said.

"How long have you been… um… swinging with the Coulters?"

"Since we met them."

I stared at her in shock. Gina's family had been coming here when we first joined the camp, more than four years ago! "That long?"

"Mmm hmm."

"How come I never figured it out?" I asked. I tried not to sound plaintive, but I don't think I did that well.

"Well, honey, we're pretty discreet."

I nodded. "No kidding."

"Although I thought you had it figured out last year," she said.

"Huh?"

"You asked about swingers a couple of times, but neither Susan nor I would tell you anything. I thought you'd figured it out when you brought it up, but Susan didn't think you had."

"I hadn't," I said humbly.

"I know."

"So why tell me the truth now?" I asked suddenly.

"It'd be hard to deny it after you saw us last night," she said with a chuckle.

"Yeah, I guess so. Does Erin know?"

"No. I don't think so. If she does, she's been very circumspect about it."

I nodded.

"Gina knows, though," Mom said.

"Yeah, she was there with me—"

She smirked.

"Oh. Yeah. You probably already knew that."

"You didn't think I caught it when you said 'we' earlier, did you?"

I blushed and shook my head.

"Gina was with you, right?"

"More or less," I said.

Mom arched an eyebrow at me inquisitively.

"I… um… I kinda found her there."

"Yes, that makes sense."

"It does?"

She nodded. "Gina enjoys voyeurism," she said. "That's what it's called when you get excited watching other people."

"Oh."

"I didn't know she was there, though."

"Hey," I said suddenly. "How'd you know Gina's a… um…?"

"Voyeur," she said helpfully. "Well—"

"Her mother," I said.

Mom nodded.

"You two talk a *lot*, don't you?"

"Mmm hmm. Where our children are concerned, certainly."

"Yeah, I guess that makes sense."

She merely smiled.

"While we're on the subject…," I said. I tried not to blush, but my face and ears heated anyway.

"Yes?"

"Um… well… Gina and I kinda wanted to… um… maybe… well, we wanted to maybe go somewhere today."

"Oh?"

I looked up and nodded.

"And?"

"Well… we were thinking… um… you know."

"I do?" Her eyes sparkled mischievously.

Was she being obtuse on purpose? "*Mom*," I said pleadingly. I even rolled my eyes for effect.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said. "Sometimes I forget you're no longer my little boy. I can't resist teasing you, just a little bit."

"I guess."

"Are you and Gina ready to have sex?" she asked frankly.

I looked up sharply and blushed again.

"I take it that means yes?"

I nodded mutely.

"Well," she said seriously, "I don't think her mother will let her go anywhere today."

"Why not?"

"She's got to do the dishes today."

"You know about that?" I asked.

Her look answered me better than any words could.

"Oh. Yeah. You and Elizabeth talk to each other."

"Mmm hmm. And if Gina's being punished, then her mom won't let her trade off with one of her sisters."

"Do you think her mom'll let her go with me? Tomorrow, I mean? I don't know where, but do you think she'll let us go?"

Mom nodded thoughtfully. "It's up to Chris and Elizabeth. And Gina, of course. But I think they'll let you two go."

"Okay."

"So," she mused, "were you going to ask your father and me about going?" She grinned archly. There was a teasing note in her voice, but her tone was still serious.

"I kinda just did, didn't I?"

She laughed softly. "Fair enough."

"So, will you let me go?"

"I'll talk it over with your dad, but I don't see any reason we'd say no."

"Can I take the car?" I asked. I don't know why I'd decided to go for broke, but I evidently had.

She grinned. "Oh, we can talk about that, if it's not too far."

"Well," I said, suddenly a little morose. "I don't have any idea where we'd go."

"You should ask Susan," she said. "She'll know."

"Yeah!"

Mom paused for a moment and then looked at me seriously. "Back to the original question."

I nodded.

"Do you understand about your dad's and my relationship?" she asked. "Maybe just a little bit better?"

"I think so."

"Because we have sex with other people, selectively and discreetly, we have to be *more* secure in our marriage. Your dad and I love each other very much, and neither of us will let anyone or anything come between us."

"Good."

"When we're with another couple, or another woman, it's sex, and it's fun. When your dad and I are together alone, it's love, and it's a much deeper connection than either of us has with anyone else. Do you understand?"

"Yeah. I guess I do."

"Good. Sex is a big part of our lives for your dad and me. And it'll be a big part of your life too. Love, however, is special. You can have sex with multiple partners, but you'll only have a few true loves in your life."

"Yeah."

"Love is about commitment, trust, and respect," she said. "Sex is about pleasure. Though it's not really as simple as that."

I nodded.

"Do you understand?"

"I think so."

"Okay," she said. "If you ever want some advice, get confused, or just want to talk, you know you can ask me anything. Right?"

"Obviously," I said.

She grinned, and we stood up to go. I looked at my watch and realized we'd been talking for more than half an hour, although it hadn't seemed like that long. We were going to be late to breakfast.

I was pretty sure I had everything sorted out, although it would take me a while to put it all in the proper perspective. I'd probably mentally repeat the entire conversation, a couple of times, but I was much happier than I'd been when I woke up. And much less worried, which was a *very* good thing.

"Susan owes me a quarter," Mom said as we walked down the hill to the clubhouse.

Okay, now *I'm confused again.*

She quickly explained. "I'm sorry, Paul. I don't want to make light of your questions, but Susan and I had a little bet."

"A little bet?"

"Mmm hmm. I thought you'd ask me when you found out about our swinging, and she thought you'd ask her. So we bet a quarter." She leaned close. "I think she was hoping to lose," she said confidentially.

I merely stared at her, dumbfounded.

Mom thrust her arm through mine and laughed softly as we continued walking.

✧ ✧ ✧

After the breakfast dishes were done, Gina came up to me wearing a sullen and apologetic look.

"Let me guess," I said, preempting her. "Your mom won't let you go anywhere, 'cause you've got to do the dishes."

"Yeah."

I nodded in commiseration.

"Hey! How'd you know?"

"Lucky guess?"

"Uh-uh."

"Okay," I said. "I kinda had a talk with my mom this morning."

"About us?"

"Sorta," I said, dissembling a bit.

"Oh."

"Yeah. I asked her if you and I could maybe go somewhere today, and she said she didn't think your mom'd let you."

She merely nodded.

"So," I said, as brightly as I could. "We'll go tomorrow."

"Yeah, I guess." She looked at me with a doleful expression.

I tried not to grin, but I couldn't help myself. "Mom said I may be able to borrow the car," I said softly.

Her eyes lit up at that. "Really?"

"Maybe," I said. "She said it depends on where we go. So I kinda need to talk to Susan."

"Susan?"

I nodded. "Who else would know all the romantic deflowering spots around here?"

She rolled her eyes and tried not to crack a smile. In the end, she did anyway. "When can you talk to Susan? Now? Soon?"

"Patience, grasshopper," I said in my best Shaolin master voice.

"Unnnnh."

"No whining," I said gently, teasingly.

"Can't we just slip away for a little while?"

I shook my head.

"Please?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Because, I want to take longer than a little while."

"I don't," she said in mock exasperation.

"Okay," I said. "Why don't you just hop up on one of these tables and I'll go ahead and take care of you."

She looked around quickly to see who might be watching.

I could almost see the wheels spinning in her mind. I burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" she asked indignantly.

"You."

She looked sulky, so I simply bent forward, grabbed her around the waist, and threw her over my shoulder. She began to get angry, but her temper quickly cooled when she realized I was only playing around. I gave her a good, playful swat on the bottom—which elicited a gratifying shriek—and then carried her out the clubhouse door.

I walked toward the lake, chuckling to myself. At first, she struggled and squirmed, trying to get loose. Unfortunately for her, I was far stronger that she was. And I was far better trained. She wasn't going to get loose until I *decided* to let her go. By the time we were looking down the hill at the lake, she decided to be nice and ask politely.

"Good God," she said when I set her down. "I didn't know I had Tarzan for a boyfriend."

"Me like Jane," I said, theatrically pounding my chest. "Ook ook."

She smiled brightly.

I stepped close to her and pulled her into my arms.

"Does Tarzan have a banana for Jane?" she asked. "A long, stiff banana, full of hot—"

"Don't get yourself too worked up," I said with a grin.

"I'm trying to get *you* worked up."

"It's working."

She stomped her foot in mock petulance. "Then how come you're not *doing* anything about it?"

"I am," I said innocently. "I'm going to go talk to Susan about where we can find a little privacy."

"Oh. Now?"

I nodded. "I want to go ahead and figure out what we want to do, so we can make plans."

"Okay."

"I'll meet you at the lake afterward?"

She nodded.

We kissed quickly and then separated. When she turned to walk down the hill, I started toward Susan's.

✧ ✧ ✧

Susan didn't seem all that surprised to see me. Had she already talked to my mom? I wouldn't put it past the two of them.

The day was heating up, but Susan's shaded courtyard was still nice and cool. We put towels on the seats of the wrought-iron chairs and sipped lemonade as we talked.

What I *hadn't* told Gina was that I also wanted to talk to Susan about the previous night. Talking with Mom had put a lot of my fears to rest, but I still had a few burning questions. And I had some emotions to work through. While I'd seen Susan with other women, and it hadn't bothered me, the night before was the first time I'd ever seen her with another man. Curiously, it didn't really bother me either.

"I'm sorry," I said, flushing with embarrassment when I realized I'd been sitting and thinking for a couple of minutes.

She smiled patiently. "That's okay, I could tell you were deep in thought."

"Yeah." I tried to decide how to start the conversation, or figure out what I wanted to know, but I drew a blank. Actually, that's not strictly true. I had so many questions tumbling through my mind that I didn't really know where to begin. Finally, I asked, "Have you talked to Mom this morning?"

Her eyebrows rose and she nodded, grinning.

"See? I'm learning."

"Mmm hmm."

"Did y'all talk about…?"

"About you?"

I smiled shyly and nodded.

"Mmm hmm. She said you and she had a good talk this morning."

"Nothing more?" I asked.

"She said you might be stopping by to talk to me too."

"Did she tell you what we talked about?"

"No. But I think I can make an educated guess."

"She didn't tell you what we talked about?" I asked, somewhat dubious.

She shook her head.

"*Really?*"

"Really," she said. "We talk about you a lot, but we each keep some things private."

I arched an eyebrow.

"Contrary to what you might think, your mom and I don't tell each other everything that goes on with you."

"Oh. Okay."

"We talk a lot, because we both love you, but neither of us is an open conduit to the other. If you tell her something in confidence, I wouldn't know about it. And there are a lot of things she doesn't know about our relationship," she said, indicating the two of us.

"Really?"

She nodded. "She can probably figure a few things out, but she doesn't ask questions or anything like that."

"Oh."

"She respects your privacy," Susan said with a smile. "And so do I."

"I guess I hadn't thought of it that way."

"Mmm hmm." She let the silence draw out for a few long moments. "So, to answer your question: yes, I've talked to your mom this morning, but no, I don't know exactly what you two talked about. She just said I might get a visit from you. She also seemed very happy."

"Happy?"

She nodded. "Did you realize that this is the first time you've talked to her about something really important, without her having to drag it out of you and *before* you talked to me about it?"

"Yeah," I said. "Kinda."

"That made her very happy."

I smiled. Maybe it was silly, but it made me feel good that Mom was happy because of something I'd done. "Well," I said, "you owe her a quarter."

"I do, do I?" She laughed. "I thought I might."

I nodded.

"Believe it or not," I said, "I was coming to talk to you last night when I… um… when I saw you all."

She seemed unfazed. "Through the sliding glass doors?"

I nodded.

"I suspected as much."

"Oh?"

"You replaced the chair backward," she said with a grin.

"Huh?"

"I went out to the patio this morning and three chairs were facing the table, one was facing away. I didn't think much of it until your mom stopped by after breakfast. When she mentioned that you might be stopping by, I put two and two together."

"Whoops," I said apologetically.

She merely grinned.

"Sorry about that."

"Are you sorry for replacing the chair backward, or sorry for watching through the glass?"

Panic suddenly grew within me, panic that she might be angry I'd been spying on her. "Um… I didn't mean to… I mean, I never—"

"It's *okay*, Paul," she said soothingly. "I'm teasing you."

I felt my face and neck heat up. *Why did I have to blush so much?*

She giggled.

"What?"

"You should see your face."

I tried to look stricken.

She giggled again. "I'm sorry," she said after a moment. "I know how serious you are."

"I guess."

"Well, you can't blame me. You *are* fun to tease, and you look so cute when you blush."

"C'mon. Please?"

"Okay," she said. "I'll stop."

"Thanks." Even with a tan, my face and neck must have been crimson.

She waited for me to regain my composure. After a few moments, she asked, "Was that what you wanted to talk about?"

Flustered, I'd forgotten everything else I wanted to ask her, so I latched onto the one thing I *could* remember. I shook my head. "I was hoping you could give me some advice."

"Oh?"

I nodded. "Gina and I are… um… well… you know…"

"Mmm hmm."

I was blushing again. I wanted to lift my eyes heavenward and ask, *Why?* Finally, I marshaled my courage and looked her in the eye. "We're ready to have sex," I said frankly.

She nodded and gestured for me to continue.

I don't know why, but I scrutinized her for any signs of jealousy or disapproval. Her face was open and encouraging. I mentally sighed, chastising myself for doubting her.

"And you want my advice?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Okay," she said with a mischievous grin. Then she assumed an analytical air. "Although I don't know how much advice you really need. You already know how to please a woman. I've always been *extremely* satisfied with your performance."

I must have turned six shades of red. Not content to merely be embarrassed, I'm sure I turned six shades of purple next.

"I'm sorry," she said, laughing musically. "I'm teasing you again."

I nodded and tried to scowl darkly. "I was hoping you could give me some advice *about a romantic, private location*," I said evenly.

"Oh," she said glibly, "I thought that was the case. But you can't blame a girl for having a little fun."

I huffed.

"Okay, maybe you *can* blame a girl for having a little fun."

I rolled my eyes at her, but inside, I was laughing. Her good mood was infectious. Despite my best efforts, I was enjoying it.

"Well," she said, serious at last. "What were you thinking?"

As I talked about what I wanted to find, I formed the beginnings of a plan. Originally, I thought of using Mr. Kestrel's house. Unfortunately, it was merely four walls and a roof, albeit with air conditioning and hot and cold running water. Functional, but bare, and not very romantic.

I thought about asking Susan to borrow Kirk's room, but that just seemed cheesy. I can't explain why, but it seemed very un-romantic. And besides, I wanted to take my time so we could enjoy ourselves. I didn't want to hole up in Susan's house for the better part of a day. *That* would be awkward.

The quarry was out because of the distance involved. It *would* be a romantic spot, and fitting, but it was also a two-hour hike there, not to mention the return hike. So, scratch the quarry.

The next spot I thought of was the little nature trail by the spillway. But not only was that the scene of The Talk, it was the scene of The Second Talk. Worse, it was entirely too close to camp, and the chances of discovery were pretty high.

The last place I thought of was the *first* stream that Manfred, Jenny, Gina, and I had hiked. It had taken us more than an hour to get to the pool and the large rock overhang. While that was a shorter hike than the quarry, it was still a weary return trek.

As I talked through my ideas, Susan patiently listened. Before she could even suggest a location, I came up with an idea on my own. I snapped my fingers and looked at her intently.

"I know the perfect place," I said.

"Oh?"

"Uh-huh. I don't want someplace indoors, since the country around here is just too beautiful. I want someplace with a stream, a pool, or something. Some kind of running water, obviously. And it's gotta have some shade."

She nodded approvingly.

"I don't want someplace too close to the camp, for the obvious reasons. Nor do I want someplace more than ten or fifteen minutes' walk. That means I want someplace I can drive to, but that's not so far away that my parents won't let me take the car."

She nodded again.

"And I just thought of the perfect place!"

"Which is?"

"You remember that place you took me to last year, the one with the big rocks and the pool? You said it was a special place …" When her eyes misted over, I faltered. *Had I said something wrong?* "Are you okay?" I asked.

She swallowed hard and nodded. Then she wiped her eyes and blinked a few times.

"What's the matter?" All of a sudden, I was more concerned about her than anything else.

"I'm fine," she said. "It's just that…"

I held my breath and suddenly felt panic growing within me.

"It's a perfect place," she said, her voice thick with emotion. At least she was smiling, even if the smile was pasted on.

"If you want, we can go somewhere else," I said. "I mean, I know the place is special to you, and I wouldn't want to do anything that… well… I don't know. But we won't go if you don't want us to."

"No," she said, her eyes still full of unshed tears. She blinked again and smiled. "It's perfect. It's special to me because… well… it's just a special place. I have a lot of good memories from there."

"If you don't want us to go…"

"Go." She smiled with genuine warmth. "It'll be something special I can share with you."

I nodded, unsure of what to say.

"Promise me one thing, though."

"Anything," I said earnestly.

"Just you and Gina, okay?"

I quickly nodded.

"I know that you two hike to the quarry with Manfred and Jenny, but keep the glade just to yourselves. Okay?"

"Of course."

She smiled affectionately, her eyes still glistening. "Now," she said with feigned sternness, "go find Gina and make your plans."

"Are you okay?" I asked, concern once again coloring my voice.

"Yes. I'll be fine. I just want some time to myself right now."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Go. Have a good time. Take care of Gina and make sure she knows how much you love her."

She stood, so I did as well. I stepped toward her and she gave me a big hug, holding me tight for a long time. When she pulled back, her eyes brimmed afresh. She stood on tiptoe and kissed my cheek.

"Run along now," she said tearfully. "Shoo!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'll be fine."

"Okay. Thanks, Susan. I know…" *What did I know?* I couldn't express it in words, but I think she understood.

She nodded solemnly.

I turned to go. At the entrance to the courtyard, I looked back. She was sitting again, lost in thought, tears silently rolling down her cheeks. It was hard for me to leave—I wanted to comfort her.

Sometimes the only comfort is to be alone with your memories.

✧ ✧ ✧

When I got to the lake, Gina and Kara were sitting next to each other, just chatting. I took a quick survey to see who was there. Manfred and Jenny were in their own little world and the Tharp twins were nowhere to be seen. Erin and her friends were heading up to play volleyball by themselves. My parents were sitting with a group that included Gina's parents and Dwight and Karen. In the middle of the lake, the raft floated serenely, unoccupied.

I apologized to Kara and asked if I could borrow Gina. Kara smiled and motioned for us to go. As we stood, she picked up her book and started reading. Gina looked at me quizzically, but followed.

I immediately dived into the cold water. When I surfaced, I looked back to find Gina swimming after me. I swam backward for a bit, just watching her dark, smooth body move through the water. As she caught up with me, I rolled over and started swimming alongside her. At the last minute, I ducked underwater and swam to the far side of the raft. A moment later, she surfaced next to me, her white teeth flashing in a broad smile.

I looked around to see who could see us. The raft was between us and the majority of the sunbathers, including our families. At the shallow end of the lake, some of the younger kids were playing, but none of their parents were paying much attention to us.

I reached up and supported myself with one hand on the raft. With the other hand, I pulled Gina close and kissed her soundly. She responded eagerly, her cold-hardened nipples pressing into my chest. We kissed for a few minutes, still hidden from the majority of the people on the shore.

Once or twice, I looked around, just to make sure none of the parents or kids from the shallow end were paying attention to us. Our kisses heated up, and she was soon grinding her pelvis against me.

"Hold yourself up for a minute," I said.

She dutifully put her hand on the raft to steady herself.

I took a deep breath and slipped beneath the surface of the lake. I kissed my way down her stomach and finally reached her waist. With one hand on each hip, I held myself in place. She spread her legs to accommodate me while I nuzzled her pussy.

I knew I wouldn't have long, so I concentrated on her clit. I parted her lips with my tongue and teased the pearl of nerves. She flinched once, but then held steady. I put my mouth against her mons and started gently sucking her clit. When I felt my air running out, I pursed my lips and started blowing little bubbles against her pussy. The urge to take a breath finally became overwhelming, so I surfaced.

Gina had her eyes closed and looked like she was ready to pass out. I pressed myself against her body and trailed my hand down her smooth stomach, through the sparse strip of her pubic hair. When I encountered her labia, I gently pushed a finger against her slit.

She was so hot and wet that it easily slid inside her. Instead of stopping, I pushed my fingertip deeper inside her. She gasped when my palm pressed against her mons and rubbed the base of her clit.

"If you're a good girl," I said quietly, "We can slip away after lunch."

She whimpered.

"Would you like that?"

A nod.

I crooked my fingertip up and pressed against her inner spot. She shuddered and started to go limp. I put my hand on the raft to support us both, holding her in place with my hand between her legs and taking advantage of our natural buoyancy. When I pressed myself against her and moved my finger within her pussy, she moaned softly.

"I just wanted to give you a preview of what you're going to get later," I said softly, "Now let's get on the raft and relax."

She nodded wordlessly.

"And for after lunch, think about how much you're going to enjoy it when I come in your mouth."

She shuddered involuntarily and I smiled to myself.

"Okay?"

She nodded again and I slowly withdrew my finger from her molten depths. The contrast between her pussy and the water was sharp, and I missed her heat as soon as I left it. With a gentle nudge, I boosted her onto the raft and then climbed up beside her.

She was panting slightly, and her eyes were glued to my semi-erect cock. I bent to kiss her on the cheek. Since our families could see us, I didn't want to go tonsil-diving.

"I love you," I said softly, our cheeks still touching.

"I love you too."

"And I can't wait to shove my thick, hard dick into you."

"It better be soon," she said breathlessly.

"It will be."

"Oh, God. I can't wait."

"Mmm hmm," I said. "Me either."

She looked up at me and smiled. Her gaze dropped to my tumescent member and she licked her lips. "You meant what you said about after lunch?"

"Yep."

Her eyes locked onto mine and she smiled in anticipation.

"If you're a good girl," I said impishly.

"Oh, I'll be a good girl. I'll be a very, *very* good girl."

"I know. Now," I said, "let's relax and enjoy the sun."

✧ ✧ ✧

After lunch, we hung around the clubhouse for a while. When both of our families went down to the lake, Gina and I inconspicuously headed up to my family's cabin. The screen door had barely slammed behind us before she was all over me.

Without even waiting for her to ask, I sat on the couch and spread my legs. I pulled her down and she knelt between my feet. My erection jutted toward her and she eyed it hungrily.

When she swallowed half my length, I put my hand on the back of her head. She bobbed up and down rapidly, running her lips and tongue over my length. Because she was in a hurry, she scraped my dick a few times with her teeth, but I still came quickly. When I did, she hungrily sucked down my seed, making happy noises with each powerful spurt.

Before she even had time to catch her breath, I pulled her up and had her lie on the couch. I kissed my way up her thighs, gently spread her legs, and pressed my lips against her pussy. She was super wet, and as soon as my tongue touched her slit, she started bucking her hips. The moment I stuck my finger inside her, she came like gangbusters. When she cried out in the throes of her orgasm, I was worried about people down the hill hearing us.

As she shuddered and quaked with the aftereffects of her climax, I crawled up her body, kissing as I went. She wrapped her legs around my waist and we kissed passionately. We continued kissing for a while, our tongues dancing against one another.

My erection never really subsided, and I soon pulled her upright. I sat on the right end of the couch and let her stretch out along its length, with her head in my lap. While I explored her body with my left hand, she slowly sucked me off. She really took her time, working my cock into her mouth and gently tonguing my length. It took me a long time to come, but we both enjoyed it immensely.

After that, we simply relaxed for a little while. Her head was still in my lap and she was enjoying herself by tonguing and gently sucking my limp member. When she wasn't teasing me, we talked about stuff, mostly things about the next day. She wanted to know where I planned to take her, but I told her it was a surprise.

I wanted to leave right after breakfast, but we still needed to get our parents' permission. If everything went according to plan, I would borrow my family's car, Gina would pack us a picnic lunch, and we wouldn't have to be back until after dinner. If everything went according to plan, that is.

While we talked, Gina didn't pay much attention to my penis, and that was fine by me. After coming twice, I needed a little time to recycle. But when the conversation slowed, she got this gleam in her eye and started sucking me in earnest. I played with her nipples, gently tugging and twisting them as she sucked my shaft.

She started working harder, but I could tell that something was wrong. She looked like she was trying to enjoy herself, but she was trying awfully hard. After a minute, I gently pushed her back and pulled my dick from her mouth.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"I'm fine," she said with forced equanimity.

"You don't look like you're fine."

Her eyes began to tear up. "I'm so sorry. It's just…"

I suddenly had a flash of insight. "Your jaw is tired?"

She nodded, sniffling. "How'd you know?"

"Just a lucky guess."

"I still want to make you come," she said sincerely. "I can do it."

"Why?" I asked with a laugh, trying to lighten the mood. When she looked even more distraught, I quickly explained. "I mean, it's s'posed to be fun, right? Why do it if you're not enjoying it?"

"I want to make you happy."

"You already have," I said gently. "Many times. You make me happy just being here with me."

"*And* I want to taste you," she added, a little guiltily.

"In that case," I suggested, "why don't I just jerk off? When I come, I can shoot in your mouth."

Her eyes lit up.

"Would you like that?"

"Mmm hmm!"

My erection was still slick with her saliva when I wrapped my fingers around it. Her eyes widened as she

watched me stroke myself. In a few minutes, I was ready to come. She locked her lips around the crown of my cock and I shot into her mouth. Humming merrily to herself, she swallowed every drop.

Afterward, she sat up and tucked her feet underneath her. When I put my arm around her, she snuggled close. We were simply relaxing and enjoying the companionable silence when we heard voices coming up the path. We looked at each other and quickly made sure we were composed. Neither of us wanted anyone to see the telltale signs of our afternoon tryst.

I listened intently, trying to discern who was approaching. After a few moments, I decided it was our moms. When they came up the cabin stairs, they saw our heads through the screened windows.

"*There* you two are," Elizabeth said.

Gina and I both looked over our shoulders.

"Sorry, Mom," Gina said. "We came up here after lunch."

"Yeah," I added. "We've just been hanging out and talking."

"That's fine," Mom said as the two of them entered the cabin.

I stood, but both women gestured for me to sit back down. I decided to remain standing. I wanted to ask them if Gina and I could go on our picnic the next day, but I found that I was a little too nervous to speak. It was clear that Gina was looking to me to start the conversation, though, so I quelled my fears and cleared my throat.

Mom and Elizabeth looked at me.

"Um…" I gathered my nerve and looked up. Both of them met my gaze when I looked at them, coolly waiting for me to continue. "Gina and I wanted to go on a picnic tomorrow," I said. "Just the two of us."

They nodded.

"If you say it's okay, that is."

Mom gestured for me to sit, but I waited until she and Elizabeth seated themselves in the easy chairs before doing so.

Elizabeth deferred to Mom, who looked at me.

"Okay," she said. "Tell us about your plans."

"Well." I shifted nervously, suddenly uncomfortable under the scrutiny of the two women. Did they know why we wanted to go? Of course they knew. But would they still let us go? What if they said no? What if…?

"Just relax, Paul," Mom said softly.

I took a deep breath. I calmed down immensely when Gina reached out, twined her fingers through mine, and squeezed my hand reassuringly. "Okay," I said. "Sorry." When Mom and Elizabeth both smiled knowingly, I relaxed a little more. *I guess this isn't an interrogation after all,* I thought.

"Where did you want to go?" Elizabeth asked.

Gina looked at me expectantly.

"Well, Susan knows where it is."

"And?" Mom prompted.

"We'll have to drive to get there," I said. "If that's okay."

"We'll talk about it."

I nodded. "It's this place that's still on camp property, about ten minutes past the gate."

It was clear that both of them expected more information.

"Um… I don't wanna say too much," I said, "because I kinda want it to be a surprise for Gina. But if you want more information, I can tell you about it later, or you can ask Susan."

"Okay," Elizabeth said. "We can do that."

"When did you want to go?" Mom asked.

"Maybe we can leave after breakfast?" I asked.

"And I can pack a picnic lunch," Gina added.

Both women nodded.

"How long would you be gone?" Mom asked.

"Until… um… well…"

"We hadn't really figured that part out yet," Gina said.

"That's okay," said Elizabeth.

She and Mom shared a meaningful look that I didn't fully understand. Then we sat in an awkward silence for a few moments.

"Why don't we let Elizabeth and Gina head on up to their cabin," mom said to me. "Okay?"

"Um… I guess," I said.

At that point, we all stood.

Gina gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and then she and her mother were out the door. It all happened so fast that I didn't really know what to think.

"Let's sit back down," Mom suggested.

I nodded mutely and sat.

"You and I need to talk privately," she explained. "And Gina and her mom need to talk as well."

"Oh." I pondered that for a second. "Why couldn't we talk together?"

She looked at me seriously for a moment or two.

I tried not to squirm.

"Well," she said at last, "you're old enough to understand this."

"Understand what?"

"Sometimes, especially at your age, you might *think* you want to do something when you don't. Not really. It's because of peer pressure."

"You think I'm putting pressure on her?" I asked. I tried not to sound angry, but I don't know how successful I was.

"No," she said quickly. "Not at all. But… well…"

"What?"

She smiled apologetically. "I'll let you in on a little secret. A 'parent secret.'"

I waited.

"Sometimes, when you were younger, I could tell you didn't want to do something, but you asked anyway. You asked because you were embarrassed to tell your friends you didn't want to do whatever it was."

"Like when?"

"Oh," she said, "I can't think of any specific time, but you know what I'm talking about."

I thought about it for a moment. In hindsight, I guess I *did* know what she was talking about. When I looked up and nodded, she continued.

"Most of those times, do you remember that I wouldn't let you do whatever it was you were asking about?"

As I thought about it, realization slowly dawned. She was right!

She smiled. "You see, I *knew* you didn't want to do whatever, but peer pressure made you ask anyway."

"Yeah."

"So I said no."

"Why?"

"So you wouldn't be embarrassed in front of your friends, but you wouldn't have to do whatever it was. You could blame it on your mom, and you still looked good in front of your friends."

"Really?"

"Mmm hmm. Peer pressure can be tough," she said. "I understand that. And I've tried to protect you whenever I could."

"Thanks." Up until that moment, I wasn't sure I even needed protecting. But the more I thought about it, the more I appreciated it. "But what's this have to do with Gina and me?" I asked, a little perplexed.

"Well, she may tell you she's ready, but be too scared to tell you the truth."

I shook my head. *She's ready all right,* I thought.

"You may be right, but she and her mom needed to talk privately, so Elizabeth can make sure Gina's making this decision for the right reasons."

"She is," I said with certainty. I thought back to the night before, and how much willpower it had taken me to *not* have sex with her.

"You're probably right," Mom said. "But we still want to be sure."

"We?"

"Mmm hmm. Me too." She looked at me seriously. "Paul, never in a million years do I think you'd have sex with a woman against her will."

I shook my head quickly.

"But sometimes, teenage girls don't really know what they want. They sometimes do what they think will make someone else happy."

"Yeah, that makes sense. Guys are probably like that too."

"Sometimes," she said. "Usually less often, but you're right."

"So," I said. "Gina and her mom are talking about whether or not she's really ready?"

She nodded. "And they couldn't do that in front of the two of us."

"Yeah. I think I understand."

She paused for a moment. "Are *you* ready to have sex with *her?*"

Of course. What kind of question is that?

"I'm not just talking about the physical aspects. I know you're ready for that." She grinned at me wryly.

Once again, my face and ears heated up.

"But there's a lot of emotion involved in a girl's first time."

"Tell me about it," I said ruefully, thinking back to Amy.

Mom smiled gently. "You and Gina also need to decide what kind of relationship you want to have. You need to talk about things, about the other women in your life," she said. "And you need to talk about what happens after the summer."

I reluctantly nodded.

"You and Gina need to work those things out. *Together*."

"Yeah."

"And tomorrow would be a good time to talk about some of them." She paused for a moment to let that sink in. "*After* you and she… um… explore a little bit."

I decided to ignore her pointed comment, for the moment. "So you're saying you'll let us go?"

"Oh, I'll have to talk to your dad," she said.

"And you'll let me take the car?"

She smiled. "Probably. But your dad and I will still have to talk about it."

"Yeah."

"And we'll talk to Gina's parents too. After she and Elizabeth have a talk."

"Okay."

"But don't worry. If Gina's really ready, I don't see any problems with your plan."

"Thanks, Mom."

"Despite the fact that you two snuck off today and seem to have had an afternoon of fun." She looked pointedly at my shiny red penis. Even though it was limp, it was still easy to tell that Gina and I had been fooling around.

I didn't even try not to blush as I hung my head. "Sorry, Mom."

"It's okay, Paul. You just need to tell us when you go off by yourselves."

"Okay. Next time I will."

"I know, honey. Your dad and I just want to make sure you're happy and safe."

I nodded.

"Now," she said cheerfully. "Why don't you jump in the shower, and I'll go talk to your dad."

I nearly bounced out of my seat. Mom was a little surprised when I hugged her tight. She was a lot surprised when I easily lifted her off the floor.

"Oh, Paul," she said. "Put me down. I'm old and frail."

"You're not old," I said, setting her feet on the floor. "And you're not frail."

"Thank you, but—"

"You're about the coolest mom in the world, though," I said in a rush. Before she could react, I kissed her on the cheek and headed for the shower.

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Gina's family had dinner with ours that night. Susan joined us as well, and we all had a good time. It was almost like we were celebrating. After dinner, I even helped Gina with the dishes—it seemed only fair. She washed while I dried. When we finished cleaning up, all four of our parents were waiting for us. Kara and the younger girls were nowhere in sight.

"I understand you want to borrow the car tomorrow, son," Dad said. He looked like he was trying not to grin.

"If it's okay with you and Mom," I said.

He looked at Mom and raised his eyebrows. She nodded slightly and then he looked back at me. "I think that would be okay."

Even though I knew Mom had already told him what we wanted to do—and Gina's parents almost certainly knew as well—we still went through this weird ritual.

I didn't exactly brace to attention, but I *did* stand a little taller. "Mr. and Mrs. Coulter," I said, almost formally, "Gina and I would like to go on a picnic tomorrow."

They nodded and looked at their daughter.

She grabbed my hand, squeezed, and nodded decisively.

"When did you want to leave?" Chris asked.

"After breakfast," I said. "Midmorning."

"And what time to you plan on being back?"

"Um… well…"

"You still have a ten o'clock curfew," Dad said.

Ten o'clock?! Of course I still had a ten o'clock curfew, did he think I'd forgotten? Why would he even mention… Oh, I thought. *I get it.* "We'll be back by ten o'clock," I said seriously. "If that's okay," I hastily added.

Elizabeth looked at her daughter. "You'll have to fix lunch and dinner to take with you," she said. "Do you want any help?"

Gina quickly looked at me in surprise and then nodded to her mom.

"I'll help too," Mom said. "If you want."

"Yes, thank you," Gina said. "I'd appreciate that."

By then, our parents were all grinning at each other. I was still incredibly nervous, and I could tell that Gina was too.

Chris looked at his wife and they both smiled. Then he turned to me. "If it's all right with your parents," he said, "then it's all right with us." He looked at Mom and Dad.

As one, Gina's and my eyes swung to my parents.

When they nodded simultaneously, I felt like jumping for joy. Gina squeezed my hand and then looked at me with eyes full of anticipation and desire.

I surreptitiously looked at my watch. I was pretty sure I'd be counting the seconds until we drove out of camp.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The next day, I was up bright and early. Too early. No one else was up, but I was ready and raring to go. I did my usual Friday workout and then jumped rope. Because I didn't want to tire myself out, I kept things reasonable and quit after twenty minutes.

Mom and Dad were up when I went back into the cabin. Mom smiled as soon as she saw my dopey grin. (I couldn't help myself!) I slipped off my workout shorts and took a quick shower. I probably didn't need to, but I shaved as well. I think I was also beginning to understand what Dad had meant when he said I'd get tired of shaving. It wasn't so bad if I only had to do it once in a while, but everyday might get a little tedious. *Who was I kidding?* I thought. I liked shaving—it made me feel like a man.

On the way down to the clubhouse, I started thinking about why I was so excited. It wasn't *just* because Gina and I would be having sex. Of course, I'd had sex before. But with her, I knew it would be different. It would be *more*. At least, that's what I hoped.

Gina and I had a real connection, and I knew this would be more than just sex. Mom had said that when she was with Dad, it was different, deeper and more emotional. I hoped it would be like that for Gina and me.

When I entered the clubhouse, she and her mom were already there. Gina looked up and smiled when I came in. Her face lit up, and I felt like I was going to turn to jelly. She looked so happy, I thought she must be quivering with anticipation. I might even be quivering myself, I decided.

After breakfast, Mom went to join Gina and her mother. I wanted to make sure everything was ready with our stuff and the car, so I waved goodbye to the three of them and then walked back up to our cabin. I got the car keys from the dresser and went around back to the station wagon.

When I opened the tailgate, I realized that I hadn't even remembered to grab my new backpack or the large inflatable raft when we'd come home Tuesday night. I slung the backpack over one shoulder and picked up the deflated raft. Before I turned away from the car, however, I had a brilliant idea. I hadn't originally planned on taking the raft (I hadn't even remembered it), but instead of taking it to the cabin, I tossed it back into the car's rear cargo area. *It might just come in handy,* I thought. After all, an inflatable raft can double as a mattress.

Inside the cabin, I grabbed a large blanket and a couple of towels. They went into the bottom of the pack. In another flash of insight, I threw in a bottle of suntan oil and a bar of Ivory soap. (You never know what might need to be cleaned for, ahem, reuse.) I put a flashlight in my pack as well.

On a whim, I tossed in my razor, the pack of fresh blades, and my can of shaving cream. When I couldn't think of anything else to take, I put a clean t-shirt on top of everything. I knew what I *might* do with the razor, but I definitely didn't want to answer any awkward questions about it when we packed other things in the backpack. With that, I zipped the pack shut.

Down at the clubhouse, Gina and our moms were busy preparing food for us to take. I tried to distract myself by talking to Manfred and Jenny for a few minutes. They were eagerly anticipating our hike to the quarry the next day, so that's mostly what we talked about. Knowing them, it would be a daylong boff-fest. *Knowing Gina,* I thought dryly, *it might be a daylong boff-fest for* us *too.*

When I told them Gina and I were going on a picnic by ourselves, Manfred's jaw dropped and he simply stared at me. Jenny elbowed him in the ribs and he closed his mouth. At that point, he arched his eyebrows inquisitively and made a few vaguely sexual gestures with his hands. Jenny rolled her eyes, apologized with her expression, and dragged him out of the clubhouse.

A little after ten o'clock, all the food was ready. The women had made ham and cheese sandwiches for lunch, and fried chicken for dinner. We took an entire six-pack of Cokes, as well as a large bottle of water. Susan even produced a wicker picnic basket which included plates and silverware. Once all the food was packed in the basket, I lugged it to the car.

Since we were going beyond the camp gate, Susan suggested we wear clothes—at least a shirt and shorts.

I started to protest, but then I imagined slowly taking off Gina's clothing. My objections died unvoiced.

I simply threw on a t-shirt and some shorts, but when I saw Gina, my heart almost stopped. She was wearing a pair of tight, shiny cobalt blue shorts and a skimpy white halter top, which left her midriff bare. She looked devilishly attractive.

She handed me a folded towel and a small stack of other things: a large-handled comb, hair barrettes, a washcloth and some soap (*Good idea*, I thought ironically), and a small bottle of shampoo. I dutifully stored it all in my backpack.

Gina gave her mother and father a hug and then turned to me. When she clasped her hands behind her back and batted her eyelashes, I wanted to sweep her into my arms or something equally dramatic. Finally, I hugged Mom and then thanked my parents for letting me borrow the car.

By the time we were ready to go, it was almost ten thirty. Gina got in the passenger side and I slid behind the steering wheel. I backed onto the sandy road and we waved to our parents again. When I put the car in gear, she looked at me and grinned. I took my foot off the brake, and we were off.

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The whole time we were driving away from the camp, I had the gate's lock combination running through my mind. As I drove, I started to panic. What if I forgot the number? What if I got it wrong? What if the lock wouldn't open? What if it had rusted shut since the last time someone opened it? How would we get past it if it wouldn't open? What if…?

What if I were an idiot?

If the lock wouldn't open, I'd do what any sensible young man would do: I'd back up, turn the car around, and head back to camp. *No I wouldn't!* I thought. *Mom's car could take the abuse, and I was willing to pay for any damage. Ramming speed, Mr. Sulu!*

(For the record, the lock opened smoothly on the first try.)

As soon as we pulled away from the gate, Gina wanted to take her clothes off. I stopped her with a look and a wink. She still fidgeted in anticipation. Even though I wanted to pay attention to her, I needed to be on the lookout for the turn-off. Susan had told me how to find the hidden road to the glade, but I still had to drive slowly to avoid missing it. The wait was excruciating, and it seemed like we were going two miles an hour.

Just when I thought we'd gone too far, I spotted the almost invisible break in the forest. Right where she'd told me to look, I saw the gnarled pine tree with the notch in it. Gina looked at me a little skeptically as I slowly turned off the main road. When we broke through the tall stand of weeds, she almost gasped at the sight of the hidden road. I drove until we reached the natural clearing and then put the car in Park. With a flourish, I turned off the engine and grinned at her.

I got out of the car and took a moment to get my bearings. Susan had told me to look for the small rock outcropping next to two large pine trees. She had described the path we needed to take to get to the glade, but I was pretty sure I could remember the way.

We had too much stuff for me to carry by myself, so I slung the backpack over my shoulders, hefted the picnic basket, and let Gina carry the inflatable raft. She looked at me curiously when I handed it to her, but I merely grinned and suggestively waggled my eyebrows at her.

It wasn't all that difficult to find the pool and falls, and it was just as I remember it. Once we rounded the low hill, Gina sighed appreciatively. A broad beam of sunlight speared down and bathed the glade with an otherworldly glow. The ground was mostly covered with soft pine needles, but the tall rocks were weather-beaten and bare. One of them even looked big enough for us to lie atop.

"Paul, it's beautiful," she breathed.

"Mmm hmm."

She hopped up and down gleefully and then dropped the raft. When she impulsively threw her arms around my neck, I almost dropped our picnic lunch. She kissed me on the cheek several times and then let me go, grinning shyly.

"So you like it?" I asked rhetorically.

"Oh, *yes*."

"Good. Lets get our stuff set up and I'll start inflating the mattress."

"Is that what this thing is for?" she asked as she gently toed the heavy, folded plastic.

"Mmm hmm."

"I wondered…"

I smiled broadly and we began looking for a suitable place to set up. We picked a spot underneath a stand of large, old pine trees. They formed a sort of natural amphitheater, facing the falls and pool.

Blowing up the raft took *a lot* longer than I thought it would. While I was inflating it, Gina started to take off her clothes. I got her attention and shook my head.

"Why not?" she asked a little petulantly.

I pinched off the plastic nozzle. "I want to do it," I said.

"Why? I mean—" She thought about it for a second. "Oh." Her expression brightened considerably. "*Oh*."

I grinned shamelessly.

"Yeah," she practically purred.

When the queen-size raft was fully inflated, I set it on the ground and we spread our blanket upon it.

"Let's unpack our stuff first," I said.

She rolled her eyes and looked pointedly at the blanket-covered air mattress.

I shook my head. "We'll have plenty of time."

She grumbled, but didn't argue.

Unpacking mainly consisted of folding our towels into makeshift pillows and sinking our Cokes into the cold water at the base of one of the rocks.

While Gina was bent over to close the picnic basket, I came up behind her and gripped her hips. I pressed my burgeoning erection into her soft ass and she gasped. When she stood upright, I ran my hands up her torso and cupped her cloth-covered breasts. Her nipples hardened under my palms and she moaned softly.

"Oh, God," she said. "I've been waiting so long for this."

"Mmm hmm." I kissed her shoulder. "Me too."

With my left hand, I pulled her hair to the side and began kissing up her neck. Instead of returning my hand to her breast, I ran it over the front of her shorts. A wave of heat washed over my fingers as they delved between her legs. She sighed deeply and leaned against me.

I continued kissing up her neck until I reached her ear. Once there, I nibbled on her earlobe and she shuddered. My fingers worked over the humid crotch of her shorts, pressing against her mons, building her arousal.

She squirmed when I tickled her ear with my warm breath. I grinned to myself and gently exhaled again. I played with her pussy and her breasts for a few more minutes and then put my lips against her ear.

"Don't move," I whispered.

She nodded shakily.

I stepped back and quickly shucked off my shorts and t-shirt. As I stepped toward her, my stiff cock bounced gently, as if in anticipation. I pressed it against the satiny fabric of her shorts and started kissing her neck again. The white halter left her shoulders bare except for a thin strap, so I nibbled and kissed along her mahogany skin.

I ran my hands up her taut stomach and then underneath her shirt. When I encountered the smooth underside of her breasts, she sighed. I ran my hands up over the globes and cupped them, pulling her against my bare chest. Her breathing grew quicker and more ragged as I gently kneaded her breasts, lightly pinching her nipples as I did.

When I started rocking my hips—which rubbed my penis against her ass—she moaned and let her head loll against my shoulder. I dipped one hand under the waistband of her shorts and felt my way toward her sex. Her soft, sparse pubic hair parted before my questing fingers.

I pushed my middle finger along the length of her slit, feeling the moisture and heat seeping from within.

She shuddered when I pulled my hand back and then gently teased her hooded clit.

I dropped my other hand away from her breast and pulled her shorts down over her hips. She whimpered when I took my hand away from her pussy to lower her shorts completely. Nonetheless, she kicked them off and I stood, my bobbing erection bumping against her leg on the way up.

I teased her for a few more minutes, gently twisting her nipples and sliding my finger over the slippery skin of her labia. When I finally took off her halter, she turned to face me. Her nipples pressed into my chest as we kissed with growing hunger.

With gentle nudges, I guided us onto the air mattress. When we stood in the middle of it, I slowly sank to my knees, tugging her with me. She reached between us and firmly gripped my shaft, her fingers painfully squeezing my girth in her haste. We continued kissing as I gently lowered us to the blanket.

I pushed her onto her back and then lay beside her. When I rolled onto one elbow and resumed kissing her, she reached for my erection. While we kissed, I gently parted her labia with my fingers and started spreading her moisture around.

We kissed for several long, delicious minutes. She stroked my shaft while I moved my fingers in gentle circles over her clit. When we finally broke the kiss, I smiled at her. Her eyelids were droopy and her face was beginning to flush with desire as I bent to kiss the hollow of her neck.

I scooted down a little and captured her left nipple between my lips. She held me against her chest as she hissed in pleasure. Once I had her nipple at attention, I switched to her right breast. Alternating between them, I quickly had her nipples hard and shiny with my saliva.

When I rolled to my hands and knees, my cock pulled out of her grasp. She whimpered at the loss, but quickly forgave me when I began kissing down her stomach. I stopped for a moment at her navel, dipping my tongue in it and making her stomach heave with pleasure.

Her legs parted easily when I moved between them, but I didn't withdraw my tongue from her bellybutton. She kept squirming as I teased the sensitive skin, alternately kissing and licking.

By now, I had one finger buried inside her steaming pussy and was busily teasing her clit with my thumb. She thrashed her head with pent-up desire as I slowly, languorously kissed from her navel to the top of her pubic hair. I inhaled the scent of her arousal and planted a kiss on the soft hair covering her mons.

Finally, I pulled my finger from within her and settled between her legs. I put my palms on her inner thighs and pushed her legs farther apart. For a moment or two, I simply blew cool air on her heated labia, causing her to shudder.

Teasing her, I kissed every place but where she wanted me to. I kissed along her inner thighs, eliciting soft cries of delight. I trailed my lips over the junction between her thigh and her body, teasing the sensitive skin with my cheeks as I did. My mouth was so close to her pussy that she could feel my breath, but I never put my lips directly against her.

It was driving her mad, and she soon began bucking her hips, trying to get me to kiss her pussy. After several minutes of delicious torture, I gave in and licked the length of her slit. Her outer labia were already plump with her arousal as I spread them with the tip of my tongue. Her inner lips were puffy as well, so I sucked them into my mouth and teased them with my tongue.

I shifted a little and brought my right hand up to her pussy. With my fingertip, I spread some of her moisture around and then slowly slid the entire finger into her. Her insides were velvety smooth and very hot. When I withdrew my finger, it was covered in her juices. I couldn't resist sticking it in my mouth for a taste. Then I slid it back into her and started gently sawing it back and forth.

Her pussy was tight, but not as tight as I expected, so I slipped another finger inside her. Her inner walls quickly accommodated both fingers, and I was soon lazily thrusting them in and out.

I wanted our first orgasms of the day to be when I was inside her, so I deliberately kept my pace slow and paid attention to her reactions. Her hips were gently gyrating as I licked her, but I could tell she wasn't close to coming.

Eventually, I rose and crawled up her body. When I kissed her, I knew she could taste her own juices on my lips. That thought aroused me even more, since I suddenly had an image of her licking Kara's pussy.

The tip of my penis bumped against her pussy and she flinched. When she realized what it was, she

smiled broadly and looked deep into my eyes.

"Are you going to do it now?" she asked.

"Are you ready?"

She nodded quickly.

I rocked my hips and rubbed the underside of my shaft against her. She put her forearms along my upper arms and gripped my shoulders. Whenever my glans rubbed against her clit, she arched her back and moaned softly. I kept that up until her eyes flew open and she pleaded with me silently. With a grin, I kissed her quickly and then sat back on my haunches.

Looking down at her, my heart swelled with love and a welter of other emotions, desire chief among them. Her breasts were flattened against her chest a little bit, but still held their shape well. Her rib cage stood out as her soft belly fluttered with her irregular breathing. With her legs spread around me, the flare of her hips was exaggerated and made her look even more feminine.

"What?" she asked, her voice a little anxious.

"I was just thinking about how beautiful you are."

"You were?"

I nodded and then ran my hands along her outer thighs. When I reached her knees, I hooked my fingers behind them.

She gasped when I rocked my hips forward and rubbed my length over her slick pussy. When I pulled back, she closed her eyes and simply enjoyed the sensation.

"Are you ready?" I asked quietly.

She bit the inside of her lip and then quickly nodded. "I've *been* ready."

I smiled as I reached for my erection. Then I gripped my shaft firmly and rubbed the head against her engorged labia. My pre-come quickly combined with her flowing juices and lubricated my glans.

When I set the tip at her opening, I looked up and met her gaze. I mouthed, "I love you," and her eyes glittered as she smiled.

"I love you, too," she said aloud. She licked her lips in anticipation and smiled.

I don't know what I expected, but I tensed my muscles and prepared to overcome any resistance. Then I eased my hips forward and began to enter her. I meant to shove just the head into her, since I expected to encounter *some* sort of barrier. When I didn't, my hips kept moving forward of their own accord. She was extremely tight, but I met practically no resistance as I slid into her.

Her eyes clamped shut and she arched her back as I buried my entire length within her. Our pubic hair mingled and I looked down at her with growing concern. Her eyes were still shut tightly and her nostrils flared as she breathed. Her lips were drawn into a thin white line. I quickly bent over and supported myself on my elbows, my face close to hers.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to stick it all in at once."

She nodded and relaxed a little. "Oh, God. I thought it would be like a finger, only bigger," she said hoarsely.

I simply held myself immobile above her.

"You're a *lot* bigger than a finger."

I guess the fact that she was actually talking was a good sign.

She looked at me and smiled feebly. "No *wonder* I can only get a couple of inches into my mouth." She panted for a moment and then focused on my face. "You're *big*."

I smiled as warmly as I could. "I'm not *that* big," I said, acutely aware of the truth of the matter. Still, *something* within me swelled with pride at being told my dick was big. "It gets better," I said.

She blinked a few times and then nodded. "I know." She smiled guiltily. "Kara kinda told me what to expect."

"Ah. Okay."

"She didn't say I'd feel like I was going to split in half, though."

"Well…"

"Oh," she said, looking at me earnestly, "I like it, it feels good. It just… um… pinches."

"Do you want to try later?" I asked solicitously.

She shook her head quickly. "If you pull out of me now, Paul Hughes, I'll never speak to you again."

"We tried that once," I said dryly. "It didn't work. Remember?"

She looked at me sharply. When I grinned at her, she actually laughed. "Ow," she gasped. "I guess I'm not ready to laugh yet."

"Okay," I said, "I'll be serious."

With that, I kissed her. I wanted to take her mind off the discomfort caused by my invading member. She eagerly responded, and we were soon kissing passionately.

When we broke the kiss, she looked into my eyes. "Um… aren't you supposed to be doing something?" she asked piquantly.

I arched my eyebrows.

She smiled and then pulled my face down to hers. Instead of kissing me, she pressed her cheek against mine. "I love you, Paul Hughes."

"I love you, too," I whispered.

"Come inside me," she said softly. "Make me a woman."

I pulled back and looked into her eyes. They were full of love and desire. The set of her expression still held a trace of discomfort, but she smiled and nodded.

When I started to withdraw my cock, she gasped. She saw my concerned expression and quickly smiled reassuringly. Her pussy was very, *very* tight, and gripped me firmly.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Mmm hmm. I'm ready. Kara said I'd get used to it pretty quick."

"Okay," I said hesitantly.

She bit the inside of her lip. "Less talking," she said with determination. "More fucking."

I tried not to laugh as I complied. At the end of my stroke, I pushed back into her. She inhaled deeply through her nose, but didn't flinch. I took long, slow, even strokes for a minute or two. Her pussy didn't appreciably loosen its grip, but her expression gradually changed from determination to enjoyment.

When I settled into a steady, comfortable rhythm, I looked into her eyes. Most of the pain was gone and she looked like she was actually starting to get some pleasure from my thrusts.

"We're doing it," she said at last, a little breathless.

I merely nodded.

"Am I doing it right?"

I bent to kiss her. "You're doing fine."

She bit the inside of her lip and closed her eyes.

Thrusting into her felt like I was sinking my dick into a velvety smooth vise. She was incredibly hot, and very wet, but also tighter than almost anything I'd ever experienced. (Except Amy, I thought errantly. I ruthlessly suppressed the thought and concentrated on Gina.)

As I thrust into her, I bent to suck her left nipple, pulling it gently with my lips and flicking my tongue against it. She whimpered in pleasure and pressed my face to her soft flesh. I gently clamped down with my teeth and then switched to the other nipple. When they were both erect, I began alternating between them, still stroking in and out of her molten pussy.

"Oh, God," she said. "I've wanted this for so long."

"Mmm hmm."

"I want you to come in my pussy," she said. "Oh, God. You feel so good inside me." She arched her back and closed her eyes. "Later, I want you to come in my mouth." Her eyes popped open, glassy with lust. "And then I want you to come in my… oh, God… oh, yes… I want you to come in my ass."

Suddenly, I looked into her eyes and saw the fire of anticipation and lust. I quickened my pace, heedless of the discomfort it might have caused her. Her tight pussy walls caressed my length as I slid into her, and then sucked at me as I withdrew. I could feel every ridge and crevice of her vagina, and the heat and moisture were getting to me.

Her cries and moans of ecstasy drove me faster, but the look on her face triggered my climax. Her

expression was full of love, trust, eagerness, and joy. I was giving her what she wanted, what I wanted, what *we* wanted. I was giving her what we'd waited a year to share. Body and soul, she was mine and mine alone.

I plunged into her one final time and ground my hips against her. Body and soul, I was hers, and she knew it. Her hands fluttered against my sides, silently spurring me on. I felt the come boiling up in my balls, but time stood still and it seemed to take forever.

I clamped my mouth shut as intense pleasure grew in my groin and then radiated outward. All of a sudden, the floodgates released. A rush of adrenaline washed over me as the first surge of semen coursed up my shaft.

"I'm… gonna… come," I said through gritted teeth.

"Come inside me," she whispered throatily. "Make me a woman. Make me *your* woman."

I threw my head back as my dick swelled and released the first torrent deep within her. The sensations flowed through my body like quicksilver, racing along nerve paths and suffusing me with jangling, ecstatic, rapturous pleasure. With the second powerful spurt, I arched my back and cried out.

As I emptied myself into her, I vaguely heard her crying out as well. At first, her cries were distant and muted. But then my senses gradually expanded to include her. Suddenly, we were the only two people in the world. The sharp, tingling edge of my orgasm receded as I looked down at Gina. I looked down at my lover. It was like we were in a bubble, and nothing outside our joined bodies existed.

I could feel the liquid heat of her pussy surrounding my gently pulsing cock. The sound of her breathing filled my ears and drowned out my own breath. The heaving of my chest was matched by hers, her hard brown nipples rising and falling as she sucked in oxygen. Her hands caressed my shoulders and upper arms, feeling my muscles and squeezing gently. My hips pressed against her thighs, forcing her legs apart, holding my cock inside her.

For what seemed like hours, I stared down into her dark eyes, so full of emotion. I felt my breathing slow and I swallowed, trying to restore some moisture to my parched lips and tongue. She smiled as well and then licked her lips.

Her lips.

Lips I wanted to taste.

I bent my head and settled onto my elbows, mashing her breasts with my own muscular chest. Our breathing was still heavy as we kissed with growing urgency, our tongues dancing and sliding along one another. She moved her legs along my flanks and moaned into my mouth as her pussy contracted and squeezed my erection.

We kissed for a long time, simply enjoying the pleasure of each other's body. I pulled back and kissed along her throat, tasting the saltiness of her perspiration. At the hollow of her neck, I nuzzled gently, making her gasp with pleasure. My slowly shrinking cock slipped from her pussy and she whimpered at the loss. I kissed my way back up her neck to her chin.

"You didn't come," I said at last, still panting lightly.

She shook her head. "It was better."

I arched an eyebrow.

"If I'd come, I'd've been too far gone to pay attention to *you*."

"Oh."

"This way," she said with a smile, "I got to see you, to feel you as you came inside me." She grinned shyly. "For the very first time."

I nodded.

"That only happens once. This way, I'll remember it."

"But—"

She shook her head, cutting me off. "We've got plenty of time," she said, throwing my earlier words back at me.

I nodded sheepishly.

"I can't wait to come with you inside me, though," she said. "Kara says it's much better when you've got

a guy inside you."

"She does, does she?"

"Mmm hmm," she purred. "And your dick is just *perfect* for me. I knew it would be. Long, hard, and thick."

"I'm glad you like it. It's the only one I've got."

She grinned and kissed me deeply. When she pulled back, she looked at me seriously, her eyes full of love and devotion. "And it's all for *me*."

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"It was kinda weird having our parents help with this," I said a little while later. I was on my back and had my arm around Gina. *The inflatable-raft-cum-air-mattress was a good idea,* I thought distractedly.

"Yeah, I know what you mean," she said as she idly played with my semi-hard penis.

"Never in a million years did I think our parents would see us off as we went to have sex for the first time."

"Yeah," she said. "It's kinda freaky."

"Mmm hmm."

"It was even weirder when we were fixing the food."

"Oh?"

She nodded. "I could tell that my mom was pretty excited. Yours kinda was too. It's like they were reliving it, you know?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Last night was kinda weird too. After we left your cabin, I had a big talk with Mom."

"I figured," I said.

"I guess she wanted to make sure I was serious about… well… you know… this."

"Uh-huh."

She propped herself on one elbow and looked down at my face.

I smiled at her and gently brushed my fingers against her face, tucking her hair behind her ear.

"That wasn't the truly weird part. After I convinced her I was really ready," she said, "she told me some things we might like to try."

"You're *kidding* me."

She shook her head and grinned shyly. "Like doing it… um… back there," she said, looking over her shoulder. "You know, in the ass."

"Really?"

She nodded. "She said I might like it, or I might not. But she said you'd be a good guy to try it with, 'cause you'd stop if it hurt."

"Oh. Wow."

"Mmm hmm. I don't think it'll hurt, though. I mean, it might, but I want you to have every part of me. So I want you to… um… you know… I want to try it back there." She blushed a little, but her eyes lit up with anticipation.

"When we were doing it, and you said that, I almost exploded right then," I said. "I mean, that was so out of the blue."

She bit the inside of her lip and nodded. "I could tell that you got excited when I said it. So now I really wanna try it."

"Right now?" I asked uncertainly.

She shook her head. "There're a couple of other things I wanna try first."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm. Mom gave me lots of ideas. Kara did too. It was kinda weird having a conversation with my mom about different ways to have sex, though."

"I'll say."

"But it was really cool, too. She told me some other things we can try." She paused for a moment and

her eyes twinkled mischievously.

"So? Are you gonna tell me?"

She shook her head. "They're surprises."

"Please?"

"Uh-uh."

"Okay," I said glumly.

"Awwww, poor baby." She gripped my tumescent penis and squeezed gently. "Are you ready for the first surprise?"

"Sure."

"Mmmmm, me too."

She kissed her way down my body, never letting go of my slowly swelling member. When she climbed between my legs, I put my hands behind my head and relaxed. She took my dick in her mouth and quickly sucked me to full erection. As she bobbed up and down, I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensations.

She was taking her time, sucking as much of me into her mouth as she could. When her lips left my cock, I opened my eyes and looked down my torso. She grinned impishly and crawled up my body. I put my hands on her thighs as she straddled my cock. With sure motions, she grasped my hard-on and set it at the entrance to her pussy.

For a moment, I wondered how she knew what she was doing. She'd never had sex before, right? Then it hit me. She'd been watching her parents and other couples have sex for almost a year. In that time, she was sure to have seen a woman do exactly what she was doing now.

She closed her eyes and winced a little as she settled onto me, stopping when I was only halfway inside her. Then she took a deep breath and lowered herself the rest of the way. Her pussy was still incredibly tight, and she sighed in relief when she stopped moving.

"God, I always thought this would be so easy," she said, her expression a mixture of satisfaction and slight discomfort. Without opening her eyes, she continued, "I've seen my mom do it, and she always looked like she enjoyed it."

"Well, your mom's not a sixteen-year-old with a super-tight pussy."

She smiled in agreement.

"You'll get used to it," I said.

"Mmmmm, yeah. I'm getting used to it now."

I ran my hands along her thighs, and then up to cup her breasts. I gently tweaked her nipples, causing her to moan.

"I get this kind of electric shock every time you touch me," she said. "It makes me all weak inside." Finally, she opened her eyes and looked at me. "I hope that never goes away."

"Me too."

"And I absolutely *love* the feeling of your dick inside me."

I clenched my buttocks and made my cock swell.

"Oh!" Her eyelids fluttered and she trembled.

I smiled serenely.

"It feels like you're filling me up," she said. Then she looked at me seriously. "Kara says you've got a really nice dick."

"You'll have to thank her for me," I said irreverently.

"I'm serious," she said.

I knew she was, but we were having this conversation while she was impaled on the aforementioned dick. I thought it was a little funny, but she was obviously serious. So I schooled my expression and nodded thoughtfully.

"That's better," she said with feigned crossness. "We talk about this stuff, you know. It's important stuff."

"What is?"

"A guy's dick. It's gotta be shaped just right."

I clenched my buttocks again.

"Oh, God," she panted.

I ran my fingers along her ribs and eventually settled them on her hips. I flashed her a wry smile and she rolled her eyes. When I ran my hands back up her torso and cupped her breasts, she moaned softly.

"Seriously," she said. "Guys look at girls' boobs, butts, or legs."

I nodded wordlessly.

"Girls look at shoulders, butts, and dicks."

"Really?"

She nodded. "I know I do."

"You look at other guys' dicks?"

"Mmm hmm. That's how I know yours is just about perfect."

I was speechless.

"But it's also perfect 'cause it's inside *me*."

That I understood. I nodded.

"And here I am talking about it instead of enjoying it." She looked at me and grinned unrepentantly. "I promised you a surprise, didn't I?" When I nodded, she lifted off me a little. Her nostrils flared as she settled back. She repeated the movement several times, rising higher each time. "I've got to get you good and coated."

"Coated?"

"Mmm hmm."

I looked at her in confusion and apprehension, but she wasn't paying attention to me. She lifted herself off my erection and moved between my legs. With a lustful gleam in her eyes, she wrapped her lips around the crown of my slick penis.

Humming happily to herself, she licked and sucked her juices from my cock. She took as much into her mouth as she could and I felt her tongue laving the underside ridge. Then she licked the sides and base, inhaling our combined scents.

"God," she said quietly. "That *does* taste good."

"Your *mom* suggested that?" I asked, incredulous.

"Yeah," she said dreamily as she climbed up and mounted me again.

It was easier getting my cock inside her this time, and she quickly started bouncing on my length. When she had me thoroughly coated, she crawled off and started sucking me again. She kept this up for quite a while. Each time she re-mounted me, her pussy was even wetter than before. And each time she did, she rode me longer before crawling off and sucking my dick. No matter what she was doing, however, the sights and sensations were *incredibly* arousing.

"God, baby," I finally gasped. "I'm gonna come if you keep this up."

She settled onto my shaft and gave me a smoldering look. "That's the idea."

"I want to come inside you," I said.

"Mmmmm, that sounds nice."

"But I want you to come first. Come with my dick inside you."

Her eyes lit up.

"I want to feel you have an orgasm with my thick, hard cock filling you up. Just move your hips back and forth," I directed. "You can rub your clit against the base of my cock."

With a look of primal lust, she started rocking her hips. I put my hand on her abdomen and gently moved my thumb over the base of her clit, causing her to tremble with desire. It took her a minute to figure out the rhythm, but she was soon grinding against me.

I kept rubbing her clit, circling the pearl of nerves with the ball of my thumb, driving her toward her climax. When she collapsed against me, I pulled my hand from between our bodies. Her breasts mashed against my chest and she cried out softly as the first tremors of orgasm built within her.

She kept rocking her hips against me, driving her clit against the thick base of my cock. Her pussy started spasming around me and I grinned to myself. I'd been waiting for this moment for a year. When it

arrived, I know it surprised her. It happened so quickly, it even surprised me.

All of a sudden, her pussy gripped my erection and I felt a wave of heat wash over it. Her internal muscles practically rippled and her entire body tensed up. I cupped her ass cheeks and drew back to thrust into her. I knew it would be even better for her if my cock were battering against her clenching muscles.

With the first thrust, it felt like my dick was going to bend in half. Finally, I drove into her clamped pussy and buried myself within her. She cried out when my hips slammed into hers. Her voice still ringing in my ears, I thrust again. Her spasming pussy opened before me and I was inside her, spreading her with my girth.

Three more quick thrusts and she was still thrashing with her climax. I arched my back and all of my muscles tensed. With a grunt, I came inside her, my hot semen coating her insides. She cried out again, wordlessly voicing her ecstasy.

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"I'm starving," I said.

"Yeah, your grumbling stomach woke me up."

"It did *not*."

"Did too."

"Sorry," I said.

Gina rolled over quickly and kissed me. "I'm just teasing, silly."

"I know."

"I'm kinda hungry too," she said sheepishly. "But I was so comfortable lying there in your arms, I didn't wanna get up."

"I know what you mean."

"Oh, Paul," she said. "I'm so glad we did this. It's perfect."

"Which part? The part where I slid my—"

"No, silly," she said, grinning bashfully. "Everything. The picnic. This spot," she said, gesturing around us. "Everything."

I nodded and tried not to smile smugly.

"I'm glad we waited."

I snorted good-naturedly. "You weren't all that glad on Wednesday night."

"Wednesday night," she said patiently, "I was a silly virgin girl who was horny. I think I would've tried to rape you. If you weren't so darn strong, that is."

I grinned.

"Let's take a quick dip and get washed up."

I nodded.

"Then I'll fix us lunch. Okay?"

"Sounds great, honey."

The look she gave me when I called her "honey" filled my heart with joy.

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After lunch, we took a longer swim. Water cascading over the tall rocks had formed a sandy pool about four feet deep at the deepest point, which was directly under the falls. The waterfall itself was about eight feet tall. The pool was shaped like a large teardrop, with the wide, rounded end where the falling water had carved out a depression. The water was cold, clear, and spring-fresh.

Gina and I washed each other with her washcloth and my soap (my soap was Ivory, which floats, while hers was something that smelled nicer but sank like a stone). I took my time washing her, gently scrubbing her with the washcloth and playfully fondling her soapy body at the same time.

When I went to lather her hair with the Ivory, she convinced me to use her shampoo instead. It smelled like strawberries, and I was more than happy to use it. I took my time with her hair, massaging her scalp and giving her the deluxe treatment. She sighed and leaned against me bonelessly.

After I finished with her hair, she rinsed off under the falls. Then she washed me with the same care and gentle caresses. When I rinsed off under the falling water, she swam into my arms and we kissed for a few minutes.

"You wanna climb up on the rocks and get warm in the sun?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yeah. Lemme get our towels and my comb."

"Sure."

Climbing to the top of the falls was pretty easy, since the rocks themselves were actually part of the ridge. In the past millennia, some earthquake or tectonic shift had caused the ridge to "slip" a little, and part of it had dropped eight or ten feet. We could simply climb up the broken scree on either side of the falls. Once on top of the rocks, we saw that the ridge sloped gently upward, regular and even.

With the sun almost directly overhead, the flat tops of the rocks were nice and warm, a welcome change from the chill of the water. Gina and I spread our towels and sat down. When she started to comb her hair, I held out my hand and silently demanded she hand over the comb. She looked at me a little funny, but did as requested.

When I spread my legs and patted the towel-covered rock in front of me, she got the message. She smiled and quickly settled in front of me, facing away from me. I started at the bottom of her cold hair, combing it with short strokes. I quickly worked my way up, and was soon pulling the comb through her hair with long, firm strokes.

"This is much better than when Kara does it," she said lazily.

"Mmm hmm." I scooted a little closer to her, and my limp penis pressed against her ass.

"*Much* better."

I grinned and kept combing.

"Are you ready for your next surprise?" she asked. I'd finished combing her smooth, shiny hair, and she was pinning it back with barrettes.

"Surprise?"

"One of the things Mom suggested."

"Oh yeah. Those." *The first surprise had worked out pretty well*, I thought. "Sure."

"Mmmmm, good," she said.

She turned to face me and sat on her knees. When her lips met mine, I felt her hand searching for my penis. She quickly found it and started stroking as we continued to kiss.

"I think I like this surprise already," I said when we came up for air.

She licked her lips and nodded. "Mom said it should drive you wild." She kissed me again, her tongue playfully flicking against mine.

"You and your mom sure talk about sex a lot," I said.

"Mmm hmm." She smiled impishly and squeezed my hard shaft. "Especially lately."

"Isn't it weird?"

"What?" she asked.

"Talking to your mom about sex, having her make suggestions and all."

She sat back on her haunches but her fingers never left my dick. "Sometimes, I guess. Not really, though."

I asked her to elaborate with my quizzical expression.

"I mean, yeah, it's kinda weird having Mom tell me to ride you and then lick my juices off your dick."

"I'll say!"

"But it was pretty cool, though. Right?"

I had to agree with her.

"We've always talked like that."

"Really?"

She nodded. "Yeah. I mean, not always specifics and stuff, but general stuff." She paused for a moment to collect a drop of pre-come and lick it off her fingers. She smiled impudently and then kept talking. "Like, that's how I know she likes the taste of come."

"You all *talk* about that?"

"Sure. Well, Mom, Kara, and I do. Not with Leah. Not yet."

"You're kidding, right?"

She shook her head. "No. And sometimes, it happens at some funny times. Like, several months ago, we were at a garden party for one of my mom's charity groups. They had some plant or tree or something, and its blooms smelled like…" She blushed and then smiled. "They smelled like come."

"Huh?!"

"Yep. They smelled like come. The three of us just looked at each other and we had the same expression on our faces. It was really funny."

"You're joking, right? There isn't some flower that smells like come, is there?"

"Yeah, there is. I thought it was crazy too. After the party, we were laughing and joking about it on the way home."

"So Leah wasn't with you?"

She shook her head. "No. That's when I found out that Mom and Kara like the taste too." She grinned unabashedly. "Speaking of which…"

With a hand on my chest, she gently pushed me back. I propped myself on my elbows and watched as she wrapped her lips around my glans. She circled the base of my shaft with her fingers and sucked the first few inches of my penis into her mouth. With her other hand, she played with my balls.

For a while, I simply enjoyed watching her suck me off. With her hair pinned back, I had a good view of her mouth as she worked me toward orgasm. After a while, I wondered what the surprise was, although I was more than happy to sit back and enjoy the blowjob.

When I started feeling the familiar tightness in my balls and the building pleasure leading up to my climax, Gina looked up at me and took her lips off my cock.

"Make sure you're watching," she said.

I nodded.

She smiled and returned her mouth to my dick. Her lips and tongue worked wonders on my shaft, while her fist gently pumped the base. In a few minutes, I was ready to shoot. Gina sensed it and increased her pace.

Since I'd already come twice, my orgasm wasn't as forceful as before, but it was strong enough that Gina groaned when the first spurt hit the back of her throat. She kept pumping me, milking my cock, moaning as my come gushed over her tongue.

When I finally finished spurting, she squeezed the last few drops of sperm from my manhood and slowly withdrew her mouth. She kept her lips taut as she did, and I clamped my eyes shut as they drew over my super-sensitive glans. Once I opened my eyes, I looked down to see Gina gazing up at me expectantly. When she saw I was paying attention, she smiled tightly.

What's wrong with her mouth? I silently wondered.

I only had a moment to think about it before she opened her lips. Pooled around her tongue, my semen formed a small lake of white liquid. Her eyes smiled at me as I stared, agog. Even though I'd just come, my cock pulsed in her hand.

She closed her mouth and smiled at me mischievously. I was a little confused when she pursed her lips and looked down at my erection. To my complete and utter amazement, a thin stream of white fluid spilled from her beautiful, full lips. The stream hit the shiny tip of my cock and started running down my shaft. For a moment, her lips and my dick were connected by the flow of semen.

The white fluid ran over my crown, and she liberally coated my cock. Her hand still gripped my shaft, so the semen ran down my member and then pooled around her fingers.

For a few moments, she gazed fondly at my sperm-coated cock, watching the rivulets run down the sides of my shaft. The tip of her tongue flicked out and she tasted a bit of my essence.

Then she lowered her mouth to my straining erection and began licking the semen/saliva mixture. I found I was holding my breath as I watched her suck the fluid back into her mouth. I was completely mesmerized.

As she cleaned me off, her lips and cheeks quickly became covered with my sticky semen. When she finally licked up all of my milky seed, she began wiping her face with her fingers and then licking them clean. The entire time, my erection pulsed gently with the beating of my heart—it was still as hard as it had been before I came.

When she looked up, she smiled beatifically. Without even waiting for her to sit up, I pushed her onto her back. She squawked in protest until she realized I was moving between her legs. When I reached between them, I found her pussy already damp and ready for me.

I set the head of my saliva-slick penis at her opening and gently moved my shaft around. When my glans rubbed against her clit, she moaned and lifted her hips. I set my cock at her opening, pushed forward, and in one long, smooth stroke, I was inside her. She squeezed my shoulders and looked deep into my eyes as I ground my hips against her. When I started thrusting, she moaned and arched her back.

I knew it would take me a long time to come, so I built up gently, slowly increasing my tempo until I was slamming into her full force. Her breasts were bouncing with the power of my thrusts and she was moaning in ecstasy. Finally, I buried myself inside her pussy and felt the first jet of semen blast into her. After my orgasm subsided, I held myself above her, panting and staring at her dazedly.

"Oh, my God," I said at last. "That was so *incredibly* erotic."

Gina was panting too, and she smiled up at me. "Mmm hmm. I thought you'd like it." She wiggled her hips underneath me. "And I like the effect it had on you."

I nodded.

"That was the first time it didn't hurt," she said. "Not even a little."

"Good." Unfortunately, I'd been so completely horny that I hadn't even paused to consider whether or not it might hurt her. I'd simply thrust myself into her and started stroking. I mentally admonished myself and resolved to pay more attention.

"Mmmmm, I like the feeling of your come inside me," she said. "And your dick feels *so* good, spreading me open and filling me up."

"It feels pretty good from this end, too," I said with a wry smile.

"Ha! I bet it does."

I grinned unrepentantly.

"Four times," she said distractedly.

"Huh?"

"You've come four times." She hooked her heels over my thighs and ran her hands up my arms. "Kara said you'd be a good lover, but I had no *idea*."

What could I say to that? I thought.

"I need more come inside me, though."

I arched an eyebrow at her.

She smiled hungrily. "I want more come inside *me* than there is in *you*."

"Gina," I said seriously. "It's about more than come. You know?"

She nodded quickly. "Yeah, I know, but—"

"No buts. Don't you feel anything when I come inside you?"

"God, yes. It feels like you're filling me up, and it's like I'm all hot and slippery inside." She sighed and rolled her eyes. When she saw my expression, however, she grew pensive. "But that's not what you meant, is it?"

I shook my head. I guess I was a little disappointed, so I started to pull away from her.

She gripped my shoulders and desperately held me against her. Her expression grew worried. "You meant 'how do I *feel*?'" she said.

"Yeah. I mean, isn't there something more than just an orgasm?"

She reached up and stroked my face.

When her eyes filled with tears, I started to feel a little guilty. Not much, but a little.

"Sometimes, like now, I get so scared," she said. "I get scared of losing you. I feel like you're my life, Paul. You're everything to me. Oh, please, you've got to understand. Sometimes, I just don't know how to

say what I'm feeling."

"That's okay," I said. "I know how *that* is. But you don't ever have to be scared of losing me. It's not gonna happen."

She smiled gratefully. "Sometimes," she said softly, "it's like what I feel is bigger than me, like I'm too small to contain it all, and it's going to come bursting out at the seams. Like maybe my heart's too big for my chest, 'cause it's full of me *and* you.

"And when you were inside me just now, it was like we were connected, like we were one person," she continued. Tears ran down her cheeks and she looked at me with a mixture of hope and fear. "I guess I just don't know how to say it, so I joke about it, or act like this come-hungry slut or something."

"You're not a slut," I said quickly.

"I know. But sometimes, when I don't know what to say, that's easier than saying what I feel." Her stomach heaved as she sobbed. She looked at me despondently.

I brushed her hair out of her face and kissed her tenderly. "I know how you feel," I said softly. "But you know you can tell me whatever you're thinking, no matter what."

She sniffled and nodded.

"Sometimes, I don't know what to say either. I get so tongue-tied that I just keep my mouth shut. And I'm always worried about what other people think about me. I've always got these doubts and fears in my head."

"Yeah," she said, swallowing hard.

"It's like that for everyone, I guess. But with me, with us, you know I understand. I feel the same things. I bet that most of the time, I'm as scared and nervous as you are. But I don't feel like that when I'm with you." I paused and pressed my body against hers. "When you're with me, you don't have to worry about saying stupid things, or being nervous, 'cause I'm gonna love you no matter what."

"You mean that?"

I nodded immediately. "Yeah, I do. I mean, I never stopped loving you, even when you were being a colossal bi—" I looked at her nervously. When she smiled wanly, I quickly continued. "I mean, when you were angry with me."

"I *was* a bitch," she said frankly, her tears beginning to dry. "The worst part was, I wanted to tell you I loved you, but I kept driving you away."

"Yeah, but that's in the past."

She nodded.

"And now, we've got our future. Together."

"Together," she echoed.

"And don't ever be afraid to tell me something, or to ask me what I'm thinking or feeling."

"Thank you," she said softly. Then she looked at me with eyes full of joy. "I love you, Paul. I love you so very, *very* much."

"I love you too, Gina. And I want to make you happy."

"Oh, God," she said. "You make me so happy, I think I might explode."

"Well, let's leave the exploding to me," I said, pressing my hips against her.

"Do you think we could do it again?" she asked timidly.

"In a little while," I said. "I've gotta have time to… um… build back up, I guess you'd call it."

"Oh. Okay." She paused for a moment, deep in thought.

I almost smiled when she bit the inside of her lip.

"When you're ready, could we make love?" she asked. "Maybe we could do it slow, and take our time?"

I nodded.

"I want to really feel you. I want to look into your eyes while you're inside me."

"That'd be nice," I said.

"I want to feel your heart next to mine when you come."

"That'd be *very* nice."

I bent down to kiss her and her lips sought mine hungrily, almost frantically. I knew it would be a while

before I'd get another erection, so I took my time, making love to her mind as well as her body. She responded passionately, her body molded to mine, lost in a togetherness that was new to both of us.

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We decided to take a short nap mid-afternoon. As we lay down, I reminded myself to thank Manfred for the inflatable raft idea. Sleeping *anywhere* with Gina would have been a fantasy, but sleeping on the hard ground would've injected too large a dose of reality. The raft was nice and comfortable, almost like a bed. I don't know how long we slept, but it was sinfully relaxing.

We both seemed to wake up at the same time, spooned together and very comfortable. I yawned softly and hugged her to my chest. When she stirred, I ran my hand up her torso and cupped her breast.

"D'you remember the other night?" I asked quietly. "When we were asleep on the couch in the clubhouse?"

"Mmmmm, yeah."

"You know what I was thinking about?"

She shook her head.

For a moment, I flashed back and thought about having sex with her, spoon fashion. As I expected, my penis began to expand, pressing against her ass as it did. "I was thinking about what it would be like to have sex with you like this." I gently humped against her for emphasis.

"You were?"

"Mmm hmm."

"You should've done it," she said. "I wanted you to, you know."

"Yeah. But the time wasn't right. 'Sides, my dad would've seen us."

"He won't see us now," she said suggestively.

"Nope."

She sighed when my dick reached full erection and pressed against the backs of her thighs.

I reached between her legs and smoothly ran my fingers over her pussy. She quickly grew moist and I spread her juices over her labia. With gentle touches, I guided her movements. She propped her right leg up and I reached for my hard-on. I slid inside her easily. She hissed as my girth spread her open.

"Promise me you'll always love me," she said softly, distractedly.

"I promise."

"And promise me you'll always do *this*." She placed her fingertips over our joined bodies and rocked her hips.

"I promise," I said. "I'll even do this." I gently pulled back and then thrust forward.

Her pussy stretched around me and she whimpered in pleasure. I moved my fingers over her hand—which was still covering her mons—and directed her motions.

"Play with your pussy," I whispered.

"Oh, God. Yes," she hissed.

When she began moving her fingers in small circles over her clit, I moved my hand back up to her breasts. I rolled and gently tugged her nipples until they stood out from her chest. All the while, I thrust into her, slowly, gently, confidently.

I kept moving within her until I felt her pussy spasm and contract around my invading member. Her fingers flew over her clit, and I felt her start tugging on her inner lips, pulling and rubbing them between thumb and forefinger.

Her erratic spasms built in intensity until she arched her back and cried out. Her pussy clutched my cock, but I continued thrusting. She cried out again as a second, more powerful wave washed over her. Her body shook with the force of her orgasm and I smiled to myself. Then I nuzzled her neck and lightly kissed the hollow behind her ear.

When her climax subsided and she could move again, I kept thrusting. Her pussy spastically clamped around my girth, gripping me and then releasing, rippling as her soft, firm belly trembled. I pulled back until just the head of my dick was inside her and then slid back into her smoldering depths. She moaned and

kept rubbing her clit.

Since I'd had several orgasms over the course of the day, I knew I wasn't in any danger of coming too soon. So I took my time and steadily fucked her, savoring the sensations as her tight pussy gripped me with its slippery warmth. By the time she climaxed again, we were both quivering with pent-up sexual tension.

She thrust her hips back against me and I buried my cock inside her. A gush of warm wetness flowed over my shaft as her internal muscles held me tightly. I wanted to come, but it felt like it would be a while before I did. When I wanted to keep fucking her, Gina had other ideas.

"Oh, Paul. Oh, God," she said, panting. "Oh, I want you in my ass."

I held myself motionless within her.

"Oh, please, please, please. Oh, God. You've got me so fucking worked up."

Did she just say "fucking"? I didn't think I'd ever heard her use the word before. She might have, but never with such intensity.

"Oh, God," she breathed. "Fuck me in the ass. I'm so fucking hot and ready for you. Oh, fuck, I want it so bad. Give it to me, Paul. Give it to me."

"You want it?"

"Yes," she hissed. "Fuck me hard. Fill me up with your gorgeous cock. God, it's so fucking thick and beautiful."

I started thrusting within her, spurred on by her lewd pleas.

"Stick it in my ass. I want you to fuck me in the ass. Fuck me hard and deep. Oh, please."

Who was I to argue? I pulled out of her pussy and rolled to my knees. In one lunge, I reached the bottle of suntan oil. My dick was still slippery with her juices, but it was her first time, so I wanted to make sure she had enough lubrication.

I pulled her to her hands and knees and knelt behind her. When I looked down at her upturned ass, I saw her fingers frantically rubbing her clit. Instead of opening the oil, I shoved my cock back into her pussy.

She cried out when I started taking short, fast strokes, my hips slapping against her ass. I dropped the oil, gripped her waist for leverage, and pounded into her for a few minutes. With each stroke, she reached back and tickled my balls. Each time I pulled out, she ground her palm against her pussy, pressing her labia against the underside of my cock.

"I want you in my ass," she said at last. "Fuck me hard. Oh, please, Paul. Fuck me in the ass."

Without answering her, I pulled out, my erection shiny with her fluids. I flipped the oil open and squirted a little on her brown, puckered asshole. It ran down the crack of her ass and into the channel of her pussy. With one hand, I closed the oil and tossed it to the side. Using the head of my dick, I spread the oil around and then started pushing against her sphincter.

She hissed with a mixture of surprise and pleasure when the crown of my dick slipped into her. As worked up as I was, I wanted to simply plunge into her body. But I knew it would be too fast, too painful. With superhuman restraint, I began to slowly work my thick cock into her ass.

Rocking my hips back and forth, I gently penetrated her, sinking more of my length into her with each forward thrust. She cried out a few times, at first in discomfort, then in growing pleasure. I kept my motions steady and as gentle as I could, since I didn't want to hurt her, but I could tell she was really getting into it.

She turned her head to the side and lowered her shoulders to the blanket. One hand was still on her pussy, moving over her clit, rubbing her labia. With the other hand, she kneaded her breasts and tugged on her nipples. Using firm strokes, I kept burying more and more of my dick in her ass. Soon, my hips pressed against her ass cheeks and I gripped her waist.

At first, my thrusts were slow and steady, but as she grew accustomed to my girth spreading her open, she urged me to go faster. In a few minutes, I was slamming into her, driving her forward with each powerful thrust.

With her fingers still on her clit, she had two small orgasms while I was pumping her ass. When I felt my own climax approaching, I pulled out all the stops and started pounding her. Each time my hips slapped into her, she moaned and her ass cheeks rippled with the force of the impact.

Finally, I reached the point of no return. With a final thrust, I buried myself inside her and erupted. She

screamed in ecstasy as she felt me tense up and start to come. Her hand went into overdrive and she quickly reached her own release.

Her ass was so hot and tight that each spurt felt like a trip-hammer pounding my body. My buttocks clenched and unclenched repeatedly as I emptied myself into her. When I was spent, I collapsed against her and we crumpled to the air mattress, a sweaty, gasping, heaving, spasming tangle of arms and legs.

✧ ✧ ✧

Later, we were gently washing each other in the pool, cooling off and relaxing from our exertions.

"I've never been that worked up before," Gina said a little bashfully.

"No kidding. Wow."

"And I can't *believe* the things I was saying."

I grinned at her and she blushed. "I thought it was really sexy," I said.

"You did?"

"Oh, yeah. You really got me going."

She started to grin as well.

"But are you okay?"

She winced a little, but quickly nodded. "I'm probably going to be a little sore tomorrow," she said. When she spread her legs to straddle my lap, she grimaced. "Maybe a *lot* sore."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Not really. Maybe we should just have sex the regular way," she said. "For now. I mean, I liked it back there, but… um… I don't think I wanna do it again real soon."

"That's okay, baby." I kissed her gently and she pulled herself into my arms.

"That doesn't mean we can't do it the regular way." She scooted her hips against me suggestively.

"Not for a while, we can't."

Her face fell.

I grasped her hand and then put it on my flaccid penis. "I need a little time to recover," I said. "You're incredibly sexy, but I just can't keep going. Not like a girl can."

"I know," she said contritely. "I'm sorry."

"That's okay." I kissed her deeply. "But that doesn't mean my lips and tongue are out of action," I said when I pulled back. I reached between us and massaged her pussy. "Or my fingers."

"Ow," she gasped. "Maybe I need a little time to recover too." She looked appropriately chagrined.

"That doesn't mean we can't kiss, does it?"

She grinned from ear to ear and shook her head. "Not at all."

"Then c'mere."

✧ ✧ ✧

We cuddled for a while, until our skin was wrinkled and clammy from the cold water. Afterward, we lay on the blanket-covered raft and relaxed, simply enjoying being together.

We ate dinner a little later, drinking Coke and feeding each other pieces of fried chicken. Gina and our moms had also fixed biscuits, coleslaw, and corn on the cob. The corn and chicken were pretty good, even though they were cold. After dinner, we cleaned up and then took our towels to the top of the falls. The sun wasn't shining directly on us, but the rocks were still luxuriously warm.

While we were enjoying the solitude of the pine forest and the lulling sounds of the waterfall, Gina moved between my legs and lovingly sucked my dick. It was slow, gentle, and very nice. After I came in her mouth, she crawled up and lay next to me, tucked under the safety of my arm.

A little later, she went down to get the last two Cokes. When she climbed back to the top of the rocks, she was wearing my t-shirt. It fell to just below her ass, and she looked incredibly cute in it. I opened the Cokes for us and she sat between my legs, facing me.

"What's the razor for?" she asked with artful innocence.

"Um… well… I… uh…"

She grinned and waggled her eyebrows. "Do you want me to shave for you?"

I blushed and grinned.

"You want me to have a smooth pussy like Susan's? You like that?"

"Yeah," I said. "I guess I kinda do."

"Oh."

"I like yours too," I said hastily. "But it's different."

"Good different?"

"Different different." Much to my relief, she seemed to accept that. "I just think a shaved pussy is really, *really* sexy. You can't imagine how hard it makes me. Just thinking about sliding my cock into *your* shaved pussy gets me worked up." I looked down and pointed to the truth of the matter.

Gina's eyebrows rose when she saw my sudden erection.

"See?"

"Yeah," she said reverently.

"But I don't think you wanna wear bikini bottoms the rest of the time you're at camp."

She shook her head.

"So, I guess it's just a fantasy."

"Yeah, but…" She looked at me mischievously. "If I shaved—"

"Or let me shave you," I said.

"Or let you shave me, yeah. Would you let me shave you?"

"Everything?"

She shrugged. "I dunno. Maybe. Or maybe just the base or something," she said.

"Yeah, I guess that'd be cool."

"But then you'd have to wear shorts all the time."

"Yeah. I hadn't thought of that."

"Oh well," she said. "It's a fun idea."

I nodded enthusiastically. From the look in her eye, neither of us had completely put the idea out of mind.

✧ ✧ ✧

Before the sun set, we gathered up our things. While I repacked the backpack, Gina filled the picnic basket with the remains of the food and our trash. I wanted to take most of the things back to the car while it was still light, so we left the raft and the blanket at the glade and carried the rest of the stuff back to the station wagon.

I also wanted to make sure I knew the route back to the car. I was pretty sure I could remember the path, but one pine tree looks much like the next, especially in the dark. We loaded the backpack and picnic basket into the car. Before we headed back to the pool, I retrieved the flashlight from my backpack. We'd need it coming back after dark.

Gina was still wearing my t-shirt, and she teased me with glimpses of her bare ass as we walked back. Once we reached the clearing, we lay on the makeshift bed and made out. Since both of us had recovered enough from earlier, we started fooling around. Without taking the t-shirt off, I rolled Gina to her back and began nuzzling her pussy.

When I had her worked up and very wet, I scooted my hips up and entered her slowly. I bent forward and held myself above her on my elbows, our faces inches apart. As I gently rocked my hips, we kissed, tasting each other and exploring.

Then I rolled to my back and carried her with me. When she had her balance, I skimmed the t-shirt off her body, revealing her perfect breasts and trim waist. She rode me to a gentle climax, her body shuddering as her orgasm suffused her senses. I came a moment or two later, filling her with my seed in several modest spurts. Afterward, we kissed for a long time, her breasts pressed against my chest, her legs still straddling my hips.

Soon, too soon, it was time to go. She got between my legs and cleaned our combined fluids from my

shrunken penis. When she finished, I kissed her soundly, enjoying the way she pressed against me as I tasted her. I opened the nozzle on the air mattress and we snuggled on top of it as it slowly deflated. Eventually, we washed up and then walked back to the station wagon in a contemplative silence, hand in hand.

✧ ✧ ✧

Our parents were waiting for us at my family's cabin. We pulled in, exhausted from our day, but very happy. Our welcome home was friendly and warm. Gina's parents looked at her searchingly and she smiled, satisfied but tired. Our parents kissed us goodnight, and while I walked Gina home, the four of them walked down to the clubhouse. Dad carried the picnic basket, since our moms had offered to clean it up for us.

At her cabin, Gina kissed me tenderly. Kara and our younger sisters were inside, trying to be quiet and respectful, but jockeying for a glimpse of us at the same time. Erin knew it was time for her curfew, but she didn't want to go. No doubt she wanted to hear the details of our day. I don't think I'll ever understand women and their penchant for sharing intimate details with each other.

On the way out, Erin even hugged Gina like a sister. Gina looked at me over Erin's shoulder and smiled. I kissed Gina goodnight one final time and she went inside with her sisters. I put my arm around Erin and we started down the hill.

"Did you have a good day?" she asked.

"I had a *very* good day, Er. How was yours?"

"Not as good as Gina's, I'll bet," she said slyly.

I was too tired to even chide her.

When we got to our cabin, I wearily climbed into my bunk. I think I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Saturday morning, Gina and I were both up early. She came down the hill from her cabin and watched as I did a light workout. When I finished jumping rope, she was grinning at me.

"What?" I asked a little self-consciously.

"You look so… um… manly when you work out."

"I *am* manly." I struck a body-builder's pose and flexed my pecs, lats, and traps.

Gina cooed appreciatively. "Pretty manly," she said. "But it's hard to tell *how* manly with those shorts on."

I arched an eyebrow at her.

She leered unrepentantly.

I slipped off my shorts and playfully waved my limp penis at her. "Manly enough for you?"

"Anybody can wave that silly thing around," she said saucily. "Only a *real* man knows how to use it."

"Oh?"

Her eyes glittered mischievously as she nodded.

"Okay. Let's go down to the lake," I suggested. "I wanna cool off."

Her face fell.

"And I wanna maybe heat up a few strategic body parts." When she looked up in anticipation, I grinned from ear to ear. "I don't know which body parts, but I'm sure we can work something out."

"Or work something *in*," she said.

Since it was still quite early, no one was at the lake. After my workout, the water was shockingly cold. Gina and I swam around for a few minutes and then towed the raft toward the shallow end. When we could stand with most of our bodies out of the water, we used the raft as a shield in case anyone came down the hill and saw us.

She sucked me until I was hard and then I had her bend over and support herself on the raft. If anyone saw us, they'd only see us from the chest up. The water came to our thighs, so I took a moment to admire the lines of her back and the curves of her outthrust ass.

"I'm still a little sore back there," she said. "So be careful."

I stopped and looked at her in concern.

"Just my… um… just my butt."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded quickly. "Everything else is warmed up and ready to go. Feel for yourself."

I gently probed between her legs and discovered that her pussy was hot and wet, as promised. I smiled at her and gently eased my manhood inside her. She was still incredibly snug, so I took my time.

She groaned as my girth spread her open.

"Oh, God," I said, clenching my eyes shut. "You're so tight."

"It's 'cause you're so big," she said, panting slightly. "But I love it."

I knew I wasn't *big*, but she seemed more than happy with my size, especially my thickness. We moved against each other for several long, delicious minutes. I played with her breasts and lazily rubbed her clit while I thrust into her. She must have really been worked up, because she came a lot quicker than I expected. It was probably a combination of my cock hitting her inner spot and my fingers on her clit.

Note to self: Remember this position, she likes it.

Whatever it was, her pussy clamped down on my dick and she shuddered in release. I buried myself inside her and rubbed her shoulders and back as she panted from the exertions of her climax. When she recovered enough to move again, she turned her head and looked at me hungrily.

Without saying a word, she pulled away from me, turned, and crouched in the water. Her lips fastened themselves to my cock and she began bobbing her head in front of me. When I was about to come, she wrapped her hand around the base and started pumping me. As I spurted, she greedily swallowed my

semen, milking my cock for all I could give her.

✧ ✧ ✧

After an early breakfast, Gina and Jenny made lunch for our hike to the quarry. Manfred and I went to pack our gear. We went to my cabin first and gathered up what we'd need. At his family's room, he hauled out a large aluminum-framed backpack and then the two of us started packing our stuff. The inflatable rafts were actually kind of heavy, and I didn't look forward to carrying mine up there and then back again. But it would be worth it. I was sure of that.

While we were packing, I remembered to thank Manfred for his idea to buy the raft. He grinned lecherously and we carried our packs down to the clubhouse. The girls had prepared sandwiches, potato chips, pickle spears, and fruit cocktail. Once we had all the food packed in Manfred's larger pack, we put the Cokes in mine, added the girls' towels, and shouldered our loads. Our parents knew about the hike, so we didn't even need to tell anyone where we were going before setting out.

Gina started falling back about a half-hour into the hike. Manfred was getting annoyed, and *I* was getting annoyed at him because of it. I hung back with Gina for a few moments and talked to her quietly. She was pretty distraught, and it took me a few minutes to worm the cause out of her.

She was still a little sore. "Back there," she said softly, rolling her eyes to indicate her rear.

I could tell she was worried about slowing us down, but I put my arm around her reassuringly and then called out to Manfred.

"What?" he asked in exasperation.

I slipped my pack off and motioned for him to come back down the hill. I met him halfway.

"What's *her* problem?" he asked.

"It's not her problem, Manfred," I said tightly. "I've got a leg cramp, and I'm gonna slow up for a while."

"You do *not*. She's been hanging back ever since we left."

I frowned.

"What? I just wanna get there," he said. "*Today*."

I wanted to hit him. Instead, I took a deep breath, pasted on my most reasonable expression, and actually tried to smile. "We will. We're just gonna hang back for now."

"But—"

"You and Jenny go on. We'll catch up with you."

"But you've got Jenny's towel and the suntan oil," he said.

"Manfred!" I made sure I had his undivided attention before I continued. When I did, I used my dad's I'm-giving-an-order-and-I-expect-to-be-obeyed voice. "You and Jenny go on ahead. We'll get there when we get there. Okay?"

One look at my expression and he turned sheepish. "Yeah. Sorry," he said contritely.

"No problem, man. Besides," I said, "this way, you two'll have some privacy before we get there."

His eyes lit up. "Yeah!"

I smiled. "We'll probably be about a half-hour to forty-five minutes behind you."

"Okay," he said, warming to the idea. "Cool."

He turned and headed back up the hill. He and Jenny waved to us and then started moving again.

"What was *that* about?" Gina asked when I returned to her.

"I was ready to beat Manfred within an inch of his life," I said disgustedly.

"You can go on, if you want."

I shook my head irritably. When I saw her expression, I softened mine considerably. "I'm sorry, honey. I'm not mad at you. Not at all."

"I was kinda worried," she said.

"Nope. I'm frustrated at that horny blockhead," I said, pointing my thumb over my shoulder. Then I changed my demeanor entirely. I stepped close to her and pulled her into my arms. "I'm in love with you." I paused for a moment and then scowled while I looked up the hill, growling for effect. "See? That's

frustrated." Then I kissed her tenderly. "And *that* is 'in love.'"

She giggled.

I scowled. "Frustrated." I smiled and kissed her again. "In love."

She sighed and leaned against me, her eyes glittering with suppressed laughter.

"Can you tell the difference?" I asked teasingly.

"Yes, my wonderful man. I can tell the difference." She sounded a little sarcastic, but she also sounded very grateful.

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina and I took our own sweet time for the rest of the hike. We stopped and rested several times, whenever she felt like it. I didn't complain once, and I made sure to keep my expression supportive.

We approached the lip of the quarry about a half-hour after Manfred and Jenny should have gotten there. When we arrived, we were greeted by an unexpected sight. *Well,* I thought wryly, *knowing Manfred and Jenny, it wasn't* totally *unexpected*.

The two of them were on the big flattop rock. Jenny was on her knees and Manfred was standing before her, his hands on his hips. Jenny was sucking his dick and he was clearly enjoying himself. When Gina saw them, she abruptly stopped walking and then looked at me. I slipped my pack off my shoulders and stepped behind her.

I cradled her in my arms and bent to whisper in her ear. "You *do* like to watch, don't you?"

She nodded wordlessly.

"It gets you all hot and wet when you see other people having sex. Doesn't it?"

Another nod.

"You're so beautiful when you're horny," I said. "Do you know how hard I had to work *not* to have sex with you when we were watching our parents?"

"You shouldn't've worked so hard," she said distractedly.

I smiled to myself and reached for her pussy.

She was already soaking wet.

"I'm not working so hard now," I said.

She whimpered and leaned against me.

While we watched Jenny give Manfred a blowjob, I played with Gina's pussy. I moved my fingers in lazy circles over her clit, teasing her. My hard-on pressed against her ass and she thrust back against me.

On the rocks, Jenny pulled Manfred's long, thin dick from her mouth and started pumping him. She aimed his shaft at her chest and stroked.

"What a waste," Gina said wistfully.

For a split second, I had visions of Gina sucking Manfred and swallowing his come. I didn't know why the thought occurred to me, but more importantly, I didn't really know how I felt about the idea.

"If I were her," Gina said, as if reading my mind, "I'd swallow."

How *did* I feel about the idea of seeing Gina with another guy? In a way, it made me incredibly jealous. But in a way, it also made me incredibly horny. If I could separate love and sex for myself, why couldn't I separate love and sex where *she* was concerned? Could I? Could I watch her have sex with another guy, yet still *know* she loved me?

I simply didn't know the answer to that question. I didn't want to think I'd be jealous, but I had a visceral reaction to the idea of someone else having sex with her. But was my visceral reaction resentment or desire? *Probably a little of both,* I reluctantly admitted to myself.

Gina was a very beautiful girl, and the idea of sharing her beauty with another guy kind of appealed to me. I could only share if I knew she was totally committed to me, though. Did I know that? *Was* she totally committed to me? What would *she* think about having sex with another guy? Would she want to watch me have sex with another woman?

No wonder my parents had a solid relationship, I thought.

A low moan from Gina interrupted my musing. Manfred had just come on Jenny's chest and Gina was

grinding her ass against my erection. In a flash, she turned and dropped to her knees in front of me. While she licked and sucked the head of my dick, I stroked myself. In a few short minutes, I was shooting into her willing mouth, my come gushing down her throat.

✧ ✧ ✧

After Gina and I waited around a few minutes, we noisily "arrived." Then Manfred and I inflated the rafts while the girls stored lunch in the shade and sank the Cokes into the cold water of the lake.

We went for a quick swim to cool off and then climbed back atop the big rock. Manfred toweled off quickly and let Jenny spread sunblock over his shoulders and back. Even after a week, he was still pale enough to need it. He didn't have to wear a t-shirt as well, but he'd be lobster-pink without the sunblock.

Much to my surprise, Gina wanted to hang out with Jenny for a while. They climbed onto one of the queen-size rafts and then Manfred and I watched them paddle toward the center of the lake.

"You wanna get on the other raft?" Manfred asked.

"Together?" I asked. I hope I didn't look as shocked as I felt.

"No way, man. Too weird."

"Yeah," I said. "Too weird."

We looked at each other with the "*I'm* not a fag" expression all guys know how to make. Finally, we grinned at each other and the tension was broken.

"You go ahead," I said.

"You sure?"

"Yeah. I'm just gonna do some reading."

"Suit yourself," Manfred said. He climbed down the rock, carefully crawled onto the raft, then pushed himself away from the rocks.

I dug into my pack and pulled out a book. Gina had decided to broaden my horizons and had packed not only her book, but one for me. *My* collection of summer reading—Heinlein, Poul Anderson, H. Beam Piper, and others—had been left at the cabin. Instead, I had a new bookmark (with my name on it, courtesy of Gina) and a copy of some book by a woman named, of all things, Flannery. *What kind of name is "Flannery"?* I thought. Nonetheless, I flipped open my copy of *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* and started reading.

What seemed like five minutes later, I was halfway through the book. Funny name or not, Flannery O'Connor could *write*. No, that doesn't do her justice. She could *write!* W-r-i-t-e, write! I was blown away by her stories. They were about the South, and her characters were so real that I felt like I knew them. And the dialog fairly *sang*. I was so engrossed that I didn't even notice when Gina, Jenny, and Manfred returned.

Manfred teased me about being a bookworm but I just shrugged it off. Gina's eyes shone with pride and she assumed a good-natured "I told you so" attitude when she realized how much I'd read. She never said anything about my penchant for science fiction, but I could tell she thought there was more to literature than space ships and robots. Boy, was she right!

Once Manfred and the girls were back on the rock, we ate lunch and generally acted like teenagers, talking about music, school, movies, TV shows, and anything else that suited our fancy. After we ate, Manfred and Jenny wanted to hike to the top of the falls. They rolled up one of the blankets and headed out. Gina and I relaxed on the sun-heated rock for a while, simply enjoying each other's company.

"What did you and Jenny talk about?" I asked after a while.

"Girl stuff. Nothing much. Why?"

"I was just curious. What kind of girl stuff?"

"*Girl* stuff, silly."

"I know about girl stuff," I said. To prove my point, I rolled over and put my hand on her inner thigh. I ran my fingers up her smooth skin and brushed against her mons. "See? I know all kinds of girl stuff." When she still didn't say anything, I pressed against the base of her clit.

"Oh!" she breathed. "No fair."

"Are you gonna tell me?" I asked, rubbing my fingers in small circles.

"No."

"Yes." I quickly licked my finger and then slid it along her slit.

"No fair," she groaned.

"Well?"

Her lips went taut and she shook her head.

"Don't make me force it out of you," I said playfully.

"I'll never talk." Her pussy was growing moist as I gently ran my fingers over her channel.

"Then I'll just have to convince you," I said.

I started kissing down her body, taking my time and pressing my lips against her soft skin. She smelled of cocoa butter, and as I neared the junction of her thighs, the musk of her excitement mingled with the scent of suntan lotion. When I lifted her legs and draped them over my shoulders, she moaned. I settled onto the blanket on my stomach and started kissing her inner thighs.

She ran her fingers through my hair while I teased her for several minutes. While I gently kissed and licked her outer labia, they became plump as she grew more aroused. When I finally nuzzled her pussy, she hissed and arched her back. I sucked her inner labia into my mouth and teased her with flicks of my tongue. Then I licked between her inner and outer lips, causing her to shudder and cry out softly.

I continued licking her for a while, taking my time and building up her desire slowly. Each time she got close to coming, I backed off and teased her for a minute or two, until she cooled off. Her juices covered my lips and cheeks, and I was thoroughly enjoying myself. Judging by the way Gina was trembling and crying out, she was completely overwhelmed by the pleasure I was giving her.

I was having fun, taking my time, and exploring all her reactions, but it was clear that she was ready to come. She was rhythmically humping her hips against my face and begging me to get her off.

I let her beg for a little while and then gently inserted a pair of fingers into her drenched pussy. When I started sawing them in and out, she went nuts. I held her down with one hand and the strength of my neck. Then I locked my lips around her clit and started licking her in ever-tightening circles. At the same time, I crooked my fingers against her inner spot and started sucking her clit.

Her pussy started spasming around my fingers and she clutched at my hair. When I twirled my tongue around her clit and sucked, she cried out in ecstasy. I kept that up until her hips slammed into my face, pressing my lips against her mons and burying my nose in her pubic hair. Then I sucked her clit and gently rotated my fingertips.

With a rush, she began to come. It started out small, but quickly grew in intensity. Since I'd kept her on the edge for so long, her climax was more powerful than I'd ever experienced. She shrieked and held my head in place. I kept moving my fingers and circling her sensitive pearl with my tongue. It disappeared abruptly and a gush of moisture washed over my fingers.

I continued licking and sucking her inner labia as the orgasmic sensations suffused her body. She cried out in ecstasy and her hips bucked into my face again. Her cries were so loud that I actually heard them echo off the quarry walls. Then all of a sudden, her legs snapped shut and she tried to sit up. I pulled my head from between her thighs and withdrew my fingers from her sodden pussy. She immediately rolled to the side and curled into a ball, her knees drawn to her chest.

Her pussy and the skin surrounding it glistened with moisture. She was trembling with the aftereffects of her orgasm as I crawled up and lay behind her. She mewled softly when I put my arm under her head and wrapped the other one around her midsection. I hugged her to my chest and she planted kisses on my forearm.

As her breathing slowly returned to normal, she quivered and gently shook, her senses overloaded with aftershocks. I hugged her again and tenderly kissed her shoulder.

"That was w-w-wonderful," she said softly, stammering slightly as the sensations made her breathing ragged.

Instead of answering, I kissed along her neck.

"I can still f-f-feel it. Oh, God."

"Good," I said. "I like making you feel good."

"This isn't g-g-good. Good was a w-w-while ago," she said. "This is… oh, God… this is… magnificent. Y-y-you're magnificent."

"Mmmmm. Thank you. I'm inspired."

After that, we dozed comfortably, spooned together and in our own little world. We didn't nap long, since we were exposed to the hot afternoon sun, but it was a wonderful, languid, intimate time.

Manfred and Jenny came back down a little while later. Manfred grinned hesitantly, but Jenny's eyes were alight with curiosity. She couldn't wait to take Gina aside for more "girl talk." I think I was beginning to understand what a lot of "girl talk" consisted of.

They made an excuse about having to go potty, took some paper napkins, and disappeared toward the tree line. Manfred hung his head for a moment, clearly nervous. When he looked up, he smiled self-consciously.

"Dude… um… I didn't mean to spy or anything…," he said.

I grinned to myself. I suspected he and Jenny had been doing just that. I know Gina and I had watched the two of them before.

"But… um… well… I couldn't help but overhear. And we just wanted to make sure everything was okay. You know?" He looked up, his eyes beseeching me to understand.

Evil friend that I was, I wanted to let him twist a little. I guess it was a bit of harmless payback for his getting frustrated with Gina during the hike up.

"Well… um… we kinda… you know… we kinda saw y'all," he said.

"Saw us?" I stifled a wicked chuckle.

"Yeah, man. When you two were… you know."

I shook my head.

He made a few weird motions with his hands.

I got the idea, but I was having fun teasing him, so I gave him a blank look.

"*You know*. When you two were… you know." He drew himself up to his full height and looked apologetic. "And we did *not* mean to see it."

Right, I thought sarcastically.

"But we kinda saw when you were… well… when you and Gina were… um…" He took a deep breath and exhaled so hard I thought he might pass out.

"You mean when Gina and I were fooling around?"

He blushed furiously but nodded. "We kinda saw that."

"Oh," I said. I waved my hand dismissively. "That's okay. I mean, we're all friends. Right?"

"Yeah, sure." He leaned close, his face intent.

I almost laughed at his interested expression.

"I'd just never seen it done that way before," he said judiciously, his curiosity finally conquering his embarrassment. "I mean," he said hastily, "Jenny was kinda curious. She… um… she said she thought… um… what y'all were doing… you know… she thought it looked pretty cool."

I nodded. I had a growing suspicion he had no *idea* what Gina and I had been doing, and I knew he wouldn't come right out and *ask* me. With a shock, I thought back through the number of times I'd witnessed Manfred and Jenny fooling around. Not once had I seen him go down on her. Finally, I decided I'd probably teased him enough, so I let him off the hook. "Yeah," I said. "It *is* pretty cool."

He looked at me earnestly, hoping for some enlightenment.

I fought down the urge to smile and nodded thoughtfully. "Well," I said, "I was just going down on her."

He furrowed his brow in confusion and then he hastily nodded like he knew what I was talking about.

"You know, licking her pussy." Under normal circumstances, I'd never brag like that. But not only had Manfred seen us, I figured I was doing a favor for *Jenny* too.

"Oh, yeah," he said. "I knew that."

"Yeah, of course."

"So," he asked, "how do *you* like to do it?"

I tried not to grin, but I just couldn't help myself, although I quickly got my expression back under control. For the next ten minutes, I performed a delicate conversational dance. I acted like we were discussing something we *both* understood and proceeded to give him some excellent pointers about pleasing Jenny.

The whole time, he kept up his end of the farce, nodding like he knew what I was talking about. A couple of times, he even said something like, "Yeah, that's how *I* like to do it too." It was all I could do not to laugh out loud when he did. Fortunately, I kept my expression well schooled and Manfred made it through the conversation with his masculine pride intact.

When the girls returned from the woods, Jenny's eyes locked on Manfred and positively smoldered. Gina tactfully suggested that she and I do some sunbathing on our raft, and I agreed. It took me three tries before I got Manfred's attention, and when I told him we were going to float for a while, he nodded distractedly.

"What did *you* two talk about?" Gina asked when we were safely out of earshot of the rocks.

"Probably the same thing you did."

She actually blushed. "Yeah, I guess I was a little loud. Sorry."

"No need to apologize," I said. I waved a hand at our surroundings. "We're out here in the middle of nowhere."

She nodded.

"And besides, Manfred and Jenny are here for the same reasons we are."

She nodded again, enthusiastically this time.

"So they're cool."

"Yeah," she said. "I guess you're right. I guess it just kinda feels weird having someone watch *me* for a change."

I grinned and nodded. "Did you like it?"

She nodded, blushing slightly. "Yeah. I guess I did." She paused for a moment and then looked at me seriously. "Paul?"

"Mmm hmm?"

"Have you ever been with two girls at once?"

I was a little nervous about where the question was leading, but nodded anyway.

"What was it like?"

I began to panic. If I told her I liked it, I was worried that she might get upset or worse, angry. Then I realized that she was far from upset, she was actually a little excited. "It's kinda fun," I said.

Her eyes lit up. "Tell me about it." She put her hand on mine. "Please."

My ingrained mental "don't talk about the girls you've been with in the past, *especially* with your current girlfriend" safeguard kicked in for an instant, but I quickly realized that Gina wasn't exactly an ordinary girlfriend.

"If you don't wanna tell me, that's okay," she said, a little crestfallen.

"No, that's not it. It's just that I normally don't talk about what I've done. You know, especially about sex."

"Oh."

"I guess it's just not cool, if you're a guy, to talk about a girl you've had sex with. You know?"

She nodded.

"The guys who *do* talk about the girls they've been with are usually lying. Or they're not gonna have sex with that girl again. Especially if it gets back to her that the guy's a blabbermouth."

"Yeah," she said. "That makes sense."

"So I don't talk about it much."

"That's so sweet."

I rolled my eyes.

"Well, it *is*."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. But it's also about respect."

"Huh?"

"If I respect you," I said, "I'm not gonna spread around the details of our sex life. And why would I have a relationship with a woman I don't respect?"

"Wow. That's deep."

"Yeah, I guess it is. But it's the way I am. So that's why I don't talk about it much. I respect the women I've been with."

"Do you respect me?" she asked timidly.

I nodded quickly. "Very much." I sensed her waiting for the reasons why, so I elaborated. "You're really smart, you're funny, and you're beautiful. But smart, funny, and beautiful are only half of it."

"They are?"

"Mmm hmm. I respect you 'cause you're a good person. You're nice to people. You're helpful. You treat other people with respect, and I admire that."

"Not all the time," she said. "I didn't treat you with respect."

"No," I said honestly. "You didn't."

"I'm so sorry," she whispered.

I lifted her chin and caressed her cheek with the backs of my fingers. "You were angry. That's not a good excuse, as I'm sure your mom would tell you, but I understand."

"Do you feel any different about me now?"

It was a pretty insightful question, so I paused for a moment to consider it. Should I give her an honest answer? Or should I sugarcoat it and spare her feelings? I decided on a combination of the two. "Yes and no," I said. "But it's not really that simple."

"Oh," she murmured, her eyes downcast.

"Yes, I still love you. Now more than ever."

She looked up hopefully.

"Especially after the last few days." When she smiled happily, my heart swelled. "But I'm also worried. Although I don't know if worried is the right word. Maybe I'm apprehensive. I kinda wonder what'll happen *next* time you're angry with me."

"I swear, Paul, I'll never do that again. I'll never be the way I was. I promise. You've got to believe me."

Did I believe her? Did I really? I certainly wanted to. "I know," I said at last. "I do believe you." *I just hope you can fulfill that promise,* I thought. I reached out and cupped her cheek, reassuring her with my touch.

She closed her eyes and pressed her face against my hand.

"I love you very much, Gina."

"And I love you," she said, her voice husky.

We shared a quiet moment and then I enfolded her in my arms. After several minutes, I rolled to my back and tucked her against my side, my arm around her. "We also need to talk about our relationship," I said.

"I'll do anything you want me to," she said.

I chuckled softly. "It's not about what *I* want. It's about what *we* want. We need to decide some things."

"What kind of things?"

I reflected on a conversation I'd had with Susan the year before. It had been about relationships, and I hadn't understood what she was talking about. Not at the time, anyway. With all I'd seen and learned over the past few days, the words "open relationship" suddenly meant a lot more than they had before.

Gina shifted nervously.

I realized I'd been silent too long. "I'm sorry, honey," I said. "I was just thinking about something Susan once told me. I didn't understand it until now." I paused again, to sort out what I wanted to say. "She told me that if things got serious between us, between you and me, I mean, that we'd have to decide what kind of relationship we wanted to have."

"Oh."

"There's something else we talked about that makes a lot more sense now too," I said. "It was about commitment." *Do I want a committed relationship with Gina?* I pondered that for a moment. *Yes*, I

decided, *I do*. So I opened my mouth and took the plunge, "And committed relationships." Unfortunately, while I was reasoning things out, she was worrying. I could feel the tension in her body. I ran my hand along her shoulder and squeezed her. "With our parents' relationships, they have to have a stronger bond than normal. Because they're swingers," I said.

She nodded.

"Your mom probably explained it to you. Right?"

Another nod.

"I'm wondering if we want a kind of relationship like that—a committed, open relationship—or if we want a regular, just-the-two-of-us kind of relationship."

"I want whatever you want," she said.

I shook my head. "That's not what it's about. The thing about any good relationship," I said, "is that it's got to be a partnership. Fifty-fifty. I never realized what kind of partnership my parents have. Oh, I've thought about it a little," I said musingly, "but never seriously. Well, not really. Not until now. They make decisions together. They communicate. They trust each other. And they *respect* each other."

"My parents are the same way."

"Uh-huh. And if we want our relationship to work, we've got to be like them. Not necessarily the sex part, but *we've* got to decide what's right for us. It's got to be *our* decision, not my decision, not your decision. Does that make sense?"

"Yes," she said, worry still coloring her tone. "I just want you to be happy."

"And I want *you* to be happy. But I guess that means we've got to talk about some serious stuff."

"What kind of serious stuff?"

"Well, Stacy, for one."

"Stacy?"

I nodded. "She knows about you, and she knows I'm serious about our relationship."

"Yeah."

"But she's also in love with me. I mean really in love. I love her too, very much." I felt Gina momentarily tense up. "But it's not the same as it is with you."

"What's this have to do with us?" Gina asked.

"I know she won't ask, but I can tell Stacy still wants to have sex with me." When Gina was silent, I continued. "What if she asks? How would you feel about that?" In a way, I dreaded the answer. Would the Gina from a week before come out? Would she turn into the ice princess? Or would she think about it, and *communicate* with me?

"Would you want to have sex with her?"

Gut check time, I thought. "I might."

"Without me?"

I shook my head quickly. "I'd never do it behind your back. If we're going to have an open and honest relationship, I don't think I could do that. I *wouldn't* do that."

She was silent for several long moments.

I began to worry. Had I been *too* honest? Would she get angry? What if she did? What would I do? What would I…?

"I used to think something was wrong with me," she said quietly.

I mentally stumbled at the non sequitur, but waited for her to continue.

"Whenever I look at another girl, sometimes I get excited. I think that's part of the reason I wasn't ready to have sex with you last year. I was willing, but really scared. I guess I thought it wouldn't hurt with a girl."

"Mmm hmm."

"But I thought something *must* be wrong with me. I'd look at my friend Lisa, or Ke—" She suddenly stopped, obviously a little flustered. "I'd look at Lisa, or another girl," she continued, "and I'd feel the same as when I looked at you." She was silent for almost a minute, deep in thought. "Kara figured out what it was." She laughed derisively. "When she talked to me about it, I denied it. Of course." She reached up and

wiped her eyes. "I thought she'd let it go, but she talked to Mom about it."

I nodded.

"Mom talked to me. And she didn't say *anything* I thought she would," she said with a soft bark of laughter. "I thought she'd be angry about it. But she told me it was okay to feel that way about girls. This was right after we left camp last summer, and before I first saw them with another couple," she said as an aside. "She said she thought women were very attractive, and that she also had *those feelings* about them sometimes.

"I was completely shocked," Gina said. "But she explained it so I didn't feel bad. So I didn't feel… *wrong*. After that, Kara and I started fooling around. It was just playful stuff at first, but I really liked it. And with Kara, I knew I was safe. She'd never laugh at me, or tell anyone. Kara likes guys a lot more than girls, but I know she has fun with me. And I know she loves me, like I love her. Like sisters. Does that make sense?"

I nodded and kept silent. It was important for her to tell me this, and I didn't want to interrupt her. When Gina wasn't thinking about, or worried about my reactions, she spoke steadily and with confidence.

"So anyway, after school started, Lisa was staying over at our house," she continued. "We were in my room, talking about guys. About you, actually. And we were joking around. At least I thought we were joking around. I started talking about how you made me feel, and the next thing I knew, we both had our shirts off and were rubbing our nipples. Lisa knows we're nudists, and she's sunbathed nude with me all the time, but we'd never done anything like *that*.

"When she slipped off her panties and started rubbing herself, I did the same thing. That first time, we didn't touch each other, but I really wanted to. I think she kinda did too. The next time she spent the night, the next weekend, we went up to my room after everyone else had gone to bed." Gina laughed quietly. "We figured that if I closed my eyes and she rubbed me, it would be just like *you* rubbing me."

Listening to her story, I was getting an erection, and my cock pulsed gently as it lay on my stomach.

"So we tried it," she said. "When it was my turn to rub her, I did. For a little while, at least. I don't think Lisa was really surprised when I started licking her. She was so hot and wet, and she tasted so good. She had a bunch of little orgasms, real quick. Afterward, she said it was only fair that she got to lick me."

I bit off a flippant remark and nodded silently.

"After that, we played around whenever we could. And of course I still messed around with Kara. But you know about *that*," she said contritely. She quickly resumed her narrative. "Once, when my parents were out of town, right before my birthday, Lisa came over. Kara joined us, and we fooled around until four in the morning.

Before going on, she sighed deeply at the memory. "Leah must've heard us, but I'm pretty sure she already knew what was going on. A couple days later, she asked me to show her what we were doing. I think Leah's a lot more into girls than I am, though," she said. She paused for several long moments and then kissed my chest. "Kara really likes guys, but she does girls too. Leah mostly likes girls, but she still gets worked up over a guy every once in a while. And I'm somewhere in the middle. I like girls and guys. Well, I like girls and I like *you*."

"What about Joey Whatshisname?" I asked mildly.

She laughed. "Okay, so I like girls and guys." She looked up at me and her lips sought mine.

I kissed her slowly, tenderly.

When she pulled back, she laid her head upon my chest. "By now, you're probably wondering why I told you all that." Then she seemed to notice my erection for the first time. "And I guess you liked hearing it," she said with a smile in her voice.

"Well, yeah."

"I'll take care of you in a minute. Okay?"

I nodded. "We're not on a schedule," I said.

"Thanks." Then she propped herself up on her elbow and looked into my eyes. She had a serious, searching expression on her face. "So if you want to have sex with another girl, you can. On two conditions."

I knew what she was probably going to say, but I nodded for her to continue.

"*We* have to decide on the girl. And I get to watch, and maybe join in." Before I could speak, she raised a hand to cut me off. "I know, I know, a lot of girls don't like other girls."

I nodded.

"That's okay. But if the girl *does* like other girls, then I get to have fun too. Okay?"

In a way, this was like a dream come true. But I knew she was serious, so I was too. "Okay," I said sincerely.

"So that's what I was thinking when you asked about Stacy," she said.

I nodded.

"Before I knew she liked girls, and especially before I knew she and Kara had been together, I didn't really trust her. But Kara's told me some things about Stacy, and I think I like her. I guess I'll have to get to know her better, but Kara really likes her. So in a way, that's good enough for me."

"Uh-huh."

"And I think she's really cute." She looked at me and grinned bashfully. "I get all wet thinking about fooling around with her."

"Oh you do?" I asked in mock surprise.

"Uh-huh."

"You realize that Stacy's only *part* of the larger question?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said. "I guess I do. I guess in a way, I've known that we'd have to deal with this."

I nodded.

"And it gets me really heated up when I think about watching you with another girl. As long as I know you're mine," she cautioned sharply.

"Of course," I said.

"Every time I watched my parents with another couple, *especially* your parents," she said, "I wanted to join them." She blushed suddenly, but kept talking. "I get so hot and bothered watching, and it's been killing me that I can't join in."

"And with me, you can watch *and* participate."

"Mmm hmm," she purred.

"I like that idea," I said.

"Ha! I bet you do. What if I want to have sex with another guy? You hadn't thought about *that*, had you?"

Actually, I had. But I didn't tell her that. "Do you?" I asked seriously.

My calm reaction gave her pause. After a moment, she recovered her poise. "Maybe," she said.

"Well, if you do, I guess we can talk about it. I don't think I'll join in, at least not with him."

She wrinkled her nose and quickly shook her head.

"But I may actually like the idea of me and some other guy doing you at once," I said.

Her eyes sparkled with mischief and then she looked at me earnestly. "I can't think of any guy I'd rather be with than you," she said. She leaned down to kiss me and her tongue sought out mine as soon as my lips parted. As we kissed, she hooked one leg over mine and rubbed my calf with her foot.

When we broke the kiss, I looked deep into her eyes. "Even though I think I know the answer to this, I'm going to ask anyway."

She nodded, with only a hint of trepidation.

"Do you want to have a committed relationship with me?" I asked. "I mean, I don't want it to be formal like a marriage or anything, but I guess we should talk about it and make sure we both want the same thing."

"I want you to be happy," she said. "And I want to be happy with you."

I nodded.

"And I want other girls to join us sometimes. I don't know about other guys, but maybe. If it's a couple we both like, I guess that's possible."

"Mmm hmm."

"But I want to know that I'm the only woman you're going to have sex with, by yourself I mean. You can't be alone with any other woman unless we agree. Okay?"

I nodded. "The same goes for you. And that means girls, too. If you want to be alone with a girl, we need to agree."

"This sounds awfully formal," she said. "Do we need to take vows or something?"

"Well—"

"I'm teasing," she said quickly. "Sort of."

I nodded. I paused for a moment and worked out the words in my head. "Okay, how's this?" When I had her full attention, I went on. "I love you. I'll *always* love you. I promise to respect you. And I promise that you'll be the most important woman in my life." It sounded goofy and way too formal, but it was from the heart. Sometimes, that's all that matters.

Gina saw the sincerity in my eyes and hers misted over. "Oh, I love you too," she said, tears welling up. "I promise to respect you." She swallowed hard. "And I promise that you'll always, *always* come first."

When she hugged me, tears of happiness streamed down her face and wet my chest. She looked up, her eyes and nose red, and smiled joyfully. I kissed her again and tasted the salt of her tears.

"I must look like a mess," she said.

I shook my head. "You're not a mess, you're beautiful. You're my girl. My *woman*. And I love you."

"I love you too," she whispered huskily. "You're my man."

She reached for my penis and wrapped her hand around it. In the seriousness of the moment before, it had shrunk somewhat. But as she gently squeezed it, it sprang back to life. Working together, we rolled over so she was underneath me, on the center of the raft.

She guided my shaft to her opening and I sank into her in one smooth motion. I held myself above her on my elbows, my chest pressed against her soft breasts. As I started thrusting, our lips found each other and we kissed with growing hunger.

We made love slowly, deliciously. When she was getting close, I gyrated my hips and ground myself against her clit each time I thrust into her. Her pussy contracted around my manhood, so I increased the pace of my thrusts.

"Oh, Paul," she said breathlessly. "I love you so… oh, yes… oh… oh… I love you so much." With a groan, she came, her pussy gripping my shaft and trying to keep me inside her.

I pulled out one more time and then pushed myself as deep as I could, finally forcing my length past her clenched internal muscles. As her orgasm peaked, they rippled against my erection and I felt the first jet of semen rushing up my shaft. With a groan of my own, I filled her with my seed.

As our ardor cooled, we heard a rising wail from the direction of the rocks. It was a very feminine wail, a very Jenny-like wail. I looked at Gina in surprise and amusement. The wail turned into a shriek, punctuated by a resounding "yes!"

Gina's eyes glittered as she gazed into mine. She wrapped her legs around my thighs and held me inside her, the heat of our joined bodies making her sigh. "It sounds like you and Manfred are responsible for two very, *very* happy girls," she said.

I could only grin smugly as I nodded in reply.

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The rest of the afternoon, the four of us lounged on the flattop rock. Manfred and Jenny kept looking at each other longingly, while Gina and I tried not to openly smirk. The topic of sex didn't come up again, but it was definitely in the air. Before we had to leave for the afternoon—we still had to be home before dinner at six o'clock—we all swam out to the falls and goofed around.

When we swam back, Manfred and Jenny went up to the top of the rock while Gina and I stayed in the water to have a few minutes alone. When we heard the two of them going at it above us, Gina got a mischievous glint in her eye. She pushed me back against the big sloped rock and knelt before me, her chin mere inches above the water.

She gave me a wonderful blowjob, taking her time and really working me up. Out of the corner of my

eye, I saw two head-shaped shadows poke over the top of the rock. I don't know if Gina could see them too, but she started taking me as far down her throat as she could. She got me a little more than halfway before she had to pull back.

Right before I came, she locked her lips around my glans and looked up at me. She met my gaze and her eyes smiled. As she stroked the base of my cock, she flicked her tongue against the underside of my head. When I came, she closed her eyes and moaned softly as she swallowed my load.

The two head shadows disappeared a moment later, and I smiled to myself when I thought about what *else* Manfred and Jenny might be thinking about trying. In a way, I was amazed that the two of them had been having sex as much as they had, and how *little* they seemed to know about what they were doing. In a way, it was frightening. I'd have to make sure to thank Susan and Mom for their guidance.

But at the moment, I had a very happy girl in my arms—a girl who was licking her lips, and who tasted of my semen when I kissed her. I needed to make sure I thanked *her* as well. She laid her head on my chest and I held her for several minutes, neither of us feeling the need to speak.

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Gina felt a lot better on the hike down, and easily kept up with us. Nonetheless, I kept an eye on her and made sure she wasn't pushing herself too hard. In the end, I really shouldn't have worried about Gina. *Jenny* went slower than anyone else, mostly because she was walking a bit wobbly. Gina and I just grinned at each other.

The two-hour trek was fun and light-hearted, and we were all in good spirits. We got back to camp with only minutes to spare.

Manfred and I unpacked the remains of our picnic lunch and left the girls in the clubhouse to clean up. We unloaded our packs in silence, both of us tired but happy. My family ate dinner with Gina's, but the two of us didn't do much talking.

During the day, three new families arrived, but they all had younger kids, so we didn't pay much attention to them. An older couple, Bill and Emily, also arrived. Bill owned a movie theater or something, and once again brought a movie projector and some films. Gina and I were hoping that Kendall and her family had arrived, but there was no sign of them.

Mom suggested we ask Susan when the Paytons would arrive, so we headed toward her house. When we got there, she was sitting in her courtyard with Mr. Kershaw. They were going over a notebook and some papers, but both of them looked up as we arrived. I was a little worried about what Gunny might say, but I couldn't think of a diplomatic way to caution Gina.

"Hello, Paul," Susan said, nodding to me. "Hi, Gina."

Mr. Kershaw turned around and I prepared to blanch. "Why, it's young Mister Paul," he said cordially. "And Miss Gina."

I shuffled nervously and looked sidelong at Gina. If she reacted, I didn't see it.

"Good evening," Gina said graciously.

"Um… Hi," I said.

"What can we help you with?" Susan asked smoothly.

"Um… We were kinda wondering when Kendall Payton and her family would be here," I said.

Susan looked at Gunny.

"Oh, I'd say they'll be here any time now," he said. "Mr. Payton said they'd be here sometime after supper." He looked critically at me. "You remember where they were last year?"

"Yes, s… I mean, yes, Gunny."

His eyes twinkled when he smiled at my near slip.

I could hear him in my head, *"Don't call me sir, I work for a living."*

"They'll be at the same place," he said.

"Thank you very much," I said politely. "I guess we'll go see if they're here yet."

Susan nodded. "Okay. You two can be the official camp greeters."

I nodded.

"Have fun," she said.

With a wave, we turned to go. Susan and Gunny turned back to the paperwork and resumed their conversation.

"What was that about?" Gina asked when we were out of earshot.

"What was what about?"

"The 'young Mister Paul' and 'Miss Gina' thing. Mr. Kershaw's never called me *Miss* Gina before. What was that about?"

I blushed slightly and grinned. "I think it's 'cause you're with me."

"You're kidding, right?"

I shook my head, a little embarrassed. "No, I'm not."

"Okay," she said, clearly unconvinced.

I quickly explained a little about Gunny's background in the Marine Corps, and how he treated my father deferentially because Dad had been a naval officer. "So he's always treated me with respect," I said, "because that's just how you treat officers' families."

"Oh. Wow."

"Yeah. I know it's kinda weird, but it makes sense to me."

"If you say so."

I nodded. "And because you're with me, you get the same treatment. If that makes sense."

She hugged herself to my arm. "Yeah, I guess it does." Then she sighed contentedly and rubbed her cheek against my shoulder. "I'm already getting treated better because I'm your girlfriend," she said. I think she was only *half* teasing.

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina and I picked up our towels from the clubhouse, told our parents where we were going, and headed up the hill. We spread our towels out where Kendall's family set up their folding picnic table and then sat down.

While we waited, we mostly talked about generic teenager stuff. After the heavy conversation at the quarry, I don't think either of us was up for more serious discussion. So we kept things light and general.

The sun was just dipping below the opposite ridge when headlights flashed across us. We stood as the Winnebago pulled into the spot and Mr. Payton carefully maneuvered it next to the water and electrical hook-ups. He waved to us, called to someone behind him, then turned off the engine.

In a moment, the door burst open and an excited Kendall jumped out. When she saw us, she stopped and simply stood there. She already had her clothes off, and she looked incredible. I felt Gina react, too.

Kendall hadn't changed much—she was as statuesque as I remembered. Her hair was up in a ponytail, which made her look a little younger. She also had tan lines from a string bikini, two triangles which accentuated her large breasts and another triangle surrounding her pubic hair. She shuffled hesitantly, unsure of how we'd react to seeing her.

At some unseen signal, she and Gina rushed toward each other. They hugged like long-lost sisters. When they separated, Gina looked expectantly at me. I came up a little slower and looked to Gina for guidance. Kendall glanced at us nervously.

"Will you two just say hello and hug each other," Gina said with feigned exasperation.

The tension broken, Kendall almost flew into my arms. Her breasts pressed against my chest, and I actually found it was easier to hug her now that I was taller. When we separated, she grinned shyly and looked at Gina.

Gina smiled warmly and said, "We're glad you're here, Kendall. Aunt Susan sent us to greet you all. So, welcome to camp."

Kendall's father and mother came out of the camper next and I went to shake his hand. Drew was right behind them, taller than ever, and even more like his father. Even though he was a year younger than me, he was at least two inches taller and about twenty pounds heavier.

When I shook his hand, he gripped mine firmly. I guess it's a dominance game most guys play, so he

squeezed my hand. A strong grip is one of the most important things for a wrestler, and I knew mine was strong. Very strong. I returned his squeeze with one of my own. He ratcheted things up a notch, so I matched him. For a long moment, neither of us moved, each trying to crush the other's hand. He may have been bigger than me, but I knew I was stronger. With a final surge, I tightened my fingers and his face began to turn red. With a loud exhalation, he relented. I immediately relaxed my hand and he nodded respectfully. Like I said, it was a dominance game.

"Do you need any help getting your camper squared away, sir?" I asked Kendall's father.

"Sure, son," he said, surprised. "That'd be mighty nice of you." He turned to his son. "Drew, you two get on the back leveling jacks. Show him how they work."

"Yes, sir," Drew said. Then he grinned at me and we headed for the back of the RV.

As we went to work, Gina asked Kendall's mom, "Would you like some help setting up inside?"

With all six of us, the Winnebago was soon level, locked in place, and connected to the camp's utilities. Afterward, Adam and Melissa went down to the clubhouse. Drew politely asked me where he could find my sister and her friends. I only grinned a little as I told him they were probably up at the Jordan's cabin. With an infectious grin, he thanked me and jogged off. That left me alone with two of the most beautiful girls in the world. *How lucky can one guy be?* I asked myself.

Kendall took a long look at me and then turned to Gina.

"He looks incredible, doesn't he?" Gina asked.

Kendall merely blushed and nodded. When she glanced at me again, I gazed into her eyes, hoping to see the spark that had been there the year before. I think she was a little disappointed that Gina and I were obviously together, but she concealed it well. She was also a little shy at first. But as she and Gina talked, she gradually relaxed and became more open. By the time her parents returned, more than an hour later, the three of us were chatting like old friends.

I still had a ten o'clock curfew, so I discreetly looked at my watch and made eye contact with Gina. When my eyes flicked to my watch, she understood, so we stood to take our leave.

"It's great seeing you all," Kendall said. "I'm so happy for you. You make such a cute couple."

My face heated a little, but I nodded in thanks.

"I can't *wait* to spend the day with you tomorrow," Gina said to Kendall.

"Am I invited?" I asked. I tried to look forlorn, but they weren't buying it.

Kendall was clearly waiting for Gina to answer.

"You're such a goof," Gina said. "Of course you're invited." She rolled her eyes at Kendall and they shared a smile. Then Gina stepped forward and gave Kendall another long hug. Before they separated, she kissed the taller girl on the cheek. "I'm *so* glad you're here," she said.

There was an awkward moment when I didn't know if I should hug Kendall or not. Gina subtly pushed me forward and I spread my arms. I didn't hug Kendall as long as Gina had, but during the time I did, her body felt exquisite. I willed myself not to get an erection. It had been a long time since I'd had a sudden hard-on, but Kendall was certainly beautiful enough to cause one. She gave me a quick, sweet kiss on the cheek before pulling back. When she looked into my eyes, she seemed happy and sad at the same time.

Gina and I said our final goodbyes and walked toward her cabin. She thrust her arm through mine and for a minute or two, we walked in silence. Just before we got to her cabin, she turned to me.

"I really like Kendall," she said.

"Yeah. I like her too."

She nodded. "She likes you as well," she said softly. "I don't know how I can tell, though. Maybe I can see it in the way she looks at you."

I started to deny it, but decided to keep quiet.

"I know you two were really close last year," she said. "After I left."

I nodded. "We never did anything, though."

Gina nodded absently. "I don't think she'd do anything like that. Call it woman's intuition, or whatever, but I just don't think she would."

"You're right."

Suddenly, Gina looked at me intently. "But maybe she wanted to?"

"Maybe," I said cautiously.

"Paul?"

"Yes?"

"If I ask you a serious question, will you tell me the truth?"

Even though I was pretty sure I knew what the question was, I nodded. The *last* thing I wanted to do was answer the question, but I knew I had to.

"Do you like Kendall?"

I opened my mouth to speak, but she cut me off.

"I mean, do you like her as maybe *more* than just a friend?"

I wracked my brain, trying to find the most politic answer. "I *could*," I said carefully. I don't really know what I expected from Gina, but laughter wasn't it.

"Good answer," she said, still grinning. "But it's okay to say you like her."

I nodded slowly.

"And it's okay to say you like her body."

I don't know if Gina realized the depth of my feelings for Kendall or not, but she was certainly zeroing in on the truth. How did I feel about that? Scared. Nervous. Intrigued. And maybe a little excited.

"I think I like her," Gina said at last.

"Yeah. Me too. But it's not just her body."

She looked at me quizzically.

"I mean, her body's *great*, like a Playmate or something." I thought I might have gone overboard, so I quickly reigned in my enthusiasm. "You're like a Playmate too," I said. "Only more exotic, and a *lot* more fun."

"Good cover," she said sardonically.

I tried not to blush at being caught, but she merely grinned at me. "I mean, the thing that I really like about her is that she's smart. She's smart like you are. I'm a pretty bright guy," I said, "most of the time, but I'm not super smart like you two are."

"Don't sell yourself short," Gina said.

"Thanks, but you know what I mean."

She nodded.

"Jenny's got a great body, but I'm not really attracted to her. Does that make sense?"

"Yeah."

"I'm sure she's smart enough, but she doesn't… um… challenge me like you do."

"And like Kendall does?" she asked.

"Yeah," I admitted. "And like Kendall does."

"It's okay," Gina said. "She's smart, beautiful, and sexy." Then she playfully tapped her finger against her cheek. "I don't know how I can compete with that."

"Well," I said sincerely, knowing an opening when I was presented with one, "you're smart, beautiful, sexy, and…"

"And?" she asked, her eyes artfully wide.

"And I'm completely and totally in love with you."

She smiled from ear to ear and all was right in the world. Much to my relief, she didn't ask if I was in love with Kendall, too. What would I have answered if she had? I was thinking about that when Gina looped her arm through mine and we walked the rest of the way home. I kissed her goodnight and had to run to make it back to our cabin. According to my watch, I was eighteen seconds early.

No one was there!

Erin floated in about ten minutes later. No, she didn't walk, she floated. With a blissful smile, she kissed me on the cheek and flopped onto her bed. I climbed into my own bunk and listened to her sigh happily, several times.

I tried not to chuckle to myself, since I had happy thoughts of my own. They involved two beautiful

girls, both of them smart and sexy. One was short, dark, and lovely, and the other was tall and statuesque.

What had I gotten myself into? How deep did Gina's feelings for Kendall go? Was Kendall the kind of girl Gina looked at and got hot and bothered about? I had a sneaking suspicion that Kendall was *exactly* the kind of girl Gina would be attracted to. But that brought up another question. Could I handle two girls at once?

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Sunday morning, the Tharp family left after breakfast. They normally only stayed a week, so I didn't know the twins that well and wouldn't really miss them. The Nolans, Kevin and Leigh, and their two kids left as well. Jonathan Delozier was a little sad about his friend Alan's departure, but with so many other newly arrived younger kids, he had more than enough playmates.

And of course, the gang of four—what Gina and I jokingly called Erin, Leah, Trish, and Jill—were drawn to Drew Payton like moths to a flame. Drew seemed more than happy to wallow in the attention, but when I saw him checking out Erin's developing body, I had to suppress my protective big brother reaction.

Kendall came into the clubhouse after breakfast and joined Gina and me. Our parents were at a nearby table and I had no idea where Kara was. When Manfred and Jenny showed up from wherever they'd been, they came over to our table as well. Manfred nearly choked on his tongue when he saw Kendall sitting with us. When Jenny noticed his reaction, she became a little peeved.

Despite that, the two of them joined us. I tuned out the conversation and paid more attention to their reactions to Kendall. For his part, Manfred suddenly became shy and awkward. He stole furtive glances at Kendall and looked at me like I was insane. I knew what he was thinking. Only a year before, neither of us would've dared talk to the Goddess Kendall.

Jenny noticed Manfred's sudden change in behavior. First, she scowled at him. When he proved oblivious, she scowled at Kendall. I thought it was all pretty amusing until I noticed Kendall's expression. Observant as ever, Kendall had picked up on the same things I had, and she looked miserable. I guess it's hard to take when someone hates you simply because of your looks.

Finally, Jenny abruptly stood up and stared glacially at Manfred. He was simply preoccupied, not stupid, and leapt to his feet so quickly that he overturned his chair. With a chagrined expression, he picked it up and they hastily said their goodbyes. Jenny's was barely cordial.

So much for a pleasant morning, I thought. "Do you want me to say something to Manfred?" I asked Kendall.

She blinked to clear her incipient tears and then shook her head.

"I'm *so* sorry," Gina said.

"It's okay," Kendall said.

"It's *not* okay," Gina said hotly.

I shook my head, agreeing with Gina.

"Jenny's normally a really nice girl. I guess she just got jealous when Manfred turned into a mega-dork."

"It's okay," Kendall said. "I should be used to it by now."

"You should never get used to people being rude," Gina said. She reached forward, took Kendall's hand, and squeezed it gently.

Kendall smiled gratefully.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, until Kendall recovered her composure, then headed down the hill to the lake.

✧ ✧ ✧

For most of the morning, we simply lay by the lake and soaked up the sun. Manfred and Jenny were on the raft, so Gina, Kendall, and I were more than content to stay on the shore. While I *was* a little peeved at Manfred, I could understand why he'd reacted the way he had. Jenny's reaction was understandable too, even though it had been just as rude. Tolerance, however, is not acceptance. I didn't know what I was going to say, but I resolved to mention something to Manfred.

Later in the morning, when Gina wanted some suntan oil spread on her back, I volunteered. Since we were about thirty feet from the rest of the sunbathers (we'd wanted some privacy, so we could talk), I took my time and really rubbed the oil into her skin. I covered all the places that needed it, and even a few that

didn't.

After I finished with Gina, I took a gamble and turned to Kendall. "Are you next?" I asked.

She looked at me sharply and then turned to Gina.

Gina merely smiled and said, "It feels *great*. He's got nice strong hands. You'll *love* it, Kendall."

"O-okay." Kendall looked at me, her eyes full of questions.

I grinned wryly and moved between her and the rest of the people on the shore. With my back to them, no one would be able to see where my hands were. Before I did anything, however, I looked around to see if I could spot Kendall's parents. I certainly didn't want to get on her father's bad side. I liked him well enough, but he still scared me a little. I guess being wary of a big, burly cop is a survival trait, *especially* when you're about to rub suntan oil on his daughter. Luckily for me, her parents were nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, God, Paul," Gina said slowly. "That felt so good. I think I'm ready to fall asleep."

My chest swelled with pride. Kendall shot me another "what are you doing?!" look, but I shrugged it off and gazed at her expectantly. She rolled her eyes and flicked them toward Gina. I ignored her and dribbled a line of oil down the center of her back.

Once I started rubbing, Gina struck up a conversation with Kendall. It was mostly about mundane stuff, the goings on at camp and things like that. While they talked, I rubbed. I made sure not to touch anywhere I shouldn't have, but I did come close enough to her pussy to make her squirm a couple of times. I was doing it on purpose, and she knew it. Gina merely smiled each time Kendall flinched. I kept rubbing, seemingly oblivious, although I could tell that Kendall was beginning to enjoy herself. When she finally relaxed and sighed in pleasure, I grinned to myself.

As I rubbed, I studied her body. In addition to the triangles of whiter flesh on her breasts and around her pubic area, she had a much larger triangle across her buttocks. When I asked her about the tan lines, she explained that her family's back yard wasn't very private, and she had to sunbathe in a bikini. So she bought the skimpiest string bikini she could find and used it.

"Do you have to keep yourself trimmed?" Gina asked. She looked at me and smiled archly.

I started to blush.

"Trimmed?" Kendall asked.

Gina nodded. "You know." She flicked her eyes toward the other girl's waist. "Down there. Do you have to trim your bush so you can wear a skimpy bikini?"

Kendall almost choked.

I almost choked.

"I mean," Gina continued, "my pubic hair's real sparse, so I don't need to trim it." She looked at me and winked suggestively. Then she looked back at Kendall, who evidently hadn't noticed the byplay. "Not that yours is a wild mess or anything. So, do you have to keep it trimmed?" Gina asked with feigned innocence.

"Um… yeah," Kendall said. She hastily looked at me, trying to gauge my reaction.

I kept my expression mildly interested. She widened her eyes, pleading for me to intervene, but I merely grinned and shrugged.

"I was thinking of trimming mine," Gina said, looking directly at me. "You know," she said to Kendall, "to even it up and make it look better."

Kendall nodded.

"Do you think that would look good?"

"Um… yeah… I guess."

I watched the two girls with a sense of amusement and growing arousal. Gina *knew* I was excited by the idea of her shaving her pubic hair, and she was deliberately baiting me. When Kendall noticed my tumescent penis, she fixated on it. For a moment, I panicked. Then I took a deep breath, shook my head in wonder at Gina's antics, and returned to my lounger.

When Gina changed the subject, Kendall sighed in relief. Unfortunately, I nearly groaned, since Gina changed the subject to *me*. I wasn't surprised when Kendall commented on how much I'd changed. I *was* surprised when Gina began frankly discussing my body, and describing attributes she liked.

Sensing my discomfort, Kendall got into the game as a minor payback, and they started talking about

which parts they liked the most. I think they discussed everything but the size of my dick and the shape of my balls. Worse, I strongly suspected that they'd be the subject of a little "girl talk" later on!

✧ ✧ ✧

After lunch, Gina and Kendall wanted to float on the queen-size raft, so I inflated it for them. As I was monotonously blowing into it, I thought about what I wanted to do while they were by themselves. Before they climbed onto it, I pulled Gina aside.

"Hey, I was gonna talk to Susan this afternoon," I said. I had a couple of things I wanted to talk about, mostly about my relationship with Gina. But I also knew the chance existed for us to have sex. It probably sounds crazy, but in a way, I missed spending time with Susan. I wasn't necessarily *eager* to have sex with her, but I certainly wouldn't mind. So I wanted to talk to Gina before I simply went looking for Susan.

"Oh," Gina said. She sounded a little surprised.

"Yeah," I said smoothly. "I wanted to thank her for suggesting the glade. It was perfect."

She smiled brightly and nodded.

Time to bite the bullet, I thought. "And I kinda wanted to talk to her about some other stuff."

"Other stuff?"

I nodded. "Yeah, a lot of things."

She bit the inside of her lip. "About us?"

"Uh-huh. And other things. But yeah, about us too."

She didn't exactly panic, but she did look a little uncertain.

"I can't really explain it, but whenever I talk to Susan, I always feel better about whatever we talk about."

Gina nodded.

"I don't know what it is, though, because I end up doing most of the talking."

She nodded again.

"I just didn't want you to think I was going to see her to have sex," I said earnestly.

"I understand," she said. Then she looked around to see if anyone could overhear us.

Kendall had realized we were having a serious discussion, so she was sitting on the edge of the lake, dangling her legs in the cold water.

"Of all the women you've been with," Gina said, "Susan's the one I trust the most."

I nodded.

"I don't know why, but I know she'd never try to… um… I guess 'steal' isn't the right word, but I can't think of a better one. Anyway, I know she'd never try to steal you from me."

"She wouldn't."

"I know," she said. "That's why I trust her."

"But what if she wants to have sex with me?" I asked.

Gina looked taken aback and was silent for a long moment. "I hadn't really thought about that," she admitted. "Do you *want* to have sex with her?"

Instead of answering her, I waited for her to think it through.

"I guess that's not really a fair question," she said at last.

I shook my head. "If I say yes, I might hurt your feelings. But if I say no, how will you know I'm not lying to you?"

"Yeah," she said. "I understand. But I know you wouldn't lie to me."

"No, I wouldn't. But I wouldn't deliberately tell you something that'd hurt your feelings, either."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"So," I said. "What if she wants to have sex with me?"

"Um… I mean, I trust her and all, but… well… maybe you can just say no?"

"Okay," I said evenly.

Suddenly, she grew anxious. "Is that okay? That's not what you wanted me to say, is it?"

I smiled gently and stepped close to her. "Remember? It's not about what *I* want. It's about what *we*

want."

"Yeah," she said. "Sorry."

"And in this case, it's really about what you want."

She pondered that for a moment. Then she looked up at me and smiled thinly. "I guess it's the difference between talking about sharing you and *actually* sharing you."

"Mmm hmm."

"I don't know…"

"Even if she wants to," I said gently, "I'm not going to do anything."

She looked up quickly, her face a mixture of relief and apprehension.

"I mean, maybe the first time I do anything with another woman, if we decide that's *really* what we want to do, you should be there."

She nodded silently.

"I think that would work better. Then if you get upset or anything, we don't have to do it."

"You don't mind?" she asked.

I quickly shook my head. "Of course not." In reality, I *did* mind, but only a little. I'm ashamed to admit that I was looking forward to a deep throat blowjob from Susan. But none of my thoughts reached my expression. "If she wants to do anything," I said evenly, "I'll just explain it to her."

"Thanks."

I put my arms around Gina and kissed her forehead. "No thanks needed. It's not a favor I'm doing for you. It's something I'm doing because that's what couples do: they trust each other, they respect each other's desires, and they discuss things."

She put her arms around me and hugged me tight. "I love you *so* much," she said softly.

"And I love you."

"Thank you, Paul," she whispered.

"You're welcome."

✧ ✧ ✧

At Susan's house, I knocked on the kitchen door. She opened it a few moments later, smiling as she did. She wasn't wearing her bikini bottoms, and I had to consciously will myself not to become aroused when I saw her smooth pussy.

"Hi," she said. "C'mon in."

I stepped past her into the dry coolness of the kitchen. After the heat and humidity, it was a welcome relief.

"What brings you here?" she asked. "Why aren't you at the lake?"

"Gina and Kendall are by themselves, I'm not really in the mood to hang around with Manfred and Jenny, and I wanted to talk to you."

"Okay," she said. "Did you want to have a serious talk or just a friendly chat?"

"Maybe a little of both?"

She smiled and turned toward the living room. "Can I get you anything to drink?"

When I shook my head, she kept walking. We seated ourselves on the couch and she looked at me expectantly.

"Well, first off, thanks for recommending the glade," I said.

"I didn't really recommend anything," she said. "You figured it all out on your own."

"Yeah, but thanks for letting us go there."

"You're welcome. You had a good time?"

I started to blush when I saw her impish smile.

"Good," she said simply.

For a moment, I was silent. I knew what I wanted to say, more or less, but I didn't know where to begin. *Begin at the beginning,* I thought. I took a deep breath and then I told her, in really general terms, about our Friday picnic. I went into detail about the conversations Gina and I had had about relationships. She

listened intently and only interrupted when she wanted clarification.

After I finished talking about Friday, I told her about the relationship conversation we'd had at the quarry. She nodded approvingly when I told her my side of the discussion. Judging by her reactions, I think she already knew a lot more about Gina than I'd given her credit for.

When I mentioned that Gina liked girls, Susan merely nodded. She didn't look surprised, nor did she look shocked. I began to wonder just how much she talked with Gina's mom, and then I remembered something she'd once said. More correctly, something she'd *almost* said.

She knew Gina's *mother!* Another piece of the puzzle fell into place. Susan had been swinging with my parents and Gina's parents, so she must have known how Gina would act, based on how Elizabeth acted. Why hadn't I seen it before?

"Was that it?" Susan asked.

I realized I'd been woolgathering. "Um, no. Sorry." I quickly finished telling her about the conversation at the quarry.

She nodded. "That makes sense. But are you sure you're ready for a relationship like that?" she asked.

"Maybe. But I really don't know."

"It takes maturity to admit that," she said softly.

I felt a mixture of pride and embarrassment wash over me.

"It does," she said. "Most guys your age would've just said 'great!' and had sex with whomever they wanted to."

"Yeah."

She looked at me piercingly for a moment longer. "There's something else, isn't there?"

I nodded. "It's just that I don't know if Gina's ready for that kind of relationship either."

She nodded and gestured for me to explain.

I told her about the conversation from a half-hour before. Since it was fresher in my memory, I repeated it nearly word for word.

"It does sound like Gina's a little unsure herself. But you say she trusts me?"

I nodded.

"That makes sense." She paused for a moment to think.

"Why do you say that makes sense?" I asked.

She looked up suddenly. "Hmm?"

"Why does it make sense that Gina trusts you?" I asked.

"It makes sense because her mother and I talk to each other," she said. "A lot like your mother and I talk. Only, it's a little different between me and your mom. Because of you."

"Oh."

"And Gina's known about my involvement with her parents for a while now."

"How long?" I asked sharply.

"Oh, less than a year, for sure. It was after last summer."

That synched with what Gina had told me, so my momentary suspicion dissipated. But one thing was nagging at me. "How do you know it was after last summer that she found out?" I asked.

"I've talked to her mother since then," she said patiently.

"Oh. Yeah. That makes sense."

"But also, I wasn't involved with her parents before last summer."

I nodded absently, but then I thought about it. That didn't make sense. "But her parents have been swinging with mine since they first met. Right?"

She nodded, her eyes alight.

"And I saw you with them, the other night."

"Mmm hmm."

My mind frantically raced through the possibilities. "You mean you didn't know about the Coulters' swinging before last summer?" I asked.

"I didn't say that," she said, a smile in her voice.

I looked up suddenly.

"That's right," she said. "I knew about it, but I wasn't swinging with them before last summer."

"Why did things change last summer?" I asked.

She looked at me calmly.

What had been different about last summer? I wondered. Had something happened? Maybe the Coulters had asked her to join them? Had my parents? Why hadn't she been swinging before last summer? "You weren't swinging before last summer?" I asked. "At all?" Somehow, I found that hard to believe.

"I didn't say that either," she said, her eyes twinkling.

"So you *were* swinging before last summer?"

"Yes and no."

Yes and no? What kind of answer was that? "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I *had* been swinging before last summer, but not for a long time."

"Oh."

"Something happened last summer," she said musingly. "And I decided maybe I'd been by myself for too long."

"Oh. So what happened last summer?" It never occurred to me that she might want to keep it private.

She merely smiled benignly.

"What?" I asked, suddenly a little self-conscious.

"Sometimes you're so mature," she said, smiling. "And other times, you're… still struggling."

"What am I struggling about?" I asked a little petulantly.

"What do *you* think happened to change my mind last summer?"

"How should I know? I mean, I don't know everything that happened to you last summer. As a matter of fact, the only thing I *do* know about what you did last summer was—" My jaw dropped.

She grinned.

"You mean…?"

She cocked her head to the side and her expression invited me to continue.

"Me?" I asked, my mouth suddenly dry.

"Mmm hmm."

I worked my jaw a couple of times and then shut my mouth with a clomp.

"For a long time, I was alone."

"But you had Kirk and Doug," I said.

"Not alone like that," she said.

"Oh." My face and ears suddenly heated.

"Mmm hmm. I hadn't been with anyone, sexually, for a long time."

"Until me?" I croaked. Suddenly, it felt like I'd had a *huge* responsibility, and the magnitude of it hit me like a blow.

She nodded. "Until you."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "I was raising the boys. And after Jack was killed…"

"Oh," I said quickly. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to…"

"It's all right," she said. "I know you didn't mean any harm." She swallowed hard and took a deep breath. "After Jack was killed, your parents took care of me."

I didn't remember any of this. I had been much too young when her husband was shot down.

"My father helped too, but if it hadn't been for your mom, I would've just shut myself in my room and wasted away." She paused for a moment and stared off into space, remembering. Then she looked away for a moment before continuing. "The other squadron wives helped, but it was really your mom who saved me. Well, her and my children. I had to take care of the boys."

I nodded silently.

She blinked a few times to clear her eyes and then stared at her hands. "For about a year after Jack was killed, I didn't have sex at all. After that, I tried…" She looked preoccupied for a moment.

When she looked at me once more, I could see the pain of loss in her eyes.

"I tried to go back to the way things had been," she said. "Your dad helped a lot too, but things weren't the same. Whenever I was with your mom and dad—"

"Do you mean *with* with? As in…?" I mentally castigated myself for interrupting.

She nodded. "Anytime I was with your mom and dad, I couldn't help but think of Jack." She shrugged introspectively. "So I just stopped trying to recapture that part of my life."

"I'm so sorry," I said.

"It's all right," she said with a forced, sad smile. "It happened a long time ago."

"That doesn't make it any easier," I said.

She shook her head. "No, it doesn't." Then she took a deep breath and wiped the corners of her eyes. "So I was alone for a long time, until you came along. I don't know what it was about you. Maybe you reminded me of Jack…" She paused to clear her throat.

I suddenly felt the need to study my hands.

"Maybe you reminded me of Jack," she said, her voice unwavering. "Maybe you made me feel desirable again, or maybe… Well, I don't really know."

I looked up and nodded.

She took a deep breath and then smiled. Her smile was tinged with sadness, but it held a kernel of genuine happiness, and hope. "So I decided to get busy living, and you made it wonderful."

"I'm glad," I said.

"Thank you, Paul. That's one of the reasons you're so special to me. You… you made me feel alive again." She smiled affectionately and then continued. "So last summer, while you were busy with Gina, Stacy, and Kendall, I decided to try to get back into a lifestyle I used to enjoy very much. You and Stacy made me remember how much that part of my life meant to me. And I'll always love you for that." She looked at me fondly. "For that, and more."

I put my hand on her thigh and squeezed gently.

She set her hand on top of mine and took a deep, thoughtful breath. "Now," she said firmly, changing the subject, "back to the original topic."

I nodded. "Back to the original topic."

"It sounds like Gina might like the idea of sharing you with another girl," she said, "but she's still a bit afraid of the reality of it."

"That's what I figured," I said.

"And she probably doesn't like the idea of you being with another woman if she's not around."

I nodded.

"It seems like she's not very secure in her feelings yet."

"Yeah," I said.

"Give her time, Paul. In many ways, she's a lot less mature than you are."

"I know. But that doesn't make it any easier."

"Do you *want* to have sex with another woman?" Susan asked shrewdly.

I couldn't help but blush. "Yeah, maybe."

"With me?"

"Uh-huh."

She grinned.

"I was kinda looking forward to you taking me all the way into the back of your throat," I said.

"Maybe some other time," she said reasonably, "when Gina's more comfortable with your relationship. Was there anyone else?" she asked, her eyes twinkling.

"Um… yeah… maybe."

"Maybe a certain person whose initials are Kendall Payton?"

When I looked up, her grin was infectious, and I found myself grinning as well. "Yeah."

"Is Gina attracted to Kendall?"

I nodded with certainty.

"Does Gina trust Kendall?"

"I think so," I said. "She seems like she does."

"If you and Gina both want to have sex with another girl, you need to find someone you both trust. More for Gina than you."

"Why?"

"Because I think you have the capacity to separate love and sex. I don't know if Gina does yet."

"Oh," I said. "That makes sense."

"So it needs to be someone whom Gina trusts completely, and whom you trust not to take things too far if Gina can't handle seeing you with another girl. You know, someone who won't pursue you and make Gina jealous."

"Someone like you?" I asked.

She shook her head. At my dejected sigh, she grinned. "I was thinking of someone closer to your own age. Someone Gina trusts even more than me."

"Who?" I asked. "Kendall?"

"No," she said slowly.

"Who then? Gina wants to join us, so it'll have to be a girl who likes other girls. Stacy?"

"Does Gina trust Stacy?"

I nodded, but then shook my head. "Not enough, I don't think."

"Then who *does* she trust enough?"

"I dunno," I said sullenly.

"Oh, I think you do."

"Who?" When an answer wasn't immediately forthcoming, I thought about it for a minute. Finally, I looked up to find her smiling.

"The girl needs to be someone Gina trusts," she said.

I nodded.

"The girl needs to like other girls, too."

I nodded again.

"And she needs to be someone who isn't going to try to steal you from Gina if things don't work out," she said.

"Yeah."

"I can think of a girl who fits that description," she said, trying not to smirk.

"I can't," I said.

"Oh, I think you can. Perhaps a girl Gina's… um… very close to."

I looked at her blankly.

"A girl she's already had sex with?" When I still looked confused, she smiled and finally let me off the hook. "A girl like Kara."

I stared at her in growing shock. "Kara?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Hold on a second," I said suddenly. "How do you know about Gina and Kara?"

Her grin was insufferably smug. "I know all sorts of things," she said cryptically.

I wanted to smack myself in the forehead. "You talk to her mom," I said. Sometimes I have a knack for stating the obvious.

"Mmm hmm."

"How does Gina's mom know about her and her sister? Never mind," I said quickly. "That's beside the point. You think we should invite Kara to join us?" I asked incredulously.

"Perhaps. I think it's an option. You and Gina can discuss it."

I shook my head. "No way. I can't ask my girlfriend if her sister can have sex with us."

"Why not?" she asked.

"I just couldn't."

"That's not an answer," she scolded me gently.

"I just don't think I could do it."

"What if Gina likes the idea?"

I didn't have a good answer for that. Could I really ask her if Kara could join us? Did I even want to have sex with Kara? That answer to that question was easy: yes. But how would Gina feel about me having sex with her sister? Would she enjoy watching us, or would she be jealous?

Susan and I talked for a little while longer, but my mind was a million miles away. I was thinking about watching Gina and Kara sixty-nine while I had sex with one of them. It was all I could do to not get an erection. Finally, Susan politely mentioned that she needed to get back to her housecleaning. I absentmindedly said goodbye and headed back to the lake, lost in my own little world.

✧ ✧ ✧

The rest of the afternoon and evening, I was a little preoccupied. Gina, Kendall, and I played Scrabble in the clubhouse after dinner. Since my mind wasn't on the game, I had trouble even coming up with simple words. I think at one point, all I could come up with was "cat."

Clearly, my mind was on other things. Did I want to have sex with Gina and Kendall at the same time? Yes. Did I think Gina was ready to see me with Kendall? No. That meant I'd have to consider Susan's idea. But did I really want to ask Gina about having sex with her and her sister?

Yes.

No.

Yes, but I was afraid of her reaction.

Worse, all the thoughts about sex had me incredibly horny. After Kendall barely won the second game (Gina had won the first, by something like two points), Gina and I headed down to the lake for a "walk." Kendall politely declined to join us. I'm sure she could tell by the look in my eyes what I was really interested in, and it certainly wasn't walking.

Gina was a bit surprised by my eagerness, but she quickly got worked up. On the far shore of the lake, by the shallow end, I had her kneel in front of me. I came only a few minutes after she started sucking me, and I could tell she was a little disappointed. I didn't go soft, however, and quickly moved behind her.

As I was thrusting into her pussy and gripping her upturned hips, I wondered if Kara would look the same when I was fucking her. I immediately felt guilty for having the thought. I *tried* not to think of Kara while I was having sex with Gina, but the image was overpoweringly erotic. I imagined looking down and seeing Gina's face between Kara's legs, licking her sister's pussy.

I'd planned on coming in Gina's mouth, but I was so caught up in my fantasy that I erupted before I even had time to think about pulling out. I gripped her waist and shuddered in release, pouring myself into her tight pussy. When I finally regained my senses, I sat back and took a deep, ragged breath. What had I been thinking?!

Gina turned around and cleaned my shrinking penis, licking our combined juices from my shaft. My mind was warring between self-recriminations and images of Gina and Kara. Eventually, Gina had me cleaned off and knelt in front of me. She wrapped her arms around me and lifted her lips for a kiss. When I pulled back from the kiss, I looked down at her with surprise and a little chagrin.

"You didn't come," I said, somewhat bewildered.

She looked at me funny. "Yes I did, silly. I came right before you did. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yeah," I said. I hadn't even noticed.

What had I been thinking?!

✧ ✧ ✧

On Monday, Gina and Kendall joined me after breakfast. Manfred looked a little embarrassed, and Jenny practically dragged him toward the sand volleyball court a little later. She must have been on her period, because she was wearing a pair of bikini bottoms. I figured that Manfred's day probably wasn't going to get much better.

I shook my head in sympathy. I certainly knew how he was feeling. It hadn't been that long ago that *I'd*

had an unreasonably angry, hormonally charged girlfriend on my hands. I hoped he would survive.

After a while, the girls and I headed down to the lake and shamelessly monopolized the main raft. Once we'd comfortably ensconced ourselves on the warm canvas, we relaxed and enjoyed the sun. Unfortunately, the day was particularly hot, and the humidity was brutal. Every so often, one of us would slip into the water to cool off.

About an hour before lunch, we all rose at the same time, intending to take a quick dip in the coolness of the lake. The water was incredibly refreshing, and I found myself surreptitiously admiring the girls' floating breasts and cold-hardened nipples. Eventually, I hoisted myself back onto the raft before the girls and then enjoyed helping them climb up. I easily lifted each girl, and took the opportunity to appreciate their tanned, water-bejeweled bodies. Kendall's fading tan lines inevitably drew my eyes to her breasts and trimmed bush. I'm sure she noticed, but she didn't say anything.

"I sure hope Jenny gets in a better mood," I said when we all lay back down.

"Well," Gina said, "I know how I get before my period. Grouch, with a capital G."

I merely nodded.

Kendall gazed at me, undoubtedly looking for a reaction to the "girl stuff" turn the conversation had taken. When she realized I accepted it with equanimity, she said, "I don't get all that grouchy."

"You're lucky," Gina said.

"And so are the guys around you," I said, grinning.

Gina elbowed me in the ribs, but grinned as well.

"Yeah," Kendall said. "I *am* lucky, in one sense. But I do get really bad cramps."

Gina shook her head in commiseration. "My friend Lisa has bad cramps. Sometimes they're so bad she'll miss a day of school."

"It's not fun," Kendall said. "That's for sure."

Both girls shook their heads and were silent for a moment, so I decided to change the subject. "Do y'all wanna play volleyball after lunch?" I asked. "I'm sure we could get a game going."

Gina quickly shook her head. "Not in this heat. Why don't we see if anyone wants to play Marco Polo?"

I nodded, but Kendall was quiet.

"Um… I don't really know how to play," she said.

"You're kidding, right?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No one invited me before. I've seen you all play, but I never paid enough attention."

"You know," I said slowly, "you should've spoken up long before you did last summer."

"Yeah, you should've," Gina added.

"Well, you, Paul, and Manfred always seemed to be doing something by yourselves."

"That's 'cause we thought you were a lot older than us," I said.

Gina nodded. "And, well, we didn't know how nice you were."

"Thanks," Kendall said. "Most of the years before, I really hated coming to camp, because there was no one for me to talk to."

Gina and I nodded.

"This year," she said with a shy grin, "I couldn't wait to get here. I was really looking forward to seeing you two."

"And we're glad you're here, too," Gina said. "I know *I* was looking forward to you getting here. And maybe Paul was looking forward to it even more than I was," she said teasingly. "See? He's blushing."

They both grinned at me.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm glad you're here." I looked into her eyes and she started to tear up. "Hey, what's the matter?" I asked softly.

She blinked back the tears and smiled. "I'm just so happy I worked up the courage to talk to you two. You're the greatest friends in the world."

"Well," Gina said humbly, "I don't know about *that*, but we try."

"You're perfect," Kendall said. She wiped the corners of her eyes and sniffled, smiling happily.

"C'mon," I said a few minutes later. "Let's go get some lunch."

"You wanna eat with us?" Gina asked Kendall.

"Sure! I mean, yeah, that'd be nice. Lemme stop by the Winnie and tell my mom. Okay?"

"Okay," Gina and I chorused.

On the way up the hill, I quickly explained the rules of Marco Polo. "It's basically tag," I said.

Kendall nodded.

"Whoever's 'it' has to keep their eyes closed. When they call out 'Marco,' everyone else has to say 'Polo.' And no whispering or anything like that. You've gotta use your normal voice." I grinned at Gina. "Or, if you're a long way away from whoever's 'it,' you can yell, just to taunt them."

"Like *someone* I know," Gina said acerbically.

I grinned unrepentantly and continued. "If you're 'it,' you've got to swim around and try to tag someone. Everyone else has to stay in the water, though. Although," I said with a sideways glance at Gina, "you can crouch on the edge of the lake and keep your fingers in the water."

"*Also* like someone I know," she said.

"Some people," I said loftily, "just aren't familiar with the subtleties of the game." I looked down my nose at Gina. "Now, I'm not going to say *who*, but I will tell you that she's short, has black hair, and is very cute."

Kendall grinned at us both.

"And *some* people," Gina said, "who shall also remain nameless, but whose muscles have obviously turned his brain to mush, like to cheat at a game as simple as Marco Polo and then hide behind nonsense like 'the subtleties of the game.'"

"I am *not* cheating," I said testily.

"Are too," Gina replied with an insufferable grin.

We'd had this discussion a couple of times, and she liked teasing me. She did the same things I did, but I was just better at the game than she was. I knew she didn't really mind, but she did like teasing me.

"Excuse me," I said to Kendall. Before Gina could escape, I scooped her into my arms and then draped her over my shoulder. I turned back to Kendall, who was looking at me in surprise. "Go tell your mom you're gonna have lunch with us." Gina started squirming, so I gave her a playful swat on her upturned bottom. "Are PB&J sandwiches okay?" I asked Kendall.

Her eyes glittered as she smiled and nodded.

"Paul, put me down!" Gina said tersely.

I affected surprise and turned around. "Did you hear something, Kendall?" I asked in feigned bewilderment. I turned the other direction quickly, causing Gina to groan. "I could *swear* I heard someone say something."

Kendall covered her mouth with her hand and giggled.

Gina squirmed again. "Paul!"

I shrugged expressively. "Oh well," I said. "I dunno. It sounded like Gina, but I don't see her. I'm sure I'll find her sooner or later." I gave Gina another playful swat and she shrieked. "We'll see you in a few minutes," I said to Kendall.

With that, I turned toward the clubhouse. At the small cement porch, I set Gina down. Before she could upbraid me, I pulled her close and kissed her soundly.

"You're not gonna get out of the doghouse that easily," she said archly.

No one was in sight, so I kissed her again, pulling her body against mine.

"No fair," she said breathlessly, a few moments later.

"All's fair in love and war."

"And which is this?"

"Love," I said insouciantly. I kissed her again and she eagerly responded.

"You fight dirty," she said when we broke the kiss. She licked her lips, her eyes still closed.

"And you *like* it that way."

"Mmmmm." She opened her eyes and stared into mine.

"I love you," I said.

"I love you too." This time, she playfully swatted *me* on the behind. "Now, let's go make lunch."

I nodded and then opened the door for her.

✧ ✧ ✧

We had an enjoyable but exhausting game of Marco Polo that afternoon, with almost all the teenagers, a few of the older "young kids," and even some of the dads. Kendall picked up the game easily, and had a lot of fun. Manfred and Jenny even got into the mix, and seemed to loosen up around Kendall.

Later that evening, Gina wanted some time alone with me. Kendall nodded in understanding and headed up to her camper. About dusk, Gina and I walked down to the lake and then turned onto the nature walk by the spillway. The clearing was deserted when we got there.

"This place doesn't really hold a lot of good memories," Gina said. "I thought we should maybe make some new ones."

"What did you have in mind?" *As if I didn't know.*

She tilted her head up and I kissed her.

After a few minutes of slow kisses, we sat on one of the benches.

"I'm sure I can think of something," she said, her voice low and sultry. She bent to my lap and sucked my semi-hard penis into her mouth.

I put my hand on the back of her head as she started slowly bobbing up and down. With her right hand, she cupped my balls and gently kneaded them. Her lips on my shaft felt incredibly good, and it was all I could do not to come too quickly.

A couple of times, she pulled off my dick and rubbed it over her face, spreading my pre-come and her saliva on her cheeks and chin. She seemed to enjoy the feeling of my manhood against her skin as much as I enjoyed having it there. I don't know why, but it was incredibly arousing whenever she rubbed me against her smooth cheeks.

She started sucking again, and a few minutes later, I sensed my orgasm approaching. Gina felt me begin to tense up, so she took me as far back into her throat as she could and then started dragging her taut lips along my length. It wasn't long before I was ready to explode.

With a groan, I gripped her head and erupted. After she swallowed my come, I pulled her up to sit in my lap. We started kissing and I fondled her breasts, gently pulling and teasing her nipples. For fifteen long, delicious minutes, we slowly fooled around, our passion mounting.

When I reached between her legs, I found her very wet and very hot. She reached for my resurgent erection, but I shook my head and grinned. I gently prodded her to her feet and then stood as well. When I bent her over the bench, she quickly got the idea.

I entered her from behind and she groaned. Once I'd seated myself in her tight pussy, I gripped her waist and ground my pelvis against her. She groaned again as I began thrusting. Then I captured a dangling breast in each hand and rolled her nipples between thumb and forefinger.

I took my time, thrusting into her slowly and completely burying myself within her steamy depths. Whenever I felt my orgasm approaching, I slowed my pace or stopped thrusting entirely. Her legs began to quiver, so I moved one hand down her stomach and played with her clit. Almost immediately, she groaned and started trembling, her climax imminent.

When she came, I lodged myself deep inside her, gripping her hips as she bucked against me. As her orgasm slowly subsided, I began thrusting again. It wasn't long before I was ready to come as well, so I increased my pace.

"Come in my mouth," she said abruptly.

I looked up in confusion, a fog of lust clouding my thoughts. "What?"

"Come in my mouth," she said urgently. "I want you to come in my mouth."

Without waiting for my answer, she pulled off my cock and turned around. As soon as she sat on the bench, her lips locked around my slippery member. I stepped toward her and put one foot on the wood of the bench seat. She eagerly licked her juices from my cock as she sucked me.

Then I put my hands on the back of her head and held her in place while I thrust my hips. She put her hands on my hips to guide my pace as I fucked her mouth. When she moaned in ecstasy, the vibration set me off. With a grunt, I blasted a huge jet of semen over her tongue. She swallowed quickly, but the next spurt was close behind. I closed my eyes and arched my back, shooting my sperm into her willing mouth.

When I finally looked down and released my grip on her head, she pulled back. Shiny tracks of my come ran down the sides of her chin, and she had a few pearly drops on her firm breasts. She quickly cleaned the crown of my dick and then started wiping the escaped liquid from her skin. After she'd sucked her fingers clean, she looked up at me and smiled.

"Thank you *very* much," she said.

"Um… my pleasure."

"Mmmmm, yes." She reached out and recaptured my shrinking member. With a happy sigh, she started suckling as it slowly deflated.

I leaned heavily on my propped-up leg and enjoyed the sensations as she tongued and gently sucked me. *Good memories indeed,* I thought.

✧ ✧ ✧

A while later, we were cuddling on the bench. The night was still hot and humid, but I didn't mind as long as Gina was tucked next to me. I *was* looking forward to a late-night swim before heading up the hill for my curfew, however. *One more day,* I thought, *and then I'll be back to my normal midnight curfew. I* always *come up with a punishment that's too severe!*

Gina was idly running her finger over my thighs, occasionally circling the tip of my limp penis. We were mostly quiet, enjoying the sounds of the spillway stream and the crickets. Occasionally, she would kiss my chest and sigh gently. I liked having her next to me. It somehow felt *right*.

"I really like Kendall," Gina said softly, breaking our comfortable silence.

"Mmm hmm. Me too."

"No," she said. "You don't understand. I really *like* Kendall."

I'd suspected as much. At first, I wondered how Gina could suddenly be attracted to Kendall, but then I started putting things together. I replayed scenes of Gina and Kendall together, scenes from the past two days. And then it occurred to me that Gina had had a lot longer to think about this than I realized. Like mine, her feelings for Kendall had probably been simmering for the past year. So it made sense that she'd be attracted to Kendall. But I didn't want to make it seem like *I* was eager to have sex with Kendall, so I acted surprised. "Oh. You mean…?"

She nodded. "Yeah. Like that."

"Oh."

"And she's got it really bad for you," she said. "But she's trying not to show it. I guess that's what really cinched it for me. You know?"

I nodded silently.

"I think she's in love with you. I've seen the way she looks at you when she thinks I'm not looking. But she really doesn't want me to know, because she likes me, and she probably doesn't want to hurt my feelings."

"She's like that," I said. "She really does like you. She also respects you. And she respects our relationship."

"Mmm hmm." She laughed softly. "You should've seen her face yesterday when she saw your hard-on after you rubbed oil on her."

"It wasn't really a hard-on," I said defensively.

"It was hard enough."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. But it's 'cause you were talking about trimming your pubic hair."

"Mmm, maybe. It was also because you had your hands on her slippery body."

I remained mute.

"That's okay," she said. "I liked watching you do it. Only, I kinda wished it was me."

"I rubbed you before I rubbed her," I said. "Oh, you mean *you* wanted to rub oil on her."

"Yeah. I mean, I don't really wanna touch every girl I see," she said quickly. "It's just that her body's so different." She laughed ruefully. "And you're right, smart *is* sexy. Jenny's a nice girl, when she's not being bitchy before her period, but she's not smart like Kendall."

"You're not attracted to Jenny?"

She shook her head. "For the same reasons you're not. Although talking to Kendall made me realize why. I mean, it's not like Jenny's exactly ugly. She could be a model or something, like her mom was. I thought you were lying when you said you weren't attracted to her."

I shook my head.

"I know you wouldn't lie to me, but I thought you might've been fibbing a little, to protect my feelings. But when I look at Jenny, I see just another girl. I don't get… um… tingly inside, I guess I'd call it."

"It's different with Kendall, isn't it?" I asked gently.

"Yeah, it is. And I didn't know why until I talked to her, yesterday and then today. It's like you said, she challenges me. She makes me think." She laughed again, low and short. "You were right about that. As usual." She kissed my chest again and took a deep breath.

I hugged her tight and she sighed happily.

"Um…," she said hesitantly.

I could feel the tension building within her.

"Do you think… maybe… I mean… we don't have to if you don't want to, but…"

"Yes?" I asked patiently.

"Could we maybe try it with Kendall?" she asked tentatively.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

She nodded. "I really want to. And I think she likes you enough that she'd have sex with you. I mean, I'm pretty sure she's in love with you. And God, I would *love* to watch you have sex with her."

I nodded to myself. I was pretty sure Kendall would have sex with me too, *if* I weren't involved with Gina. Since Gina and I were together, would she still be interested? Would she share me with Gina? For that matter, was *Gina* ready to share me? "Well," I said hesitantly, "there's something we might need to talk about first."

She sat up anxiously. "What? You know I love you. I'll do anything you want me to."

I quickly nodded and pulled her close again.

Instead of snuggling under my arm, she scooted next to me and looked up fearfully.

I decided to bite the bullet. I didn't know if I would bring up Susan's idea of Kara joining us, but I knew we needed to address the issue of another girl before we even talked about Kendall in particular. "Are you sure you're ready to see me with another girl?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. If you want me to, I mean."

"See, that's just it," I said soothingly. "This time, it's not about me. It's about you. It's not what *I* want, it's what you want. And it's about what you're ready for."

"You don't think I'm ready?" she asked, tears in her voice.

I shook my head. "I think you *want* to be ready. I think it excites you to imagine seeing me with another girl. But are you *really* ready? Think about it before you answer," I admonished her gently. "Don't tell me what you think I want to hear. Think about it and tell me what you honestly feel."

She dutifully thought about it, for a lot longer than I initially thought she would have.

I could feel the turmoil within her.

"I want to be," she said at last. "But I also get a little scared when I think of you with another girl."

"Uh-huh."

She sniffled and wiped her eyes. "I guess I think, 'what if she's prettier than me?' or 'what if she's better than me?'"

I turned toward her and looked at her earnestly. Then I took her hands in mine. "Do you remember one of the first times we were together, when we were on your porch? I told you that you were beautiful, and you asked me what I liked best about you?"

She shrugged and then sniffled.

"I kinda used it as a cheap excuse to feel you up," I said. That made her grin, so I continued. "But I touched each part of you and said something like, 'I could say I liked your breasts' or 'I could say it's your legs.' Stuff like that."

"Oh yeah," she said warmly. "I remember that." She sighed pleasantly at the memory.

"Do you remember what I said I liked best?"

She nodded. "You said I was beautiful on the inside too."

"Mmm hmm. What makes you special, what makes me love you, isn't what your body looks like, and it's not whether or not you're 'good enough' when we have sex. You're great, by the way."

She grinned bashfully.

"What makes me love you is *who you are*, on the inside. It's your brains *and* your body, and how you make me feel with both. It's the way you take care of me and try to make me happy. It's the way you fix me PB&J sandwiches, and you make sure to spread just as much peanut butter as I like, but not too much."

She grinned again.

"I know that sounds silly, but it's little things like that. It's a *lot* of little things like that. *Those* are the things I love about you, that make you so special. It doesn't have to do with just how good the sex is, or just how beautiful your body is," I said sincerely. "So you don't have to worry about losing me because of some other girl."

She looked like she wanted to believe me, but she was still a little unsure.

I decided to go for broke. I needed to convince her that she meant something to me, that what we had was more than physical. I didn't need to do it because I wanted to have sex with Kendall or Kara, either. I needed to do it for *her*, for Gina. She needed to know I loved her unconditionally, and I always would. "I want you to think about something," I said.

She nodded pensively.

"I love you. You know that, right?"

She nodded again, with more certainty.

Did I really want to go through with what I was about to do? I decided I probably needed to. "When you first got to camp," I said, "and then you… um… how did you put it? When you had your 'weeklong lapse of sanity,' I still had sex with Stacy. You knew that, right?"

"Yes," she said heavily.

"Stacy's got a great body, you said so yourself."

"Uh-huh."

"And she's…" *Do I* really *want to say this? I mean* really *really? I guess I need to,* I thought. "She's… well, she's…" I took a deep breath. "How do I put this delicately? Well," I said honestly, "I enjoy having sex with her." I could feel the tension coursing through Gina's shoulders. "But despite that," I said quickly, and with conviction, "I'd rather be with you. If had to choose, right now, between you or Stacy, I'd choose you without a second thought."

She smiled nervously.

"I mean it. I'm *that* serious about it. I wouldn't even think twice about the choice. And you know I'd never hurt you by talking about sex with someone else, but you need to know. What you're afraid of, it's already happened, and you've got nothing to worry about."

She thought about that for a second.

"I've already had sex with another girl, while I still thought of you as my girlfriend, more or less."

"Uh-huh."

"And the week before last, I was feeling a *lot* less in love with you than I am now. Even then, when I was with Stacy, I knew you were the girl I wanted. I was in love with you, but I was with another girl. I didn't think it was possible, but now I'm even more in love with you. I *know* I can have sex with another girl and still love you. I know that no other girl is going to break us up—no beautiful body or great sex will ever come between us—because what we have is so much more than that. Does that make sense?"

She nodded slowly.

I could see that she still had a lot to think about, but at least she was *thinking* about it instead of getting angry. "Here's something else to think about. We'll have to discuss it sooner or later, so it might as well be now."

When she looked up, her eyes were full of unshed tears. But she had a determined look on her face.

"I could easily fall in love with Kendall." *There,* I thought. *I said it.* "But before you get worried, think about this." When she nodded, I continued. "I was in love with Amy, too. In a way, I still am. But just like with Stacy, if I had to choose between you or Amy, right now, I'd choose you without hesitation."

She looked relieved and worried at the same time.

"So you see, I've already faced the choice I might have to make with Kendall. I loved Amy, but I wanted to be with you. I could fall in love with Kendall, but I know I'll want to be with you. I've already decided what I want, *who* I want, and it's you."

"How do you *know*, though? How can you be so sure?"

"Do you love me?" I asked.

She nodded quickly, her face a mask of confusion at the abrupt question.

"How do you know?"

"I… I just know," she said quietly.

"It's the same with me. I just know. I just know that you're who I want. I may have sex with other girls, *we* may have sex with other girls, but I know I love you. How do I know? How can I be so sure? I don't know, really. But I know I *do* know. I know I *am* sure. Just like you're sure you love me."

We were silent for several long, agonizing minutes. I could see her working through what I'd said. I could *feel* her working through what I'd said. Time drew out like a knife, and I focused on each of her facial expressions and physical reactions. I willed myself to relax, but it was no use. Had I said too much? Had I shocked her too badly? What if she got angry about me mentioning Stacy? Or Amy? What if she…?

"I guess it makes sense," she said. "I trust you." She paused and then nodded. "I love you, and I know you love me, but I'm still afraid. I want to see you with another girl. I want to share you with another girl. It gets me really excited. But it also scares me."

"I know," I said gently. "I knew yesterday afternoon."

"How?" she asked.

I shrugged. "I had an inkling about it, but when I talked to Susan, she said the same thing."

"She did?"

"Mmm hmm. She's a pretty smart woman," I said.

"Yeah. Mom likes her a lot too."

"Mmm hmm. She knew you might *want* to have another girl join us, but you might not be ready for it. Not yet."

She nodded.

"She… um…" *Do I really want to go through with this? Could I really mention Kara?* "She had a suggestion," I said without inflection.

Gina looked up hopefully.

"She said that if we both want to have sex with another girl, we need to find someone we both trust. More for you than for me," I said.

She nodded. "Yeah, that makes sense."

"She said we need to find a girl whom you trust completely. A girl who won't take things too far and keep going if you can't… um… if you can't handle things."

"Yeah," she said, relief evident in her voice.

"And we need to find a girl who won't try to steal me away from you. A girl you'd *trust* not to try to break us up."

She nodded intently.

"We should probably also choose a girl who likes other girls," I said at last. "So you can see what it's like to be with me and another girl at the same time."

"Yeah," she said longingly.

"So we need to find a girl we both trust, who won't try to steal me away from you, and who likes girls," I said. Then I waited smugly for the inevitable series of questions she'd ask before she figured it out. I'm ashamed to say I was feeling so superior that I was almost preening.

"Kara," she said flatly.

When I heard her tone, my smugness vanished and I began to panic. What if I'd been right after all and she got angry? What if…?

"She's perfect!"

Huh? Did she just say what I think she said?

"Susan's brilliant!"

"You like the idea?" I asked, somewhat flabbergasted.

"Of *course* I like it. It's perfect. I know Kara would never in a million years try to steal you away." Then she self-consciously fidgeted for a moment. "And I know she likes girls."

I nodded.

"And she's been going nuts listening to me talk about you and how you're a fantastic lover."

"You think I'm a—"

"She hasn't had sex with a guy since before we got here, so she's ready to explode. God, whenever I tell her about you, or your dick, or what you do to me, she almost drools."

I couldn't believe Gina's enthusiasm (or the level of detail she shared with Kara). I was speechless.

"She's *perfect!* Oh, my God, I can't wait to ask her."

"You really wanna ask Kara to join us?" I asked, trying to remain calm. *What have I unleashed?* I thought.

"Oh, yes. I can't wait to see you with her. I can't wait to lick your come out of her pussy. Oh, my God! I can't wait for *her* to lick your come out of *my* pussy." She practically bounced up and down as she hugged my arm. "When can we ask her?"

"Um… right now, if you want," I said, still in shock.

To my surprise, she shook her head. Then she reached for my flaccid penis and started stroking it. "Right now," she said, "I want you to kiss me." Her lips met mine and she pressed her body against me. When she pulled back, she sighed, deep in her chest. "And after you're done kissing me, I want you to fuck me silly."

Who was I to argue?

CHAPTER TWENTY

The next morning, Gina practically bounced down the hill while I was still doing my morning workout.

"She said yes, she said yes!" she gushed before I'd even stopped jumping rope.

The night before, she had planned to talk to Kara after I dropped her off at her cabin. We'd decided to do it that way, since it was nearly ten o'clock by the time we dragged ourselves up the hill from the lake. And I do mean dragged. When we left the clearing on the nature walk, we were both exhausted.

"Cool," I said, trying to appear nonchalant.

Then she grew serious. "But she said we can't do it today."

"Oh?"

She shook her head. "We had a long talk about it, last night. She really wants to, but she said we should wait a day, just to make sure nobody gets cold feet or anything."

"Yeah, that's probably a good idea."

"I'm not gonna get cold feet. I just know it."

That's good, I thought, *because the idea of having sex with Gina and her sister was* really *turning me on.* But I didn't think it would be a good idea to show too much enthusiasm, so I merely smiled and coiled my jump rope.

"I wish I could come take a shower with you," she said suddenly.

I chuckled. "I don't think my parents are ready for that just yet."

"Yeah, I don't think my mom would let us shower at our cabin either."

Just then, Mom and Dad walked onto the porch together.

"Good morning, Gina," Mom said cheerfully.

"Good morning, Beth. Good morning, David," Gina said.

"Mornin', Gina," my dad said, equally cheerfully.

Why are they in such a good mood? I wondered. I shrugged it off. There could be any number of reasons, but I was pretty sure I knew which one it was. I smiled to myself and put the rope with my weights. "Is Erin in the shower?" I asked.

Mom shook her head. "She's brushing her hair. It's all yours."

I nodded.

"Breakfast in thirty minutes," she said.

"Okay, Mom. We'll be down."

No sooner had my parents started down the hill than Erin burst from the cabin. She waved hello to us and then ran up the hill toward Gina's cabin. Gina and I grinned at each other when we heard her yell out to Leah.

"It looks like your cabin's suddenly deserted," Gina said with a smirk. "And the shower is free."

"It looks that way," I said.

"Do you want some company?"

"Of course!"

I got the water adjusted while Gina pinned up her hair. She didn't want to get it wet, because then her mother would know she'd showered with me. At this point, our parents obviously knew we were having sex, but our unspoken agreement was to be discreet about it. While I stood with my back to the showerhead—blocking the water from dousing Gina—she lathered a washcloth and lovingly washed me.

"I really like how much you've changed," she said as she washed my chest. "You looked good before, but now you're… um… harder."

I flexed my pecs and she jumped in surprise.

"Wow, cool." She looked into my eyes and grinned. "I like how I can see your muscles." She traced the lines under my pecs with her fingers. Then she moved them down my right side.

I lifted my arms slightly, clenched my fists, and flared my lats. I'd seen body builders do it, and I'd

practiced in the mirror until I could imitate them. My pecs filled out, and I could feel my traps contracting at the same time.

When my chest puffed up again, she jumped in surprise. "I didn't even know there were muscles there," she said, gently feeling along my side.

I relaxed and nodded. "When I started wrestling, I discovered muscles I never knew I had."

She grinned. "But it's not fair," she said with an affected pout.

"What?"

"When my body changed," she said, posing for effect, "I was all worried and insecure."

"And?"

"And when your body changed, you became more confident or something."

I shook my head. "Not really," I said. "It's taken me a while to realize how much I've changed. I mean, I'm not the pudgy kid I used to be."

"You were never pudgy," she said quickly. "You were just… softer."

"Softer, pudgy, whatever. The point is, I've changed, but it was so gradual that I didn't really notice it."

She nodded. "Even if I didn't already love you, I'd be drooling over you. You're seriously sexy. Speaking of which…"

When she reached for my flaccid penis, I easily fended her off. "Oh, no. Not this morning."

She pouted. "Why not?"

"First," I said, as I quickly rinsed and then started to wash her, "we don't have time. We need to get down to breakfast before one of our parents comes looking for us."

She reluctantly nodded.

"Second, I'm a little worn out from last night."

"I'm not."

"That's beside the point. I *am*. It's not a marathon, we don't have to have as much sex as we can, all the time." I gently washed her breasts and stomach, then moved down over her thighs.

"Yeah, you're probably right."

"I *know* I'm right. Sometimes it's nice to take your time and let the tension build."

She nodded, then turned for me to wash her arms, back, and butt.

"And third," I said, pulling her under the water to rinse, "we don't have to have sex for me to know you love me. You can just say it, or look at me and touch my hand, and I'll know."

She nodded, suitably chastised.

I shut off the water and she reached for the towels. We had about ten minutes before breakfast would be on the table. She simply wrapped the towel around her torso and tucked the loose end between her breasts.

I wanted to show off a little, so I decided to shave. I felt so grown-up as she leaned against the door and silently watched me lather my face and then scrape off the half-dozen hairs that had sprouted since the last time I shaved. There were more than six hairs, of course, but not *many* more.

Afterward, we hung up our towels and walked down to the clubhouse hand in hand. My father had decided to fix banana pancakes, so our families ate together. Gina sat on one side of me and Kara sat on the other. Kara grinned as soon as she saw me, and there was a weird, almost electric feeling between the three of us.

I didn't think there'd be *any* cold feet amongst the three of us. No sir, no cold feet here!

✧ ✧ ✧

"Where do you think we can… um… get together?" Gina asked after breakfast.

Kara was with her, but the rest of our families were already heading down the hill.

"I dunno," I said with a shrug. In my mind, I went through the list of sites I'd considered for The Big Day. (I'd started mentally referring to the previous Friday's picnic with Gina as The Big Day.)

The girls could see I was actively thinking about it, so they remained quiet.

"I think I've got an idea," I said, "but I wanna ask Susan about it."

Kara grinned wryly.

"What?" I asked.

"You never call her 'Aunt' Susan anymore," she said.

I blushed. "No, I guess I don't. I don't really remember when I stopped, either."

"I bet I know when you did," Kara said.

"I bet you don't," I countered, thinking there was *no* way Susan had shared details *that* intimate with Elizabeth, no matter how close they were.

"Last summer, silly," Gina said.

"Oh," I said, blushing. "Yeah, probably." I cleared my throat and tried to regain my composure. "But I'll ask Susan about someplace for us to… um…"

"Someplace for the Coulter sisters to suck you dry?" Kara asked.

I groaned inwardly and stared at her. "You're as bad as she is," I said accusingly, pointing a finger at Gina.

Kara shook her head. "Not really." Then she grinned mischievously. "I'm worse. And I'm far, *far* hornier than she is. Especially since it's been a month since I've had sex with a guy."

When she playfully reached for my penis, I leapt back, frantically looking around to see if anyone had seen us. "You said we'd do it tomorrow." I looked to Gina for a reprieve, but she grinned mischievously and seemed to be having as much fun as Kara.

"I'm rethinking my suggestion," Kara said.

"Whoa, stop," I said. "I'm going to go talk to Susan. I'll meet you two at the lake."

I turned on my heels and almost bolted from the clubhouse. Behind me, the two of them giggled like schoolgirls.

✧ ✧ ✧

"I'll do you one better," Susan said when I asked her about using Mr. Kestrel's house. She hadn't seemed surprised when I told her what we wanted to use the house for.

"Oh?"

She smiled ironically. "I'll pay you."

"Huh?" She'd pay me?! She'd pay me to have sex with Gina and Kara?!

"I need someone to clean Uncle Bernie's house. I don't yet know what I'm going to do with it, but it needs a good cleaning."

I explosively let out my held breath.

She grinned unapologetically.

Judging by her smirk, I could tell she knew what I'd been thinking. *She was teasing me*, I thought.

She nodded, as if reading my mind. "I'll pay you each ten dollars to clean the house, and after you're done, you can use the place for whatever you want, for the rest of the afternoon."

"You don't have to pay us," I said. "We'll clean it for free. I mean, it's the least we can do, since you're letting us use it."

"Are you sure?" she asked skeptically.

I nodded. "Yeah. It wouldn't feel right to actually take money for something I'd normally do for free."

"But what about the girls?"

I considered that for a moment. "I think they'd say the same thing. I don't know as much about Kara as I do about Gina, but knowing what I do about their mom, I think they'd say the same thing."

"I think you're right," she said. Then she leaned toward me. "I didn't think you'd take the money, but I thought I'd offer."

"So it was a test?"

"Not really. I was being polite. But if it were a test, you'd've passed with flying colors."

"Thanks."

"One thing I want you to understand, though," she said seriously.

I nodded soberly.

"I don't want you to think you can use Uncle Bernie's house anytime you want to get together with a

girl."

I quickly shook my head.

"This is obviously a special occasion. Otherwise, you're a resourceful young man, and there are literally thousands of acres for you to explore and, ahem, take advantage of."

I felt like saying "yes, ma'am."

"I need his house cleaned, and you're three willing cleaners." She smiled at me and her eyes twinkled smugly. "You're willing cleaners *with* an agenda, but I know you'll do a good job."

"We will."

She nodded. "I know you will." Then she turned businesslike. "You should go up there today and turn down the thermostat, so the air conditioner cools the house."

"Yeah, good idea."

She smiled indulgently. "You should also clean and fill the ice trays, and make sure you turn up the temperature on the water heater."

"The water heater? What do we need that for?"

"Well, you'll need hot water to clean, and…" Her eyes twinkled. "And the house *does* have a rather large shower in the master bath."

"Oh," I said suddenly. "*Oh!*"

"Mmm hmm."

"What should I set it to?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, 140 degrees should be fine. Bernie's house has well water, and it tends to be colder."

I nodded. "Thanks for the advice."

"You're welcome." When I started to get up, she put a hand on my arm. "Paul?"

"Yeah?"

She paused for a moment and looked at me seriously.

I thought I detected a shadow of longing pass over her expression.

"When you and Gina have a better understanding of your relationship," she asked, "could you…?"

"Could I stop by and see you sometime?" I asked, finishing her thought.

She nodded. "I… I miss you. I didn't think I'd miss you this much," she said frankly, "but I do."

"Do you want it to be just me? Or me and Gina?"

"Whichever you're both comfortable with," she said.

I raised my arm and gestured for her to come closer. When she looked into my eyes and saw that I was serious, she moved toward me. I put my arm around her and she gratefully hugged me. It felt good to have her body next to mine, even though my promise to Gina meant that nothing else would happen.

Hugs certainly don't need approval, I thought.

"Sometimes," she said softly, "I just miss the human contact."

I nodded silently.

"With the boys gone, I don't get many hugs."

"What about with mom and dad? Or the Coulters?" I asked.

She shrugged. "It's different." She idly rubbed her hand across my chest and then rested it on my thigh. "I don't know why, but I think I miss this more than I miss the sex."

"I'm free for hugs anytime," I said, trying to keep the mood from turning maudlin.

She squeezed me. "Thanks."

"And I'll talk to Gina. I think she'd be comfortable with us, the three of us, but I'll ask her." I thought about what I'd just said and then snorted softly. "This is weird."

"What?"

"I just never thought I'd be having a semi-casual conversation about having sex with two women."

"Well," she said playfully, "you *are* a man in demand."

I laughed. "Something like that." I squeezed her shoulder and she sighed contentedly. It felt good to hold her, and I know she enjoyed it.

We sat like that for ten or fifteen minutes, neither of us feeling the particular need to speak. With a soft

laugh, I thought about how much my life had changed in little more than a year.

✧ ✧ ✧

Before lunch, I told Gina and Kara about the plans for Mr. Kestrel's house. Gina was a little disappointed that we had to clean the place first, but Kara pointed out that with the three of us, it shouldn't take long.

I also told Mom about our plans. (Well, I told her about our plans to help Susan by cleaning Mr. Kestrel's house. I didn't mention anything else, and she didn't ask.) Dad had to leave for a trip the next day, so he and Mom would have to drive to Columbia. She said she'd get Elizabeth to keep an eye on Erin.

Jenny seemed to have retracted her claws somewhat, so she and Manfred joined Gina, Kendall, Kara, and me as we lounged in the hot sun. The day was once again sweltering—and oppressively humid—so we periodically jumped into the lake to cool off. Jenny treated Kendall diffidently, but wasn't outright rude. Kendall bore it in stride, but she and Gina shared several meaningful looks.

After lunch, we more or less returned to our lounge chairs. When all the girls got up to take a swim, Manfred got up to go with them. As they turned away, I motioned for him to stay. He looked at me curiously, but hung back when the girls dived into the water.

"What's up, Little Man?" he asked.

"Sit down for a sec, Manfred," I said, beginning with a line my father used on me all the time.

"Sure."

"Listen," I said. "Kendall's a nice girl."

"I'll say!"

"I'm serious, Manfred."

He looked into my eyes and saw exactly *how* serious I was. "Sorry, man," he said.

"Yeah, no problem. She's a nice girl, though. She's a regular girl, just like Gina and Jenny."

"Only she's built like a goddess," he said.

"Only she's built like a goddess," I agreed. "But Gina and Jenny are really pretty too."

He nodded.

"Anyway, Kendall's a regular girl, with regular feelings. She may be built like a goddess, but that doesn't mean she doesn't notice when you act like an idiot arou—"

"I do *not* act like an idiot around her!" he squawked.

I leveled my eyes at him and didn't say anything, another trick I'd picked up from Dad.

"Okay," he said guiltily, "maybe I was a *little* dorky."

"Yeah, you were. But I understand."

"Cool," he said.

I wanted to appeal to him to change his behavior for Kendall's sake, but a better idea occurred to me. I stared at him, my expression grave. "Jenny, however," I said heavily, "isn't so understanding."

"What d'you mean?"

"Don't you pay attention to your girlfriend?" I asked, trying to keep my exasperation in check.

"Huh?"

"You think Jenny doesn't notice it when you get all googly-eyed whenever Kendall's around?"

"No," he said stubbornly.

"Think again, Stick," I said, using his nickname to take some of the edge off what I was saying. "She notices, and it pisses her off."

"So?"

"Manfred," I said, pausing for effect. "D'you *really* think it doesn't matter that she notices you staring at Kendall?" I asked reasonably. "D'you *really* think it doesn't matter that she gets pissed off?"

"So? Dude, it's not like I'm putting the moves on Kendall."

"Manfred, you know how you worry about why Jenny likes you?" I asked sharply.

He looked at me like I'd smacked him in the forehead.

"You know how you constantly panic when you think she might not really like you? Or when you think

about what would happen if she started liking someone else?"

His jaw dropped.

From his expression, I could tell he'd had *just* those thoughts. And I could tell it shocked him that I knew it, because we'd certainly never talked about it.

He simply stared at me, too stunned to speak.

"Jenny thinks the same thing, man," I said gently. "She worries about losing you, and it probably scares her when she sees you looking at Kendall the way you do." *Not to mention how it makes* Kendall *feel when Jenny glowers at her,* I thought. "Scared girlfriends tend to become angry girlfriends." I waited to let that sink in. "And angry girlfriends don't want to have sex with their boyfriends." *That* got his attention.

"How do you *know* all this?" he asked, finally finding his voice.

"I just do. Trust me."

He nodded mutely, still dumbfounded.

"So when you're around Kendall and you turn into mega-dork," I said, borrowing a phrase from Gina, "Jenny notices. She may not *look* like she's scared, but she probably is. And when she looks like she's angry, she's definitely angry. An angry girlfriend seriously impairs your love life, man. You know?"

He closed his mouth and nodded.

"Besides," I said with a wry grin, "Kendall's not interested in you, so give it up, Stick."

He looked up sharply and then realized I was joking. "How do *you* know, dude?" he asked defensively, trying to salvage some of his dignity with a humorous challenge.

"Because," I said impishly, "she's got the hots for *me*." With an insouciant grin, I stood. "Now," I said, "let's join the girls. It'll give us a chance to show our girlfriends how important they are."

He seemed a little confused, but followed my lead when I headed for the lake.

I don't know why, but I felt a minor sense of accomplishment when Manfred was *very* attentive to Jenny for the rest of the afternoon, even when Kendall was around. For her part, Jenny noticed and appreciated the attention. Since she was still on her period, I knew she and Manfred weren't going to have much of an opportunity to do anything, but I caught them looking longingly at each other several times. When they finally decided to "go for a walk" about mid-afternoon, Manfred smiled gratefully at me. I surreptitiously made a shooing motion with my hand and smiled at him.

"What was *that* about?" Gina asked when they'd gone.

"Oh," I said evasively, "I gave Manfred some advice, and he seemed to take it to heart."

"Thanks," Kendall said gratefully.

"For what?" I asked. I guess I was still trying to downplay things.

"For telling him to pay attention to Jenny instead of me," she said.

Gina looked at me sharply. When I didn't deny it, she smiled warmly.

"Well," I said. "I told him you weren't interested in him. Instead, I told him…"

Kendall arched an eyebrow.

I grinned. "I told him you were after me." I almost laughed at the expression of horror which crossed her face.

She frantically looked at Gina, studying her for any sign of shock or outrage.

I silently prayed that Gina would use the opportunity to reassure Kendall. When I looked at Gina, she was still smiling, and she even winked at Kendall before she turned her gaze to me. When she shook her head in amazement at my brazen statement, I smiled gratefully.

Then I folded my arms in front of me, lay my head on them, and closed my eyes. When I opened them a little later, I looked at Kendall. She had her eyes closed, but her lips quirked up in a smile.

I'm such a lucky guy, I thought to myself.

✧ ✧ ✧

After lunch, Gina and I walked to Mr. Kestrel's house to prepare it for the following day. Susan had given me the keys to the house, and I tossed them as we walked. I guess that's one of the few downsides of being a nudist—no pockets to carry things in.

When we opened the kitchen door, a blast of hot air washed over us. I knew where the thermostat in Susan's house was—in the hallway leading to her bedroom—so I immediately headed toward where it should be in Mr. Kestrel's mirror-image house. By now, Susan's house had become so familiar that I was struck by how eerie it was to walk through a house where everything felt backward.

Nonetheless, I turned the thermostat down to a cool seventy-two degrees and then went to find the water heater. We heard the air conditioner start as we walked into the hall bathroom. The laundry closet held the large water tank off to one side, and I studied it, looking for the thermostat. When I located the dial, I turned it to the temperature Susan recommended and then shut the bi-fold doors.

"How do you know to do all this stuff?" Gina asked.

"Susan told me."

"Oh."

I thought about bringing up the subject of Gina and me joining Susan, but decided to let it wait until a better time. If Gina wasn't able to handle seeing me with another girl, she certainly wouldn't want me to have sex with Susan. And I didn't want Gina to feel bad about "denying" me something I wanted. If she couldn't handle it, I'd deal with it at the time. I figured there was no sense making trouble for myself, so I let the question remain unasked.

In the kitchen, Gina and I filled the ice cube trays with water and put them in the freezer. It was pretty warm, so I turned its thermostat down as well. Then we took a quick tour of the mostly empty house. After we'd moved out all the furniture and boxes, there was still some left over stuff. It was mostly empty boxes, loose papers, and broken bits of Mr. Kestrel's life. In a way, it was kind of sad to see all the stuff just lying there.

Aside from picking up the detritus left over from the move, the house really just needed a good scrubbing, dusting, and vacuuming. Gina didn't think it would take us more than two hours to get everything done. I didn't know a thing about housecleaning, so I trusted her judgment.

Even though the air conditioner was running, it was still hotter inside than it was outside, so we made sure all the windows were shut and then locked the kitchen door as we left. Before we passed the waist-high courtyard wall, Gina turned and grinned coquettishly. Her eyes flicked to the courtyard shower and she arched an eyebrow.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Oh," she mused. "I was just thinking…"

"Mmm hmm?"

"Since we didn't get a chance to fool around in the shower this morning…," she said, leaving the rest hanging.

"You were thinking we could fool around in the shower here?"

"I'm so glad you asked," she said, gushing effusively.

It was all an act, but I grinned anyway. I set the house keys on top of the low wall and pulled her toward me. In the heat of the house, we'd both gotten a little sweaty, but she still felt wonderful against me. In the heat and humidity of the sultry afternoon, a cold shower would feel really nice. A cold shower with Gina would feel even better.

As I turned on the water, she sank to her knees and took me into her mouth. The cold of the water was shocking, but I paid it little attention. After she sucked me to hardness, I stood her up and had her bend over in front of me. Her breasts swayed as I pounded into her, and with a loud groan, I filled her with come. My erection didn't shrink, so I fucked her slowly while I played with her clit. She tensed up soon after, and I felt her pussy grip me as her orgasm peaked. By the time we turned off the water, our skin was shriveled but we were both sated.

✧ ✧ ✧

When we got back to camp, Gina talked to her parents about cleaning Mr. Kestrel's house. They thought it was very nice of us to offer to do the work. Of course, we didn't tell them about our other plans for the coming afternoon.

We also found out about movie night. Bill (the older guy with the movie projector) had brought several movies with him, and would be showing two of them on Friday night. He had a kids' movie and an adult movie.

Since my dad was leaving the next day, my parents and Gina's parents were having a little party at Susan's house, with Dwight and Karen Delozier, and Stan and Terri Dunbar. Kara had promised to keep an eye on Leah and Erin, so Gina and I would basically have the night to ourselves—with Kendall, of course.

After we said goodbye to her parents, we walked down the hill to my cabin. To our surprise, we found our younger sisters. They were sitting on the couch, sullenly fuming.

"What's the matter with you two?" I asked, looking over the morose faces of the two girls.

"Boys," Erin said curtly.

Gina and I shared a concerned look and sat down in the easy chairs across from the couch.

"Is everything okay?" I asked, suddenly fearing the worst about Drew.

Through a little cajoling, Gina and I dragged the story out of them. Trish and Jill, being fourteen, had basically monopolized Drew's attentions, to the exclusion of the younger girls. Of course, Erin and Leah didn't think it was fair that he paid so much attention to the older girls. Especially when Jill got a little high and mighty about how he liked her and Trish, and not the younger girls.

"It's not fair," Leah said. "Just because Trish has boobs and she lets him play with them." For a moment, she seemed to forget I was sitting there. "I mean, so they're bigger than ours?" She looked at Erin. "So what?"

"And did you see the way Jill spread her legs any time he was looking at her?" Erin asked Leah, equally surly.

"Yeah." Then she looked at me challengingly. "What *is* it about boys and boobs?" she asked. "Why can't they like small ones too?"

I looked at Gina uncertainly.

She put her hand on mine, grinned cautiously, and nodded.

"Well," I said slowly, "some guys *do* like small boobs."

"Not any boys I know," Leah said.

"You'll get yours," Gina said soothingly.

"Yeah, right," Leah said.

Erin nodded dejectedly.

"Do you remember when I got mine?" Gina asked.

"No."

Gina looked at me and grinned shyly. Then she turned to her sister. "I was fourteen before they started growing."

"But how do I know *I'll* get 'em too?" Leah asked. "I mean, just because you and Kara got yours."

"Yeah," Erin chimed in. "I don't even *have* a sister to compare mine to."

"Well," Gina said to Erin, "yours will look like your mom's."

Erin's eyes lit up at that.

Gina turned to Leah. "And yours will look like Mom's, Kara's, and mine."

"How do you know?" Leah whined.

"Think about it, Leah. We all look the same, more or less. Do you really think you're not gonna develop?"

Leah huffed.

"You'll get yours," Erin said reassuringly.

"Besides," I added, "you don't want any guy who likes you only for your boobs."

Gina nodded.

I thought back to something Erin had told me, and decided to stroke Leah's ego a little. "I think you're cute just the way you are," I said.

"You do?" Leah asked suddenly.

"Yep. Even when Gina was your age, I thought she was beautiful. She's even more beautiful now."

"Because she's got boobs," Leah said.

I shook my head. "Yours are…" I swallowed hard. "Yours are fine. They're really cute." It felt completely weird talking about my girlfriend's younger sister's breasts, but Leah seemed to need the reassurance. Besides, her breasts *were* cute, in a thirteen-year-old sort of way.

"What about mine?" Erin asked.

I cleared my throat. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Gina grinning at the predicament I'd gotten myself into. "Um… yours are nice too." I couldn't believe I'd just complimented my little sister on her breasts!

"You really like 'em?" Leah asked suddenly, sticking her chest out slightly.

Gina was trying not to laugh at my discomfort.

Erin saw what Leah was doing and stuck *her* chest out as well.

I cleared my throat again, wishing my mouth hadn't gone suddenly dry. "Yeah, I think they're very cute. Yours too, Er."

The younger girls beamed.

"Are they as nice as Gina's?" Leah asked slyly.

"Oh, no," Gina said to Leah. "Not so fast. You know the rules. They're the same for you as they are for me and Kara."

Leah's face sank. "Yeah," she said contritely. "Sorry."

Gina squeezed my hand. "It's okay," she said to her sister.

"Listen," I said. "Any guy who doesn't think you two are beautiful is crazy. You're both really cute girls."

"Thanks, Paul," Leah said.

Erin's eyes merely glittered as she smiled gratefully.

"So forget about Drew," Gina said. "If he doesn't know a good thing when he sees it, you don't need him anyway."

Leah looked at Erin and they both shrugged.

Gina and I got up to leave after that. As soon as we were down the stairs, the girls resumed talking about Drew, Jill, and Trish. They were *not* being very charitable.

"Were you like that when you were her age?" I asked Gina, still reeling over the weirdness of the conversation.

She nodded.

"I can't believe I just had a conversation with your sister and *my* sister about 'how good their boobs look.'" I made a strangled expression and Gina laughed.

"Why not?" she asked.

I shrugged. "I dunno. It just seemed weird."

"You did the right thing," she said. "When I was her age, I'd've given *anything* to have a cute guy notice me."

"Really?"

She nodded. "I was so afraid I'd never develop, that I'd never be pretty like Kara and my mom."

"Girls really worry about stuff like that?"

"Sure," she said candidly.

"Why?"

She looked at me sidelong. "What's the *first* thing you noticed about me, last year?"

I blushed.

"Uh-huh," she said slowly. "Boobs're about the first thing guys notice."

"Did you ever want me to notice you?" I asked tentatively.

She stopped walking and turned to me. Then she took my hands in her own and gazed at me earnestly. "Until last summer, I thought you were just like Manfred. You were my friend, but I never looked at you in *that way*."

"Oh," I said, a little dejected.

"But then you changed. I didn't know what it was at the time, but you suddenly got a lot more interesting."

I nodded.

"It was like you started taking 'sexy vitamins' or something."

"Sexy vitamins?" I asked, smiling nervously.

"Yeah. I can't explain it. But I suddenly noticed you, and you were different. You were… I dunno… you were cooler. You didn't talk all the time whenever you were around me. And when you looked at me, God, sometimes I'd feel like I was gonna melt." She grinned and rolled her eyes. Then she shrugged. "I dunno, you just got really sexy all of a sudden."

"Oh."

She grinned shyly. "Did you really think I was beautiful? Even before I got my breasts?"

I nodded quickly. "I think I've had a crush on you since the first day we met."

She suddenly stood on tiptoe and kissed me full on the lips. "You say the sweetest things," she said when she pulled back.

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The rest of the afternoon was mostly uneventful. Once I realized what was going on, I paid more attention to Drew, Trish, and Jill. I also noticed that Jessica Jordan was wearing a pair of bikini bottoms. I figured that Jill probably wasn't far from her period either, so Drew might just be out of luck. Trish and Jill flirted with him outrageously, though I saw flashes of anger from Jill a couple of times. She covered them quickly, but they were still there. Like Jenny a few days before, Jill was apparently testy before her period started.

Erin and Leah didn't come down from our cabin, however. I guess they needed to sulk a little more. A while later, Kara stood, saying she was going to her family's cabin to get a new book. Gina talked to her before she went, and Kara quietly promised to check on the younger girls.

After dinner, Gina, Kendall, and I walked down to the lake. I swam out to the raft and pushed it toward the shore. Even with dusk approaching, it was still hot and humid, so the girls decided to swim out to the raft. I was blithely kicking along, pushing the raft ahead of me, when I felt it rock. In a moment, the girls poked their heads over the edge and grinned at me. I hoisted myself out of the water and stood over them, dripping.

The three of us sat in a small circle and talked for a while. I wasn't surprised at how much Kendall had managed to pick up about the unfolding drama involving her brother. She did laugh ruefully about how little of her book she'd managed to read. With all the goings on, she paid more attention to people than to what she'd been reading.

We talked until almost ten o'clock—it was the final night of my early curfew—and then walked up the hill. They wanted to talk some more, so I kissed Gina goodnight, hugged Kendall, and left them on the Coulters' porch. I didn't want to go, but it was the last night I'd have to come home early. I didn't want to screw things up by coming home late.

I passed Leah on the way down the hill. I said hello to her, but she merely giggled and ran toward her cabin. Erin was also in a better mood when I walked into the cabin, but she didn't say anything to me. I wasn't really tired, so I picked up the Flannery O'Connor book and read until I was sleepy.

When I climbed into bed, I lay awake for a long time. I didn't know how things would go at Mr. Kestrel's house, but I certainly hoped to have fun. If not, I didn't think I'd be disappointed. Well, maybe not much. All right, I'd be disappointed, but I'd survive. Wouldn't I?

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Gina came down the hill the next morning to watch me work out. I don't know how interesting it could be, watching me do biceps curls and bent-over rows, but she seemed to enjoy herself. I worked up a good sweat jumping rope, and I kind of enjoyed showing off.

Even I could notice the subtle changes in my body. I kept adding weight to my curling bar, and I could

lift more on the dumbbells than I had before the summer began. I think I was even getting bigger, instead of losing weight. Before, I would have worried about getting heavier, but I knew the added weight was muscle.

I still needed to watch what I ate, though. I didn't want to move up to the light end of the 185-pound weight class. I liked the advantage being at the top of the 167-pound bracket gave me. And judging by the way Gina looked at me as I wiped down with a towel, she certainly seemed to like the added muscle. I grinned to myself and invited her inside while I took a shower.

When I emerged from the shower, Gina, Erin, and Mom were talking. Dad was waiting for the bathroom, so I stepped aside to let him get into the shower. Leah came down a few minutes later, and Mom invited her in. When she and Erin looked at each other, they both giggled and blushed. I wondered what was going on, but didn't think about it too much.

Because Dad had an early flight from Columbia to Atlanta, he and Mom had to leave right after breakfast. I knew they'd probably skip eating, in order to have some time alone, so Gina and I offered to take Erin and Leah down to the clubhouse for breakfast. Mom smiled appreciatively and kissed my cheek.

Then the four of us headed down the hill. As we were leaving, I noticed my mom stepping into the bathroom to join my dad. I smiled to myself and reached for Gina's hand. She twined her fingers through mine and blew me a kiss.

After breakfast, Erin and I, and the Coulter family, walked up the hill to see my parents off. Gina and I had made a few extra egg sandwiches for them to take with them, and they were very appreciative. My mom had dropped my dad off for trips enough that she didn't get upset when he had to leave, but I could tell she'd miss him. And unless I missed my guess, she was smiling like a very well-fucked woman. I know it was kind of weird to think of my mom in terms like that, but I'd come to know the look, and I smiled to myself at the thought.

Elizabeth said she'd look after us until Mom got back later that afternoon, and I assured Dad that I'd take care of Mom and Erin until he returned. With that, he hugged Erin and then shook my hand. Then he donned his ball cap, put on his sunglasses, and got into the car with Mom. We waved as they drove off.

As soon as our families started walking down the hill, Gina and Kara gave me the same smoldering look. I felt a stirring in my loins, but willed myself not to get an erection.

"No cold feet?" I asked rhetorically.

Both girls shook their heads.

"Okay," I said. "When d'you wanna… um… start cleaning?"

"The sooner, the better," said Kara with an unapologetic leer.

Since we knew we'd have so much stuff to take over to Mr. Kestrel's, Kara had asked to borrow her parents' car.

"Okay," Kara said, taking charge. She looked at Gina. "You go make sandwiches for lunch."

Gina nodded.

"Paul and I," Kara continued, "will take the car and drive to Susan's house. We'll load the cleaning supplies and then meet you at the clubhouse."

Gina nodded again.

I grinned at how smoothly Kara planned things.

Gina kissed me on the cheek, smiled, and headed down the hill. Kara and I practically raced up the hill toward the Coulter cabin. A minute later, I was sitting in the front seat of the Coulters' station wagon as Kara drove toward Susan's house. When we got there, Susan was sitting at the wrought iron table, reading the newspaper and drinking a glass of orange juice. She looked up as we entered, then laughed brightly.

"You're certainly eager this morning," she said.

"We wanted to get the house cleaned before the heat of the day," Kara said reasonably.

"Oh?" Susan arched an eyebrow skeptically.

If it weren't for Kara's dark complexion, I'm sure I would've seen her blush.

"Is that all?" Susan asked.

"Well…," Kara said, nervously shifting from foot to foot.

I marveled at how Kara—who usually acted with such confidence and aplomb—was so easily affected by

Susan's teasing. All of a sudden, I didn't feel so bad about being flummoxed whenever Susan teased me.

"Well," Susan said with mock seriousness. "A woman has needs."

Kara looked up and grinned gratefully. Then she nodded, and the two women shared a knowing look.

While Susan and Kara assembled everything we'd need to clean the house, I loaded Susan's canister vacuum into the station wagon. Then I took out a bucket, mop, and broom. When I returned to the house, the women handed me a laundry basket full of towels, rags, and sheets. Last, I carried out a basket full of cleaning supplies, clean bath towels, soap, shampoo, and skin lotion.

I briefly wondered what the bathroom supplies were for, but when Susan grinned at me indulgently, I figured it out before I actually asked the question. As I loaded a stepstool into the back of the station wagon, Kara impulsively hugged the older woman. When we got back into the car, Kara was grinning from ear to ear. We picked up Gina at the clubhouse, told Elizabeth we were going, and were on our way.

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At Mr. Kestrel's house, Gina put our lunch in the refrigerator, Kara grabbed the bucket, mop, and broom, while I hauled in the heavy vacuum cleaner. The day was already shaping up to be another miserable, sweltering day, but it was nice and cool inside. In one more trip, we had the rest of the baskets and cleaning equipment inside.

With a sigh of relief, we shut the door on the oppressive heat outside. Then we worked out a plan of attack. I would clean the majority of the cobwebs and be responsible for bugs or anything "icky." Gina and Kara would clean the windows, bathrooms, mirrors, and anything else that needed it. While they were doing that, I would dust and then vacuum the whole house. We'd save the kitchen for last, and once it was clean, we'd have lunch and then move on to the real reason we were all here.

Things started out normally, but I decided to have fun with the girls. They both seemed to be very eager to finish cleaning, but I could tell that Gina was almost as horny as Kara. *No sir, no cold feet here,* I thought.

While Gina was cleaning the large sliding glass doors in the master bedroom, I took the broom and brushed cobwebs from the corners, near the ceiling. When I moved close to her, I casually brushed my hand across her ass. She didn't react, so I let my fingers wander between her cheeks. She grinned over her shoulder when I gently rubbed her labia. Just as she was starting to get into it, I pulled back and chuckled. She pouted, but went back to work when she realized I wasn't going to keep playing with her.

When I cleaned the middle bedroom, the one that had been Mr. Kestrel's office, I did the same thing to Kara. She almost jumped when I first touched her, but quickly warmed up as I caressed her pussy. She protested a little louder when I moved on, but I didn't give in.

Once I had swept away all the cobwebs, I cleaned off the broom and grabbed a rag and some Pledge. I dusted my way through the house until I encountered the first girl, Kara. By now, I had a full-blown hard-on, and she stared at it hungrily.

"Not until we finish," I admonished her.

She started to pout, but I licked my finger, reached between her legs, and ran it over her moist slit. She groaned when I gently circled her clit. I didn't tease her long, however, since I didn't want her to get too worked up.

"You're evil," she said. Even though she'd said it playfully, there was still a little heat behind the statement.

I nodded with a grin and moved to the next room.

I found Gina cleaning the hall bathroom and quickly pinned her against the counter. I kissed her deeply, grinding my hips and rubbing my erection against her. I felt her nipple harden when I cupped her left breast, and she moaned deep in her chest.

By the time I'd finished dusting, both girls were incredibly worked up. Whenever I reached for either of their pussies, I found them practically dripping. A couple of times, Kara tried to drop to her knees in front of me, but I stopped her.

When I started vacuuming the master bedroom, Gina quickly found me. Without preamble, she tugged

my head down for a kiss. With one hand, she pulled me against her. With the other, she gripped my rock-hard shaft. Just as she dropped to her knees in front of me, Kara entered the room. I shut off the vacuum cleaner while she grimaced.

"No fair," she said heavily. "You're cheating."

Gina pulled my dick out of her mouth and looked over her shoulder.

"But if you're gonna cheat," Kara said quickly, "lemme cheat too."

In a flash, she was on her knees beside her sister, and I was staring down at heaven. While Gina sucked my balls, Kara took me into her mouth. I could immediately tell that she'd had more experience than Gina. She sucked gently, but used her tongue and lips to create friction. The effect was indescribable.

I watched as they switched a few times, one girl licking and sucking my balls while the other took my shaft into her mouth. Once, they both licked up the sides of my manhood, each tonguing the glans when they reached the end.

Unfortunately for them, I was still in a teasing mood. When I pulled back, they groaned in unison. I grinned unrepentantly.

"We still need to finish cleaning," I said with feigned sternness.

They moaned again.

"I need to finish this vacuuming."

"So do *we*," Kara said, with feigned petulance.

I merely grinned as I helped them to their feet. They grumbled, but we got back to work. For my part, I was having a blast. I got to work with two gorgeous girls, feel them up and play with their bodies, and they were both eager for my dick. What more could a guy want?

Well, I thought seriously, *what more could a* shallow, horny *guy want?* I knew we were here for a serious reason—to make sure Gina could handle seeing me with another girl—but I was having fun. I was entitled to be shallow and horny every once in a while, wasn't I?

✧ ✧ ✧

By the time we started to clean the kitchen, I was ready to explode. Judging by the lustful looks directed my way, they were too. While we worked, there were a *lot* of "accidental" touches, which I thoroughly enjoyed. I think we cleaned the kitchen in record time.

"While the floor is drying," I suggested, after Kara finished mopping, "why don't we spread out one of the sheets. We can eat lunch later."

I didn't have to make the suggestion twice. While the girls laid out the sheet, I stood by, my erection throbbing gently in anticipation. The fabric in the center of the sheet was still settling to the floor when they looked at me hungrily.

In my head, I had imagined how this event would play out, but I was completely unprepared for the feelings I was having. For a moment, I felt guilty about wanting to have sex with Kara. I know Gina wanted to see me with another girl—and who was safer than her sister?—but I unexpectedly felt a little uneasy now that the time had arrived.

Upon seeing the expression on my face, Gina asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I half lied. "Why don't we just slow things down a little, though," I suggested.

Her brow creased in confusion.

I sat down and crossed my legs. I know I must have been a funny sight, with my erection sticking up from my lap, but I didn't really care how funny I looked. "We've been in overdrive all morning," I said slowly. "And it's mostly my fault, but I don't want to rush things."

"He's right, Gina," Kara said softly. "This is important. It shouldn't be a mad dash to orgasm."

I nodded.

"But…," Gina protested feebly.

"We're not on a schedule," I said, gently but firmly.

When she looked like she was going to pout, I leaned forward and grasped her hand. I pulled her toward me and guided her onto her back. She reluctantly lay down, and I stretched out beside her, my erection

resting comfortably on her hip. When my hard-on contacted her hot skin, I felt a surge of desire, but with an effort of will, I refused to rush things.

I started kissing Gina, and she soon responded, her lips hungrily pressing against my own. I lightly ran my fingertips over her soft belly, careful not to tickle her, but taking my time and teasing her with feather-light caresses. She started moaning into my mouth and I moved my hand up to cover her breast. The nipple hardened against my palm as I massaged in slow circles.

"I love you," I said softly, when I broke the kiss.

"I love you too," she breathed. "I love you so much. Thank you for doing this for me."

I nodded. "Are you ready for Kara to join us?"

To my surprise, she actually hesitated for a moment. True enough, she and Kara had already been sucking my dick together, but this was a bigger decision. If she said yes, things would go much further than a simple blowjob. If she said yes, Kara and I would most likely end up having sex. She considered it for several long, drawn-out seconds. Then she looked deep into my eyes. What she saw there was my unconditional love for her. She smiled warmly, without a trace of nervousness, then nodded.

As if on cue, Kara stretched out next to her sister. Gina's eyes moved from me to Kara and then back again. I felt something akin to an electric charge when I reached out and put my hand on Kara's breast. She arched her back, pressing her chest into my hand. Then, in full view of Gina, I leaned forward and kissed Kara. Our kiss grew heated, and her tongue was soon exploring my mouth.

When I pulled back, I immediately moved my lips to Gina's. She squeaked in surprise, but quickly returned the kiss, her fingers twining through my hair and pulling me close. While I was still kissing Gina, I reached for Kara's wrist. When I found it, I guided her hand to my erection. Gina could feel her sister's fingers as Kara stroked my shaft. She moaned into my mouth and the passion of her kiss redoubled.

Gina's back arched as I moved my fingers over her mons, lightly caressing her labia. I took the opportunity to kiss along the line of her neck, nipping at her with my lips, making her cry out softly. When I reached her upper chest, I lifted my head and sought out Kara's lips. She returned my kiss with mounting passion, and I could almost feel Gina's eyes on us. While I was kissing her sister, I sank a finger into her hot, moist pussy.

Kara continued stroking my shaft while Gina writhed in ecstasy beneath us. I began sawing my finger in and out, feeling the fleshy folds of her labia. Gina squirmed again when Kara and I separated and lowered our heads to suckle her nipples. I looked up and smiled when I gazed into Kara's eyes.

After a few minutes of licking, sucking, and gently biting Gina's nipples, I lifted my head and pulled my finger out of her steamy pussy. Kara lifted her head at the same time, and Gina watched, mesmerized, as I brought my slick finger to Kara's lips. She licked it clean, sucking it like a small penis. I looked into her eyes and winked. She smiled around my finger and winked in reply.

At that point, I grinned at Kara. With gentle nudges, I pulled her until she moved to my right. Then I rolled to my back and pulled Gina with me. She snuggled against my left side and then immediately reached for my erection. I looked at Kara and motioned for her to lie down along my right side.

With one girl on either side of me, I started kissing Gina. Then I broke the kiss, turned my head, and Kara's lips moved toward mine. The entire time, Gina's hand moved along my dick, spreading the leaking pre-come over my glans and shaft. It was an amazing feeling, having two sets of gorgeous breasts pressed against me, and two sets of lips tasting my skin. When I grinned, they grinned in reply.

"I want you to suck me," I said to Kara. "Turn around so I can play with your pussy while you do."

She nodded and moved to comply. Gina relinquished her grip on my shaft as Kara's hand replaced it. Once again, I felt Kara's practiced mouth engulf the tip of my dick. I reached down and ran my right hand over her thigh. Gina moved in to kiss me again, and I let my hand drift toward Kara's pussy, rubbing lightly as I did. She propped her knee up to allow me access and then took my cock into the back of her throat.

When my fingers found Kara's pussy, they were immediately coated with her juices. Gina kept kissing me while I plunged first one, then two fingers into her sister's slippery channel. Kara moaned around my girth, but kept sucking.

We continued like this for several glorious minutes. Due to all the teasing and flirting while we were

cleaning, I knew I wouldn't last long. When I began to tense up, Gina pulled away from my lips and watched her sister fellate me. I kept my fingers moving in circles around Kara's clit, and she happily tried to swallow me whole. She could only take a little more than Gina could, but she was smoother and more relaxed.

In a few minutes, however, I didn't have much time to think about her technique. I felt the need to come growing in my loins, and Gina looked at me with an ecstatic grin. She quickly turned to watch as her sister took me to the edge and then over it. With a grunt, I tensed up and began shooting into Kara's mouth.

Kara moaned in surprise as the first spurt struck the back of her throat, but she automatically swallowed. Her tongue caressed my shaft as the second blast filled her mouth with my cream. Jet after jet surged over her tongue and she moaned with every one. When my ejaculation finally diminished to a few gushes, she pulled her lips back to the crown of my cock. I felt her swallow as she began to pump my saliva-slick shaft. When she had all the come milked from my organ, she lifted her head and swallowed audibly.

"My God, Gina," she said, panting. "He *does* come gallons." She rolled her tongue around her mouth, making sure she'd swallowed every bit of my essence. Then she shuddered in delight and grinned at us.

"Did you like watching that?" I asked Gina softly.

She immediately nodded, her eyes glassy with lust.

"Are you ready for the next step?" I asked.

She wrinkled her brow.

"Are you ready for me to have sex with her?"

"Oh, God, yes. I can't wait to watch you."

"I'm glad," I said. "I want to fuck her slowly while you watch. And then, I want to come deep inside her, so you can lick her pussy until you've sucked out all of my semen."

She closed her eyes and then licked her lips.

"Would you like that?"

"*Mmm hmm.*"

"Me too," Kara said from my crotch.

With both beautiful girls pressed against me, my erection hadn't diminished appreciably. I quickly sat up and moved between Kara's legs. She bent her knees and looked at me expectantly. I was about to ask Gina, one final time, if she really wanted to keep going, but one look at her told me the question was superfluous.

I rubbed the tip of my cock along Kara's drenched channel and then scooted forward. Kara's expression went slack as I eased into her. She wasn't as tight as Gina, but she was just as smooth and hot. When I buried myself completely, I put my hands on her knees and gazed down at her. She licked her lips and then smiled up at me.

"Suck her nipples, Gina," I said. "Play with them and make them hard."

Gina immediately fastened her lips around Kara's left breast. I started thrusting at the same time, keeping my pace deliberately slow.

"Oh, God," Kara moaned. "It's been so long." She moaned again, deep in her chest, and moved her calves along my flanks. "Oh, Gina. He feels *so* good. It's wonderful."

I smiled to myself and clenched my buttocks. My dick swelled and Kara gasped. I ran my hands along her upper thighs and then resumed thrusting. After a few minutes, I had an idea.

"Gina," I said, "put your head down here. Rest it on Kara's stomach."

She looked at me curiously, but did as I asked.

When I pulled my cock out of her sister's pussy, it glistened with moisture. I reached down to pull Gina's head toward it, but I didn't need to. Her eyes fastened on my shiny manhood and she immediately locked her lips around it. She quickly sucked my dick clean, then I pulled back, ready to plunge back into Kara.

After that, I took my time and fucked Kara with long, measured strokes. Every minute or so, I pulled my dick out and let Gina lick her sister's juices off it. Then I'd bury myself in Kara's pussy and resume thrusting. Whenever I felt like I was getting close to my release, I'd thrust deep and stop moving.

"Oh, God," Kara said, her breathing ragged. "Stacy told me about this." Her smooth stomach fluttered as she gasped in delight. "H-how do you s-stand it, Gina?"

"I usually just come," Gina said matter-of-factly. "When he does that to me, I just gush all over him."

"I-I can s-see why," Kara stammered.

I grinned to myself—they both had breathing spasms when they got really excited. When I started thrusting again, I studied Kara's body as her arousal mounted. Her breasts actually looked smaller than Gina's, but her nipples were bigger. She was probably a bit thinner as well, I decided. I let my mind wander as I studied the little details of her beautiful body, a trick I'd learned from Susan for when I wanted to delay my orgasm.

Kara wasn't as tight as Gina, but she was also older and more experienced. Regardless, her pussy was incredibly hot. She lifted her hips against me when I slid into her, which made it feel like we were having sex *together*, instead of me simply thrusting into her.

I felt my orgasm approaching again, so I buried my cock and stopped moving. As the sensations passed, I pulled out and let Gina lovingly clean me with her lips and tongue. I caressed her face as she sucked me, tucking her hair behind her ear and smiling fondly. When I looked up, Kara was smiling at me. Her breathing was still shallow and ragged, but she nodded approvingly.

I managed to extend things for another ten minutes before I could no longer hold back. I warned Gina to move back, then I put Kara's legs over my shoulders. My pelvis slammed into her upturned hips, making slapping noises as I jackhammered into her.

Gina watched raptly as my cock speared into her sister. With each thrust, Kara's pussy clutched at me, her labia spreading around my pounding girth. I looked into Gina's eyes and saw her love for me. I also saw her delight at seeing me fuck her sister. In less than a minute, I felt the rush of my impending orgasm. When Gina's gaze locked with mine and she licked her lips in anticipation, I felt my scrotum contract and pull my balls close to my body. Two more thrusts and then I buried myself in Kara, sinking my hips and arching my back.

Kara cried out as I emptied myself into her with several powerful spurts. I felt her pussy contracting around my shaft, the first twinges of her orgasm making her stomach ripple. When my cock stopped pumping into her, I took a deep breath and licked my lips. I let Kara's legs down and then sat back on my haunches, the first two thirds of my dick still buried in her pussy.

Kara was close enough to her release that I didn't want to let her cool down. I scooted forward, burying my cock deeper inside her, and started rubbing her clit. I could feel my hot come oozing around my shaft, and it gave me a thrill to know that Gina would soon be licking her sister's sperm-filled pussy. Then Kara moaned and I quickly returned my attention to her. Gina started pulling and twisting her sister's nipples, and it wasn't long before Kara was thrashing in ecstasy, with powerful, climactic sensations working their magic on her.

When Kara finally relaxed, Gina sat up and started kissing me, her hands rubbing over my chest and down my stomach. I put an arm around her and pulled her close, trapping Kara's leg between us. When we finally broke the kiss, I looked deep into her eyes.

"Did you like watching?" I asked. Then I nodded to where Kara and I were still joined. "Are you okay with this?"

She simply grinned. "I came twice."

I concealed my surprise and nodded. I hadn't even noticed that she'd been masturbating.

"I can't wait to taste your come in her pussy," she said breathlessly.

I pulled out and slid aside so Gina could get between her sister's legs. Gina lay on her stomach and scooted close to Kara's sodden pussy. I moved around so Kara could suck my slowly shrinking dick, and watched as Gina put her mouth against Kara's mons.

Kara's lips fastened on my penis as I watched Gina tongue her. She could obviously taste my come, and moaned deeply after she swallowed. Then she stuck her fingers into Kara's pussy and pulled them out. She licked them clean and then stuck them inside again.

As Gina licked and sucked Kara's pussy, the older girl started gyrating her hips. Her lips tightened around my erection as the waves of her second orgasm coursed over her nerve endings. I reached down to roll and pull her nipples, adding to the sensations. Her hips convulsively bucked against Gina, but Gina

never stopped licking her.

I wanted to come again, simply from the sheer erotic nature of the situation, but I knew it was too soon. I maintained my erection, but I knew I'd rub myself raw if I tried to come. So I contented myself with letting Kara suck my cock, kissing her, and licking and sucking her nipples.

Kara came a third time while Gina ate her out. By the time Gina lifted her face, her cheeks and chin glistened with Kara's juices. In what was obviously a familiar maneuver, Gina crawled up her sister's body and started kissing her. My erection had mostly subsided, but I was still tumescent. Gina looked at it expectantly, but I shook my head.

With a contented sigh, Gina grinned from ear to ear. Kara was grinning as well, and we all collapsed into a heap. A few minutes later, we sorted ourselves out—Gina on my left and Kara on my right—and I wrapped my arms around them. They rubbed my chest and stomach, and planted soft kisses on my skin. I merely closed my eyes and enjoyed myself as they lovingly snuggled against me.

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After we'd all recovered a little, we wanted to wash off the sweat and dust, so we adjourned to the large shower in the master bathroom. The girls insisted on washing me, but I think it was simply because they wanted to touch me. Whatever the reason, I enjoyed the attention.

When I was clean—and a lot more aroused than when I'd stepped into the shower—I lathered up the washcloth and gently scrubbed Gina. After she rinsed, I turned to Kara. I kept a close eye on Gina, to gauge her reaction, but she avidly watched as I touched her sister. Confident that Gina was comfortable seeing Kara and me fool around, I started fondling Kara's soapy body. When I looked up again, Gina was playing with her pussy.

I had the girls sit on the wooden bench and then let them take turns sucking my cock. I didn't feel the immediate urge to come, so I switched between them several times. While Kara was expertly licking and sucking my manhood, Gina watched raptly. When it was Gina's turn to suck me, Kara fondled my balls and whispered words of encouragement to her sister.

Finally, the water started to run cold, so we turned it off. After we dried ourselves, I took charge. The bathroom had a large mirror over the vanity, and I used it to great effect. I had the girls bend over the counter while I played with their pussies from behind, watching their reactions in the mirror.

Soon, they were both moaning softly and their pussies were drenched. I stepped behind Gina and slid my erection into her. Before I started thrusting, I directed Kara to kneel between her sister's legs. Just as I intended, she started licking Gina's clit as soon as she moved underneath her. As Kara slowly licked and sucked, I pulled back and started fucking Gina.

It wasn't long before Gina was writhing in the throes of orgasm. I held myself deep inside her and gripped her hips. When she finally collapsed against the counter, panting, Kara emerged from beneath her. Before Kara stood, I pulled my dick out of her sister and offered it to her. She sucked me enthusiastically.

I kept one hand on Gina, to steady her, while I watched Kara bob in front of me. When Gina had recovered, she stood and I pulled her close. I kissed her deeply as her sister took me into the back of her throat. I let Kara suck me for a few minutes and then pulled her up. Just as I'd done with Gina, I bent her over the counter and had her sister kneel between her legs. Gina eagerly fastened her lips around Kara's clit as I started thrusting.

Since Kara had come so many times earlier, it took her a while to build up. I enjoyed watching her facial expressions in the mirror as her orgasm approached. When she finally moaned deeply and began to climax, I kept pumping into her, driving myself past her clenched internal muscles.

When I pulled out, I wanted to fuck Gina some more, but she said her clit was too sensitive. So I leaned against the counter and let the girls kneel in front of me. In all my life, I'd rarely seen a more amazing sight—two beautiful girls, sisters, making love to my dick.

Soon, I was ready to come, so I pulled out of Kara's mouth and started stroking myself. The girls moaned in unison, but quickly quieted when I told them to open their mouths and stick out their tongues. I set the tip of my cock against Gina's tongue and worked my hand back and forth.

With a grunt, I started shooting. The first spurt went in her mouth, but the next arced over her upper lip and cheek. I adjusted my aim and the next spurt coated her tongue. Then I quickly moved to Kara. One spurt hit her in the chest, but the subsequent one arced into her mouth. She wrapped her lips around my glans for a moment, eagerly swallowing my cream. Finally, I moved my dribbling cock back to Gina and she locked her lips around me. I groaned loudly, gave my shaft a couple of good squeezes, then slumped against the counter.

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When we finally packed up the cleaning supplies, it was almost three o'clock. We tiredly ate lunch (we were famished) and then prepared the house to remain dormant. While the girls were doing some last-minute cleaning, I took all the trash out to the burn barrel and lit it.

Before we left, we took one last look around, making sure we'd done a good job cleaning, as well as searching for any telltale signs of our tryst. At last, we reset the various thermostats, locked the doors, then drove back to Susan's house.

Susan grinned at our tired, happy, sated expressions. She didn't even have to ask how things had gone. We unloaded all the baskets and supplies, then the girls helped Susan sort the dirty towels and rags so they could start a load of laundry. We all piled back into the Coulters' station wagon and returned it to its parking space behind their cabin.

By the time we shambled down to the lake, we were all pretty much exhausted. Kendall looked up as we approached, and her eyes flicked over us. I waved tiredly and Gina did the same.

"Where've y'all been all day?" Kendall asked.

"We had to clean Mr. Kestrel's house," I said.

She wrinkled her brow in confusion. "Who's he?"

"You know the old guy who lived down the road at the top of the ridge?" I gestured up the hill with my thumb.

She nodded.

"He died a while ago," I said.

Her expression grew sad. "Oh. I didn't even know him."

I nodded in sympathy. Then I explained about packing his stuff, taking it to storage, and cleaning his house. I left out all the salacious details, which made Gina smirk despite her fatigue.

When I finished the story, Kendall looked at me piercingly. Then her eyes went to Gina, who tried to look innocent. Thankfully, Kara was lying facedown on a lounger with her eyes closed. I think she might have been snoring softly.

"So you all were… um… cleaning?" Kendall asked.

"Um… yeah."

Her eyes surveyed us again. "Uh-huh," she said deliberately.

I was too tired to worry about whether or not she believed us. Knowing her, she probably saw right through my glib answer. She returned to her book, but a couple of times, I caught her looking at me. Whenever I looked up, she buried her nose in her book and studiously ignored me. I smiled to myself and folded my arms beneath my cheek. With a contented sigh, mostly intended to pique her interest, I started thinking about my future.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

The rest of Wednesday afternoon and evening, we mostly lounged around the lake. When Mom returned from Columbia, she was tired and a little subdued. She came down to the lake to tell us she'd returned and then headed back up the hill to our cabin.

As a treat for Mom, Susan and Erin fixed dinner for our family. The two of them had a great time, laughing and goofing around. It was like Susan was suddenly a teenager again. Mom wasn't exactly sad, but I could tell that she already missed Dad. He'd be gone for nine days, but he always called whenever he had a layover.

Dinner was fried pork chops, mashed potatoes, peas, and cornbread. When Susan set the bowl of peas on the table, she looked at me meaningfully. For a moment, I was confused. When her eyes flicked from the peas to my penis and then up to my face, she smirked, and I suddenly Got It. (The year before, her creative use of frozen peas as an impromptu ice pack had sparked our relationship.)

She saw the recognition in my eyes, grinned mischievously, and continued setting the table. I sat down hastily, afraid of my reaction if I kept thinking about Susan and her oral talents. All through dinner, we talked about everyday stuff, but Susan enjoyed surreptitiously teasing me. It was all I could do not to get an erection.

After dinner, Gina, Kendall, and I went for a walk by the lake. Gina and I were both tired, however, and decided to go to bed early. When I got to our cabin after dropping Gina off, Erin was there with Leah. I said "hi" to the girls and then climbed into my bunk.

For a while, I just lay there, deep in thought. I was tired, but I also had a lot on my mind. I was thinking about Kendall, and how I felt about her. I didn't think I could have sex with her and leave my emotions out of it. More to the point, it would be incredibly unfair to her for me to prey upon her feelings simply for my own (or Gina's) gratification.

Before I drifted off to sleep, I resolved to talk to Gina about it.

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The next morning, I pulled Gina aside after breakfast. Unfortunately, it was her morning to do the dishes, so she couldn't immediately talk with me. When I volunteered to help her, she smiled and thanked me. Much to my chagrin, *Mom* smiled and thanked me too, gesturing to my family's dishes. I guess her theory was that if I could help Gina with the dishes, I could also do them for my family. Gina grinned at my outmaneuvered expression and then helped me gather the plates, silverware, glasses, and skillets. While she washed the dishes, I dried them, and we quickly finished.

Afterward, I led her out the side door of the clubhouse and down the steps toward the sand volleyball court. When we sat on the bench facing the court, she turned to me, her eyes smiling.

"Did you have fun yesterday?" she asked.

I nodded.

"I can't wait to see if Kendall wants to join us," she said excitedly. Then her brow furrowed in concentration. "Only, I don't really know how to ask her."

"Actually," I said, "I think I know how to handle that." I had a few ideas, but they weren't what I wanted to talk about at the moment. "We need to talk about something else first, though."

Her expression grew concerned.

"It's nothing bad," I assured her. "It's just something we need to talk about."

To her credit, she didn't even bite her lip as she nodded.

"We've talked about this before, a little, but we need to talk about it seriously now." When she nodded, I continued. "I know you want Kendall to join us, but it's going to be different from how it was with Kara."

Her brow wrinkled. "How?"

I thought for a moment, trying to come up with an example. "Remember when Kara and I were kissing

each other, right above you?"

"Yes."

"Did it look the same as when I kissed you?"

"I dunno. I've never seen you kiss me, not from another person's perspective," she said, trying to drive away some of her trepidation with humor. When I smiled, but didn't laugh, she grew serious. "Sorry, I know what you mean." She thought about it for a few seconds. "No, I guess it didn't look the same."

I shook my head. "It wasn't. I don't love Kara like I love you. With her, sex was just sex."

She nodded.

"I mean, I *like* Kara, and I think she's really sexy, but I don't like her as anything more than a friend."

"Yeah, that makes sense."

"With Kendall," I said seriously, "it'll be different. I really like Kendall." I paused and took a deep breath. "I probably love her." *No probably about it,* I thought. *I* definitely *love her, but I don't want to say that to Gina. Not yet, at least.*

She nodded.

"And I'm pretty sure she feels the same way about me. You even said so yourself."

"Yeah," Gina said. "I think she does."

"So it wouldn't be fair to her or fair to me if I… if *we* just had sex with her," I said. "In many ways, I feel the same way about her that I do about you."

She nodded soberly.

"It's not the same, really, but close enough."

"If you wanna be with her instead of me…"

I quickly shook my head. "I want to be with you, but I know you want Kendall to join us. And," I said, feeling my cheeks heat, "I want to have sex with Kendall too."

She smiled at my shy grin.

"But you need to realize that I'm not going to toy with her emotions just so we can have some fun. Sex with Kara was fun. Sex with Kendall would be quite a bit more."

"I understand."

"I mean, imagine how you'd feel if I'd used the fact that you loved me just to have sex with you. You'd feel used, betrayed, or worse. Kendall would probably feel the same way."

From the look on Gina's face, it was clearly something she hadn't considered. She sat, stunned, for several long moments. Finally, she looked up and nodded her understanding.

"If I have sex with Kendall," I said, "it'll be like she's my girlfriend too, and it'll be complicated. Sex with you, or sex with Kendall can't be about just the orgasm. I can jerk off and not hurt anybody's feelings. If we want her to join us, it's got to be serious."

"Yeah, you're right."

I nodded, my expression solemn. "If it's something you really want to do, then I'll talk to her about it. If not, she'll never have to know and we won't hurt her feelings. We both know she's not the kind of girl to try and break us up, but adding her to our relationship will be a whole 'nother can of worms."

"Yeah, I hadn't thought about it that way."

"And we don't even know if she likes girls or not," I said. "Even if she does want to have sex with me, she may not be comfortable with you watching."

"I hadn't thought of that either," Gina said guiltily.

I shook my head. "There are a lot of things we have to consider. Like I said, if we don't want to do this, we don't have to, and Kendall will be none the wiser. With Kara, it was pretty simple, for a lot of reasons. With Kendall, it's a lot more complex."

She nodded slowly and then turned introspective. "I don't know why I'm like this," she said softly. Then she looked up at me. "I just am."

I nodded. "It's okay that you are. But I can't imagine how unhappy you might be with a regular guy. Well, with a guy who didn't understand how our parents' relationships work."

She smiled brightly and cheered up a bit. "That's why you're perfect," she said. "You *do* understand."

"Well, I *try* to understand. But there are still a lot of things I have to take some time to figure out. I just try to understand them before I react."

She nodded.

"And I've been thinking a lot about Kendall, and whether or not we want to ask her to join us."

"Yeah."

"It basically boils down to one question. Can you handle seeing me with a girl I love, a girl who'd be like my other girlfriend? If you can, then I'll talk to Kendall. If you can't, we won't say anything, and we'll all remain friends."

Before she could open her mouth to answer, we heard a shout from up the hill.

"Hey! Where've y'all been all morning?" Manfred asked as he strode down the stairs. His long legs quickly ate up the distance between us.

Jenny followed behind him at a more sedate (and ladylike) pace.

"We've been looking all over for you," he said, panting slightly from his rapid descent.

"We've been right here, Manfred," I said with a wry grin.

"Oh. Yeah."

Jenny caught up with him and smiled at us in greeting.

Gina and I smiled in return.

"Jenny and I were thinkin'," he said.

I glanced at Gina. Judging by her expression, she knew where this discussion was going as well as I did.

"Since our families are leaving on Sunday, we want to hike to the quarry on Saturday."

I nodded.

"And you know how Jenny's mother is," he said with a mild grimace.

"Yeah."

"She won't let us go by ourselves."

I nodded mildly.

"So we thought we'd see if you two wanted to go with us," he said.

"Sounds good to me," I said. Then I turned to Gina. "What d'you think?" I asked her.

She paused and gave the question far more consideration that I thought it warranted. After several long moments, she nodded. When she glanced up, she had a determined look on her face. "We should probably invite Kendall," she said, holding my gaze with her own. My eyes must've bugged out a little, because she grinned.

"Are you *sure?*" I asked.

She nodded.

I ignored Manfred and Jenny, and took Gina's hands in my own. "You've thought about it?"

She nodded again. "Yes. I have."

"Okay," I said. "Then we'll ask her."

"What're y'all so serious about?" Manfred asked.

I shook my head and then looked up at him. "Nothing. Just something we were talking about earlier."

"Oh. So, do y'all wanna go or not?" he asked.

"Sure," I said. "We'd love to go. And Kendall will probably join us."

If he noticed that I didn't ask so much as stated a fact, he didn't react. He was obviously uncomfortable with the idea, though. "Are you sure she'll wanna go?" he asked.

I nodded. "Yeah, but she'll probably spend most of her time with us," I said, indicating Gina with a toss of my chin.

"Can she even hike that far?" he asked, doggedly trying to wriggle free of having Kendall join us.

I nodded again. "Yeah, Manfred," I said with a short laugh. "She can hike that far. She hiked it with us, last year after you two left."

"Can she keep up?"

I shrugged noncommittally. "Yeah. But if she can't, Gina and I will hang back with her. I know the way to the quarry as well as you do, Stick."

He was outmaneuvered and knew it, so he merely shrugged. Then he did something singularly brilliant. He put his arm around Jenny, turned to her, and asked, "What d'you think, Jen?"

Good man!

She shrugged dismissively. "I guess it's okay," she said, sliding her arm around his waist possessively.

"Don't worry," I said, trying to allay some of her unspoken concerns. "Like I said, she'll probably spend most of the time with us."

"Sure," Manfred said, tossing his head. "Whatever. We wanted to leave early, though, so we can stay there as long as possible"

"No problem."

"Are you *sure* you want Kendall to come with us?" he asked in a last-ditch effort to dissuade me.

I'm pretty sure he was asking solely for Jenny's benefit, but I didn't begrudge him the fact. As long as they were polite to Kendall, I was happy. Before I answered, I looked at Gina. At her slight nod, I turned back to Manfred and Jenny. "We're sure."

"Okay, Little Man. Whatever you want," he said, emphasizing that it was our choice. Then he turned and looked at Jenny (another smart move).

She smiled at him.

"Well, we're gonna head down to the lake and cool off," he said. "You wanna join us?"

I shook my head. "Nah. Thanks. I think we're gonna stay here for a while. You know," I said with a meaningful look, "I wanna spend some time with my girl."

He nodded sagely and then smiled at Jenny. "Okay. Seeya."

With that, they walked off, arm in arm.

As soon as they were out of earshot, I turned to Gina. "Are you *sure?*" I asked.

"Do you love me?"

"Very much."

"Then I'm sure," she said. When I raised my arm, she slid next to me and snuggled against my side. "And I love you too," she said quietly, but with conviction. "Ten *times* more than very much."

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Eventually, we did head down to the lake. Kendall joined us and we swam out to the raft. Manfred and Jenny were already there, and looked up with neutral expressions. When it became obvious that we planned to join them, they scooted toward one end of the raft. If we lay close together, there would be room for all five of us. I subtly made sure Gina lay next to Jenny and then I directed Kendall to the end of the raft. As soon as the girls were settled, I lay between them.

The day was once again brutally hot, and we all went for a swim before lunch. After lunch, we lounged around for a while. In spite of the heat and crushing humidity, we heard someone yelling "volleyball." (Whenever you wanted to strike up a volleyball game, all you had to do was go to the court and yell "volleyball" as loud as you could. If enough people showed up, you could play. A small game was five or six people, while a big one could have twelve, eighteen, or more, with people siding out at the change of serve.)

All five of us decided to go play, and we quickly had more than enough people for a twelve-person game. Gina, Kendall, and I were on one team, while Manfred and Jenny joined the other. Since Manfred was so tall, he always tried to jump-spike the ball. John, his father, played for our team and blocked his son's spikes every time they met at the net.

Note to self: Maybe age and experience really do *beat youth and enthusiasm.*

I grinned to myself. *No way.*

Our team won the first game easily, 21–13. Once word spread that there was a good game going, more people showed up. For the second game, we played nine people on a team. This game was hard-fought, and the other team ended up winning 24–22. For the third game, all of us were hot and sweaty, but we were determined. Manfred's father "got in a groove" (as he put it) and started sending killer serves over the net. Since we always played friendly games, the serves were underhand, but his were some of the fastest, lowest

underhand serves I've ever seen. Due almost entirely to his service, we established a commanding lead. The other team rallied, but we eventually won the game, 21–18.

Afterward, everyone congratulated each other, albeit tiredly, and we all headed back to the lake. I was sweaty, and had sand in places I didn't know I had places. I was also tired, but because of all my jumping rope and general conditioning, I wasn't completely worn out. After we washed the sweat and sand off our bodies, the five of us older teenagers hauled ourselves onto the raft.

Drew, who hadn't joined the volleyball game, was lounging on the shore of the lake and enjoying the attentions of Jill and Trish. True to my prediction, Jill had on a pair of bikini bottoms. She and Trish were alternately begging Drew to go swimming with them. They kept trying to tug and cajole him out of the lounge chair, but it was clear that he was merely toying with them.

I shook my head in mild disgust and looked around for Erin and Leah. They hadn't been at the volleyball game either, and when I didn't see them around the lake, I began to wonder where they were. A few moments later, they crested the top of the hill and started walking toward the lake. They seemed to be having an animated discussion, so I turned my attention back to my friends on the raft.

For a while, we laughed about the volleyball game and our various blunders. The girls gave me a hard time about taking a nosedive into the sand and then knocking over Karen Delozier. (I rolled onto my back, into her, and she fell on top of me. When she went to steady herself, she accidentally grabbed my dick. She kept her hand there until she realized where she'd put it. We both blushed about it, but no one else had seen what happened. Since neither of us were hurt, the girls simply thought it was funny that I'd knocked over the petite woman.)

They also ribbed Manfred about trying to spike the ball and getting tangled in the net. It was really funny at the time, especially when Jenny had to patiently help extricate him. He had red marks on his arm where it had been caught, but nothing worse than a bruised ego. I grinned in sympathy as the girls teased him.

While we laughed and joked, Manfred and Jenny slowly became more comfortable around Kendall. When she finally worked up the courage to actually tease Manfred about having his spikes blocked by his dad, Jenny merely grinned and joined in. I think Manfred was coming to realize that Kendall may be built like a goddess, but she was just like us.

In addition, Kendall gradually got over her initial shyness. Instead of passively watching, she joined in the conversation more and more. As we watched Kendall come out of her shell, Gina grinned at me. For Manfred's part, I think his illusions about Kendall's goddess status were finally shattered when she laughed so hard she rolled off the raft. As we stared at each other in surprise, Kendall sputtered to the surface.

"I think I'll take a swim too," I said with a grin.

I took two quick steps, launched myself over a startled and very embarrassed Kendall, and then knifed into the water behind her. When I surfaced, the others were diving in too. We goofed around for a while, but were all too tired to do more than that. After we climbed back onto the raft, we relaxed in comparative silence, simply basking in the afternoon sun.

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After dinner, Gina looped her arm through mine and we walked onto the clubhouse's side patio. She immediately angled for one of the round tables in the far corner, where we could have a little privacy.

She spread her towel on one of the chairs, sat down, and then elegantly crossed her legs. For a moment, I merely admired her stunning body. Not for the first time, I marveled that such a beautiful girl could be in love with me. I'd slowly come to realize that I was handsome, but I sometimes wondered what Gina saw in me. With an effort that came much easier than it had in the past, I put the thought out of my mind and smiled at her.

"Have you thought about how to ask Kendall?" she asked after a few quiet minutes.

I nodded. "Yeah. I think so. Only…" I paused for a moment to gather my thoughts. "Well, I think I should talk to her alone."

Her eyes narrowed, but she didn't say anything.

"I don't want her to feel like she's under pressure. Besides," I said with a guilty grin, "I think she might be more open if she doesn't think she's got to put on an act for your benefit."

Gina nodded. "Yeah, that makes sense." Then she paused for a moment and looked at me funny.

"What?" I asked, a little nervous.

"You're good at that," she said simply.

"Good at what?"

"Thinking about things, about what will happen if you do something."

I nodded. "I try to be."

"You are." She hung her head for a moment and then looked up at me bashfully. "I guess maybe I need to be more like that."

"Oh, I don't know—"

"I do. Sometimes I don't think about things before I do them."

I nodded.

"And I should. Like when we were at the nature walk clearing and I was still angry with you… As Kara was talking to us, all I wanted to do was make you suffer as much as I could."

"And?"

"Well," she said with a rueful grin, "it backfired. I didn't realize you'd get angry. When I saw the look on your face, I felt all the heat, all the anger drain out of me. I was suddenly cold and scared. But if I'd thought about how you'd probably react to my… well… to my childishness, I never would've acted like that."

I nodded.

"Before *you* do anything, you think about how your actions will affect other people. That's what I like about you," she said. "One of many things, actually."

I wanted to say "thank you," but I got the impression that it was important for her to talk this through. So I remained silent.

"You're deliberate."

I cocked my head to the side, a little confused.

"I mean that in a good way," she said hastily. "You think about things and you pay attention to people's reactions. That's really nice. I mean, I can tell you've thought a lot about Kendall. I was thinking about her only as someone we could have sex with."

I hastily looked around to make sure no one could overhear us.

"But she's a person too, not just a sex object." She laughed derisively. "If I'd thought about it, I'd've realized that it's one of the things that bothers her most, being looked at as only a set of boobs—or a beautiful body—instead of a person."

"Mmm hmm."

"She *is* a person, and she's got feelings, just like I do. *You* were thinking of her feelings. I wasn't." She looked up and gazed at me for a long, drawn-out moment. Then she swallowed hard. "You love her, don't you? I mean, you said you 'probably love her,' but you really *do*, don't you? You love her like you love me."

I could tell by her inflection that the last words weren't a question. I took a deep breath and then held her eyes with my own. Finally, I nodded once.

She looked down for a moment and clasped her hands together. "I guess I knew you did, but I just now admitted it to myself." Then she took a deep breath. "I was watching you today. Did you realize that?"

"No."

"Well, I was. I was watching you, and how you acted around Kendall. You look at her like you look at me."

"Yes, I do," I admitted.

"I wanted to see if you treated her differently, or if you paid more attention to her," she said. "I guess I was worried, or jealous, or something."

"Are you still?" I asked quietly.

"Hmm?" She looked up and paused, internally repeating what I'd said. "No," she said with a tiny headshake. "I'm not. As I watched you with her, and how you treat her with respect, I was kinda proud of you." She grinned hesitantly. "I dunno why, but I guess I realized that you treat me with the same respect, the same thoughtfulness."

I nodded. "I try to."

"You do. It's just the way you are. You treat people nicely, and I see the way they respond to you. I like it. It makes me feel good to be your girlfriend. I mean, even when Manfred does something really super dorky, you're patient with him. You start to act the way you wish he would. It's like you're showing him how he should be, like you're quietly saying, 'Hey Manfred, *this* is how you should do things.'"

I nodded.

"And I guess today is the first time I watched you. I mean, *really* watched you, instead of looking at you and thinking how hot you make me, or wondering if you like Kendall more than me."

"I don't."

"I know."

"I may like her almost as *much* as I like you," I said. "But it's… different."

"Yeah," she said. "I think I understand that now. I mean, I may have appeared brave this morning, when I said I wanted Kendall to join us, but I was really nervous too." Then she grinned bashfully. "I guess I was also horny. But watching you today—with her—and seeing how you treated me the same as you always do, I *knew* you could love us both. Does that make sense?"

I nodded. "It does."

"I still don't know why I'm the way I am, but I'm glad you love me."

"I do love you," I said. "Unconditionally." I leaned forward and reached for her hand. When she took it, I pulled her toward me.

She stood up, turned, and then sat in my lap. With her arm around my neck, she swung her legs over the arm of the chair.

I enjoyed having her body next to mine, and put my hand on her outer thigh, resting it comfortably against the smoothness of her skin.

"You remember when you said it's the little things you love about me?" she asked.

"Mmm hmm."

"I didn't really know what you meant until today."

"Oh?"

She nodded. "Today, when I was watching you, I noticed a lot of the little things *you* do. Like when Kendall fell off the raft. Instead of laughing at her, you jumped right in like she'd simply had a good idea and it was time for us to take a swim."

I nodded, although I hadn't thought about it that much at the time. I'd just done it.

"Or when we got back on the raft. You waited until Kendall and I were safely on top, and you kinda hovered behind us, to catch us if either of us fell."

"Oh," I said, blushing. "I didn't realize I did that."

"I did," she said with a nod. "And you always make sure I'm seated before you sit down yourself. You open doors for me, and stuff like that."

"I'm just being polite," I said, trying to downplay things.

"Yeah, you are. But girls notice things like that, trust me."

I nodded, wishing that *I* noticed all these nice things I was supposedly doing on purpose.

"I know Kendall notices them too," she said with a smile. Then she wrapped her other arm around my neck and clasped her fingers together. She gave me a smoldering look and her lips parted slightly.

I leaned forward and our lips met. It was a short kiss, but full of promise.

Then she looked at me seriously. "So when you said it's the little things that make you love me, I finally understood. I love some *big* things about you," she said. Her serious expression turned to a grin as she wiggled her ass over my flaccid penis. "But I think it's all the little things that make me hopelessly in love with you."

"Good," I said succinctly.

Her lips moved toward mine and I kissed her again, softly at first, but with growing enthusiasm. Our kiss had the predictable result, and I began to stiffen against her bottom. She sighed her appreciation and pulled my hand against her breast. Her nipple immediately stiffened as I began to massage it. Fortunately, I remembered where we were and pulled back. She was breathless, her lips glistening, her eyes hooded and glassy with lust.

"We can't," I said. "Not out here."

"Unnnnh."

I shook my head.

"I want to feel you inside me," she said softly, heedless of who might see us.

"Not here."

"Yes here," she said. "You can slide down a little, I'll sit on your lap and slide your dick inside me. No one will know."

I shook my head again, more firmly this time.

"Please?"

"No."

When she realized I was serious, she came to her senses and looked around guiltily. Luckily, no one was around to see us, but that could change at any moment. She realized that, and settled for grinding her hips against my trapped erection.

"I'll take care of you later," I said.

She licked her lips and nodded.

"For now," I said softly, "let's just enjoy the feeling of my hard dick pressed against your ass. And you can imagine what it'll feel like when I slide it into you later."

She nodded enthusiastically and then rested her head on my shoulder.

We sat like that for ten or fifteen minutes, neither of us feeling the need to speak. She nuzzled my neck and kissed me lightly. A couple of people came and went through the clubhouse door, but no one paid us any attention. After a while, Gina lifted her head and gazed at me intently.

"Do you know what you're going to say to Kendall?" she asked.

I bobbed my head. "More or less."

"Yeah," she said, teasing me a little, "you've been going over it in your head, haven't you?"

My blush was all the answer she needed.

"See? That's what I like about you, you're logical, thoughtful, deliberate."

"Thanks."

"And later, you can logically, thoughtfully, and deliberately make love to me."

"Uh-huh."

"But right now," she said, "I want to talk about what you're going to say to Kendall." She paused for a moment and sighed wistfully. "I wish I could watch when you talk to her."

I started to try and dissuade her, but she cut me off.

"I know, I know. I can't. But I wish I could."

I nodded.

"Will you at least tell me about it? After?"

"Mmm hmm." I shifted her slightly, and the tip of my erection pressed against her labia. "*As hard as it is*," I said with mock solemnity, "to sit here and think about it, there's something else we need to talk about."

She couldn't help but grin at my bad allusion. Then she batted her eyes and wiggled her ass. "Yes?" she asked innocently.

"What if it works?"

"Huh?"

"What if my talk with Kendall works? If things go the way I think they might, she'll be pretty worked up. What if she says yes, that she wants to join us?"

"Yeah," Gina said, nodding. "I see what you mean. You're a gentleman," she said, her eyes twinkling. "You'd never get a lady all hot and bothered and then leave her to take care of herself."

I shook my head, a grin splitting my face.

She turned serious. "Are you going to have sex with her?"

I quickly shook my head. "No, that's for the three of us together. *If* she wants to."

Gina nodded.

"But like I told you last year, there are a *lot* of things we can do short of having sex."

"Oooooh," she cooed. "And I know how *good* you are at some of those things."

I nodded. "But seriously. If she says yes, I may have a very horny girl on my hands."

"And you just might need to take care of her," she said, grinning mischievously.

"Mmm hmm."

"Would you tell me about that too?" she asked.

"Maybe," I said hesitantly. "I mean, normally I don't talk about it. You know that."

She nodded. "But if Kendall says yes—to being with us, I mean—you can ask her about telling me. Can't you?"

"I guess I could. We'll see how things go."

She nodded, accepting the vagueness of my answer. Then she looked deep into my eyes, smiling languidly. "I love you, Paul Hughes," she said softly.

Behind us, the screen door opened again, but neither of us paid it any attention.

"I love you too," I said.

"And I can't wait until you talk to Kendall," she said, her voice sultry and full of desire.

"Talk to me about what?" Kendall asked from behind us. At our startled looks, she started to retreat. "Sorry," she said hastily. "I can come back, if it's a bad ti—"

"No," Gina and I said in unison.

"We were just talking," I said, trying to sooth Kendall's anxiety.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to intrude," she said as she backed away.

"Don't go," Gina said. "Seriously. We want you to join us."

Unfortunately, I couldn't stifle my snicker.

When Gina realized what she'd said, she started giggling too.

Kendall turned and almost ran.

"Kendall, wait," I said, imitating my dad's "command" voice.

She froze in her tracks.

"Please, come back. We were just talking about something serious, but I guess we got a little goofy." I could see her shoulders tense up with indecision. "Really, we're glad you're here."

She relaxed a bit, but not much.

"C'mon back and have a seat," I said soothingly. "Please?"

She undoubtedly heard the sincerity in my tone. Finally, she relaxed and turned. She looked at us for a moment, hesitantly, and then started toward us.

"Thanks," I said gratefully. "We were laughing at… something else, not you."

She nodded, pulled an adjacent chair over, and then spread her towel on it. When she was seated, she looked at us nervously.

I gently nudged Gina and she stood up. Fortunately, my erection had mostly subsided, but my dick was still tumescent. Kendall's eyes locked on it, but she averted them quickly. I smiled at Gina as she sat in her own chair. I stretched my legs, pointing my toes as the circulation slowly returned. Gina wasn't nearly heavy enough to cut off circulation, but I *had* been sitting in the same position for quite a while.

We talked for a few minutes, getting Kendall to relax and accept that we hadn't been laughing at her. Keen as ever, she quickly realized we were telling the truth.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" she asked at last.

I smiled warmly and looked at Gina. At her nod, I stood up. "Why don't we get a blanket and go for a walk," I suggested. "Somewhere where we can have a bit more privacy."

Gina nodded immediately.

Kendall looked from one of us to the other and then stood slowly.

I smiled as reassuringly as I could.

As we went to fetch a blanket, there were three distinct emotions pervading our silence: my anticipation, Gina's excited determination, and Kendall's nervousness. I smiled to myself and savored them all.

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We decided to go to the nature walk by the spillway. More and more, it was becoming our personal retreat. Once we spread our blanket on the ground, we sat down. I sat cross-legged, Gina sat on her knees, her legs folded demurely underneath her, and Kendall sat with her legs tucked to the side.

Suddenly, Kendall seemed a lot more nervous than she had on the walk down. I guess she could sense the excitement in the air, and I'm sure she noticed the furtive glances Gina and I shared several times. I decided to slow things down and try to put her at ease.

"Saturday is Manfred and Jenny's last day at camp," I said.

Kendall nodded.

"So they wanted to hike to the quarry."

She nodded again, smiling a little wistfully. "I understand. I guess I'll see you all when you get back."

I nodded, grinning. "Sure," I said offhandedly. "You'll see us when we get back."

Gina grinned as well.

"What?" Kendall asked anxiously.

"Well," I said, "we were hoping maybe you'd see us before then, too."

"You want me to meet you before you leave or something?" she asked, her confusion deepening.

"Something like that."

She shrugged. "I guess."

"Actually, we were hoping you could help Gina and Jenny fix lunch."

From the confused expression on her face, I suspected she was coming to the (mistaken) conclusion that we were somehow taking advantage of her. But I'm sure she didn't think I'd be so callous, hence the confusion.

"After you girls fix lunch, you can even help us pack things in the backpacks," I said, trying to keep from grinning.

Gina couldn't help herself. Fortunately, Kendall couldn't see her.

"And then when everything's ready to go," I continued, "you could walk down the hill with us."

She shrugged. "I guess." She was beginning to get a little flustered, but was trying not to let it show. "And then I suppose I could just wave goodbye to you too?" she asked, a note of sarcasm creeping into her voice at last.

I shrugged expressively. "Actually," I said, deliberately drawing the phrase out, "we were kinda hoping you'd just come with us."

It wasn't the answer she'd been expecting, and it took her a moment to realize what I'd said.

When she looked up in surprise, I grinned broadly.

"You mean…?" she asked hopefully.

"Uh-huh."

"You want me to go with you?" Kendall asked. She looked from me to Gina, perplexed.

Finally, Gina burst out laughing. "You should see your face," Gina said, gasping for breath.

For a moment, I thought Kendall was going to get angry. But then she realized how we'd been teasing her. Reluctantly, she smiled. When I saw it, I chuckled richly. Gina's and my laughter was contagious, and she soon joined us.

"You're sneaky, Paul Hughes," Kendall said, shaking her head ruefully. Then she looked at Gina, who giggled again. Finally, the logical, contemplative Kendall asserted herself. "But you didn't bring me down here simply to ask me to go hiking with you, did you?"

"That depends," I said. "Do you *want* to go hiking with us on Saturday?"

"Of course," she gushed. Then she quickly sobered and looked at Gina. "I mean, if that's okay with you."

"Of course it is," Gina said smoothly, all traces of mirth banished from her expression. "I want you to go as much as Paul does."

"Okay, then," Kendall said. "I'll go. Thanks for asking me." Then she turned to me and grimaced playfully. "Even if you were a butt about it," she said. "But you still didn't answer my question."

Gina and I exchanged a look and smiled at each other. Before I could answer Kendall, Gina stretched and yawned theatrically. "You know," she said casually, "I'm really worn out from volleyball. I think I'm gonna go take a hot bath and relax for a while."

"Oh," Kendall said, thinking things were winding down for the evening, despite the fact it was only dusk. She was obviously disappointed and a little mystified, but she tried to hide it. "Yeah, that does sound good."

"No," Gina said hastily. "You stay here." Then she caught herself and calmed down. "I mean, you and Paul can hang out if you want. I just wanna go up to the cabin and soak for a while."

Kendall looked at me, trying to figure out what was going on.

"I'll walk you up," I said to Gina. Then I turned to Kendall. "I'll be back in a few min—"

"No," Gina said, a little frantically. "Don't bother."

While Kendall was looking at Gina, I rolled my eyes emphatically. "It's no bother," I said as calmly as I could, hoping some of my composure would rub off on Gina. Once again, I turned to Kendall. "I'll be right back."

"No. You wait here," Gina said. "I can find my way back to the cabin." She was trying not to sound exasperated, and not doing a good job of it.

"I know," I said, ignoring her. I stood and reached for her hand, to help her up. "I'm at least going to walk you to the lake." I smiled reassuringly at Kendall and pulled Gina to her feet. "I'll be right back," I said to Kendall.

She looked a little bewildered as I ushered Gina toward the trail.

"What are you *doing?*" Gina hissed when we reached the spillway. The sound of the rushing water would easily cover our low-voiced conversation.

I put my hands on her shoulders and held her squarely. "Will you relax," I said.

She looked like she was going to bite off a terse reply, but then she calmed down. "Sorry," she said. "I guess I got a little eager."

"And completely goofy," I said with a gentle laugh.

She looked up quickly, but realized I was teasing her.

I pulled her close and kissed her forehead. "It's okay. You just need to trust me."

"I do trust you. I just get so excited sometimes."

"I know."

She looked up hopefully. "Are you sure I can't watch?"

"Very sure," I said dryly. "I'll tell you about it later. I don't know when I'll be by your cabin, but I'll definitely stop by when I come up the hill."

She nodded.

"Remember," I said gently, "the later it is, the better it is. Right?"

"Yes, sir," she said contritely, with only a hint of mocking. Then she looked up suddenly and said, "We haven't had sex all day."

Even though she had pitched her voice low, I reflexively looked around to see if anyone was near. Of course, no one was. I shook my head. "Sometimes it's nice to be a regular couple," I said. "Isn't it?"

She tilted her head to the side.

"We can talk about things, make decisions, and still show each other how much we love one another, all without having sex."

Her eyes widened a bit.

I nodded knowingly. "It's pretty cool, isn't it? And the anticipation will make it that much better when

we *do* have sex."

"Wow," she breathed. "Yeah."

"I'll bring the blanket when I come by your cabin." Then I stepped close to her, feeling the heat of her body wash over my skin. "I'll take care of you then. Okay?"

She nodded.

I bent to kiss her, and her body molded to mine. "Now," I said gently, when we broke the kiss, "Kendall's probably getting a little nervous."

"Yeah, I should let you get back." Then she shook her head in wonder.

"What?"

"I can't believe I'm about to say this."

"Say what?" I asked.

She looked at me earnestly. "Good luck."

I grinned.

"Yeah," she said slowly. "You're about to seduce another girl, and I just wished you good luck."

"Crazy, huh?"

"Very." Then she grinned shyly. "And I'm positively giddy, thinking about what'll happen if you succeed."

"Then you should take some time and *really* enjoy your bath," I said.

She shook her head. "Uh-uh. I'm gonna save it all for you."

"Heaven help me," I said with feigned worry.

"Go on," she said, grinning. Before I turned, she pulled my head down and kissed me fiercely. A minute later, she came up for air. "Thank you for loving me," she said softly, a little breathless.

"Thank you for trusting me," I said. "And thank *you* for loving *me*."

She simply nodded. "Go on. I love you."

"I love you too."

I watched her as she walked up the hill. When she crested the rise, I turned, took a deep breath, and walked back toward Kendall.

She was pacing when I returned.

"What's going on?" she asked a little crossly.

"That," I said insouciantly, "is a very long story."

"Something's up between you two, isn't it?"

"Yes and no," I said, being purposefully evasive.

"You're not going to break up with her, are you? No, it's not that," she said quickly. "Why won't you tell me why you asked me here? Does it have to do with Gina? You didn't do anything stupid, did you?" she asked accusingly. "No, it's not that either. She was too happy, too excited." Finally, she looked at me and narrowed her eyes. "You two are up to something."

I chuckled and then gestured toward the blanket. "D'you wanna sit down?"

"Will you explain what's going on?" she asked. When I nodded, she sank to the blanket, still tense.

I sat down in front of her. "First," I said, "nothing's wrong with Gina and me, with our relationship. Really, it couldn't be better."

Kendall's expression held a wealth of emotions: relief, disappointment, curiosity, and more.

"And 'what's going on' is that I wanted to spend some time alone with you."

"Huh?"

"I wanted to spend some time alone with you," I repeated slowly, grinning.

"Why?" she croaked, swallowing hard.

"Because you and I haven't had two minutes by ourselves since you got here," I said frankly, even though that was only *half* the truth.

"Well, I'm not your girlfriend," she said with a trace of bitterness. She blinked several times, clearing her eyes.

"No, but…"

"But what?"

I took a deep breath.

"But what?" she asked, a little anxiously.

"It's a long story," I said simply.

"If Gina doesn't want you to talk to me, that's fine," she said softly.

"Think about that for a minute. Tell me if it makes sense."

She grinned sheepishly. "No, I guess it doesn't."

I shook my head.

"She practically told you to stay, so we could talk."

"Uh-huh. Does that seem like a girl who doesn't want me talking to you?"

"No."

"No," I said gently, "it doesn't." Then I chuckled. "You know, when it comes to other people's emotions, you're pretty good. But when you're flustered, your perception gets shot to hell." When she started to react, I reached out and took her hand. "She wanted us to stay, because she knew we need to talk. She *wants* us to talk."

She looked up, her eyes going round and moist. "Why?"

"Because I've got something serious to talk to you about. And something serious to ask you."

"What?"

"*That* is the long story."

"You keep telling me that," she said somewhat bitterly, "but you're not telling me what the story is."

I laughed softly. "Yeah, you're right. Sorry." I took a deep breath and waited for her to look up. When she did, I smiled. "I was going to tell you this story about a boyfriend, a girlfriend, another girl, and their relationship."

She nodded.

"Only the story was really going to be about me, Gina, and you."

"Right," she said. "A roman à clef."

"Huh?"

"Never mind."

Although I had no idea what she was talking about, I grinned at her eagerness and apprehension.

"What's so funny?"

"You," I said. "You're all worked up, and worried, and eager at the same time."

"Can you blame me?" she asked, harsher than she'd intended. "Sorry."

"It's okay. But before you get any more worried," I said softly, "this is a good story. And I hope it has a happy ending, for all of us."

"Huh?"

"Well, I was going to tell you about the boyfriend and the girlfriend, and the other girl, who was a friend to both of them."

"And?"

"I'll get to that part," I said patiently. "Anyway, I was going to talk about how the girlfriend knew that the other girl was in love with her boyfriend."

"Oh my goodness," she breathed. "I'm so sorry—"

I held up my hand to forestall her rushed apologies. "Hold on a second, lemme finish."

She nodded anxiously.

"So where was I? Oh yes. I was going to tell you about how the girlfriend knew the other girl was in love with the boyfriend. And then I was going to pause a second, to let that sink in. After I'd made you wait a little bit, I was going to tell you that the boyfriend was in love with the other girl."

"And not the girlfriend?" she asked, completely hooked by the story.

I shook my head. "The boyfriend's in love with *both* girls."

Her jaw fell, but she quickly closed it.

"Only, I knew you'd see through my little story and figure it out."

She nodded, tears welling up.

"So I decided to skip the story, and come right out and tell you."

"Tell me what?" she asked, even though she probably knew what I was going to say.

I took a deep breath and then paused. "Are you sure you want to hear this?" I asked. I was teasing her a little bit, but only a little bit.

She nodded quickly, her lip trembling.

"Okay. Here goes…" I held her gaze with my own. "Kendall, I love you."

She paused for a moment, lowered her head, and stared at her hands. "Why're you telling me this?" she asked morosely.

Needless to say, that *wasn't* the reaction I'd been expecting. "What do you mean? I thought you felt the same way."

"I do," she whispered. "So why tell me? You've got a girlfriend."

"But I thought…"

She looked up suddenly, tears streaming down her face. "I've been in love with you since last year. Don't you see? You're the only guy who's ever treated me like a person. And worse, you're a nice guy, a sweet guy. You actually *talk* to me instead of staring at my tits." Then, sullenly, "You're the only guy I've ever felt this way about."

"No guy in high school…?" When she looked at me fiercely, I nearly quailed.

"I went to a *girls* prep school," she said acerbically.

"Oh."

"So I spent the last *year* wondering what would happen when we came to camp this year. I was hoping that you and Gina… Oh, never mind." She sniffled and wiped her eyes. "But when I got here, and you were both waiting for me, I wanted to curl up somewhere dark and far, far away. Even worse, you're as nice as ever, you look like *that*," she said, gesturing at me, "and you're even as tall as me. For a week, I've been trying to hide my feelings for you. Worse still, I *like* Gina. But even if I didn't, I wouldn't try to break you up. It's like I've been dying inside, seeing how happy you two are together. So how am I supposed to feel when you tell me you love me, but that I can't have you?"

"Wait a minute," I said reasonably. "Let's slow down."

She sniffled and looked at me blankly.

"I had this all planned out," I said, mostly to myself, "and this is *not* how it was supposed to happen."

"I'm sorry I messed up your evening," she said dejectedly. She stood slowly and started to walk off.

I jumped up and quickly caught her. "Wait."

"Why?" she asked sullenly.

When she gazed into my eyes, she looked so vulnerable that I wanted to kick myself for hurting her.

"Why?" she asked again.

"Because…"

Her eyes pleaded with me.

"Because I love you," I said simply. "And the last thing I ever wanted to do was hurt you. I'm in love with you *and* Gina. I can't explain it, but that's how I feel."

She stepped close to me, so close that I could feel the heat of her body. "Thank you," she whispered, looking down. Then she looked up fiercely. "But I'm not going to do anything to break up y—"

I don't know what came over me next. Maybe it was her openness. Maybe it was her vulnerability. Maybe it was simply that I didn't want her to finish what she was obviously going to say. Instead of letting her speak, I pulled her toward me and our lips met. She protested a little, at first, but as her body pressed against mine, she relaxed and leaned into me.

Slowly, awkwardly at first, she wrapped her arms around me. I cradled her with a hand at the small of her back and pulled her hips against me. My lips pressed against hers and I gently pushed my tongue between them. She opened her mouth a little clumsily, but quickly got into it. We kissed until she ran out of breath and pulled back.

"We can't do this," she said, licking her lips and panting slightly. "We can't. Gina—"

I kissed her again. She moaned into my mouth but didn't pull away. It was a full kiss, a passionate kiss, a movie kiss, and she melted against me. When I finally pulled back, her eyes were closed and she looked more beautiful than ever.

"You think you've got it all figured out," I said softly. "But you don't."

She opened her eyes to look at me, her lower lip trembling.

"You've got this big blind spot when it comes to your own emotions," I said. I was still holding her close, and was acutely aware that my penis was pressed against her thigh. I was also aware that her full breasts were crushed between us. "Think about it for a second," I said. "Gina knows how you feel about me. She also knows how I feel about you."

She blinked, her eyes still moist.

"When you came up to us earlier and we were having that serious conversation, what do you think we were talking about?" I asked rhetorically. "We were talking about you."

"But…"

"But what? Gina practically insisted that you and I have some time alone tonight," I said. "You saw how she reacted when she thought you were going to leave."

She nodded uncertainly.

"She did that *knowing* how we felt about each other."

"She knows how you feel about me?" she asked, my words suddenly registering. She looked shocked and a little scared.

I nodded.

"Then why did she…?"

"Because she trusts me," I said. "And she loves me. And I think," I said softly, "that she loves *you* too, at least as a friend." *As probably* more *than a friend,* I thought. But this wasn't the time to mention that part. Not yet, at least. "So she wanted me to spend some time alone with you." I pulled her close. "Does that make sense?"

She shook her head.

I kissed her again, long and sweet and hot. She eagerly responded against me, moaning softly.

"If you keep doing that," she said, breathless, "I'm going to forget about not trying to break up your relationship."

I shook my head, grinning. "Don't worry. No matter what you do, you're not going to break up any relationship."

She nodded and hung her head. "I know."

I kissed her on the forehead. "But that doesn't mean you can't be *part* of that relationship." I had to pull back quickly, for fear of her smashing my nose, when she looked up suddenly. "That's part of the long story," I said.

"Lemme guess," she said, almost sarcastically. "You wanna have your cake and eat it too?"

"Well," I replied, getting the gist of what she was talking about, "it's a *lot* more complicated than that."

"Oh?"

"Listen," I said softly, "I've put a lot of thought into this. I definitely don't want to hurt your feelings. I like you too much, I *love* you too much, and I respect you too much to do anything to hurt you."

She nodded.

"So you need to decide if you trust me or not. Do you really think I'm some womanizing cad, simply out to have sex with every girl I find attractive? If that were the case, I could've had sex with you last year."

"Yeah, I know. In a way, I wish you had."

I shook my head. "I wanted to, believe me, but it probably would've ruined our relationship. I think this'll be better."

"How?" she asked hopefully, looking up.

"Do you trust me?"

Timidly, "Yes."

"Do you love me?" I asked.

Her eyes softened, and she nodded.

I nodded toward the blanket. "Then why don't we lie down, and I'll tell you the rest of the story."

"Okay," she said softly.

She lay on her back, and I propped myself on an elbow to her side. I wanted to be able to see her face as I talked to her. I also wanted her to be able to feel the presence of my body—close but not touching, not until she wanted me to. When she was settled, she looked up at me anxiously. I leaned in to kiss her, and she moaned softly as our lips met. I rested my hand on her supple stomach, feeling the tension ease out of her as our kiss heated up.

"I was going to tell you this story," I said, "while I was playing with you."

"Huh?"

I moved my hand toward her manicured pubic hair. "You know, *playing with you*."

She swallowed hard.

"But I decided against it," I said.

"Why?" she asked, a little crestfallen.

"Because it wouldn't be fair. I'd originally thought that I'd tell you what I needed to tell you, and get you worked up as I did. When it came time to ask you the big question, you'd be so worked up that you'd say yes. But you'd say yes because you were horny. And I couldn't take advantage of you that way."

"Why not? And what's this big question?"

"The big question will come later, after you know the rest of the story. You've got to know everything else before you can answer the question."

"What if I don't get the answer right?"

I chuckled softly. "It's not a right/wrong kinda thing. There's only one right answer, and it's the answer that's right for *you*. I know what I want, and I know what Gina wants, but you've got to decide what you want."

"Does it have something to do with you and Gina?" she asked.

I nodded. "And you."

"Me?"

"Mmm hmm. If you want."

"How?" she breathed.

"Well," I said, taking a deep breath, "*that* is the story. Are you ready?"

She nodded, a little uncertainly. "I think so."

"Okay, here goes."

So I told her. I started at the end of last summer, and told her about how I was conflicted and confused about who I loved. I told her about writing to Gina, and how things had slacked off when we both got involved with school or sports. I told her about Amy, in general detail, and about the pregnancy scare.

"That was a stupid thing to do," Kendall said sharply.

"Yeah, it was. And it's something I'm going to have to deal with when I get home," I said. "But I created the problem, so I'll deal with it. I may not like it, but it's my responsibility."

She nodded and gestured for me to continue, so I did. I told her about coming to camp, and how I talked with "a friend" here, about relationships. I told her about The Talk with Gina, and how badly things had gone after that.

"Yeah," she said. "I can see that in her. She broods about problems."

"Uh-huh."

"But you were saying…"

"Right." I told her about Gina's weeklong 'lapse of sanity' and how Kara helped. I also told her about Stacy, and how she was in love with me. Kendall's eyes tightened when I mentioned the older girl, but they softened as I described how Stacy had tried to help get Gina back.

"She really loves you," Kendall said softly.

I nodded.

"She was willing to give you up, just so you could be happy with Gina?"

"Yes," I said heavily.

"I know how she feels," she said, her voice soft.

I kissed her tenderly. When I pulled back, I told her about Kara taking Gina and me to task, and The Second Talk. I left out the part about Gina liking girls, though. *One step at a time,* I thought. Then I told her about how Gina and I had tentatively started talking again, while we were moving Mr. Kestrel's things.

"You mean you really *were* cleaning his house?" Kendall asked suddenly.

I nodded, grinning. "More or less."

"What do you mean 'more or less'?" she asked suspiciously.

"I'll get to that part."

"Then hurry up," she said. "This is getting pretty good. I still don't see what it has to do with me, but you *do* know how to tell a story."

"Maybe it's all those books you and Gina are foisting on me."

She grinned, unrepentantly.

I shared her grin and then continued. I told her about how Gina and I had gotten back together, and about our picnic at the glade. I left out the salacious details, but from the look in her eyes, Kendall's imagination was in high gear. As I was talking about getting back together with Gina, I got an erection. Instead of moving my hips away from Kendall, I simply let my hardness press against her hip. Her eyes widened, but she didn't say anything.

Then I dropped the bombshell. I'd wavered on whether or not to tell her about Gina's and my parents' swinging. On one hand, it wasn't something I'd normally share with her or anyone else. But on the other, it was an integral part of the kind of relationship Gina and I were defining for ourselves. In the end, I decided to tell Kendall about it. When I did, her eyes widened further and she looked at me skeptically.

"You're kidding, right?" she asked.

I simply shook my head.

"Your parents are swingers? I mean, I sorta know what that means, but are you talking about what I think you're talking about?"

"Probably. I mean, I know Gina's and my parents swing together. And I know there are probably other people involved, but I haven't figured out who. To be honest, I've kinda been too busy with my own life to pay much attention to it."

She nodded distractedly. "Keep going," she said.

I stifled a grin and nodded. When I told her about the conversation Gina and I had had at the quarry lake, about Gina watching me with another girl, Kendall's eyes snapped open.

"You mean *me*, don't you?" she breathed.

"If you want," I said, nodding. "I mean, I'm not going to rape you or anything."

"You wouldn't have to rape me," she said softly. Then she looked up bashfully and said, "Unless you want to."

"Huh?"

"Never mind."

I filed the comment away and kept speaking. I told her about talking with Gina about the idea of me with another girl, and how I'd thought she might not be ready for the reality of it.

Kendall nodded.

"Gina gets excited… um… watching people," I said simply.

"Yeah." Then she grew quiet. "I kinda do too. I watch people all the time. And sometimes, I make up little stories in my head about what's going on between them. Sometimes my little stories are very… um… hot. I guess it's from all the reading I do—I've read some pretty steamy stuff."

"I'll bet."

"None of it's as good as your life, though" she said.

"Maybe I'll write a book someday," I said facetiously.

She laughed. "Keep going."

I smiled and then told her about Gina wanting to see me with her, but being scared about losing me. She

nodded knowingly, and I continued. I started telling her about having sex with both Gina and Kara. As I did, I carefully watched her expression. When she didn't react with outrage, I told her about the previous day.

"So you *weren't* cleaning," she said. "I *knew* it."

"Well," I said, "we *did* clean the house. We just… um… did a little more than clean."

Once again, my erection was pressed against her hip, and I knew she was aware of it, but she didn't say anything about it.

"I guess you could call it a trial run," I said. "Gina and I needed to see if she could handle seeing me with another girl."

"One who wouldn't betray her and try to steal you away."

I nodded.

"So you want to have sex with me, while Gina watches?" she asked frankly.

I could see the warring emotions in her eyes: arousal, frustration, interest, and resentment.

"Is that all I am to you two?" she asked harshly.

"No," I said quickly, firmly. I kept my voice deliberately mild as I said, "Tell me something: if Gina simply wanted to watch me have sex with you, and that's all we cared about, she could hide somewhere around this clearing, couldn't she?" I gestured around us. "You'd never know she was there. Would you?"

She shook her head.

"And if I didn't care about you, I maybe could've just had sex with you, while Gina secretly watched. Right?"

"No," she said, bristling.

I suddenly realized that I sounded like I was taking her for granted. "Maybe, maybe not," I said, temporizing and trying to soothe her indignation.

"Okay, so what if you could have?"

"The fact is, I didn't. Instead of simply seducing you, I talked to you. I told you things that no one other than Gina and I know. I want you to be *part* of my life, I don't want you to be simply an episode."

Her eyes softened. "Why?"

"Because I love you. And I want you to be happy."

She nodded minutely and then calmed down a little. "Yeah, you could have us fighting over you, if you wanted to. You could have us begging you, like Drew with Jill and Trish."

I started to shake my head, but she cut me off.

"Oh yes you could, and you know it. I know you saw what Drew was doing."

I shrugged.

"But I also saw how you reacted. He's my brother, and I love him, but he's a real jerk sometimes. You're not like that. Instead of pitting us against each other, you're trying to make us both happy."

"Yeah."

"But why tell me all of this?" she asked. She laughed ruefully. "Do I look *that* lovesick and desperate?"

I quickly shook my head. "Not at all."

"I am, you know? I guess there's no harm telling you, now. You already seem to know, and Gina does too. I *am* that lovesick and desperate for you. But why tell me this? What makes you think I'll go along?"

"I don't even know if you remember this, but it was something I said right before you left, last summer."

She arched an eyebrow.

"I said something like 'it's too bad you can't share me,' and you actually looked thoughtful instead of scandalized."

"I remember that." She paused and closed her eyes, smiling dreamily. "Oh, I definitely remember that."

"And," I said slowly, "there's something more."

When I paused for a long moment, she became apprehensive. "Is it something I've done?" she asked.

"No," I said quickly, shaking my head. "It's…" I took a deep breath. "Okay, it's something I debated whether to tell you or not. It's serious, and I really don't know how you'll react. Gina says I'm very deliberate, and I guess I am. I don't like to do something unless I know how it'll come out."

She nodded, relaxing a little now that I was talking again.

"Gina says I think things through, and try to figure out how my actions will affect other people."

"You do," she said softly.

I nodded. "Yeah, I guess I do, but I never realized it before. Anyway, I really have no idea how you're going to react to this, and it kinda worries me. I mean, you're really important to me, as important as Gina. So I don't want to do anything to disgust you."

She reached up and touched my face. "You'll never do anything to disgust me," she said.

"Well, I dunno. Though I don't know if disgust is the right word. 'Scare' may be a better one."

"What could you possibly have to tell me that's so bad?" Try as hard as she might, she couldn't keep the nervousness from her voice.

I took a deep breath. "One of the reasons Gina really wants… um… wants you to join us is that she…"

"She what?"

"She thinks you're really beautiful."

Her brow furrowed in confusion. "Is that it?"

I gathered my courage and steeled myself for a possible slap. "Gina likes girls too. She's… um… she's attracted to you."

Much to my surprise, Kendall laughed—and it wasn't a little tittering giggle either, it was a full-throated laugh. When she saw my stunned expression, she grew serious. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"That doesn't bother you?"

She put her hand against my cheek, caressing me gently. "Oh, sweetie, I went to an *all-girls* school. I read *lots* of books. Do you think this is the first time I've heard about a girl who's bisexual?"

"Oh." I felt myself blushing. "I guess I hadn't thought about it before."

"I may be a good country girl from Tennessee," she said, affecting a Southern drawl, "but I know about city girls and their city ways."

"Now you're just teasing me," I said, blushing deeper still.

She grinned, nodding.

"Don't tell me you like girls too," I said, almost in exasperation.

She shrugged, but didn't look revolted or anything. "I guess I never really thought about it. I had some good friends who liked girls, though. They were never real obvious about it, but I could tell. Although I wonder why I never saw it in Gina," she mused. "I guess now that I know, a lot of little things make sense, but I don't think I would've figured it out on my own."

"Oh."

"Is that what you were worried about telling me?"

I nodded.

"Well, I guess I am a little shocked, but I'm not appalled, if that's what you were worried about. My mom would probably go nuts, but she's so straitlaced." Then she paused for a long moment, contemplating. "I think you're right, I *do* have a blind spot when it comes to my own emotions."

"Huh?" I asked, stumbling at the non sequitur.

She laughed softly. "As you've been telling me this whole story and we've been talking, I calmed down a lot. Earlier, I was pretty worried, and all worked up because of how you were acting. Now, it's easier for me to see things, to figure out how I'm feeling." She smiled, nodded, and then turned pensive. "Does Gina want me to do it with her too?" she asked suddenly, returning the conversation to its original tack.

"Only if you want to," I said. "She understands that you might not be into girls—"

"Bisexual," she said distractedly.

"Bisexual," I said, fitting my mouth around the unfamiliar word. "So we were gonna leave that up to you."

"I don't know if I could," she said. "I mean, I've never thought about it." Then she laughed ruefully. "See? Now I'm worried. When I get emotional, I can't think about things."

"Trust me," I said soothingly, "I know how *that* is."

She regained her composure somewhat and smiled. "You know, most guys would've simply taken

advantage of me, or Gina, or *both* of us."

I nodded.

"I guess that's one of the reasons I… we… love you. One thing I am worried about, though. And I promised myself I'd never ask a guy this, but…" She grinned bashfully. "Why me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why me?" she repeated. "Why choose me?"

"Well, you're the girl I'm in love with. One of them, at least. And you're the girl Gina and I are attracted to."

"But Jenny's prettier than me," she said in a small voice.

I shook my head. "I don't think so. And neither does Gina."

"Okay, so why?"

"You're smart."

"Is that it?!" she asked, eyes wide.

I grinned. "Well, you *are* beautiful, but yeah, that's basically it. Smart is sexy. Believe it or not, Gina and I actually talked about this. The reason you're so attractive is 'cause you're smart. We enjoy talking to you, being around you—Gina especially. So, 'why you?' Well, for the same reasons I'm attracted to Gina, why I think you're both really sexy: you're brainy *and* beautiful."

"I never thought I'd get a guy with my brain," she said, laughing. When she did, her breasts bounced and she looked down at them. "I always thought I'd get 'em with these," she said candidly.

"Well," I said, staring pointedly at her flattened breasts, "those didn't *hurt*."

"Thanks." Then she turned coy. "So, what if I say yes?"

"Yes to what?" Sometimes, I can be a bit dense.

"Oh my goodness, *this* is why you want me to go hiking with you, isn't it?"

"Yes and no," I said hastily, finally Getting It. "Yes, this was a possibility. But if you said no, we'd still want you to go hiking with us. I mean, we really like you, as a friend or… as…"

"As your girlfriend?"

I reflexively started to say, "I already have a girlfriend," but I caught myself in time.

She must have read the expression on my face. "You already have a girlfriend," she said.

"I don't think there are any rules about how many girlfriends a guy can have," I said diffidently.

"No, because girls make those rules."

I nodded.

"So I think Gina and I can work things out. But what if I say yes?" she asked again. "What then?" Most of the time we'd been talking, I'd rested my hand on her stomach. I also still had an erection, and it was pressed against her hip. Suddenly, she was acutely aware of both. When I didn't answer her, she grinned shyly at me. "If I say yes, will you make love to me?"

Before I answered, I kissed her, gently at first, but with increasing heat. When I pulled back, I looked into her eyes. "Not yet. It's a promise I made to Gina."

She nodded, a little sadly. "On Saturday, then?"

"If you'd like."

She made a show of considering it.

I began to panic, until I realized she was teasing me.

"Will Gina want me to touch her, to… um… make love to her too?"

I shook my head. "Not if you don't want to."

That seemed to satisfy her. "But what about tonight?"

"Well," I said slyly, sliding my hand through her soft, trimmed pubic hair.

She closed her eyes and her nostrils flared.

I dipped my head and brought my lips close to her ear. When I spoke softly, she could feel my warm breath on her skin. "That depends," I said. "There are a lot of things we *can* do, short of making love."

When I moved my lips to kiss her, she whimpered and arched her back. Her breasts pressed against my chest. "Oh," she breathed, "I've waited so long for this."

My fingers found her moist sex, and I gently spread her outer labia.

"I might not have you all to myself," she said, "but I'll enjoy what I do have."

I nodded and then moved my fingers over her clit. She moaned, her lips crushing against mine as she clutched my head.

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We spent the next couple of hours in the clearing, simply exploring, enjoying, and talking. She was a little shy about her body at first, so we mostly lay close and gently caressed each other. I discovered that her nipples were very sensitive, and almost brought her off once, simply by sucking them. When I dipped my fingers into her channel—she was incredibly wet, but I could barely get two fingers inside her—she erupted in a shuddering, nearly silent orgasm.

Later, we kissed while I stroked myself. She cried out with joy and surprise when my come splashed against her smooth stomach. Then she grinned shyly as she told me she didn't realize it would be so hot. She promised that next time, she'd make me come, instead of me jerking off. I told her I simply enjoyed being with her, that the orgasm was just a bonus.

Before we walked back up the hill, we took a quick dip in the lake, to wash off and cool down. As we slowly, reluctantly headed toward her camper, we talked quietly. She was nervous about Gina watching, and possibly participating, although she was open and honest about it. But she definitely wanted to be with me, to give herself to me fully.

When I finally dropped her off at her Winnebago, it was almost eleven thirty. As I kissed her goodnight, she clung to me desperately.

"I keep thinking I'll wake up tomorrow morning, and this'll all be a dream."

"It *is* a dream," I whispered. "But we're living it."

"I can't believe I have to share you. But I guess sharing's better than not having."

I nodded.

"I…," she said. "I've never said this to anyone, not like this." She took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

When she looked at me, my heart felt like it was going to burst.

"I… I love you," she said.

"I love you too."

Her eyes closed again, and two tears rolled from under her lashes. "I dreamed of you saying that to me," she breathed. Then she opened her eyes—they were shiny with moisture. "But actually hearing it is better than I ever imagined," she said, hugging me tightly.

I took the opportunity to nuzzle her ear.

"I'd better let you get back to Gina," she said softly.

"Yeah, she's probably ready to explode with anticipation."

She chuckled. "She doesn't handle delayed gratification very well, does she?"

I didn't know exactly what she was talking about, but if she meant that Gina didn't like to wait, she was exactly right. I shook my head, agreeing with her.

"Go," she said. "Go talk to your first girlfriend."

I kissed her again and then waited until she closed the camper's door behind her. Then I slung the blanket over my shoulder and headed toward the cabins. At ours, Erin was asleep, but Mom was still up, reading. When I came in, she smiled.

"Did you have a good night?" she asked, her voice pitched low.

I nodded, grinning.

"Good."

"I need to go talk to Gina," I said.

"Oh?" She closed her book, keeping her place with her finger, and laid it upon her lap. "I thought you were with her tonight."

I felt my cheeks warming as I shook my head. "Um… no. I was with Kendall."

"Is everything okay?"

I nodded.

"Does Gina know you were with Kendall?"

I grinned bashfully and nodded again.

"Oh," she said quietly. "I think I understand." Then she looked at me and smiled. "Gina's a lot like her mother."

"I guess."

"Trust me, she is."

"Oh, yeah," I said. "I guess you'd—"

"Mmm hmm. I'd know, all right." Then she grinned. "Judging by your expression, I'd say Kendall wasn't all that shocked by the idea."

I looked up suddenly.

Her grin was warm, but self-satisfied.

"I keep forgetting how perceptive you are," I said.

"Mmm hmm, you do."

"Sorry, Mom."

"Oh, don't worry about it, honey. Sometimes it's fun to see your face when you realize I know more than you thought I did. When you have children, you'll understand what I'm talking about."

I nodded.

"Well, you'd better go find Gina and tell her the good news." She started to look down at her book and I felt myself blushing again.

"Um… Mom?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Since it's already close to midnight, d'you think I could stay out later? I mean, um… talking to Gina might take longer than a few minutes."

"Talking?" she asked archly, her eyes smiling.

I looked at my feet.

"Oh, to be young again, and full of energy."

I grinned sheepishly.

"Yes, dear. You can stay out later, *if* it's okay with Chris and Elizabeth."

"Thanks, Mom."

"You're welcome. Be home by one. Okay?"

I bent down and kissed her on the cheek.

She looked up at me fondly. "Wake me up when you get home. You know I can't sleep until I know you're home safe."

I grinned at our private joke and then turned to go. She was smiling indulgently as she opened her book. I slowly closed the screen door, so it wouldn't wake Erin, and then raced up the hill to Gina's cabin. She ran down the stairs as soon as she heard me coming.

"What took you so long?" she asked urgently.

My smile was answer enough. "Can you see if your parents will let you stay out till one?" I asked.

She nodded, kissed me quickly, and then practically flew inside.

I climbed the steps and waited on her porch. A few minutes later, I heard her emerge from her parents' room. (Gina's cabin actually had two bedrooms, one for her parents and one for her and her sisters.) She came out quietly, a smile on her face.

Instead of finding someplace comfortable—and potentially exposed—we simply walked into the darkness between the cabins. Once we were safely out of the light, I spread the blanket on the ground and we sat down.

Without preamble, Gina reached for my manhood. When she had me nice and hard, she scooted forward. She hooked her legs over mine, slid forward some more, and set the tip of my erection against her drenched pussy.

"I've been so hot, just thinking about what you were doing," she said softly. "I want to get you inside me and then you can tell me all about it."

In truth, I'd forgotten to ask Kendall if she minded me telling Gina about what had happened. Given how Kendall had taken to the entire idea, I didn't think she'd mind. Then Gina lifted her hips and slid onto my cock. I stopped thinking coherently. Her pelvis ground against mine as she settled to the ground. By wrapping our arms around each other, I discovered that we could easily sit up while still joined. It must have been something she'd seen her parents do, because I certainly never would've thought of the position.

"Mmmmm," she breathed. When her eyes fluttered open, she grinned at me. "Now," she said quietly, "tell me everything."

I told her everything.

By the time I was done, there were tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" I asked her, my erection flagging.

"You're just such a great guy," she said. "Kendall and I are lucky to have you."

I shook my head. "*I'm* the lucky one."

With that, she awkwardly pulled her feet back, one at a time, and tucked them alongside my thighs. When she completed the maneuver, she was straddling my hips. She then pushed me onto my back, crushed herself against my chest, and showed me exactly *how* lucky I was.

It was actually a few minutes after one when I finally got home. I bent over Mom's sleeping form and gave her a quick kiss. She mumbled that she loved me, and I pulled the sheet over her shoulders. When I finally climbed into bed, I was exhausted but happy.

A lot of guys were lucky to have one girlfriend, I reflected. I had two. Did that make me twice as lucky? No. Four times as lucky? Maybe. Ten times as lucky? Possibly. Because I had Gina and Kendall, I didn't know if there really *was* a limit on how lucky I was.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The next morning, I had to drag myself out of bed. I wanted to sleep late, but I was awake and my body seemed determined to stay that way. So I did my morning workout with less enthusiasm than normal. Friday workouts aren't my favorite anyway: abs, sides, and legs. After several sets of ab crunches and sit-ups with weights on my chest, I always felt like puking.

When I finished my last sit-up, I collapsed and closed my eyes, my chest heaving. I could already feel the burn in my stomach muscles, and the last thing I wanted to do was jump rope. As I stared up at the early morning sky, I let my mind wander and slowly worked up the energy to stand. At least jumping rope would be mindless, and I could think about the events of the past week.

Things with Gina seemed to be moving at a breakneck pace. And then it hit me—in little more than a week, she and her family would be leaving! I didn't even want to *think* about being apart for a year, but I knew I'd have to. And I knew that Gina and I would have to talk about it.

Twenty minutes of jumping rope seemed to pass in the blink of an eye. By the time I coiled my rope, the sun had risen above the ridge behind me, painting the sky with shades of pink and red. I still wanted some time to think, and since no one seemed to be awake yet, I decided to go for a run. I still didn't like running, but I was beginning to see the appeal of the solitude. As I headed down the sandy road toward the gate, I once again let my mind wander.

Unfortunately, I didn't really get anything worked out. I thought about a lot, but came to no definite conclusions. The one *good* thing I did come up with: my father worked for a major airline! As long as I flew stand-by, I could travel almost anywhere I wanted to, with my parents' permission, of course. And I could do it for free! If there were no direct Atlanta to Charleston routes, I could fly using inter-airline discounts. I'd have to pay for the tickets, but the discount was substantial.

When I got back to the camp proper, I figured I had run at least three miles. My stomach was doing flip-flops and my calves felt like molten lead, but I had the feeling of euphoria that comes from a good, hard workout. I jogged around the corner of my cabin and laced my fingers behind my head, breathing hard.

"Good morning," Gina said sweetly. She and Mom had been talking on the porch.

"Morning," I said.

"Do you want me to fix you breakfast?" they asked simultaneously. Then they looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"Yes, please," I said. "I'm gonna shower first, though."

"Okay," Gina said, bounding down the stairs.

I grinned at her, watching her breasts gently bounce as she moved.

She gave me a kiss and handed me a towel.

"Erin," Mom said through the screen door, "breakfast in thirty minutes." Erin answered her and then Mom turned to Gina. "Gina, why don't you run up and tell your family we'll have breakfast together. Then you and I can cook for all of us. How's that sound?"

Gina practically beamed at me. "Sounds great," she said.

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At breakfast, I think I single-handedly ate enough for three or four people. Gina's mom even teased me about how their grocery budget would double if they had any sons. Mom merely grinned and agreed with her. I was still hungry, so I got up to fix a bowl of cereal. While I was eating it, Mom and Elizabeth talked about a joint trip to the grocery store. By the time I finished my *second* bowl of cereal, all the women were staring at me with ill-concealed mirth. I wasn't being crass or anything, so I think they were just amazed. I shrugged unrepentantly. I was hungry, so I ate.

After breakfast, Kendall and Drew came into the clubhouse with their parents. Kendall immediately joined Gina and me, while Drew sought out Jill and Trish. Erin and Leah affected not to notice, which made

us grin. Believe it or not, I was still a little hungry, and when I mentioned it to Gina, she playfully rolled her eyes at me. Nonetheless, she grabbed a couple of oranges.

Then Gina, Kendall, and I headed down to the lake. We walked around to the shallow end and spread our towels on the grass. Gina handed me an orange and then offered Kendall the other one, which she politely declined. Unfortunately, we were all a little nervous around each other. Well, I wasn't really nervous, but I could tell that they were. I wanted to do something to lighten the mood, and had a minor brainstorm.

"Gina?" I asked.

"Hmm?"

I pointed to the orange still in her hands. "Would you peel that for me?" I hadn't realized it at the time, but when Gina had fed me oranges in the past, it was always a very intimate experience. I wanted to include Kendall in that intimacy, and I wanted to do it with Gina's cooperation. It was a small step, but an important one.

Gina looked at me suddenly and then focused upon the orange she still held. Finally, she nodded distractedly, glancing at Kendall.

"Will you peel one too?" I asked Kendall, handing her the other orange.

She, in turn, glanced furtively at Gina.

While they were distracted with the oranges, I moved to sit between them, stretching my legs out before me and propping myself up with my arms.

"Do you want us to feed you too, Your Highness?" Gina asked, with an edge to her voice.

"Why yes," I said, with a haughty air. "That would be splendid." Unfortunately, I couldn't say it with a straight face. When I laughed, the girls nervously joined in.

Gina was the first to bring an orange slice to my lips. Instead of merely letting her pop it into my mouth, I quickly captured her fingertips as well. I moved the orange slice to the side of my mouth and sensuously sucked her finger, gazing into her eyes as I did.

"Oh," she breathed. "No fair."

Then I released her finger and chewed the orange with a smug smile.

When I looked at Kendall, she was watching with wide-eyed disbelief. She stared at me for a moment before she realized I was ready for the next slice. She actually blushed as she looked down and pulled one free. She brought it to my lips and I captured her fingers as well. I sucked the juice from her fingertips and then smiled suggestively as I chewed the orange.

"My turn," Gina said, bringing another slice to my mouth.

I scooted back a bit—so I could sit up and cross my legs—and put a hand on each girl's thigh. I wanted them to see that I was touching the other, but also that I wasn't playing any favorites. I don't know why, but it seemed like the thing to do. They continued feeding me orange sections, while I continued licking and sucking their fingers after each one. As I did so, my dick twitched a few times and began to stiffen, a fact that both girls noticed.

I know Gina *wanted* to see me with Kendall, and I know Kendall *thought* she understood what it would be like to share me, but I don't think either of them understood the reality of our evolving relationship. For that matter, I don't think I did either, at least not completely. But I also thought I had a much better grasp on things than they did. So I started slowly. If they could both feed me orange slices—an intimate but non-sexual act—then we could probably take things further.

What surprised me most was that I thought of all this on the fly. I hadn't rehearsed any of it, I just did it. And it seemed to be working. A lot of the nervousness and tension was gone, replaced by giggles and shared grins. By the time we finished the oranges, I was no longer hungry. In addition, Gina and Kendall could easily tell that I was aroused. Judging by their breathing and erect nipples, they were too.

I wanted to take things further, but that's when we saw the first flash of lightning. Several seconds later, the thunder rolled over us. I looked up and realized that the sky had darkened. Worse, it was growing darker still. So we picked up our towels and began walking toward the clubhouse. At the top of the hill, we met Manfred and Jenny. I noticed that Jenny was no longer wearing her bikini bottoms, and Manfred

seemed unusually relaxed. Gina, Kendall, and I shared a private smile.

"Hey, dude," he said to me. "Hi Gina. Hi Kendall." Then he put his arm around Jenny.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," we all replied in unison.

"We were gonna go dodge the storm on Jenny's front porch. Y'all wanna come?"

Before the girls could answer, I said, "No thanks, Stick. I think we were gonna hang out in the clubhouse for a while."

"Suit yourself," he said. "Bye."

"Bye," Jenny said over her shoulder as they walked off.

"Oh we were, *were* we?" Gina asked.

"Sure," I said. "It'll give us time to talk. Just the three of us."

"Oh."

Kendall just grinned.

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The buildup to the storm was impressive. For forty-five minutes, it simply got darker, windier, and louder. Heat lightning flashed, and thunder cascaded over us as the storm drew closer. I counted the seconds between seeing the lightning and hearing the thunder—a trick my dad had taught me—and figured that the leading edge of the storm was still fifteen or twenty minutes away.

Kara told us that our moms had gone up to the Coulter cabin a little while earlier. Erin and Leah were going to go to the store with them, but they were going to wait until the worst of the storm had passed. Then Kara and Gina shared a couple of meaningful looks before Kara gathered her book and towel and headed up the hill.

"What was that about?" Kendall asked, finally working up the courage to broach the subject.

"What?" Gina asked, as innocently as she could.

"That. You and Kara."

"What about Kara?" Gina asked.

Before Kendall could ask again, I cut in. "Kara was just making sure everything was okay," I said reasonably.

Two heads swiveled my direction.

"Okay?" Kendall asked anxiously.

I nodded. "With the three of us."

"She doesn't *know*, does she?" Kendall asked in a hushed voice. "What if she knows? Will she—"

"Relax," I said. "She knows."

Kendall's jaw dropped open. "She won't tell, will she?" she asked, her voice rising a decibel or two. "You don't think she'd tell your parents, do you?"

"Tell them what?" Gina asked, genuinely perplexed.

"About… you know… us," Kendall hissed.

When Gina burst out laughing, Kendall's confusion only deepened.

I leaned forward. "Her parents…," I said, looking at Gina for confirmation. When she nodded, I continued, "…already know."

"Mom does," Gina said.

Kendall stared at us, agog.

"My mom knows too," I said gently.

Kendall swallowed hard. "We're not gonna get in trouble, are we?" she asked hastily. "I mean, we haven't even *done* anything yet." Then she turned to me. "They won't ground you, will they? *Please* tell me they won't tell my parents. Oh, my goodness!"

"Wait," I said, raising my voice a little. "Calm down."

Gina became subdued when she realized Kendall was serious, and seriously upset.

"No, they won't tell your parents," I said.

"How do your moms even *know?*" Kendall asked.

"That," I said, "is another long story. But you remember what I told you last night?" I looked around to make sure no one was within hearing distance. "About how our parents are swingers?"

She nodded.

"They understand about our relationship," I said, indicating the three of us with a gesture. "My mom figured it out last night, when I told her I spent the evening talking to you."

"She knows about last night?" Kendall blurted, louder than she'd intended.

"Not the details," I said quickly. "But she can probably figure it out. She's pretty smart."

"And you're not in trouble or anything?"

I shook my head. "Remember? They understand."

Kendall looked to Gina for support. She found it, but not the kind she'd been expecting.

"And I talked to my mom about it, too," Gina said softly. "I… I was worried about losing Paul to you."

"You were?"

Gina nodded. "Mmm hmm. I didn't want to admit it to myself, but I could see how much he loves you. And I was worried." It was easy to see what kind of effort it took for her to admit that. "Paul and I talked about it a lot," she continued, "and I talked to my mom too. She told me to trust Paul, which I do. I trust him not to hurt me. Not intentionally, at least. And I trust him not to hurt you, either." She sighed ruefully. "If I hadn't listened to Paul, I probably would've really hurt your feelings."

Kendall looked at me, her jaw working soundlessly.

"Maybe, maybe not," I said. "But our parents know what's going on between the three of us."

"And you're not in trouble?" Kendall asked incredulously.

"Why would we be?" I asked rhetorically. "We're not hurting anyone, we're being careful and discreet, and we treat each other with respect."

"Do you think they'll tell my parents?" she asked nervously.

I looked at Gina, who shrugged. "I don't think so," I said.

Kendall visibly relaxed.

"They wouldn't do anything to get you in trouble," I said. "Our parents are really cool."

"No kidding. I can't believe you all even *talk* to them about stuff like this."

I shrugged. "Like I said, our parents are really cool."

"My parents sure aren't," she said sourly. "If my mom even *thought* I was doing… what we're talking about," she said deliberately, "she'd ground me until I'm thirty."

"Come on, it can't be that bad," I chided her gently.

"You don't know my mom," she said. "And my dad is the epitome of 'protective father.'"

"Well," I said, "as long as we're careful, I don't think they'll figure anything out."

"I hope not. My mother would hit the roof if she thought I was fooling around."

Gina and I smiled at each other. More and more, I was glad I had the parents I did. She was probably thinking the same thing.

"The more I learn about you two," Kendall said, "the more I'm amazed."

I looked at her earnestly. "Do you like what you're learning?"

She paused to consider it for a moment and then nodded. "I think so. It's not what I expected, either. I thought you were just a regular guy."

"I *am* a regular guy," I protested mildly.

"Not hardly," she snorted. "I don't know any regular guys who have *two* girlfriends."

I quickly looked at Gina to gauge her reaction.

She smiled with equanimity and then leaned toward Kendall. "I don't think many guys could even *handle* girls like us," she said with a grin.

As the two of them laughed, the squall line broke over the clubhouse and the roar of the rain filled the air around us.

When it rains, it pours, I thought with a silent chuckle.

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We sat around and just talked for a while, getting comfortable together. Gina was still a little unsure of herself, but she took her cues from me. Kendall was amazed, insecure, enthusiastic, or curious, each by turns. Although there were a lot of people in the clubhouse, the tattoo of the rain beating down upon the roof ensured we wouldn't be overheard.

I think Kendall was still a little shocked that Gina would want to share me. What Kendall didn't yet realize was that Gina also wanted *me* to share *her*. Well, perhaps it was a *bit* more complicated than that, I privately admitted. But it was fun watching the two of them work toward understanding our developing relationship. In the process, I learned a lot about their reactions and insecurities, simply by keeping my mouth shut and paying attention.

It was interesting to watch Kendall, now that she knew Gina was interested in girls too. The previous night, Gina had been disappointed to learn that Kendall wasn't exactly enthusiastic about sex with another girl, but she also pointed out that Kendall hadn't closed the door completely, either. She certainly wasn't shocked by it, but judging by her body language, she wasn't exactly encouraging Gina.

In the end, however, we *were* all good friends. That would be the core of any relationship we'd have, sexual or otherwise. I was also a little amazed that I could sit back and analyze things as dispassionately as I was. The previous year, even the previous month, I probably would've worked myself into apoplexy trying to think of all the "what if?" scenarios that could occur. Now, I sat back and enjoyed the conversation. Oh, I still analyzed things and tried to pay attention to what the girls *weren't* saying, as much as to what they were saying, but I didn't get worked up about it.

Is this what maturity is like? I wondered. *No,* I thought wryly, *this is what self-confidence is like. And maybe a little bit of maturity.*

"Hey," I said at a lull in the conversation, "why don't we get out of here." I gestured at the growing crowd of people. It was lunchtime, and families were coming down to eat. "Let's eat some sandwiches real quick, grab Scrabble, then go hang out in my family's cabin. Mom and Erin have gone to the store and my dad's on a trip, so we'll have the place to ourselves."

We all looked at each other, eagerness plainly written across our faces.

"Sure," Gina said brightly.

"That'd be great," Kendall added.

"I'll get the game and wrap it in a towel while you all fix sandwiches," I said.

When we were finished eating lunch, we quickly cleaned up and headed toward the clubhouse door. It was still raining, but the rain had turned from a torrential downpour to a steady, drenching shower. We'd get wet on the way to my cabin, but at least we'd have some privacy once we got there.

"Lemme run by the Winnie and tell my mom where I'll be," Kendall said as we approached the screen door.

I nodded. "Gina and I'll run up to the cabin. We'll have a dry towel waiting for you."

We all grinned at each other and then opened the door. It was raining hard enough that it wasn't even worth running. Soon enough, Kendall waved to us and veered toward her camper. For some crazy reason, Gina and I sprinted the last hundred yards to our cabin. I could've easily outpaced her, but I held back and ran next to her. Finally, we bounded up the cabin stairs, a little winded and grinning like idiots. The towel protecting the Scrabble box was nearly drenched, so I quickly removed it and hung it over one of the rocking chairs.

Once inside, Gina fetched us two dry towels from the bathroom. The first thing I did was dry the Scrabble box. Then I dried myself. A few minutes later, Kendall trudged up the stairs looking like a drowned rat. She was a very buxom rat, but a drowned rat nonetheless.

"I don't wanna drip on the cabin floor," she said through the screen door. "Can you just throw me a towel?"

"Nonsense," Gina said. "We dripped on the floor. Come on in." She turned to fetch another towel as Kendall came inside.

I enjoyed watching Kendall dry off, noticing that she had to lift her breasts to dry underneath them. She blushed self-consciously when she saw me looking. I smiled to reassure her, and she grinned shyly in return.

"Let's get some fresh towels to sit on," Gina said. "Where does your mom keep them?"

I pointed to the bottom drawer of the large dresser.

"I'm going to have to help her do laundry," Gina said, "with all the towels we're going through."

I hung up my damp towel while Gina grabbed fresh ones. The girls both kept their first towels, to dry their hair with.

"Does Erin have a comb we can borrow?" Gina asked. "I don't want tangles in my hair."

"Sure," I said, striding toward the bathroom. I handed Erin's large-handled comb to Gina.

She dried her hair some more, hung her damp towel in the bathroom, then began combing out her ebony hair. When she was done, she passed the comb to Kendall, who repeated Gina's ritual, almost motion for motion. With their hair finally dressed, but still wet, we spread our clean towels and sat. Gina and I sat together on the couch, while Kendall moved toward one of the easy chairs.

"Hold on a second," Gina said suddenly. "Swap with me, Kendall."

Kendall looked up, perplexed. "Huh?"

"I get to sit next to him all the time. You sit over here on the couch, and I'll sit on the chair."

"No, you sit next to him," Kendall said.

They went back and forth a few times, each girl trying to get the other to sit next to me.

Finally, I threw up my hands in mock frustration. "*I'll* sit on the chair," I said.

They looked a little chagrined.

"Well," Gina said thoughtfully, "that way, we'll *both* get to look at you."

"Yeah," Kendall quickly agreed.

With the seating arrangements finally taken care of, we set up the board, drew our letters, and began to play. In the middle of the game, wonder of wonders, I was actually winning. I'd managed to put the J in "enjoy" on a triple-letter score *and* turn "oust" into "joust." So I'd gotten 48 points *just from the letter J*. Needless to say, I was pretty excited about that. On the strength of the lead provided by my "enjoy/joust" score, I managed to win the game.

"Hey," I said suddenly. "Why don't we play dirty Scrabble."

The girls looked at me, puzzled.

"You know," I said, "something like double points for any dirty word."

"Yeah!" Gina said quickly.

"What counts as a dirty word?" Kendall asked.

"Anything you wouldn't say in front of your grandmother."

"Okay," she said, blushing.

We mixed the letters in the box top and chose one to see who played first (whoever drew the letter closest to A went first). We all drew six more letters and then Kendall played first. Thinking about the two beautiful girls while trying to come up with dirty words was more than enough to make my penis begin to stiffen. Instead of trying to prevent the reaction, I let nature take its course. By the time we'd each played two words, I was fully erect. Both girls seemed to be having a difficult time concentrating on the game. I grinned to myself and studied my own letters.

Kendall was the first to come up with a dirty word, "suck." It wasn't really something you wouldn't say in front of your grandmother, but that wasn't the point. It got us all thinking about the sexual meanings of the word. And with my hard-on jutting up from my lap, having the girls think about "suck" as a dirty word suited me just fine.

Gina's first dirty word was "nipple," although she had to use a blank tile for the second P. Once again, nipple wasn't something you'd likely refrain from saying in front of your grandmother, but we all agreed that it was dirty enough. My turn was next. I looked at my letters and then scratched my head. What could I do with a J, W, two Bs, an S, and two Os? Nothing worthwhile, I was convinced.

I ran through a couple of words in my head, mostly simple ones like "boobs," "bows," or "jobs." Then I started looking at the board, to see where I could place my word. A few spots looked promising, but then

the L in "nipple" jumped out at me. I could do "blows." That would garner decent points, and I might even convince the girls that it was a dirty word. Then I suddenly realized what the game's coup de grâce would be: "blowjobs." I frantically looked at my letters, just to make sure I hadn't gotten mixed up. When I started laying out my tiles, the girls looked on with growing curiosity.

When I played the final letter, they both giggled. Then they started adding up the score my word was going to generate. The first B was on a double word score, and the 8-point J was on a double letter score. The word alone was worth 29 points, *before* the double word score, which made it 58 points. Because it was undeniably a dirty word, the score doubled again, so I ended up with 116 points. Kendall reluctantly pointed out that because I'd used all my tiles in one word, I received an *additional* 50 points. So the final blockbuster word score was 166 points!

I tried not to celebrate too egregiously, but I couldn't help myself. I bounced around the room, jumping up and down like some crazed kangaroo with an erection. Gales of helpless laughter from the girls accompanied my victory dance, and when I finally stopped jumping for joy, I realized the hilarity of the situation. But I was too pumped on adrenaline to completely calm down. I hadn't won the game yet, but with the kind of commanding lead I'd just gained, it was all but certain that I would.

"I can't believe I actually won *two* games in a row," I gushed.

Gina turned to Kendall. "Leave it to Paul to win with a blowjob," she said sardonically.

"Not just *any* blowjob," I countered, my emotions still riding high. "The word was blowjobs, plural, as in 'more than one blowjob.'"

That brought a fresh round of giggles from the girls.

"I think that might've been one of the best blowjobs I've ever had," I said, being silly.

"Oh really?" Gina asked, gasping as she laughed.

"The next time he wants a blowjob," Kendall said, finally working up the courage to join in, "you can just get out the Scrabble board."

"How would you like it if we did that?" Gina asked me through her laughter. "Hmm?"

"I wouldn't care. I can live happily with the knowledge that I beat you both at Scrabble with the king of all blowjobs."

That set them off again, and they rocked against each other, laughing so hard that I thought they might roll off the couch. Their laughter was contagious, and I laughed along with them, at myself as much as anything else. When we finally calmed down a little, Gina looked at Kendall.

"Why don't we concede this game," she said. "He's going to win it anyway."

Kendall nodded. "Besides," she said soberly, her eyes locked on my flagging erection, "I don't know *how* you can sit there and play Scrabble with him like… that."

In an instant, the mood in the cabin changed from hilarious to horny. The change was nearly palpable. I took a deep breath and wondered if I could smell it too. My dick hardened in anticipation.

Gina's gaze followed Kendall's and then she smiled as she looked up at my face. "I see him like that all the time," she said.

"Well, I don't," Kendall said, her eyes never leaving my dick.

"Nice, isn't it?"

Kendall nodded absently.

"Do you want to play another game?" Gina asked.

Kendall turned to look at her blankly. "Huh?"

Gina grinned. "Do you want to play another game?"

"Um… Can we maybe just talk… or something?"

"Or something," Gina replied, glancing at me.

Kendall blushed and laughed a little nervously.

The girls stood, and the three of us quickly cleaned up and returned the game pieces to the box. As we did, Kendall's eyes hardly left my erection, a fact which was not lost on Gina. The whole situation only served to make me harder still, if that was possible. I tossed the box onto one of the easy chairs and turned my attention to the girls. They both looked a little nervous, although they also looked excited. I was pretty

sure I knew where things were headed, but I decided to start slowly.

I moved toward Gina, holding her eyes with my own. Her head tilted back as I drew near, so I bent to kiss her. My erection pressed against the smooth skin of her stomach, and she moaned softly as our kiss intensified. When I pulled back, she smiled at me and opened her eyes.

"I can leave you two alone," Kendall said tentatively, "if you want."

"No," I said. "We want you to stay."

Gina nodded when I looked at her for confirmation.

"We don't have to do anything if you don't want to," I said to Kendall. "The three of us, I mean."

I could clearly see the internal struggle taking place behind her eyes. Her breathing had quickened and she was a little flushed with desire, but she also looked nervous.

"Why don't we just sit on the couch and talk for a while," I suggested.

Gina's unseen hand pressed against the small of my back, quietly adding her approval.

"Would that be okay?" Kendall asked.

"Mmm hmm."

When Gina stepped back from me, my erection bobbed. Kendall's eyes were immediately drawn to it, and she smiled hesitantly as she looked up and met my gaze. Then her eyes flashed to Gina, looking for any reaction. Gina merely smiled warmly and gestured toward the couch. I sat in the center and Gina snuggled against my left side, my arm comfortably around her shoulders.

"That looks nice," Kendall said. "You're a cute couple."

"You and Paul are a cute couple too," Gina said.

Good girl!

Kendall smiled shyly and then eyed the unoccupied easy chair.

"Would you like to sit with Paul?" Gina asked, starting to stand.

"Don't get up," Kendall said quickly. Then a look of consternation flashed over her expression and she lightly stomped her foot. "This is all so *weird*."

I hastily stood and walked toward her. "It *is* a little weird," I said. "For us too. We've just had longer to think about it than you have." I held my hand out to her.

She hesitantly reached toward me, but then abruptly stopped and looked at Gina.

When Gina didn't say anything, I stepped forward and took Kendall's hand. I pulled her toward me, but she resisted at first. It was only token resistance, however, and she let me pull her against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her, my erection pressing against her hip. She kept her eyes nervously averted, so I lifted her chin with one hand. When I leaned in to kiss her, she responded against me.

"I wish we could be alone," she said softly.

With the sound of the rain, I didn't think Gina could've heard it. "I know," I said, equally quietly. "But we have to do this together, the three of us." I kept my voice reasonable, soothing. "I know it seems weird, but if you and Gina want to share me, we need to do it this way. Besides, you just kissed me while Gina was watching."

She licked her lips and nodded.

"She's not upset or anything. Look."

Her eyes flicked to Gina.

My back was to the couch, but judging by Kendall's shy smile, Gina must have smiled at her. "See?" I asked.

She nodded again. "It's just that I want to… do things… with you. I want to make you happy."

"You *do* make me happy. But you're worried about Gina. Right?"

"A little." Then she seemed to compose herself. "And maybe I'm a little shy."

"That's okay. We can take things slowly."

"I'd… I'd like that. Very much." Then she looked up suddenly. "Tell me you love me," she said, almost inaudibly.

I looked into her eyes and smiled earnestly. "I love you."

She put her head on my shoulder and I simply held her close.

"Do you want to sit on the couch?" I asked after a few minutes.

She pulled back and nodded.

We walked around the low table and I shoved it out of the way with my leg. I slowly sat on the couch, pulling Kendall with me. Then I put my arm around her and smiled. She smiled in return, and I turned to look at Gina, who grinned at both of us. Gina tucked her legs under her and turned toward me, her knees touching my left thigh. Outside, the rain still fell steadily, soothing us with its rhythm.

"Okay?" I asked Kendall.

She nodded tentatively and smiled again.

I looked fondly at Gina and put my hand on her hip. Then I slid it down until my palm gently cupped the cheek of her ass. My erection was already waning, so I decided to lighten the mood by talking about something, anything not having to do with sex.

"You're going to college in the fall," I asked Kendall, "right?"

She looked at little shocked at the abrupt change in mood, but nodded.

"Do you know where you're going?" Gina asked.

"Tennessee, of course," Kendall said a little stiffly. Then she relaxed. "Um… yeah… I'm going to UTK. I've got a full scholarship."

"Wow!" Gina replied. "Congratulations."

Kendall nodded. "They've got a great medical program too," she said, finally warming to the subject. It was easy to tell that she was excited about it. "Although the medical school's in Memphis. So I'll get my undergraduate degree and then I'll have to move."

For a while, I let the girls talk. It was a subject they were both interested in, and it seemed to relax them. Kendall talked about looking at different undergraduate and medical schools, and traveling to them with her mother. She'd gotten full scholarship offers to UT and Memphis State, and a partial scholarship offer to Vanderbilt.

"Vanderbilt?" Gina asked. "They've got a good medical school."

Kendall nodded quickly. "Yeah, but I can't afford to go there without a full scholarship."

"Hold on a second," I said. "I thought you went to an expensive prep school or something. Last night, you said—"

"I did," she said, looking at me as if for the first time. "But my dad could never afford to send me to Vanderbilt."

"Huh?"

"Yeah, my high school was expensive, but I was there on a full scholarship too. They have academic and athletic scholarships, just like colleges."

"You mean you had to get a scholarship, just to go to high school?" I asked dubiously. I'd gone to public schools all my life. My parents had always made sure they were *good* schools, but they were still public schools.

She nodded. "Yeah. And I almost didn't qualify, not until I got serious about school." She sighed deeply. "Mom and Dad were happy about that, but I could kinda tell they wanted me to do more… um… feminine things."

"Like what?" Gina asked.

"Well, I took eight years of ballet, for one," Kendall said. "Until I got these," she said, looking down at her breasts. "I wanted to be a ballet dancer. But ballerinas are *not* five nine with big tits."

Gina laughed. "No, I guess they're not."

"Mom always wanted me to be a cheerleader, like she was, but I've never been interested in that. She wants me to do the things she did. She doesn't even like me reading as much as I do. But I always tell her it's for school. I think they'd be happiest if I just got married to a nice doctor or something. I mean, instead of *becoming* a doctor."

"Yeah," Gina said in commiseration.

"I know they love me and all," Kendall said, "but they're just so… old-fashioned. Men work. Women raise kids. Boys play football. Girls are cheerleaders. So they don't really understand why I can't wait to go

to college. Mom thinks I should be thinking about who I want to marry. Ha! I guess in some ways, I was lucky I went to an all-girls school. I mean, Mom didn't bother me about why I didn't have a boyfriend. It's not that I didn't want one, I just didn't have the opportunity. I didn't even like most of the guys my age," she said despondently, "but I would've liked the chance to figure them out."

"Guys are easy to figure out," Gina said. Then she looked at me sidelong and grinned. "You just keep their dicks happy, and they'll do whatever you want."

"Hey!" I protested. "*I'm* not like that."

"No, but most guys are," Gina countered.

"And you know this how?" I asked archly. "From your vast personal experience leading guys around by their dicks?"

She grinned sheepishly when she realized how neatly I'd mousetrapped her.

"Uh-huh," I said. "That's what I thought."

"Well, *you* seem to enjoy it."

"Yeah, but I can jerk off whenever I want to. If all I want to do is keep my dick happy, then I certainly don't need to look any further than my right hand." I quickly realized that I was being a little harsh, so I softened my tone. "I'm not a sex object any more than you are, or Kendall is," I said, tossing my chin in the other girl's direction.

Kendall shook her head.

"So you may be beautiful, you may be smart, and you may keep my dick happy," I said to Gina, "but I do the things I do because I enjoy making *you* happy, because I love you." I quickly swiveled my head and fixed Kendall with a penetrating gaze. "And before you get any crazy ideas about… well… about anything, you're beautiful too, you're smart too, and I'm sure you'll keep my dick happy too. If you want to, that is."

She looked shocked for a moment and then nodded quickly.

"You may not have figured guys out," I continued, "but you've sure figured *me* out, and that's all that really matters. I love you too, and that's that." From my left, I heard a sniffle, and quickly turned to see what was the matter.

Gina smiled tearfully and then looked at Kendall. "He says the sweetest things, doesn't he?"

"Goodness, yes," Kendall said, her voice husky with emotion.

After that, I had two very happy—albeit teary—girls on my hands. The rain slacked off and then picked up again, but we didn't notice. I alternated between kissing one girl and then kissing the other. Kendall slowly relaxed and started kissing me with more passion. My erection, which had subsided as we talked about everyday things, returned full force.

Gina took Kendall's hand and wrapped her fingers around my shaft. While Gina played with my balls, Kendall slowly stroked me. She was a little clumsy at first, but with a little subtle direction from Gina, she began to get the hang of it. After a while, it became obvious that Kendall was simply going to passively follow as we led, so Gina slid between my legs and took my dick into her mouth.

While Gina sucked me, I continued kissing Kendall. I had her kneel on the couch next to me while I sucked her nipples until they were stiff, making her moan with pleasure. With gentle touches and pressure, I moved her so she was straddling my midsection, facing me. Her left knee was still on the couch, but her right leg was propped up, exposing her pussy to my questing fingers (and, not coincidentally, to Gina's gaze).

I could feel Gina playing with herself while she sucked me, and I knew she was watching as I moved my fingers over Kendall's aroused pussy. I continued sucking Kendall's nipples, enjoying the feeling as her large breasts pressed against my face. She came quicker than I expected, but didn't pull my hand away from her pussy. So I kept tweaking and circling her clit, occasionally sliding a finger into her.

I was also reaching the point of no return, and Gina sensed it. She began pumping her fist up and down while tonguing my glans. I wanted to hold off as long as I could, but she was determined. I groaned into Kendall's pliant breast as I felt the first spurt jet into Gina's mouth. I tried to concentrate on Kendall and her building orgasm, but I was lost in my own little world. I vaguely felt her move her own hand down and start rubbing her clit.

As soon as I regained my senses, I sucked and licked her nipples. With a silent shudder, she came again, almost collapsing against me. At nearly the same time, I felt Gina tense up. She moaned and let my shaft slip from her lips as her climax peaked.

After we all caught our breath, I maneuvered Kendall back to my right side. Gina suckled my slowly shrinking dick while Kendall watched raptly. I could tell that she was a little embarrassed about watching Gina, but she didn't look away. Eventually, Gina released my flaccid dick and smiled up at us.

"That was fun," she said.

Kendall and I nodded simultaneously and then grinned at one another.

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The rain continued and the afternoon turned a little chilly. It wasn't outright cold, but it was certainly damp and miserable. Gina, Kendall, and I snuggled on the couch for an hour or more. Eventually, we heard a car pull up outside. A minute later, Erin and Leah burst into the cabin.

Their eyes grew wide as they took in the sight of the three of us—we had covered ourselves with a blanket, but we were still snuggled very close. We began to untangle ourselves as Erin set two paper bags by the bathroom door. Leah merely grinned the whole time.

"You want some help unloading the groceries?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure," Erin replied.

They went back out to the car while I scrounged around until I found my family's umbrella. Mom had taken one with her, but the bigger of the two was still in the cabin. It was definitely big enough for the three of us. (Just because we were nudists didn't mean we liked getting rained on. Besides, the rain was cold.)

At the clubhouse, we helped unload the last of the groceries. Working as a team, we had everything squared away in five minutes. Afterward, Mom, Elizabeth, Erin, and Leah drove back up the hill to park the car and take off their clothes.

Dinner that night was a big pot of spaghetti. We ate with the Coulters, and invited Kendall to join us. But when she asked her mother, she was told that she needed to eat with her family. Once most all the families had eaten dinner, the dads, Manfred, Drew, and I started setting things up for movie night. Because of the storm, it was going to get dark earlier than usual, and I couldn't think of a better night to sit inside and watch movies. Bill set up the big screen over the expansive stone hearth and then assembled his projector. Then he began feeding the kids' movie into the projector while a bunch of the moms made popcorn.

Once everything was set up, Gina, Kendall, and I grabbed a couch close to the back of the group. All the younger kids crowded up front, while the parents mostly took couches farther away from the screen. A bunch of people simply pulled chairs over from the dining area. The kids' movie was *The Shaggy D.A.*, and it was pretty good. I enjoyed sitting with Gina and Kendall more than the movie, but it was nice to relax and simply laugh at the antics onscreen.

After the movie ended, most of the younger kids went to bed. Some of the moms went to watch them, and several of the year-round camp residents filtered into the clubhouse to watch the adults' movie. The three of us kept our spot on the back couch, but Gina fetched us a blanket from their cabin. Gina's parents and Kara were sitting on the couch in front of us, while Mom and Susan were on the small couch to their left. Kendall's parents were two couches to the right, and Manfred and Jenny were with Jenny's parents.

Mom and Elizabeth had decided that Erin and Leah could watch the adult movie, but the girls wanted to go up to our cabin instead. Drew, Jill, and Trish were conspicuously together on one couch, and I figured that was the reason the younger girls didn't want to hang around.

When everything was ready to go, Bill turned out the lights and started the movie. It was *Animal House*, and I'd never seen it before. I felt really grown-up because it was R-rated. I'd seen R-rated movies before, but this somehow felt different. I was enjoying things until the middle of the movie. I probably would've kept enjoying them too, if it weren't for Gina playing with my dick. As soon as Kendall figured out what was going on under the blanket, her fingers crept toward my erection. She and Gina gleefully teased me, and seemed to enjoy seeing me squirm as my arousal grew. Finally, I'd had enough. I whispered to them that we

either needed to go somewhere else, or I was going to make a scene by fucking them—one after the other—in plain view of everyone present.

I hid my erection with the blanket while we each quietly told our parents we were going up to the cabin. Then we picked up the large umbrella and nearly ran up the hill. Since we knew Erin and Leah were in my family's cabin, we bypassed it completely. Once at Gina's cabin, we rinsed our feet in the runoff from the roof and then headed inside. Gina's cabin was larger than ours, but laid out much the same. The main differences were a larger sitting area, a kitchenette in the back, and two bedrooms off to the left.

Without turning on the lights, we quickly settled onto the couch. Things started out much as they had earlier in the afternoon, but they progressed rapidly. After a few minutes of kissing, groping, and stroking, we were all pretty worked up. I lay on the couch and directed Kendall to kneel over my face. She looked a little skeptical but Gina assured her that she'd enjoy it. As soon as I started licking and sucking her inner labia, she moaned and almost fell off the couch. Gina began sucking my cock, and was clearly enjoying the view as I teased and tasted Kendall's pussy.

In the middle of all this, Kendall wanted to suck my dick, so she and Gina switched places. When I flinched as Kendall scraped my sensitive skin with her teeth for the third or fourth time, she pulled back and moaned disconsolately. Gina climbed off my face and started giving pointers to the other girl. Kendall smiled gratefully and her technique improved dramatically. And I got a major charge out of watching the beautiful girls hover over my erection, with Gina whispering quiet encouragement as Kendall sucked me.

I warned Kendall when I was ready to come, but she kept on sucking. When the first blast of semen hit the back of her throat, she pulled back suddenly. With a cry of surprise, Gina watched as the next spurt arced into the air. Then she fastened her lips around my shaft and swallowed until I stopped spurting. Kendall's mouth hung open for a moment. Although it was too dark for me to see, I was sure she was holding my come on her tongue. Slowly, she closed her mouth and then swallowed. For a moment, she looked like she was thinking about the taste. Then she realized I was watching her and she smiled shyly.

Since neither of the girls had come yet, I had Kendall move into a sixty-nine. While I teased her with my lips and tongue, she sucked my cock back to life. She took her time and tried to take long, gentle strokes. She could only get a couple of inches into her mouth, but that was fine by me. I continued nuzzling her pussy, intent on making her come. As her orgasm approached, she let my erection slip from her lips and began writhing with pleasure. I locked my lips over her clit and started moving my tongue in circles around it. In a few short moments, she shuddered with the force of her orgasm.

When she finally regained enough strength to move, she slid off me and smiled drunkenly. I pulled her up and kissed her. At first, she recoiled from the taste of her pussy on my lips and cheeks, but she eventually returned the kiss. While I was kissing Kendall, Gina straddled me and quickly sank onto my erection. She rocked back and forth until I felt her internal muscles begin to contract. Kendall watched as I ran my hands up Gina's torso and cupped her breasts. When Gina came, she cried out softly, arching her back and holding my hands in place.

As her orgasm subsided, she looked down at me and smiled. I moved my hands to her hips as she started rocking back and forth. When she felt me squirting inside her, she sighed again and gifted us with a sated, heavy-lidded smile.

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We made sure to wash up before Gina's parents and Kara returned. When they did, we were all sitting on the couch, close but not too close. Even though they probably knew what we were up to, we didn't want to be too obvious about it. Chris and Elizabeth were still laughing and talking about the movie, but Kara grinned when she saw us. Gina and I merely smiled in reply, but Kendall blushed and looked away.

It was getting late, so Gina, Kendall, and I walked out to the porch to say our goodbyes. Kendall and Gina shared a long look as they smiled at one another. I kissed Gina goodnight and then opened the umbrella to escort Kendall to her camper. It had become colder still, but the rain had turned into a heavy, clinging mist. Before we reached Kendall's Winnebago, she stopped and turned to face me.

"I'm sorry about tonight," she said, her voice timorous.

"About what?" I asked.

"About hurting you… when… when I was giving you a blowjob."

I stepped closer and put my arm around her. "It just takes practice," I said soothingly. "You did fine."

She nodded, and then laughed softly. "There's a big difference between reading about it and actually doing it."

"Mmm hmm." Although I wondered where she'd read about how to give head.

"I didn't know how soft you'd be, or how sensitive."

With a shock, I realized that she was talking like it had been her first time giving head. "It *is* soft and sensitive," I said quickly, covering my surprise.

"I know. Well, *now* I know. I thought it would be harder. Your dick, I mean."

I almost laughed out loud. "It was hard enough," I said.

She nodded quickly. "I just didn't think the skin would be so soft. And…" She quickly lowered her eyes.

"What?"

"It didn't taste like I thought it would."

"Oh?"

She shook her head. "Some of the girls at school would talk about how their boyfriends' dicks tasted great, or how they loved the taste. Stuff like that." Then she shrugged. "I couldn't really taste anything at all. I mean, maybe your dick was a little salty or something, but mostly it was just warm and soft, but hard underneath."

"Mmm hmm."

"I thought it would be hard on the outside too. I guess that's from some of the books I read. You know, 'His man missile was hard as steel as he thrust into her molten center.'"

I chuckled softly. "You've been reading the wrong books," I said.

"They're not *all* the wrong books," she replied mischievously. "I knew what it would be like when you ejaculated… well… I've read about it. But it kinda surprised me. I didn't realize it would come out so hard."

I nodded. Once again, I wondered what kind of books she'd been reading.

"Next time, I'll try to swallow all your sem… um… I mean… your… um…"

"All my come?"

She nodded gratefully.

"I'd like that. But do what you enjoy. If you like swallowing my come, do it. If you don't like it, don't do it. It's not like I've got a checklist for what has to happen before I'm satisfied." Her expression was priceless, and I nearly laughed out loud. "I mean, I just like being with you, and with Gina. Sex between us should make both of us happy. So we'll figure out what you like, and what you don't like. The things you like… we'll do those a lot," I said with a grin. "The things you don't like… we won't do those."

"I like when you were performing cunni… um… cunniling… um… Sorry, I can spell it, but I don't know how it's pronounced."

I had no idea what she was trying to say, but I knew what she was talking about. "You mean when I was giving you head?"

She nodded enthusiastically, smiling as she did.

"I like that too. So we'll do more of that."

"And I thought I might taste bad or something," she said.

I quickly shook my head.

"I know. I could taste myself when you kissed me."

"That's why I kissed you."

"You're sneaky," she said. Then she looked at me searchingly and her eyes softened. Her lips moved toward mine, and we kissed for several long moments. Standing in the cold, enshrouding mist, her body was incredibly warm and soft. When she pulled back, she looked at me seriously. "Thank you."

"For what?" I asked.

"For being you."

"Um… you're welcome?"

She nodded, and kissed me again, quickly. "I need to get home. I don't wanna get grounded."

"No kidding."

"I can't wait till tomorrow," she said. "I can't wait for you to make love to me." Then she kissed me quickly, longingly. "I wish we had time tonight."

"We'll have plenty of time tomorrow." I pulled her close and kissed her again, reveling in the feeling of her lush figure as it molded against mine. "I love you," I whispered.

"I… I love you too."

I walked her the rest of the way to her camper and got back to my cabin with scant moments to spare. Mom was just climbing into bed when I let the screen door shut gently behind me. I kissed her quickly, went to the bathroom, then climbed into bed. While I had a lot to think about, I wanted to get some sleep. We'd have to be up early to pack everything for the hike. I also hoped the storm would blow over, since we'd probably have to cancel the trip if it didn't.

Try as hard as I might, I couldn't fall asleep. Something kept nagging at the back of my brain. After a while, I realized that it was Kendall's inexperience. Little things she'd said or done were starting to fit into place. Things like the fact that she'd gone to an all-girl school and hadn't had a boyfriend. Or that she'd read about giving head, but had never done it.

I could understand her inexperience, but it didn't quite synch with her attitude, or some of the other things she'd said. She tried to project confidence, but I was slowly coming to realize that she might be anything *but* confident. Especially when it came to sex. As I drifted off to sleep, I resolved to take things one step at a time.

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Sometime during the night, I woke up. The wind and rain had picked up again, and I realized that the howling of the storm had woken me. I got up to get a drink of water and then climbed back into my bunk. I thought I'd have trouble going back to sleep, but I didn't. When I woke up in the morning, I didn't hear the sound of rain. The only sounds were birdsongs and the noises of the pine forest.

When I went outside, the morning air was crisp and clear, with not a cloud in the sky. Everything was still damp, and the ground was littered with storm-tossed branches, but the weather looked beautiful. It was already later than I'd wanted to wake up, so I decided to skip my morning workout. With a grin, I decided that I'd probably get *more* than enough exercise for the day. I went inside to take a quick shower and then headed up the hill to Gina's cabin. When I lightly tapped on the screen door, Kara opened it with a smile.

"C'mon in," she said. "I'll tell Gina you're here. She's in the bathroom."

I stepped inside and waited.

Kara knocked softly on the bathroom door and then opened it. She stuck her head in, nodded, and then closed the door. "She's drying her hair," she said. Then she eyed the slightly open door to her parents' room. "Why don't we wait out on the porch, since it's such a beautiful morning."

I nodded. As we turned toward the door, Leah staggered sleepily out of her room, her hair tousled. She waved to me, saw the closed bathroom door, and then returned to the bedroom.

Once outside, Kara turned to me and smiled. "Did you all have fun last night?"

I tried to look innocent, but she wasn't buying it. "Yeah," I said at last. "We did."

"Do you think you can handle two girlfriends at once?" she asked.

I turned and regarded her frankly. Was this 'Kara the protective older sister' asking? Or was it 'Kara the woman who wanted to get laid' asking? Regardless, I couldn't be that blunt, so I settled on an open-ended question. (Thanks, Susan.) "Why do you ask?"

She laughed softly—and a little sheepishly—and looked down. "That's a good question." Then she chuckled again. "Last year, if I'd asked you that question, you'd've panicked."

I started to deny it, but realized she was right. "I'm a lot different from how I was last year," I said instead.

"You are. And in lots of good ways." Then she turned serious. "Just make sure you take care of Gina."

I nodded. "I will."

"When she gets excited about something, that's all she wants to do. Sometimes she doesn't think about the consequences, for herself or others." Then she turned and gazed at me seriously. "She told me about how you talked to Kendall."

"And?"

"You're a good guy, Paul. And I know you love Gina. But watch out for her, protect her. Being in love isn't new for her, but all the physical aspects *are*. She might get carried away."

"I understand."

She regarded me coolly for a moment or two and then nodded. Then she turned to look out over the forest. "I don't know if you do understand," she said calmly. "Yet. But I think you'll try."

"Isn't that all that matters?"

She looked at me out of the corner of her eye and grinned. "Probably." Then she turned toward me and laid her hand over mine. It was a friendly gesture, not devious or scheming, and definitely not a come-on. "I want to ask Gina about joining you two sometime. Is that okay?"

"I don't have a problem with it."

She nodded. "I didn't think you would. You… you don't feel the same way about me that you do about Gina."

"I *like* you," I said. "But you're right. With you, it's just sex."

She leaned toward me and grinned as she said, "But it's pretty *good* sex."

A smile split my face as I nodded.

Behind us, the screen door opened. Kara and I turned. As we did, her hand naturally left mine.

Gina beamed at me. "*Good* morning, o' man who makes my heart go pitter-pat."

Kara and I looked at each other and then burst out laughing.

Gina was in too good a mood for our laughter to dampen it. She handed me a large, fluffy towel and a small bag of things. Then she looped her arm through mine and we started down the steps.

"Seeya, Kara," I said over my shoulder.

Gina echoed my words and then hugged herself against my arm.

"Let's stop at my cabin," I said, "so I can pick up my stuff and grab the backpack. Then we'll stop by Kendall's camper, find Manfred and Jenny, and while you girls are making lunch, Manfred and I will pack. Okay?"

"Sounds good to me, pitter-pat man," she said light-heartedly.

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Before we even got to her camper, we met Kendall coming up the hill. As soon as she saw us, she waved and ran toward us. (Large, firm breasts are beautiful things to see in motion!) She explained that the shower in the Winnebago was too small, and she liked to use the one in the clubhouse.

"Besides," she added, "I can take long, hot showers in the clubhouse, especially early in the morning."

"That *is* nice," Gina said. "If one of us takes a really hot shower, the rest of us get grumpy."

We chatted as we walked back up the hill toward the Winnebago. Once we got there, Kendall put on her hiking boots, handed her towel and other things to me, and then said goodbye to her parents. Her mom even smiled at me as she waved goodbye. I guess she was happy to see Kendall taking an interest in a guy. *Little did she know,* I thought with a mental grin.

Manfred and Jenny were waiting for us at the clubhouse. Gina, Kendall, and Jenny moved toward the kitchen area while Manfred and I started organizing our gear. When he looked around furtively and then leaned toward me, I put the backpack on the table and paid attention to him.

"Dude, you know, thanks for telling me about Jenny worrying and all," he said.

"You're welcome."

"And I kinda took your advice. I mean, I was probably gonna do it anyway, you know, but Jenny and I had a long talk."

"Oh?"

He nodded, blushing. "You know, about *stuff*. Anyway, I told her I knew she sometimes worried about

our relationship. Sorry, dude, I didn't tell her you told me about that. I hope you don't mind. You know how it is."

"Yeah, Manfred," I said with a soft laugh. "I know how it is."

"Yeah, well. I also told her about some of the other stuff you mentioned, about her getting upset or scared and all." He laughed deep in his chest. "She was pretty freaked out that I knew about it."

I nodded.

"Anyway, I told her I'd never made a move on Kendall, and I wasn't gonna."

"What'd she say?"

"She said she wasn't worried about Kendall, but I could tell she was kinda lying."

"Yeah."

"But for the past couple of days, I paid a lot of attention to her. Jenny, I mean."

"Yeah, Stick," I said, "I know."

"That helped a lot. And thanks for hangin' out with Kendall, so me and Jenny could have some time to ourselves," he said earnestly.

"No problem," I said with an almost straight face.

"Yeah, but I appreciate it. Even though Gina must be jealous with Kendall around all the time."

I shook my head. "Not really. They get along really well." *You don't know the half of it, my friend.*

"Really? Yeah. Well. Whatever. Anyway, thanks for the advice and all. I mean, I was probably gonna talk to her anyway, but it's nice to have a second opinion, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, Stick. I know what you mean," I said, without a trace of irony.

After that, we got serious about stowing our gear. I took a look at all I had to pack and then mentally arranged it. Once I'd figured out where I wanted to put everything, I started cramming things into the sturdy backpack. The heavy inflatable raft went on the bottom, followed by towels, suntan oil, combs, and Gina's bag of soap, shampoo, and sundries. Manfred's pack was full of similar things for Jenny and him.

In the kitchen, Kendall had cooked breakfast while Gina and Jenny made lunch. Gina and Jenny helped us pack the food in our backpacks as Kendall was putting the final touches on a platter full of ham and egg sandwiches. We actually sat down to eat breakfast, but we were quick about it, since everyone was pretty excited about the trip. Manfred and I demolished three sandwiches apiece and the girls had one each. While they cleaned up the dishes, Manfred and I shouldered our packs. Once we were all ready, we headed down the hill.

Gina, Kendall, and I grinned at each other as we walked, and Manfred and Jenny held hands. All our parents knew we were going, of course, so we didn't even stop to say goodbye. I looked at my watch and realized it was only seven forty-five. We were getting a little bit of a late start, but we'd have plenty of time at the quarry. More than enough time to swim, bask in the sun, and do… anything else we wanted to. With a grin, I picked up the pace. Not surprisingly, no one complained.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

The hike to the quarry was mostly uneventful. The ground was still very wet, but the weather was gorgeous. Through breaks in the trees, we caught glimpses of the cloudless, cerulean sky. A light breeze rustled the tops of the trees and the temperature was actually cool and comfortable.

Manfred took the lead, followed by Jenny, Gina, and then Kendall. I brought up the rear. While we hiked, I let my mind wander. I could tell that Gina and Kendall were just as excited as I was, but the nervousness of the day before had returned, if somewhat abated.

I began to think about what sex with Kendall would be like. Though bigger than Gina overall, she was actually smaller in some ways. I thought her hips were narrower, but that could've been because her breasts were bigger. In addition, her pussy was smaller. I don't quite know how to explain it, but her labia were thin and narrow, where Gina's were fuller, plumper. And each time I'd slipped my finger inside Kendall, she'd been very tight. I was sure I'd be able to get my dick inside her—after all babies came *out* of the same place and I wasn't anywhere *near* as big as that—but I knew it might be a challenge.

Babies? Oh, no! Was Kendall on the pill? I froze in my tracks. I wanted to smack myself in the forehead. I hadn't even asked!

Note to self: Heed your own advice, and pay attention *to the women in your life.*

I certainly didn't have any rubbers, and if Kendall weren't on the pill, then I had a real dilemma. I definitely didn't want a repeat of the pregnancy scare, and judging by Kendall's comments about her mother, I didn't think she'd let her daughter start taking birth control pills. Could she have gotten them without her mother knowing? I didn't know, and I once again castigated myself for not asking. If only I'd known, I could've figured out a way to get some rubbers, just in case.

When I finally looked up, the rest of the group was about a hundred feet ahead of me. Kendall had just noticed that I wasn't behind her, and had stopped to look back at me.

"Sorry!" I shouted. "I was just retying my shoe." I quickly jogged to catch up, the heavy pack bouncing against my back.

The rest of the hike, I worried about what I'd do if Kendall weren't on the pill. Would I still have sex with her? If I did, would I be able to pull out in time? The one time I had come inside Amy, I had also thought I'd be able to pull out in time. Of course, I'd been wrong. Would I be able to pull out of Kendall? I simply didn't know. I hoped so, but I had my niggling doubts. Was it worth having sex with her if she weren't on the pill? Yes, my dick shouted. No, my brain screamed. Unfortunately, watching her shapely ass ahead of me, my dick seemed to be the loudest.

By the time we reached the stream leading away from the quarry, I had nearly worked myself into a frantic funk. I wanted to have sex with Kendall, but I didn't want to take the chance of getting her pregnant. As long as I didn't come inside her, I thought I'd be safe. But I fervently hoped she was on the pill. And I do mean *fervently*.

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The quarry lake was much higher than normal, due to all the rain. The waterfall was practically shooting over the edge of the cliff. Normally, we'd immediately take a swim and cool off, but the day was so temperate that none of us really felt the need. While the girls stored our lunch in the shade of the flattop rock, Manfred and I laid out our towels.

Then, we all sat down to take off our shoes and socks. Manfred and Jenny placed theirs next to each other. When Gina saw this, she grinned at me, took my shoes, then placed them together, a little apart from the others. Kendall watched all this with characteristic silence. When she set her shoes down, they were separate from the rest. Gina rolled her eyes theatrically. Then she picked up Kendall's shoes and set them next to mine. The way she had them situated, my shoes were in between the girls'. Kendall smiled shyly and thanked Gina with her eyes.

"Who wants to go for a swim?" Manfred asked.

"Y'all go ahead," I said. "I think I'm just gonna soak up some sun for a while."

"C'mon, Paul," Manfred said. "Come with us. *Dude*, you *know* you wanna."

I shook my head. "You all go on."

"You know you wanna go for a swim," he said with a grin. "I can see it."

I don't know what possessed Manfred, but he actually tried to drag me to the edge of the rock and shove me into the water. I could tell he was playing, but I decided to hold my ground. Though he was a lot taller than me and had longer arms, I easily stood firm. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the girls watching us and trying not to giggle. When I wouldn't budge, Manfred took it as a further challenge and really strained. Unfortunately for him, I was stronger than he was. Worse, I had a lower center of gravity and a *lot* more experience with grappling.

"You shouldn't've started this, Stick," I said, easily standing immobile.

"You're goin' in the water, Little Man." He grunted and tried to shove me toward the edge.

"No way."

"Stump," he said with a grin.

"Freak of nature."

"Freak of nature?! *You're* the freak of nature." He redoubled his efforts to overpower me. "Jesus, you're a lot stronger than you used to be," he said through clenched teeth.

"Yep." Then I saw my opening and seized it. Since he was taller than me, I could easily slip my arm around his back and get my shoulder under his. When I did, I took one step, planted my right foot, shot my hip into his, then pivoted my torso. It's a wrestling move called a hip toss, and it worked perfectly on him. With my arm around Manfred's back, and using my hip for leverage, I easily threw him over the edge of the boulder. He flew through the air, flailing and wordlessly crying out in frustration mixed with surprised amusement.

When he sputtered to the surface, I looked down at him. "Are you o—?"

Several feminine hands slammed into my back and propelled me off the rock. I hurtled toward the water, trying to turn my ungainly fall into a dive. Unfortunately, I had too much momentum. I think my "dive" would charitably be called a graceless headfirst sprawl. I shot to the surface to find all three girls laughing and pointing at us.

"Men," Gina said, trying to put a note of disgust in her voice.

Jenny turned to her and they grinned. "You can't live with 'em…," Jenny said.

"And you can't live without 'em," Kendall finished.

Manfred and I could only look at each other and laugh. Then we watched as the girls dived in, one after the other. After that, we swam around for a while, just goofing off and enjoying the cool weather. The lake was full of debris from the storm, but we avoided most of it (including two fairly large tree trunks).

I really *hadn't* been in the mood to swim, however, so I headed back to the big rock after only fifteen minutes. Manfred wanted to swim out to the falls, and Gina and Kendall decided to go with him. Oddly enough, Jenny told Manfred she was a little cold and was going back to the rock with me.

Once we got there, I waited for Jenny to climb onto the low rocks and then hauled myself up. She squeezed the water out of her long, dark hair and smiled at me. Always the opportunist, I enjoyed the chance to check out her high, firm breasts and stiff nipples when she wasn't looking. Then we climbed onto the top of the boulder and sat down. I hadn't spent much time alone with Jenny, so we were both a little nervous. Finally, she looked up at me and smiled.

"Thanks for talking to Manfred," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked, playing dumb. I wasn't about to give away Manfred's source of insight.

She made a moue. "You know what I mean. I know it was you. Manny's a sweet guy, but he doesn't pay attention to girls, not like you do."

I kept my expression guarded.

"It's cool," she said. "I won't tell him we talked. I just wanted to say thanks."

"You're welcome, I guess."

She smiled warmly. "And… um… thanks for giving him a few pointers about—" she vaguely waved her hand at her pussy, "—you know."

I felt my cheeks heating. "Uh…"

Then her attitude changed subtly. "I'm sure he's not as good in that department as you are," she said, "but at least he tries."

"Um… That's good. I guess."

She nodded. We sat in silence for a few moments and then she looked at me questioningly. "How come you never came on to me?" she asked.

"Huh?"

"You know," she prodded.

I nodded, suddenly anxious. The truth was that I thought she was pretty, but I wasn't attracted to her. Unfortunately, I couldn't tell her that, so I temporized. "Well, you didn't seem to be interested."

"That was when my family first started coming to camp," she said. "I thought you were just some fifteen-year-old."

"Ah."

"And," she said, blushing, "I thought you were too short."

I chuckled. "Yeah."

"But once I got to know you…"

I shrugged. "I dunno. I guess by then, you were already with Manfred."

It was her turn to shrug. "Manfred's nice and all, but I'll bet he doesn't know all the things *you* do. You know, things you do to make a girl feel good."

I felt my face heat as I found myself at a loss for words.

"So, how come you never came on to me?" she asked again.

"Well, I'm with Gina now."

"But if you weren't?"

Tell her no! Tell her the truth! Just tell her thanks, but no thanks. "Yeah," I lied with a noncommittal shrug. "Maybe." Her answering smile worried me. *Thank God she's leaving tomorrow,* I thought.

Before either of us could say anything else, Manfred climbed onto the boulder. Jenny smiled up at him as if she and I hadn't had the previous conversation.

"Do you want me to put sun block on you, Manny?" she asked.

He picked up his towel, dried his face, then nodded.

Jenny smiled at me as she stood up.

Why couldn't I have just told her the truth?

Fortunately, Gina and Kendall joined us a few minutes later.

"Hey, dude," Manfred said to me. "Let's blow up the rafts."

I welcomed the distraction and quickly agreed.

"Did you all wanna go up to the top of the falls?" Gina asked as Manfred and I rummaged in our packs.

"I kinda wanted to stay down here," Jenny said.

Manfred merely nodded.

"Okay," Gina said. "Kendall and I are gonna grab our towels and head up. Is there anything you want us to take with us, Paul?"

I took my lips off the raft's nozzle and pinched it shut. "Anything else you want up there," I said with a shrug. "I'll finish blowing this thing up and then I'll join you."

She nodded and began stuffing things into my empty backpack. When she had it loaded, she picked it up, kissed me on the cheek, and turned to Kendall. They hopped from rock to rock until they reached the edge of the quarry and then walked toward the falls. I don't know why I didn't go with them. I guess I figured that since I'd started blowing up the raft, I'd better finish it before I walked up.

Much to my consternation, Jenny gave me an odd look. It wasn't smoldering so much as challenging. Then she moved to sit next to Manfred, to the side and a little behind him. Since he couldn't really see her, except out of the corner of his eye, he didn't notice that she'd spread her legs. I had a perfect view of her

pussy, of course, which was her intention. As she sweetly talked to him, she spread her legs a little further, her lightly-furred slit winking into view.

I filled my lungs with air and redoubled my efforts to inflate the raft. While Jenny had an innocuous conversation with Manfred—she did most of the talking, he merely nodded or shook his head—she kept her legs spread. A couple of times, she looked at me and smiled. When she did, I would simply smile in return and take another deep breath.

I finished inflating my raft long before Manfred did. And then I wondered at the stupidity of what I'd just done. Why had I even bothered to inflate it down here? If I'd been thinking straight, I would've just folded it up, taken it to the top of the falls, and inflated it there.

"I've about got this thing blown up," I said to Manfred.

He merely nodded, his lips still attached to his raft's inflator nozzle.

"So I'm gonna head on up to the falls. You two have fun."

He nodded again and waved with his free hand.

"Seeya, Jenny," I said, trying to be courteous.

She smiled politely, but didn't do anything else, much to my relief. But as I stood, she snaked her hand into Manfred's lap. Judging by his strangled cry, she had obviously grabbed his dick. As I turned to walk toward the rim wall, she was already lowering her head to his lap.

It was then that I discovered the second major problem with inflating the raft on the boulder—I had to carry it all the way up to the falls. It wasn't heavy, but it was awkward. I couldn't tuck it under my arm, nor could I hold it with one hand. The only way I could carry it was on top of my head, supported by my hands. The walk to the top of the falls would only take about ten minutes, but I didn't look forward to keeping my arms in the air the whole time.

As I walked around the rim wall, I looked back at Manfred and Jenny. Manfred had pushed aside the half-inflated raft. He had his hand on the back of Jenny's head as she bobbed up and down in his lap. She certainly liked to show off, I thought. I didn't mind, but it had been a little uncomfortable when she was obviously flirting with me.

After all, Manfred was my friend, and I wasn't going to do anything with Jenny. I wouldn't mind having sex with her, if the situation were different, but friends are friends. I wasn't about to spoil my friendship with Manfred over Jenny, *especially* when I had two beautiful girls waiting for me at the top of the falls. I simply shook my head at Jenny's antics and kept walking.

In the meantime, I thought about my dilemma. What if Kendall weren't on the pill? What would I do? I wanted to have sex with her. Correction, I really, *really* wanted to have sex with her. And more importantly, I wanted to come inside her. I don't know why, but I guess I figured it would be the consummation of our relationship. Unfortunately, I kept coming back to my own words to Gina, "it's not just about the orgasm."

If I cared about Kendall, if I truly loved her, coming inside her shouldn't strengthen our relationship at all. In a perfect world, that might be the case, but I reluctantly decided that I lived in the real world. *I want to come inside her,* I childishly ranted silently.

I felt like sulking. My sustaining hope was that she was somehow on the pill. Unfortunately, I didn't think she was. What would I do? Would I be able to have sex with her and not come? Did I really want to? Could I simply have sex with her and then come on her stomach, or in her mouth? *Probably,* I thought gloomily. *But I don't want to.* I felt like stomping my foot.

When I reached the top of the falls, all my troubled thoughts seemed to evaporate. Gina and Kendall were sitting close, hugging each other, and I could tell they were both crying.

Uh-oh, I thought. *Not a good sign.*

I dropped the raft and ran over to them, somehow thinking I could use my physical presence alone to ward off whatever had upset them. When they heard me come up, they separated and looked up.

"Hi," Gina said tearfully, wiping her cheeks. She smiled and then sniffled.

"What's the matter?" I asked, a little too peremptorily.

"It's okay, Paul," she said gently.

Kendall looked up and nodded, smiling wanly as she did.

"Are you two all right?"

"We're fine. We were just having a little girl talk."

"About what?" I asked, curious as to what had gotten them so worked up. I looked around, clenching my fists in frustration, and wondered what I could do. I probably looked like a Neanderthal, protecting his women from predators. That may sound like a striking image, but it felt ridiculous.

"*Girl* talk," she said patiently. She lifted her hand and I automatically took it to help her to her feet. When she was standing, she stepped close and put her arms around my waist. "It's okay. *We're* okay. We just had some… things to talk about, that's all."

I put my arms around her and looked down at her. "Are you sure?"

She nodded and then laid her head on my chest, hugging me tight. When she pulled back, she looked up at me, her eyes glittering. "I love you *so* much."

"I love you too," I said distractedly. "You're sure you're okay?"

She nodded. "We're *fine*, Paul. Will you relax? You can't solve every problem with muscles."

I looked at her, chagrined. "Okay. But you still haven't told me why you two are crying."

She pulled back and wiped her cheeks again, smiling up at me. "They're good tears, Paul, *happy* tears. Don't worry."

Kendall nodded.

"Kendall and I simply had a good heart-to-heart talk," Gina said.

"About what?" I asked, a little suspiciously.

"About a lot of things."

"Like what?"

She sighed in exasperation. "About *you*, silly. About the three of us. About today. *Now* will you leave it alone?"

"Oh." I blinked in comprehension. "Yeah. Sorry."

She stood on tiptoe and kissed my cheek. "Sometimes, you worry too much. Everything's fine." Then she pulled back. "Just a minute. Let me get my towel."

I nodded as she slipped from my arms. *Get her towel? What for?*

She picked it up and then folded it over her arm. "There," she said brightly.

Kendall stood up and looked at us nervously.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Walk with me for a minute," Gina said, thrusting her arm through mine.

Despite my growing confusion, I turned and walked with her, away from Kendall. When we'd gone about fifty feet, I stopped and turned to her. "*Now* will you tell me what's going on?" I asked.

"Kendall and I wanted to talk." She stroked my arm and looked up at me. "Well, really, *she* wanted to talk. That's why we came up here without you," she said. "I was wondering why you were inflating the raft down there, but in a way, I was glad. It gave Kendall and me some time alone."

I nodded. "And?"

"She was really upset. And anxious."

"About what?" I asked, my voice hard.

"About a lot of things," she said in irritation. "Will you get it through your thick head that I'm not gonna tell you everything we talked about?" When I started to bristle at her harsh words, she quickly grew contrite. "I'm sorry," she said. "I shouldn't've said that."

I tried to laugh it off. "True, your mom wouldn't be proud."

She shrugged. "Well, I'm sorry. But I'm also serious. Some of what we talked about is just between the two of us. Kendall… um… she asked me not to tell you." She looked up at me earnestly. "Okay?"

"Let me ask one question."

She nodded.

"Is Kendall okay with this? With today?"

To my surprise, she considered the question for a moment. Finally, she nodded. "Yes. She is. She really

does love you, and she's excited. But she's also nervous. Okay? Is that enough of an answer?"

I nodded.

"If she wants to tell you more, she will," she said cryptically. "You can ask her, I guess."

"Okay," I said slowly.

A shadow crossed her expression and she sighed. "She was also worried about me."

"You?"

"Yeah. Well, not really worried about me, but worried about how I'd react." She looked down and shrugged sadly. "She was worried that I'd get angry if she didn't want to have sex with me."

When she looked up, there were fresh tears in her eyes. I pulled her close, to comfort her. It was the only thing I could think to do.

"She was worried that I wouldn't let you be with her if she didn't have sex with me. That's one of the reasons she was so nervous yesterday. I mean, I can understand why she was nervous about it being her fir—" She looked up at me and sniffled. "Um… never mind," she said quickly. "Anyway, she was so worried about me and how I'd react."

Her fir? Her first? *Her first what?* I nodded distractedly. It sounded like something Kendall would think of, but I was stuck on what Gina had almost said.

Then Gina looked down again. In a very small voice, she said, "She would've gone through with it, though. She would've had sex with me if it's the only way she could be with you." When she looked up, two large tears rolled down her cheeks. "I'd never force her, you've got to believe me," she said plaintively. "I'd never use you like that, use you as leverage against someone else." She sniffled miserably and looked down. "Especially not Kendall."

Suddenly, all thoughts of half-finished sentences vanished. I looked down at Gina in concern. "I know you wouldn't, honey," I said earnestly.

"You've got to believe that I wouldn't!"

"I believe you. I know you better than that. And so does Kendall," I said soothingly. "She was just scared. And… well… sometimes, when Kendall gets emotional, she doesn't think as clearly as she usually does."

"She doesn't?"

I shook my head. "Usually, she's really good at figuring people out, but sometimes, especially where she's concerned, she's got this blind spot. So I'm sure she didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

She sniffled. "I know she didn't." Then she looked at me, her eyes pleading for understanding. "Paul, you should've seen her. She was so scared of how I'd react. I just can't believe it. And she would've gone through with it—had sex with me even though she doesn't like girls—if she thought that's the only way she could have you."

The self-accusing tone in Gina's voice nearly ripped my heart out. "It's okay," I said softly. "She didn't go through with it, though, did she?"

It was a rhetorical question, but she shook her head sullenly.

"She talked to you first. Right?"

A nod.

"That means she respects you. I'm sure it took a lot of courage for her to talk to you about it."

"Yeah. So?"

"If she didn't care about you, she would've just kept her mouth shut. Has Kara ever told you what the opposite of love is?"

"Indifference."

"Mmm hmm. And if Kendall didn't care about you, she wouldn't've even gotten upset about it. She *certainly* wouldn't've talked to you about it."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, looking up hopefully.

I nodded with all the sincerity I could muster. "Yes. I think she was more worried about losing you as a friend."

She shook her head and laughed morosely. "No. She was worried about not being with you."

"Okay, she was worried about *both*," I said firmly.

She could tell by my tone that I'd brook no objection, so she nodded. "I can't believe she was worried that I'd be angry."

"Gina," I said and then waited for her to look up. "She knows about… um… your 'weeklong lapse of sanity.' I'm sure she was scared that you wouldn't talk to her. And I know that would hurt her. Very badly."

"I'd never do that," she said. "Well, not again."

I nodded. *I certainly hope not,* I thought with a trace of resentment. "I know you wouldn't," I said gently. "Now, let's go back over there. We can put the raft down, lay the blanket on top of it, and relax."

She shook her head.

"Why not?"

"Well, that's part of what we were talking about." Her shoulders heaved as she started crying again.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm so awful," she moaned.

"What makes you say that?" I asked, half in surprise and half in fear.

"I didn't even *think* about what K-Kendall wanted." When she looked up at me, she was biting the inside of her lip, tears streaming down her face once again.

I pulled back a little, cupped her face in my hands, and wiped her tears with my thumbs.

"W-when I got to be with you, our f-first time," she said, trying to smile, "we were alone."

I nodded, unsure of the direction the conversation was going.

"With you and K-Kendall, I w-wanted to watch, like it was s-some show you were putting on for my benefit. Like s-she was just some girl I was going to w-watch you fuck," she said miserably.

"Did Kendall say that?" I asked sharply.

Gina shook her head. "No. She's too p-polite. But I know she w-wants to be alone with you." She took a deep, shuddering breath and sniffled. "And I was only th-thinking of what *I* wanted. S-so I told her I'd leave y-you two alone for the afternoon. I'm just gonna go now," she said sullenly.

"Oh, no you don't," I said sternly. "You're not going anywhere."

"Yes I am. I'm g-going to leave you two alone." She tried to pull away from me, but I was much stronger than her.

Instead, I turned her around and almost marched her back to where Kendall still stood, trepidation plainly graven upon her face. She looked up at me and smiled thinly, her expression full of empathy and concern for Gina.

"I'm so awful," Gina said suddenly, looking up at Kendall. "Will you ever forgive me?"

At that point, Kendall's tears returned full force, and she rushed toward Gina. They embraced tightly, each of them trying to apologize and comfort the other. I hovered protectively in the background as each girl professed to be the cause of the other's suffering.

When their tearful and half-spoken conversation devolved into each of them saying, "No, it's all *my* fault," I stepped forward. "Girls," I said firmly, stepping close to them. "I'm sure this is somehow *my* fault. Now, we're all sorry, and none of us will ever do this again."

They looked at me blankly. Then Kendall broke the spell by playfully pounding her fist into my chest. It didn't really hurt, but it served to focus our attention.

"And don't you *ever* do it again," she said.

We all understood my ruse for what it was—a way for each of them to admit responsibility and accept the other's forgiveness—and it worked like a charm. I spread my arms and wrapped them around both girls. For several minutes, I simply hugged them as they calmed down. Then I felt Gina look at Kendall.

"I'm *so* sorry," Gina said to the other girl.

"I'm sorry too," Kendall replied.

"And *I'm* sorry," I said.

They looked at me, puzzled.

I grinned as mischievously as I could. "It's a lot of work, taking care of two beautiful girls," I said with

mock seriousness.

"Ha!" Gina snorted. "You're lucky you have us."

"Yes," I said with genuine feeling, "I am. I'd be very lucky to have either of you. But I'm a million times luckier since I have both of you."

Gina nodded.

"Well," Kendall said, tensing up a little, "you haven't exactly *had* me yet."

When she looked at me and grinned, I realized that her tenseness was mirth as much as nervousness.

Gina giggled and that set us all to laughing.

When we calmed down, I kissed Gina and then turned to Kendall. Her kiss was full of warmth and promise, and devoid of anxiety. "Now," I said, "why don't we take a quick dip in the pool, cool off, and get cleaned up."

They shared an exhausted but happy smile and then nodded.

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While Gina and Kendall were still in the pool, talking quietly near the tree line where the stream emerged, I picked up storm debris and generally got our spot ready. I also kept a close eye on the girls. They were having a serious conversation, but I relaxed when I realized that it was without the hysterics and self-recriminations from earlier.

Once I had all the fallen branches moved to the side, I laid the inflated raft on the sandy soil and covered it with our blanket. Then I rejoined the girls in the pool. To my pleasure, they both smiled at me as I waded toward them.

"I thought I'd leave you two alone for a while," Gina said as I approached.

I merely shook my head.

"You don't have to," Kendall said at the same time.

"I *want* to," Gina insisted. "I want you to have some time alone." Then she turned to Kendall and looked at her intently. "You know, so it'll be *special*," she said.

"Listen," I said reasonably, "why don't we all stay together for a while. After everybody got upset earlier—" both girls grinned sheepishly, "—I think we should probably just relax and enjoy ourselves. We don't have a schedule."

"*I* do," Kendall said suddenly. When Gina and I looked at her, she smiled. "You know: seven o'clock, take shower and shave legs; seven fifteen, fix breakfast for friends; seven forty-five, hike to quarry; ten o'clock, arrive at quarry; ten fifteen, have sex with boyfriend; ten thirty, have sex with boyfriend a second time; ten forty-five, have more sex with boy—"

At that point, Gina and I both lost it and started laughing.

"I'm serious," I said when we calmed down. "We're not on a schedule."

"*She* is," Gina said. Then she grabbed my wrist and looked at my watch. "And you're forty-five minutes behind schedule. It's almost eleven." She looked at me and grinned. "You'd better get hopping, big boy."

That started another round of laughter. When it died down, I looked at them soberly. "Why don't we just hang out here for a half-hour or so and then go down and have lunch. Then we can decide what we want to do. Okay?"

"Okay," Gina said.

"I think I can revise my schedule," Kendall said, smiling at us.

We spent the next thirty minutes simply soaking in the cold water, talking, and enjoying each other's company. While we did, however, I teased the girls remorselessly. I was gently rubbing their pussies, but neither of them realized that I was doing the same thing to the other. I was having fun seeing how hard I could make them work to maintain a serene expression and keep up their end of the conversation. Finally, Gina dug her fingernails into my arm and cried out softly.

"Is he playing with you too?" she asked Kendall.

Kendall closed her eyes, finally let her mounting desire show in her expression, and nodded.

"If you don't stop," Gina said to me, "I'm gonna forget about giving you two some privacy and just

jump you right here, right now."

I laughed softly and withdrew my finger from her pussy. I gave Kendall's clit one last caress and then withdrew from her as well.

"Hey," she cried plaintively. "*I* didn't say you had to stop."

"Let's see if Manfred and Jenny are still going at it, or they're ready for lunch," I said with a low chuckle.

"Unnnnh," Kendall whined.

"You sound *just* like Gina," I teased her. "Come on," I said to them both. "Let's go have some lunch. And then afterward, we can…" I shrugged and left the rest unspoken, but judging by the looks on their faces, they knew what I was talking about.

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After we ate, the three of us took our leave of Manfred and Jenny. When we reached the top of the falls, Gina picked up her towel, sunglasses, and book.

"Gina…," I said.

She shook her head firmly. "I want to, Paul. Besides, this is between Kendall and me."

I looked to Kendall, but she only shrugged.

"Really," Gina said. "I'm fine with it. I *want* you two to have some time alone. It's only fair."

I stepped toward her and pulled her into my arms.

She resisted for a moment but then acquiesced. "Paul, I've made up my mind. Kendall and I have talked about this. Really." Her eyes pleaded with me.

I nodded reluctantly.

"If you want to have a real relationship with both of us, it has to be this way. Sometimes, at least. I… I was being selfish before." She looked up suddenly. "I see that now, and I don't like the fact that I was." Then she looked away and laughed ruefully. "You told me it would be like this, but I guess I didn't really understand."

I nodded again.

When she looked at me again, she was serious, determined. "You and Kendall should have the same time alone that you and I had."

"It doesn't have to be *today*," Kendall said.

Gina pulled away from me. "No, it doesn't," she said, turning toward the other girl. "But…" Then she actually blushed, her dark complexion growing darker still. "Well, I want some time with him too. And it wouldn't be fair for me to have sex with him if you don't too."

"But we can do it some other time. I want to have sex with him, but…," Kendall said.

"But without an audience," Gina finished. "At least the first time."

Kendall nodded solemnly.

"And you should have that."

"But not if it means you go off somewhere by yourself," Kendall said.

"We talked about this. Okay?"

Kendall nodded.

"I know I might not seem like it, but I'm happy for you. Really, I am. I'm excited for you. And for Paul."

"And for yourself too," Kendall said.

It was Gina's turn to nod. "Yeah. It excites me to think about you and Paul together." She grinned slyly. "I may be alone, but that doesn't mean I won't be having fun," she said, wiggling her fingers suggestively.

Kendall rolled her eyes in feigned shock. "You're so *bad*," she said.

"You do it too," Gina said matter-of-factly, but with a teasing tone.

"Yeah, but I don't talk about it."

"Why not? With us, you can talk about anything." Then Gina got a mischievous glint in her eye. "If he's lucky," she said, smiling at me wryly, "then we might let Paul watch while we masturbate."

"Gina!"

"What?" For a moment, she looked the very picture of innocence. Her façade quickly cracked and she grinned.

Kendall merely rolled her eyes.

"Masturbate," Gina said suddenly. When Kendall flinched, she said it again. "Masturbate, masturbate, masturbate. I do it. You do it. Paul does it. Hey! Maybe we can watch him masturbate while he's watching us!"

"Gina!" Far from looking scandalized, Kendall actually looked intrigued. When she noticed me grinning at her, she blushed furiously.

"Yeah," Gina said, warming to the subject. "We could spread our legs and play with ourselves while Paul strokes his thick, hard dick." She licked her lips and leered playfully at the taller girl.

"Gina, you're so *naughty*," Kendall said.

"Uh-huh! But if I don't get outta here now, I'm going to jump *someone's* bones, and I don't care whose."

Kendall nodded, her expression a mixture of remorse and excitement.

"Hey," Gina said softly, "I'm happy for you. For *us*."

"For us," Kendall echoed.

The girls looked at each other and something deep and unspoken passed between them. Then they hugged each other tight, Kendall bending down to accommodate the shorter girl.

"I'm so happy for you," Gina said softly. "I love you."

"I… I love you too," Kendall said.

"Like a sister, of course," Gina said tactfully.

Kendall merely nodded.

When they separated, Gina took Kendall's hand and led her to me. Then she took my hand and put Kendall's in it.

"There," she said. "I'm going to go down to where the stream comes out of the quarry lake. I can catch some sun and I don't think Jenny and Manfred will be able to see me there. There's no need for them to know what goes on between us."

Kendall and I nodded at the same time.

"One of you come get me in a couple of hours. Okay?"

"Thank you," whispered Kendall.

Gina smiled warmly, stood on tiptoe, and kissed my cheek. "You be gentle with her, you hear?" she said with playful menace.

I switched Kendall's hand to my left and put my right arm around Gina, pulling her close. I bent my head to kiss her and she responded with an enthusiasm that surprised me.

"I mean it," she whispered when she pulled back. "Be gentle. Go slow." Then she leaned in to hug Kendall again. "I'd better go."

"I'll walk with you," Kendall said suddenly.

Gina hesitated for a moment and then nodded. "Thanks. I… I appreciate it."

Kendall smiled warmly. Then she looked at me for approval. When I nodded, her smile returned and she kissed me on the cheek.

I watched the two of them walk away and shook my head in wonder.

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While I was waiting for Kendall to return, I decided to take a dip in the pool. The day's weather was still beautiful and temperate, with a gentle, refreshing breeze, but I wanted to relax in the cold water. It would give me time to think.

I lay on my back, safely grounded on the gently sloping sandy bottom, near the tree line. I didn't really want to pay attention to where I drifted in the pool, and I certainly didn't want to accidentally go over the falls. They weren't dangerous, as long as I was paying attention, but I didn't *want* to pay attention. I wanted

to think. So I submerged my entire body but kept my shoulders resting on the bottom, with only my face sticking out of the water. Because of the previous day's rain, the current was faster, and the water rushing over my skin felt good.

Unfortunately, in all the furor earlier, I'd completely forgotten to ask Kendall about birth control. I still didn't know what I would do if she weren't on the pill. She obviously wanted to have sex with me, which led me to believe that she *was* on the pill. But that simply didn't synch with what I knew about her mother.

For a few agonizing moments, I relived the panic and fear of Amy's pregnancy scare. In a weird way, it had been *my* pregnancy scare as well. Sure, I wouldn't have had to carry the baby and give birth (or deal with other, more unpleasant options), but I would've married her. Luckily, it hadn't come to that, but it was certainly an experience I didn't want to repeat. Ever. I wanted children, but I wanted them when my wife and I were *ready* for them.

By the time I felt Kendall step into the pool next to me, I had mostly calmed down. I had also begun to reflect that I wasn't nervous about having sex with Kendall. There was a time, not so far in the past, when I would've been nervous having sex with *anyone*, much less the goddess Kendall Payton. I silently thanked Susan and my mom for all their guidance and assurance. Whatever else happened between Susan and me, I owed her a debt of gratitude that I'd never be able to repay.

While lying in the pool, all I could hear was the rush of the water. When I sensed Kendall next to me, I lifted my head and looked at her.

"—matter?" she asked, concern coloring her tone. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

"Why didn't you answer me?"

"I couldn't hear you," I said patiently. "Not with my ears in the water."

"Oh. Oh, yeah." She shivered. "This water's cold," she said, even though it was only up to her calves. "Why're you just lying here? Aren't you cold?"

I sat up fully and shrugged. "You get used to it."

"Yeah, but I wouldn't lie here for fun."

"I was thinking," I said.

"About what?"

Before I told her, I asked, "You wanna join me here? Or d'you want me to get out?"

"Can we get out?"

I nodded and began to stand up. When I emerged from the water, I slicked back my hair and ran my hands down my torso. Kendall's eyes flicked to my cold-shrunken penis and scrotum. When she saw me watching her, she blushed and smiled guiltily. Then I reached for her hand and we walked out of the pool together. Once I dried off, I laid my towel over one of the big boulders by the falls, so it would dry.

"So, what were you thinking about?" Kendall asked, when we settled onto the blanket-covered raft.

"You," I said simply.

She smiled and looked away shyly.

"And something we need to talk about," I said seriously.

When she heard my tone, she looked up quickly.

"It's nothing bad," I said. "It's just something we need to talk about. And I'm kinda kicking myself because I didn't think of it earlier. If I had, I might've done something about it."

"About what?"

"About… well…" I couldn't think of a way to sugar-coat the question I needed to ask, so I just came right out with it. "Are you on the pill?"

Her lips tightened and then she looked down as she shook her head. "Does that mean you don't want to have sex with me?" she asked in a small voice.

I reached for her hands and took them in my own. "No," I said sincerely. "Wild horses couldn't pull me away from you." When she grinned shyly, I continued. "But if you're not on the pill…"

"I've been thinking about how we can do it," she said tentatively.

I nodded and waited for her to continue.

"If you pull out when you ejaculate… I mean, when you come, it should be okay."

"That's what I thought that one time with Amy," I said. "I thought I could pull out. I didn't."

"I know, and I've been thinking about that too."

"Oh?"

"We've got to be careful." Then she looked at me inquisitively. "You can tell when you're about to come, right?"

I laughed good-naturedly and nodded. "Oh yeah, I can tell."

She nodded. "Then as long as you don't ejaculate inside me…" She paused for a second, took a deep breath, and then composed herself. "As long as you don't ejaculate inside me, we should be fine." Then she looked at me earnestly. "Gina couldn't believe I'm not on the pill." She shrugged. "She doesn't know my mom."

"Mmm hmm."

She looked at me speculatively. "She said it feels really good when you come inside her."

"It feels pretty good for me too," I said with a smile.

"I want you to come inside me, but you can't until we…"

"Until we what?" I asked.

"Until we get you some rubbers."

"That's what I was thinking. Unfortunately, I don't have any good ideas about how to do that."

"I do," she said cryptically. "A couple of them, actually."

"Oh?"

"I'll tell you about them later," she said. "I've also got a plan for you to come inside me *without* a rubber."

"Whoa, hold on. I dunno about—"

She held up a placating hand. "I've got it counted out." Then she grinned shyly. "I don't want to get pregnant either." She got a mischievous twinkle in her eye as she smiled at me. "With all those books I read, I know how my body works. How a woman's body works, actually."

"And?"

"Well," she said, blushing, "my… cycle… should start the day we leave. A couple of days before that, it'll be safe for you to shoot inside me." Then she paused and wrung her hands together.

I got the feeling she was leaving something unsaid, but before I could question her about it, she looked into my eyes and almost pleaded with me to accept her answer. When I kept my mouth shut, she smiled tightly.

"I… I did something special for you," she said, obviously changing the subject.

"Oh?"

She nodded. "This morning, I actually spent about thirty minutes in the bathroom—in the Winnie—before I went down to the clubhouse to shower." She blushed and then grinned shyly. "I was doing something for you."

"Which was?"

She took my hand and put it between her legs. When I cupped her mons, she sighed deeply. "I took a little pair of scissors and trimmed my hair real short," she said. "Especially between my legs and around my… um… around my labia."

I hadn't been paying enough attention when I was playing with her pussy earlier. Consequently, I hadn't noticed it. Now that she pointed it out, I could only feel short, soft, curly hairs

"And then I shaved the sides real well," she said, blushing slightly.

"Very nice," I commented, gently manipulating her lips.

"Mmm hmm. I like it too. Even though you can't really tell from the front, I just have a little hair down there now."

"Let me ask you one question," I said. "What made you do this? Not that I'm complaining," I said quickly, "but I'm curious."

"It was something Gina said, and how you reacted."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm. When you were rubbing oil on my back, last week, and Gina was asking if I shaved my bush…"

"Yeah."

"Well, I saw that she was kinda teasing you about it, you know, like she might do it too. And when you got hard, I figured you might like it."

"Uh-huh."

She shrugged. "I didn't think I'd like the way it looks, but I actually do," she said. "I… I think I kinda look funny… down there, I mean… but I thought you'd like it."

"I do," I said. "I will. I'm glad you did it."

She nodded. "I've thought about it before. I read this book once, by Judy Blume…"

"The woman who writes kids' books?" I asked.

"Yeah. She writes other books too."

"Oh."

"There was one book where this housewife wanted her husband to perform… um… oral sex on her, so she asked him if he wanted her to shave… you know… her pussy."

"I know," I said, chuckling softly. Hearing Kendall talk about it was incredibly arousing, and my dick predictably went from semi-hard to full attention.

Kendall stared at my sudden erection for a moment, her eyes wide. "I used to wonder what was so special about shaving down there, but now I see," she said, her eyes still locked on my hard-on.

"Uh-huh," I said deliberately. "And since you went to all this trouble," I said, "why don't you let me check out your handiwork." The look in her eyes told me she was hoping I'd say that. "And from what I remember," I continued, "you don't look funny down there at all." I punctuated my words by rubbing the palm of my hand over her hooded clit.

She closed her eyes. "If you say so," she breathed.

"But I'd better check things out again, just to make sure."

She swallowed hard and nodded, her eyes still closed.

I gently pushed her onto her back and moved between her legs. Before I slid lower, I licked and sucked one nipple to erection and then moved to the other. Her heavy breasts flattened to the sides of her chest, and I had fun teasing her with my lips and tongue. Then I started kissing lower, lightly brushing my lips over her smooth skin. By the time I settled between her legs, her breathing had turned ragged, her soft stomach fluttering and heaving as her excitement built.

As I spread her legs, pushing them to the side and toward her chest, I took the opportunity to study her pussy. She had trimmed her hair very short, almost to a thin fuzz. And the sides of her labia were smooth, as advertised. The pubic hair covering her mons also looked narrower. It was very subtle, but from several inches away, it was easy to see where she had trimmed it.

When I looked up, I could tell that she was nervous about me studying her pussy. The night before, it had been dark and she'd already been very worked up. I remembered how Gina had worried about how she looked, the year before, so I decided to take a moment and reassure Kendall.

"I like how you trimmed your hair," I said. Then I gently kissed her slit. "It really makes your labia stand out." I kissed her again, pausing to inhale the scent of her arousal. "Even though you've got a tan, your pussy is lighter. Without the hair, I can see it turn dark pink as you get turned on."

"I'm glad you like it," she said nervously.

I chuckled softly and then licked her slit. Then I started teasing her with gentle licks and kisses. By the time I spread her pussy lips with my fingers, she was very wet. Her inner membranes were much pinker than Gina's, and I simply admired her shape for a moment.

"Your pussy's beautiful," I said softly. Then I planted a string of kisses from the inside of her left thigh to her right, passing over her pussy itself. "I think I just want to gaze at it for a moment." Out of the corner of my eye, I could see one of her hands nervously inching toward her pussy, as if to cover it. I grinned and kissed her again. "Thank you," I said gently.

"For what?"

"For loving me, and for trusting me enough to want to make love to me."

She moaned inarticulately.

It was a happy and eager sound, and I smiled again. Then I returned my attention to her slit. As I'd noticed the day before, her labia were thinner than Gina's full lips, and they almost disappeared when I spread her open. When I gently licked between her outer and inner labia, she hissed and ran her fingers through my hair. With my thumbs, I spread open her inner lips, revealing her opening. Her pinkish folds turned darker as her excitement built. Of course, I *added* to her excitement by pursing my lips and sucking her hooded clit.

When I pulled back, I gently moved my finger around, covering it with her moisture. While I held her open, I slowly slid the digit between the delicate folds of her labia. Once again, it was a tight fit, her pussy clutching at my invading finger. Her hands tensed up nervously, kneading my head and pulling at my hair. Then she hissed as I buried my finger entirely.

I crooked up the tip and hit her inner spot. She hissed again and clamped her legs around my head. Eight years of ballet, indeed! I felt like a walnut in a nutcracker. I quickly withdrew my finger, and at my strangled cry, she relaxed her legs.

"What was *that?*" she asked, panting.

I couldn't suppress my grin as I answered her question with a question of my own. "You liked it?"

"Oh, my goodness, yes! But it surprised me." She half sat up. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," I said, still grinning.

She rolled her eyes. "Don't *you* look smug."

I nodded and pushed up to all fours. Then I crawled up her body, never breaking eye contact. "Something you'll learn about me," I said, kissing her quickly, "is that I like making you happy. About half of my enjoyment comes just from giving you pleasure. So yeah, I guess I look smug. I hope you don't mind."

From only inches away, she looked into my eyes and smiled. Then she shook her head and said, "I guess I don't mind."

"Good," I replied, kissing her again. As I leaned closer to her and deepened the kiss, my erection bumped into her stomach.

She started, but quickly recovered.

Then I felt her wrap her fingers around my shaft and pull gently.

"I'm still amazed by how soft your skin is," she said.

I nodded, and then straightened. She looked into my eyes as I put my hand on the back of her head and guided her mouth to my dick. I watched with a small smile as she tentatively licked the tip of my crown. I made my dick twitch and she giggled. Then she wrapped her lips around the head and gently sucked. When she pulled back, she looked up and smiled.

"Gina said she'd help me improve my… um… technique later this afternoon," she said.

"Oh, she did?"

She nodded, smiling, and then playfully licked my cock. Her smile widened as she licked again. "She's had a lot more experience than I have."

"Mmm hmm."

"But I plan to make up for that," she said, holding my eyes with her own.

I raised my eyebrows in silent challenge.

She answered by closing her eyes and sensuously kissing the underside of my glans. Then she opened her mouth and swallowed the first couple of inches. She sucked lovingly, running her tongue over the underside and moving her head side to side.

While she sucked, I kept one hand on the back of her head, enjoying the feeling as I guided her motions. With the other hand, I reached down and tweaked her right nipple. She moaned around my cock as I rolled and gently pulled the little nubbin to erection. She tried to swallow more of me, and got about three inches into her mouth before clamping her lips around my shaft. I moaned my appreciation and she slowly

withdrew her lips. She still had a lot to learn, but what she lacked in experience, she made up for in love and tenderness.

She continued running her lips and tongue over my cock, caressing me with her hands as she did. I played with her right breast, manipulating her nipple and making her squirm with pleasure. After several minutes, she popped my dick out of her mouth, licked the underside, then tilted her head to lick my balls. She was hesitant at first, but quickly warmed to the idea when she sucked a testicle into her mouth and felt my pleased reaction. While she was licking and sucking my balls, she slowly stroked my shaft.

Without saying anything, I gently pushed her back. She looked up at me with a mixture of fear and expectation. I smiled as reassuringly as I could and then bent to kiss her. I cradled her face with my hands and brought my lips to hers. As I kissed her, I gently laid her back on the blanket. When I pulled back, she looked at me with dreamy, love-filled eyes.

"Make love to me," she said softly.

I merely nodded and then moved between her legs. When I reached between them, I felt her pussy with my fingers. She was moist and very ready. Then I grasped my shaft and set it at her opening. Before I slid into her, I turned my attention back to her face. For a moment, I merely studied her. She put her arms around my neck and pulled me down for a kiss.

As our tongues explored each other's mouths, I hunched my hips forward. Instead of sliding into her, as I expected, my cock hardly moved. In fact, it even bent slightly, almost painfully. I figured I'd just misaligned my shaft. I smiled apologetically. Then I quickly reached between us, pulled my hips back, and set the tip of my dick at her opening.

When I eased my hips forward the second time, I was certain that my dick was aimed at her pussy. She gasped as I spread her apart slightly, but then my penis stopped moving again. It was like something was pinching the head. If I'd stopped to think, I probably would've figured it out then and there, but I didn't. Kendall whispered in my ear how much she loved me, and how much she wanted me inside her. Her voice was tense, but I didn't notice it at the time, so I shoved forward again. Suddenly, the resistance disappeared. She squeaked as the head of my dick slipped completely inside her. As she cried out, she sounded just like Amy had when…

Oh… my… God!

I pulled back and looked at her in growing alarm. Her eyes were screwed shut with pain and two tears squeezed from beneath her eyelashes to run down her temples. Her breathing was shallow and ragged. My fear and disbelief spiked and I thought back frantically.

She'd told me she wasn't a virgin! But even with my limited experience with virgins—two, to be precise—I could tell that I'd just become her first. Yet my brain screamed that it couldn't be true. If I'd known, I would've taken more time. If I'd known, I would've done things differently, somehow. If I'd known… If I'd known, what would I have done?

Why hadn't she told me she was a virgin? Was she embarrassed? Was she scared? Did she think I wouldn't love her? Why hadn't she said anything? The truth was, she *had* said something, but it had been a lie. She'd told me she *wasn't* a virgin.

Could I have been mistaken in thinking that I was her first? I certainly hoped so. Maybe she was just very tight. She had such a small pussy to begin with, and every time I slipped a finger into her, she was very snug. Maybe she hadn't lied when she'd told me she wasn't a virgin. Maybe it had just been a while since she'd had sex. Maybe…

But then I started thinking through the past couple of days. Suddenly, the inconsistencies between her attitude and experience made a lot more sense. And what was it she'd told Gina, but made her promise not to tell me? What had Gina said? Her first time, perhaps? I had too many questions swirling through my mind, and with my dick halfway inside her, it was hardly the time to be distracted or seem insensitive. When I shook off my jumbled and chaotic thoughts, she was looking at me intently, her eyes still teary.

"You know, don't you?" she asked, her voice husky with emotion and an edge of fear-tinged pain.

"I love you," I said sincerely, ignoring her question. Unfortunately, it was answer enough.

"I wanted to tell you, but after I said what I did, last year…"

"It's… it's okay."

"I was afraid you wouldn't want me," she said miserably. "You can pull out now, if you want."

I shook my head firmly. "What I want," I said resolutely, "is to make love to my girlfriend." Then I kissed her tenderly.

She arched her back and pulled me against her almost desperately. "Why?" she whispered.

"Because I love you."

"Will you just hold me?" she asked timidly, almost pleadingly.

Instead of answering her with words, I answered with my body. My dick was still buried inside her, and she was tighter than I ever imagined. When I moved to rest my elbows on the blanket-covered air raft and then slide my arms under her shoulders, she winced as my dick stretched her further. It was an awkward position for me, half inside her and half out, but she needed my love and affection more than she needed my hard-on.

"Do you want me to pull out?" I asked quietly.

"Do you want to?"

"No," I answered honestly. "But if it's hurting you…"

"I'll get used to it," she said with a sniffle and a brave smile. "I *want* to get used to it. But maybe you can pull it out? Just for a little while?"

I nodded and pulled my hips back.

"Thank you," she whispered in relief.

Then she began crying again. Instead of tears of pain, they were tears of joy. I held her as she shook, comforting her with my body the only way I knew how. She clung to me, quaking as sobs wracked her, emotion pouring forth as if from a hot spring.

"I never thought I'd find anyone like you," she said, with a soft catch in her breathing.

"Are you glad you did?"

"More than you'll ever know."

Eventually, her tears dried and she begged me to enter her again. I could see it was hurting her, but her eyes burned brightly with the need to have me inside her. So I pushed into her and then pulled out, a half-inch at a time, perhaps less. In and out, slowly but steadily, in a little more, then out a little less. By the time I was fully seated within her body, she was crying again, aching tears mingled with tears of joy.

"You're making love to me," she said hoarsely.

I nodded and then kissed her fiercely, hoping to focus her attention on my lips instead of the pain I was causing. She responded eagerly, but had to break off sooner than either of us wanted—her nose was stopped up and she couldn't breathe. When she asked me to, I started thrusting into her, slowly, steadily. She whimpered, but urged me on with her eyes. I took long, gentle strokes, marveling at how tight she still was.

"I'm sorry," she said at last. "But it really hurts. You're so big."

I stopped immediately. "I'm not really all that big, you know," I said, trying to divert her attention once again.

"Try telling my pussy that," she replied with playful intensity, but with a note of pain coloring her voice. "Besides, it's not length that's important, it's thickness. And you're plenty thick enough for li'l ol' me."

I smiled. *She may be in pain,* I thought, *but the analytical Kendall was back, if only a little.* "Do you want me to pull out?" I asked gently.

She shook her head. "I want you to do it until you're ready to come," she said unconvincingly.

"No you don't," I replied. Then I started to withdraw from her tender pussy.

"Please don't pull out," she begged.

"Shhhhh," I breathed softly. "This is only our first time together. It's your first time *ever*. After this, there'll be lots of times. Lots and lots of times, if you want."

She nodded. "I'm so sorry," she half whispered.

"Don't be," I said as my dick slid free. The look of relief on her face made me smile. "Better?"

She nodded guiltily.

"Relax. There's a lot more to making love than just having my dick inside you."

After that, I held her close, offering her the security of my arms and chest, the surety of my kisses. When she realized that I was far from upset, she began to respond against me. Her nose was still stuffed up, so her breathing grew ragged, but she kissed me with deep, profound passion and longing. I planted kisses on her cheeks and eyelids, then down to her delicate earlobes. I teased her with my breath, gently blowing into her ear. When we kissed, I lightly bit her lip, playfully pulling back a little. Her nipples were little brown pebbles against my chest as I rubbed my own chest against her, stimulating them. We made love, though my manhood never entered her. Finally, she looked up at me and smiled.

"At least we don't have to worry about you coming inside me," she said with a half-rueful laugh.

"Nope."

"Can I do something?" she asked shyly. "Something I've always wanted to do?"

"Mmm hmm. What is it?"

"I want to play with you," she said. "Until you come. I want to watch you come."

"I'd like that."

When I rolled to my back, she moved to kneel between my legs. Before she began, she brushed her fingers over my straining erection, lovingly naming all the parts in Latin: urethra, glans penis, corona, frenulum (which, she said, had been mostly removed when I was circumcised), corpus cavernosum, and so on. With each part she named, she would delicately trace her fingers over my sensitive skin. I know it sounds funny, but watching her fondly name everything was incredibly erotic. I didn't recognize half the words, but the way she said them while touching me was unbelievably arousing. Soon, I found myself straining and wishing for her to take me in her hands.

Almost as soon as she did, I felt an orgasm building. I showed her how to masturbate me, how to squeeze and where to stroke. She quickly got the hang of it, and a look of delight crossed her expression. When I was almost ready to come, I moaned incoherently. She somehow got the message and sped her pace. The first spurt coursed up my shaft and she laughed in delight as she felt it.

Drops of hot come landed on my chest and stomach and she kept pumping. The next shot landed on my stomach and gushed over her hands. By the time I was done shooting, there were pearly drops of my essence all over my midsection. Both of her hands and my dick were covered in the slippery fluid. She laughed again as she played with it, discovering how slick it was. She coated my erection and her hands, spreading my semen over our skin.

When my penis finally became too sensitive for her to keep stroking, I pulled her hands off me and then guided her up my body. She lay next to me and sighed deeply. Then she sniffled. We both laughed at that, but it was a comfortable, unselfconscious laugh. I put my arm around her and simply held her tight, enjoying the feeling of her body next to mine.

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"Why did you tell me you weren't a virgin?" I asked Kendall later.

"I guess I thought you wouldn't want me," she said sheepishly.

I squeezed her against me. "That's not how I am, and you know it." I felt her nod. "Love is about trust and communication. You know you can tell me anything." *Did I just say that?! I sound* just *like my mother. Ha!*

"Thanks."

We lay there for several long minutes. My chest and stomach were still sticky from drying come, but I didn't care.

"I think I like holding you more than anything," she said after a while.

"Mmm hmm. You're pretty nice to hold as well."

"As nice as Gina?"

"That's not a fair question," I chided her gently. "You're different girls. I like you both for different reasons. I *love* you for different reasons."

"So what *do* you love about me?"

"I love how you can make *vas deferens* sound sexy, for one," I said. "I like the look on your face when I

came over your hands. I like how confident you are, and how you know what you want to do with your life. But I also like the way you get nervous and unsure of yourself sometimes. I like how you worry about things."

"Well," she said, "*I* don't like some of those things."

I shrugged. "They make you human."

"Huh?"

"I don't love the goddess Kendall."

"Don't call me that, please," she said.

"I won't. But what I meant was that I'm not in love with a goddess. I'm in love with a person. You're beautiful, you're smart, and I get hard just thinking about you lying beneath me—"

"Like *that's* ever going to happen," she said glumly.

"It'll happen," I assured her. "When we're ready. Now that I know, I can take my time. But that's not my point. My point is that you're all those perfect things—your looks, your brains, your sexiness—but you're also human. You get worried, you don't always know the right answer, you make mistakes, just like I do. And I'm lucky that you trust me enough to let your guard down, to let me see inside you. Because it's what's inside you that's most beautiful. It's a little different with Gina, but I love her for the same reasons."

"I'm glad," Kendall said softly.

"Me *too*."

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After a while, we decided to get up and wash off. Kendall dug in the pack and found Gina's bag of toiletries. She pulled out the soap and a washcloth. Then we waded into the cold pool. The afternoon had heated up, and after our exertions, it felt good to cool off.

She wanted to wash me first, so I let her lather the washcloth as I submerged to the neck. When I stood again—in knee-deep water—she began washing my shoulders and arms. As she worked her way down my body, she knelt in the water. Then she lifted my limp member and began scrubbing it. To my surprise, there was dried blood at the base of my shaft, and it was quite a bit more than I would've expected. *No wonder she was in pain,* I mused silently. She cleaned me gently, trying not to rub too hard with the cloth.

When it was my turn to wash her, I took my time and enjoyed it. Her body *was* magnificent, after all. She reminded me to wash under her breasts, so I hefted them and slid the soapy washcloth under each one. Then I moved down to her flat, soft stomach, washing gently. I was a little startled to see the blood dried on her inner thighs. Since she'd been in the water longer than I had, there was less of it, but I worried nonetheless.

She reassured me that she was fine, and feeling quite a bit better. The cold water soothed and numbed things a little, she explained. Then she piled her hair atop her head and sank into the pool to rinse off. With a twinkle in her eye, she announced that she was even feeling like having sex again, later.

After we had both rinsed off, she spread the washcloth on one of the boulders to dry, placing the soap next to it. Then we floated around the pool, her legs locked around my waist. We kissed. We talked softly. We simply enjoyed each other's company. I played with her breasts and she stroked me until I was erect. It was a languid, wonderful time, and neither of us wanted it to end.

"We really should go find Gina," she said after a while.

I nodded. I'd been thinking the same thing, but hadn't wanted to mention it.

"But we can do that in a few minutes." Then she looked pensive. "I love having you to myself, but I feel a little guilty."

"I know what you mean."

As it happened, the question of when to fetch Gina solved itself. Kendall looked over my shoulder and smiled. I turned to look, and saw Gina standing on the shore of the small pool, looking guilty and frustrated.

"I'm sorry," she said quickly. "I know this is supposed to be your time alone together, but I just had to come up."

"That's okay," Kendall started to say, but Gina interrupted her.

"It's just that I've been watching Jenny and Manfred…," She looked at Kendall and frowned slightly. "That girl is *entirely* too limber," she said only half disgustedly, shaking her head. Then she grew distracted. "Those two have been going at it since right after lunch, fucking, sucking, and anything else they could think of. And of *course* Jenny just lets him come on her skin. What a *waste*. She doesn't swallow, she doesn't lick it up, nothing. She just rinses it off. Can you *believe* that?!" She was practically beside herself with incredulity.

"I'm appalled," Kendall said with amused sarcasm.

Gina didn't catch the humor. "Me too! I mean, good God, I watched him come three times—three times!—and she didn't swallow a drop. And I've been fingering myself the entire time. Only, my fingers aren't enough." She focused on Kendall again. "You know how it is. Well, sort of. Sorry," she said, waving her hand dismissively. "I forgot. Although I guess by now, you *do* know how it is."

Without ceremony, Gina waded into the pool. "Sorry," she said again. "I really *did* wait as long as I could. I wanted you to have some time alone, but I'm ready to explode." She looked at us with pleading defiance. "I've *got* to have a dick, and I'm just dying to taste your come," she said to me.

I wasn't surprised when Gina made a beeline for my groin. I don't think Kendall was either. We simply looked at each other with wry grins. As soon as Gina felt my erection, she thanked Kendall for getting me hard, apologized again for intruding, and very nearly pulled me to the surface by my dick alone.

In a microsecond, Gina had her lips wrapped around my shaft and began taking long, deep strokes, trying to swallow me whole. She moaned in pleasure as she ran her tongue over the underside of my shaft. Then she put her hands on my hips and tried to pull me even deeper into her throat. Unfortunately, she started to gag, so she backed off and contented herself with swallowing only half my length.

All the while, Kendall's hand was below the surface of the water. When I looked at her, I could tell that she was playing with herself. She saw me watching and grinned guiltily, but didn't stop. I motioned for her to stand up and move next to me. While she used her free hand to cup and knead her left breast, I did the same with the right. She looked at me and smiled, obviously enjoying her bird's-eye seat for Gina's blowjob.

Gina noticed Kendall and then pulled my cock from her mouth. When she offered my shaft to the other girl, Kendall sank to her knees and readily accepted. I think Gina got as worked up from watching Kendall fellate me as she did by doing it herself. The two of them switched off several times, taking turns sucking me. After several minutes, Kendall murmured for Gina to keep going. Finally, I suggested we get out of the water. Without even drying off, we moved to the blanket.

I lay on my back while Gina knelt between my legs and continued sucking me. I asked Kendall to straddle my face. She was a little hesitant at first, but I gently guided her as she swung one leg over my chest. Once I got my lips on her pussy, all of her reticence disappeared. While I tongued her pussy, I had an awe-inspiring view up her torso as she kneaded her breasts. I held onto her ass and kept my lips against her sex when she started grinding her hips.

I wanted to delicately stretch her pussy a little bit, so I had her lean forward and support herself with her arms. I continued licking her pussy, but I also inserted a finger into her. She flinched at first, but quickly got used to it. She was as tight as ever, but I think the cold water (and a little time) had done wonders. Also, since I had my lips pursed around her clit and was circling it with my tongue, she forgot the minor discomfort of my invading finger.

Soon enough, I felt Gina straddle my hips and sink onto my dick. My girth spread her open and she moaned. When Kendall heard Gina making sounds of delight, she looked back. By then, I had two fingers buried in her pussy and was gently sawing them back and forth. I pulled them out of her and then licked them clean. She tasted different from Gina, although I couldn't describe the difference. It was similar, and just as good, but somehow different.

I dipped my fingers back in her pussy and tasted them again, much to her delight. Then I pushed her off me. She was a little confused at first, but I quickly told her to turn around and straddle my face again, facing Gina. I wanted them to watch each other, to see the other girl enjoying herself.

While Gina rode my dick, grinding her hips and rubbing her clit against my pubic bone, Kendall rode my

face. In no time, they were both moaning and shuddering in ecstasy. Gina was definitely the more vocal of the two, but Kendall occasionally cried out. I kept moving my fingers in her pussy, gently stretching her and getting her used to having something inside her.

Finally, Gina climbed off my dick and announced that she wanted me to fuck her. Hard, she said. She apologized to Kendall, who was already climbing off my face. When I looked at Kendall, she didn't seem upset at all, which I thought was a *very* good thing. Without preamble, Gina lay on the blanket, spread her legs, and reached for me. She obviously wanted her ankles over my shoulders, so I eagerly obliged her. With my forearms holding her legs back, I began thrusting deep into her, bending her nearly in half as I did.

Almost immediately, she began moaning loudly and kneading her breasts. My hips rose and fell, driving my cock into her. If I'd thought her pussy was tight before, I had a new definition of the word. Gina was still very snug, but not nearly the vise that Kendall was. When I looked up, Kendall was smiling at us and playing with herself, rubbing her fingertips in small circles over the base of her clit. I kept thrusting into Gina while I watched Kendall. Evidently, she enjoyed me watching, so she spread her legs further apart.

Gina urged me to fuck her harder, and I was soon slamming into her full force, my hips slapping against her thighs. A few minutes later, I could feel the quivering spasms of her building orgasm, and I had to force my way inside her. In this position, I could plunge very deep, and she was moaning uncontrollably. As her passion mounted, her moans turned to soft shrieks.

When her climax took her, she screamed piercingly, pleasure making her lose all control. I kept pumping my cock into her, forcing myself past her clenching internal muscles. After her orgasm subsided, she quickly reached down and started rubbing the base of her clit.

In a few minutes, a more powerful orgasm crashed over her. During its throes, she reached down and gripped my waist, holding me inside her. Her eyes clamped shut and her mouth closed, her lips set in pleasure. When she finally regained her senses, she smiled up at me beatifically and then rolled her eyes in amazement.

"Wow," said Kendall.

Gina let out her breath explosively. "Wow," she echoed. She looked at me adoringly and then rubbed my face softly. "Paul, you shouldn't neglect your girlfriend," she said with a grin, nodding toward the other girl. Then she wiggled her hips. "You're still hard. And you haven't come yet."

I shook my head.

She placed her hands against my chest and pushed. With a voyeuristic gleam in her eye, she said, "Kendall and I are equals. You should take care of her too. Shouldn't he?" she asked Kendall.

I started to protest. Gina didn't know about how much our earlier sex had hurt Kendall.

Kendall, however, had other ideas. "Oh, my goodness, yes!" she gushed.

Grinning in wonder, I pulled out of Gina. My erection actually slapped my stomach as I did, eliciting giggles from both girls. Gina groaned a little as I let her legs down, but she smiled lecherously when I reached toward Kendall. Without wasting any time, Kendall rolled to her back and beckoned to me.

"Be gentle," she whispered. "I think I'm ready, but I don't know if I can take the kind of pounding you gave Gina."

I nodded and set my already slick penis at her opening. I rubbed the head against her slippery pussy. When she didn't wince, I pushed forward a little, testing the waters, so to speak.

She grimaced, but hid it quickly. "I want you inside me, Paul."

I nodded again, concentrating fully on where our bodies joined. Her thin lips nearly disappeared with her legs spread and my glans inside her. Slowly, ever so slowly, I pushed into her. I kept a close eye on her expression as I did. I could tell that she felt a little pain, but the combination of my fingers and hers must have prepared her. I still had to ease in and then ease out, delving deeper with each thrust, but I eventually buried my entire cock in her molten, super-tight pussy. When I did, she smiled up at me. Her smile was tense, but full of anticipation and promise.

"Kendall, you're *so* beautiful," Gina said softly from beside us. She sounded almost reverent.

I'd been so wrapped up in Kendall that I'd forgotten Gina was there.

"When he's inside you, it's like you glow," Gina said.

Kendall smiled graciously. "You should see how beautiful *you* are," she said with genuine warmth. "Talk about glowing,"

"Thank you," Gina replied with a self-effacing smile.

Then Kendall looked up at me. "Make love to me," she said, her eyes hooded with desire.

With that, I started gently thrusting into her. She wasn't appreciably looser, but she certainly seemed to enjoy it more. I was pretty sure that I could actually feel the ridges of her pussy rubbing against my cock. While I was slowly thrusting into her, she ran her hands over my chest and shoulders. A fine sheen of sweat coated my torso, and her hands slid easily over me. After several minutes of slow strokes, she pulled her legs alongside my flanks, her toes pointed in pleasure.

As I thrust into her, her breasts swayed gently with the rhythm of our bodies. I bent my head to suck a nipple into my mouth and she gasped. Then I switched to the other one and flicked my tongue against it as well She reached behind me and cupped my ass cheeks, pulling me against her. Judging by her facial expression, she was still in a little bit of discomfort, but it was gradually being replaced by pleasure.

"Remember… to… pull… out," she gasped, then her eyes rolled back. Her hands fluttered at my sides.

I bent to kiss her and she responded against me eagerly. Finally, I felt my orgasm boiling up. I wanted to come inside her. I tried to convince myself that she wouldn't get pregnant, not from just one time. I wanted to come inside her, to fill her with my seed. Her pussy was so tight, so hot, and she was finally mewling with pleasure. I wanted to fill her with my love, my essence. I could feel the come gathering in a wave, ready to surge up my shaft and spurt into her. I wanted it!

"Oh, Paul," she gasped. "I love you."

Her words broke the spell. If I loved her, I wouldn't put her in jeopardy by coming inside her. And I *did* love her. With a wordless sigh, I realized that I was very, *very* close to coming. Reluctantly, grudgingly, almost grimly, I withdrew from the steamy vise of her pussy. It was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. And it wasn't a moment too soon. As soon as I reached for my erection, I felt the first surge of come shooting up the shaft.

I wrapped my fist around the base and pumped, spewing white-hot come onto Kendall's soft, heaving belly. Spurt after spurt covered her with lustrous drops of my semen. Several of them landed between her breasts. One of them even deposited a splash across her right nipple. But the majority arced onto her stomach, where they formed a white lake in her navel. I arched my back and closed my eyes, straining to squeeze the last drops from my pulsing shaft. When I opened them again, Kendall was smiling at me. She reached up and touched my face tenderly, lovingly, and her smile widened.

I slowly knelt upright, my slick, dripping penis pointing straight out. When I looked at Gina, she was staring at it hungrily. I gestured for her to come closer. She nervously looked to Kendall for permission. Kendall smiled and nodded. Gina scooted toward us and I guided her head to my slowly softening erection. She quickly sucked me clean, moaning as she tasted Kendall's and my combined juices.

When she pulled back, she eyed the puddle of sperm that had collected in Kendall's bellybutton. Other drops covered her supple stomach, pearlescent white against her tanned skin. Still more drops formed small beads in her trimmed pubic hair. Kendall watched Gina's expression with fascination. I knew Kendall wasn't enthusiastic about sex with another girl, but something came over her face that made me think twice.

Then I watched, mesmerized, as Kendall dipped a sun-browned finger into her navel and spread the pooling semen. Gina watched that same finger like a hawk. I thought I was seeing things when Kendall raised her finger to Gina's lips.

Gina looked nervously at the other girl, unsure of her intentions. When Kendall smiled tentatively and silently encouraged Gina to suck the finger clean, Gina opened her mouth and stuck out the tip of her tongue. Kendall moved her finger toward it. Gina's nostrils flared as she inhaled the scent of my semen. As soon as the come-covered digit touched her tongue, she wrapped her lips around it and sucked gently.

Gina opened her lips and smiled her thanks at Kendall. To Gina's and my surprise, Kendall scooped up another drop of semen with her finger. She also brought this finger to Gina's lips. Both girls' eyes followed Kendall's fingertip as it approached Gina's mouth. Kendall looked nervous, but determined.

Quietly, I moved to the side and simply watched them. Kendall had obviously made some internal

decision, and was acting almost on autopilot. Gina's eyes locked on the drops of semen covering Kendall's right nipple. Kendall followed Gina's gaze and then took a deep breath. They shared a silent, very intimate conversation with only their eyes. I could see the longing in Gina's expression, as well as the nervous desire in Kendall's.

At an almost unseen nod from Kendall, Gina scooted forward. Her lips fastened around Kendall's nipple and gently vacuumed up my come. Then Gina's pink tongue swirled around the areola and she actually sucked Kendall's nipple into her mouth. Kendall gasped and closed her eyes. She put her hand on the back of Gina's head and rested it there, neither guiding nor impeding the other girl's movements.

Gina delicately kissed the nipple before her and then touched her lips against the flattened underside of Kendall's right breast. With one hand, Gina pulled her hair back and piled it atop her head. Kendall moved her hand to hold the lustrous black hair, actively aiding Gina in her quest for my fluid. Using gentle kisses and licks, Gina cleaned the sperm from between Kendall's breasts. Kendall moaned wordlessly, encouraging the darker girl. Gina then moved down the other girl's trim, trembling stomach. I watched raptly as she dipped her tongue into the small lake of sperm in Kendall's navel, tasting my essence and teasing Kendall at the same time.

By the time Gina had cleaned all the little drops of come from Kendall's skin, the older girl was quivering with pent-up desire. It was then that I realized Kendall hadn't had an orgasm the entire time we'd been at the quarry. For one reason or another—pain, nervousness, timing, or whatever—she hadn't come yet. She looked down her body and realized that the remaining drops of my semen bejeweled her pubic thatch. Her eyes locked with Gina's.

Kendall took a deep breath, her nostrils flaring. Then she swallowed hard. Without saying a word, she spread her legs slightly. Gina looked a question at her. Kendall nodded slightly and then spread her legs further apart. She smiled nervously as Gina kissed her way toward the older girl's pussy. It was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen.

Kendall gasped when Gina's lips first touched her soft, curly pubic hair, searching for errant drops of come. Gina assiduously tended to Kendall's bush, licking and cleaning. When Gina went to pull back, all without ever touching Kendall's pussy, the older girl moaned softly, needfully.

I could tell that Gina wanted to kiss Kendall's pussy, but she was holding back, probably out of uncertainty. Once again, Gina looked a question at Kendall, who lightly bit her upper lip.

"Please," Kendall whispered.

Gina's eyes lit up and she kissed Kendall's mons tenderly. Kendall moaned in nervous anticipation. Then Gina moved between the other girl's legs, never taking her mouth away from the source of their pleasure.

Kendall was nervous, but she was giving herself to Gina willingly, making herself a wholehearted member of our relationship. As Gina settled between Kendall's long legs, the older girl looked at me and smiled. Dense as I sometimes was, I could tell that she was looking for my approval. I smiled warmly and moved toward her. While Gina lovingly kissed Kendall's pussy, I lovingly kissed her lips. She cried out softly, into my mouth, as Gina began to lick and suck her clit. When I pulled back, she looked up at me with all the love and devotion that I could ever hope to see.

"It's a day of firsts," she said quietly. "Oh!"

I looked down to see Gina gently inserting two fingers into Kendall's pussy. I nodded to Kendall and brought my lips down again.

"I love you," she said quietly when we broke the kiss.

"I love you too."

We were silent for several minutes as Gina adoringly licked and sucked Kendall's pussy. I watched Kendall's face, simply enjoying the look of bliss that played over her features. Her color deepened as a flush mounted her chest and neck, and then spread over her cheeks. Gina worked her tongue into Kendall's channel, causing the older girl to cry out softly.

Kendall's arousal steadily built. She was already worked up from everything that had happened earlier, and when I began sucking her nipples, she hissed and pulled my head against her breast. With a low, throaty moan, she tensed up and gripped me fiercely. I continued sucking and nipping at her erect nipple,

pulling it into my mouth and flicking my tongue against it.

In a moment, Kendall's pleasure peaked, her climax suddenly crashing over her. Her body grew rigid and I heard Gina cry out in surprise. Kendall was practically shaking as the effects of her orgasm surged through her body. She convulsively bucked against me, but I continued to suck her hard brown nipple.

Finally, her orgasm subsided. When she relaxed, she was panting and mumbling "oh my, oh my," over and over again. Gina and I made eye contact and both of us smiled tiredly. Gina slowly crawled up Kendall's body and settled next to the taller girl, her dark skin a contrast to Kendall's golden brown. Their breasts pressed together as I put my arm around Gina too. Kendall started crying, tears of happiness running down her face.

"I love you both, *so* much," she said.

"And we love you," Gina answered without hesitation.

"Very, *very* much," I added.

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We spent the rest of the afternoon simply relaxing. The three of us were cooling off in the pool when we heard Jenny's cries from below. We looked over the edge of the large boulder near the falls. Manfred was between Jenny's legs, licking her pussy. We laughed quietly when both Gina and Kendall reached for my dick at the same time. The girls looked at each other and silently determined whose hand went where.

Below us, Manfred mounted Jenny and began thrusting into her. Her legs were splayed to the side in what looked like a full split. I chuckled at the memory of Gina's comment about Jenny being limber. The girls looked at me questioningly.

I explained why I was laughing.

"Oh," Kendall said. "I can do that."

Gina and I looked at her.

She actually blushed. "Eight years of ballet have to be good for *something*. I'm still pretty flexible." When she saw the lustful gleam in my eye, she backed away playfully. "Oh, no you don't. Not until I've had a little time to recover."

"Sorry," I said quickly, smirking. "I was just teasing you."

She nodded and rejoined us.

"There!" Gina said excitedly and then pointed.

Down on the flattop rock, Manfred had just pulled out and was obviously coming on Jenny's stomach.

"What a *waste*," Gina practically spat.

"Inexcusable," Kendall said wryly, grinning at me as she did.

Once again, Gina missed the teasing sarcasm. "Exactly," she said. "Here's how you're supposed to do it." Then she sank to her knees in the cool water and reached for my semi-erect dick.

Kendall merely looked at me. She shrugged, grinned, and said, "When in Rome…" Then *she* sank to her knees as well.

If you've never had the experience of two beautiful girls giving you a blowjob, I can highly recommend it. When I came, Gina greedily swallowed it all. She apologized to Kendall afterward, and that set us to laughing again.

Afterward, we stretched out on the blanket, a girl on either side of me. Once again, if you've never had the experience of two beautiful girls lying next to you, I can highly recommend *that* as well.

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Shortly before four, we'd shouted down to Manfred and Jenny. Then we walked down and packed all our belongings, including our trash. (Manfred was always very conscientious about us leaving our surroundings as we'd found them.)

A few minutes into our return hike, I faked a leg cramp. While everyone hovered over me, I got to my feet with feigned unsteadiness.

"Are you okay?" Manfred asked.

I nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine. It's easing off."

"You need to eat more bananas," Kendall said.

"Yeah," I replied, with what I hoped was understated irony. "I'll try that. Hey, Manfred, I can keep up. Just set a little slower pace. Okay? I'll be fine."

"Sure thing, dude."

Manfred and Jenny turned back down the trail while Gina, Kendall, and I shared a few expressive glances.

Gina looked at me curiously, her eyes flicking to my calf.

I shrugged and looked meaningfully at Kendall.

Gina's eyes misted over and she hugged me tight. "You're such a great guy," she said.

"I don't get it," Kendall said, obviously confused.

"C'mon, let's get going," Gina said to her. "I'll explain it to you while we walk."

We fell back into line. Although she didn't show it, I was sure that Kendall appreciated the slower pace. When Gina explained why I'd had my "leg cramp," Kendall stood stock still and then turned to me. I quickly caught up with her and she wrapped her arms around my neck, planting kisses all over my face. Before Manfred or Jenny could look back and see what was holding us up, Kendall let go and beamed at me.

"You *are* a great guy," she said quietly, but with intensity.

I shrugged. "I try."

"You succeed," she said.

"No," Gina said from a few feet away. "*I* suck seed."

We all laughed and then turned down the trail.

The rest of the hike back to camp was mostly uneventful. Whenever Manfred or Jenny would look back, I affected a slight limp, but most of the time, I walked normally. Kendall tired out quickly, and looked at me gratefully when I asked for a short break. We took a couple more breaks, and each time, I massaged my calf as if it were aching. Finally, we broke through the trees at the feeder lake and headed around toward the swimming lake. We would be late for dinner, but I don't think any of us really minded.

Manfred and Jenny went off to do their own thing after dinner, so Gina, Kendall, and I showered in the clubhouse and then indolently lounged on the couches. Several new families had arrived while we were gone. They all had younger kids, between two and ten, so we didn't pay much attention to them. Kara joined us after a while, smiling smugly, and the four of us ended up playing Scrabble. I lost miserably, but I couldn't think of anything I'd rather do than spend time with Gina, Kendall, or better yet, both.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Sunday morning, I woke up late and reveled because I didn't have to get up and work out. I really liked lifting, but I also liked being lazy once in a while. Gina, Kara, and I chatted while our families ate breakfast together. Kendall joined us after she'd eaten with her family.

Wonder of wonders, I also noticed that Mom was wearing bikini bottoms. Maybe I *was* paying more attention. I guess I was still enjoying the newness of understanding a little bit about how women's bodies worked. Whatever the reason, I was proud of myself for noticing.

After breakfast, Jenny's family went off to load their car. Manfred went to help them. Kara headed down to the lake, and Gina, Kendall, and I decided to hang out in the clubhouse. The weather was once again balmy and beautiful, but we felt like lounging indoors for a change.

When the Jordans were ready to leave—they had a long drive back to Atlanta—they came down to the clubhouse to say goodbye. Susan was on hand, as were Mom and Erin. Dwight and Karen Delozier were planning to leave later in the day, but they came to the clubhouse to bid farewell to John, Jessica, and family. Drew was there too, paying too much attention to Jill. Not surprisingly, she seemed to revel in it. Compared to them, Manfred and Jenny were practically Victorian.

As Jenny hugged me goodbye, she whispered in my ear, "Call me when you get back to Atlanta." Then she slipped a folded piece of paper into my hand.

I hastily palmed it, hiding it from anyone who might have seen. My mind raced. Instead of answering her, I simply smiled as graciously as I could. Then Jenny hugged Gina. I marveled at how she could practically proposition me one moment and then hug my girlfriend the next. Much to our surprise, Jenny hugged Kendall as well.

Jill and Trish said goodbye, although Trish was a little diffident. I noticed that Erin and Leah did *not* exchange warm farewells with Jill. Their goodbyes were perfunctory, and nothing more. It seemed that in the battle for Drew, Jill had won. The other girls (including Trish) didn't seem all that happy about it. Since Erin and Leah seemed to want nothing to do with him, I wondered what he'd do now that both Jill and Trish were leaving.

After we all said goodbye, the Jordans got into their car and drove off. Manfred, of course, moped. He seemed like he needed the company, so we invited him to join us. His family didn't have a long drive home, so they weren't leaving until after lunch. Goofy as he sometimes was, Manfred *was* one of my best friends and I'd definitely miss him. While the girls chatted with each other, he and I played a game of pool. It was desultory, but it took his mind off Jenny.

The distraction helped, and for a while, he was his old, cheerful self. We talked about what he and Jenny were planning to do about their relationship after the summer. According to him, they were going to do what Gina and I had done the previous year: letters and phone calls. The year before, it had been mostly just summer fun. But when they got back together this year, things had become more serious. At least *he* thought they had. (I'd obviously begun to have my doubts about how serious *Jenny* really was.)

I liked Manfred, and debated whether or not to tell him about what Jenny had done. I didn't want to ruin his image of her, but I also didn't want him pinning his hopes on a girl who was already after another guy. In the end, I decided to let nature take its course. I figured that he and Jenny would drift apart as the year progressed. At least, I hoped that's what would happen. If they got back together the following summer, so much the better. If not, then at least I wouldn't be responsible for shattering Manfred's image of her.

Shortly after lunch, I helped Manfred load his family's car. His parents worried over him, but I don't think there was anything they could've done to make him feel better. I definitely remembered how *I'd* felt after Gina left, the summer before. Manfred shook my hand when they were ready to go. Instead of leaving it at that, I pulled him into a bear hug. At first, his I'm Not A Fag reaction kicked in, but he quickly overcame it and slapped my back in the age-old ritual of two straight guys saying goodbye. I think the

object must be to inflict pain on the other guy—another I'm Not A Fag gesture. Then he got in the car and we waved goodbye as his family drove up the hill.

The Deloziers were ready to leave about an hour later. Stan and Terri Dunbar were there to see them off. Erin and Leah said goodbye to Trish, and they all three pretty much ignored Drew. I shook Dwight's hand and promised to help him with the Fourth of July barbeque the following year. I solemnly shook Jonathan's hand and told him we'd be a team for next year's barbeque. Much to my surprise, Karen Delozier gave me a big hug and grinned as she surreptitiously glanced at my dick. I grinned in reply and she winked at me. (Instead of being overtly sexual, her glance was like a private joke we shared.) Mom, Susan, and the Coulters bid them farewell and then they got in their car and drove off.

The camp was emptying of people I knew well, and was full of people I didn't know so well. With everyone leaving, Gina, Kendall, and I shared several knowing looks. We knew we'd have to talk about what would happen after the summer, but none of us wanted to.

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A little while later, Susan came down to the lake, clad in her usual bikini bottoms. She stopped by where Gina, Kendall, Kara, and I were sunning ourselves.

"Paul, do you think you could come by later today and look at my yard. There's a lot of storm debris that I'd like to clean up. It's nothing major, a couple hours of work, but I'll pay you for it."

I shrugged. "You don't have to pay me," I said. "As long as you let *me* lift the heavy branches. I know you like to help, but you and pine branches are a dangerous combination."

Much to Gina and Kendall's mild consternation, Susan and I laughed at our shared joke.

"See if I fix *you* peas again," she said tartly.

That set us both to laughing again.

"When would you like me to come by?" I asked, once we'd regained our composure.

"Anytime this afternoon," she said.

"Would you like some help cleaning up?" Gina asked me.

"Sure," I quickly replied. Then I looked to Kendall.

"I go where my man goes," she said. Then she grinned guiltily when she realized what she'd let slip in front of Susan.

Gina and I grinned as well, but for a different reason. The likelihood of Susan *not* knowing about the three of us was practically nonexistent. I didn't know how we'd do it, but Gina and I needed to discreetly tell Kendall a little more of our background, especially where Susan was involved.

We quickly decided that I'd go take a look at Susan's house and yard after dinner. Then we'd do the work the following morning. Susan offered to fix us breakfast, and we readily accepted.

"Breakfast won't be anything *special*," she said, looking pointedly at me, "but I'm sure I can whip up something you'll enjoy."

I rolled my eyes at the audacity of mentioning our special breakfasts, but she shrugged it off with an impish grin.

"Okay," I said, trying to return the conversation to a more mundane tack. "I'll see you later this afternoon."

She nodded.

"And then we'll all be there first thing tomorrow morning."

"Be sure to fix a lot of food," Gina said with a grin. "Paul really likes a big breakfast."

"You know," Susan said to her seriously, deliberately *not* looking at me, "I like a big breakfast too."

I nearly choked on my tongue at her double entendre. And I'll never know how Susan said it with a straight face.

After that, she went off to talk to my mom and Gina's parents. Kara was reading her book, so Gina, Kendall, and I decided to swim out to the raft and relax where we could have some privacy. Once there, we watched Drew try in vain to impress Erin and Leah.

"He's so transparent," Kendall said after a few minutes. "Now that the easy Jordan girls are gone, he's

looking for his next score."

"Me-*ow!*" Gina said, making cat-clawing motions with her hand.

Kendall blushed. "Was it that bad?"

"Not really. I'm just teasing you."

"Sorry," Kendall said. "I guess I *did* get a little catty."

"I do the same thing sometimes," Gina said with a shrug.

"Yeah, but I hate it when I do it. Anyway, let's change the subject."

"Let's," Gina agreed. "So… what do you wanna talk about?"

"I dunno."

"How about one of my *favorite* things?"

"What's that?" Kendall asked.

Gina glanced slyly at me. "Paul," she said slowly, grinning.

"Mmmmm, one of *my* favorite subjects too."

I'm sure I blushed appropriately.

"What should we talk about?" Gina asked, speaking to Kendall as if I weren't lying between them.

"Oh, I dunno," Kendall mused, also ignoring me.

Gina pretended to deliberate. "How about we talk about something we both enjoy?"

"And what would that be?" Kendall asked with faux innocence.

I knew where the conversation was headed as well as they did, and I felt my cheeks heat further.

"We could talk about his dick," Gina said, as if she'd just stumbled upon the idea.

"Hmmmm, we *could*. I've always enjoyed looking at it. And it's even more fun to feel."

"Um, girls," I asked plaintively, "do we *have* to talk about this?"

"You don't like us talking about your penis?" Gina asked sweetly.

"Your dick?" Kendall added.

"Your cock."

"Tallywhacker."

"Johnson," Gina said.

"John Thomas."

"Weenie."

"Hose."

"Trouser snake."

"Mr. Wiggly."

The girls went back and forth, much to my chagrin and their growing amusement: rod, dong, tool, meat, tube steak, pole, pipe, prick, pecker, salami, schlong, one-eyed monster, skin flute, and so on. I think they spent several minutes trying to top each other. I never realized there were so many words for *dick*. When Kendall called it the "heat-seeking moisture missile," Gina lost it. The two of them laughed so hard I hoped their sides hurt. It *was* funny, though, and I couldn't help but laugh along with them. When we all finally calmed down, I shook my head in wonder.

"You two realize that I'm going to have to lie on my stomach for the next twenty or thirty minutes," I said.

"Why's that?" Kendall asked innocently. Then she winked at Gina.

"Yes," Gina said. "Why *is* that?"

"You know why," I replied evenly.

"Are you hard?"

"Stiff?"

"Erect?"

"At attention?"

"Sporting a woody?"

That produced *another* round of giggling. It was hard to stay mad at them when they were having so much fun.

"Ah," Kendall sighed. "I never knew talking about a guy's equipment could be so much fun."

Gina nodded. "Almost as much fun as looking at it."

"Oh, I do that all the time."

"Mmm hmm. Next topic of conversation: why we like Paul's, ahem, equipment so much."

"Because he lets us play with it?" Kendall asked artfully.

"Mmm hmm. And he lets us suck it."

"And stroke it."

"It's full of warm, creamy goodness," Gina said, sounding like a television commercial.

"Ooooh, this sounds like a good topic," Kendall said.

Then they launched into a discussion of my dick and its relative merits. Listening to them casually discuss it certainly didn't do anything to ease my condition, especially when they kept discussing things they liked about it. They even compared it to the other guys in camp.

"How about Dwight?" Gina asked.

"Too big. The same with Kevin Nolan. I couldn't take anything *that* size."

Gina shook her head. "Me either. Paul is about the perfect size. But the big ones are fun to look at."

"Uh-huh."

"Paul's dad's got a pretty nice-looking dick," Gina said. "It's thick too, but sorry, Paul, I think it's longer than yours."

"You've never complained," I said.

She quickly shook her head. "I think his is thinner, though. I still like yours better."

"It's good genetics," Kendall said. "Nice dicks obviously run in the family. Okay, how about Manfred?"

Gina shuddered playfully. "His dick's too skinny. And I know Manfred too well. Uh-uh. What about Drew?"

Kendall shrugged. "He's my brother."

"Yeah, but he's kinda cute."

"You don't have to live with him," Kendall said.

"But he's got a nice dick."

"Gina! He's my *brother*."

"Yeah."

"Besides," Kendall said with a grin, "I still like Paul's better than Drew's. Paul's is thicker, and longer too."

"You've seen Drew with a hard-on?"

Kendall nodded. "Sure. It's okay, I guess, but nothing special. Like I said, too thin. Anyway, let's talk about a different guy."

"Okay. Who?"

"Stan Dunbar. He's got a nice dick."

"Yeah, but it's a little too veiny for my taste," Gina said.

"How do you know what his tastes like?" Kendall asked playfully.

Gina merely rolled her eyes. "Manfred's dad's is cute too. Although it's too skinny as well."

"Yeah," Kendall said, nodding. "Genetics."

"How about Jenny's dad? He's got a nice dick."

"Yeah, he does. Good size, good shape, good length. I give it two thumbs up."

"Wouldn't that be 'two nipples up'?" Gina asked, grinning shamelessly.

With that, they started giggling again. I merely shook my head, half in good-natured dismay and half in amusement. I'm glad they liked my dick, but I never realized they paid so much attention to *other* guys' dicks as well.

When they stopped giggling, they started talking about some of the men none of us knew very well. They discreetly pointed to where a large group of people were sunbathing on the shore of the lake and discussed the merits of each guy's manhood. Some of them they didn't like: too stubby, too thin, it bends to the side, weird looking, etc.. Others, they did like: good thickness, good length, nicely shaped head, etc. They did

wish they could see them erect, however, since it's difficult to really appreciate a guy's dick unless it's hard (according to them).

The whole time they talked, I was almost painfully erect. I'm sure they were having fun, but I was also convinced that about half the reason for the current topic of conversation was to keep me aroused. It probably excited the two of them as well, which is why they were being so imaginative.

The conversation ultimately turned to the finer points of fellatio. Evidently, Kendall had done a *lot* of reading on the subject, so she was able to contribute quite a bit to the discussion. With her book knowledge and Gina's empirical knowledge, they ended up having a lengthy discussion. My erection seemed to throb with a mind of its own, with no relief in sight.

"Okay," I said at last, interrupting a minor debate over friction versus suction. "If you two keep this up, I'm going to make a scene."

"Why, whatever do you mean?" Gina asked, blinking innocently.

I growled at her.

"I think he's excited," Kendall said.

"Horny."

"Randy."

"Hot to trot!"

"Okay, you two," I said with good-natured menace, "you asked for it."

I quickly rose to my knees and then crouched with my back to the sunbathers, hoping to hide my jutting erection. In a flash, I scooped up Gina and tossed her over the side of the raft. Kendall squealed and tried to get away, but I caught her ankle and pulled her toward me. She squirmed and resisted, but I threw her over the side as well. Before the splash had died down, I launched myself over them and arced into the water. The shock of the cold water did nothing to abate my hard-on.

The girls were sputtering, laughing, and trying to keep me away by splashing water at me. They backed toward the shallow end of the lake, but I waded after them, undeterred. I caught Kendall first. She struggled, but I was far stronger than her. I picked her up and tossed her toward the deeper part of the lake. Gina splashed me vigorously and tried to get away, but I caught her as well. She soon followed Kendall, gracelessly flying through the air as I heaved her upward.

Then I swam toward them and captured Gina before she could get her bearings. I slung her over my left shoulder, her ass in the air. I gave her a playful swat for good measure and then waded toward Kendall. The water was just above my waist, so I could still move pretty quickly. When I reached her, I bent and caught her around the waist. I easily lifted her onto my right shoulder.

With two laughing, squealing girls over my shoulders, every eye on the shore was watching us, most of them chuckling. The girls tried to wriggle free as I waded into deeper water, but I held on tight. When the water was up to my chest, I flexed my legs and tossed the girls. Their laughing screams of outrage were incredibly rewarding. When they surfaced, I tried to look unfazed by their giggles.

"Had enough?" I asked.

"We surrender!" Kendall said, although it was clear she was only playing along.

"Don't manhandle us," Gina said facetiously, laughing.

"*Please* don't throw us in the briar patch, Brer Paul."

I stepped close to them so my voice wouldn't carry. "Well, I was all ready to go somewhere and have a little fun." I shrugged. "But since you're not interested, I guess I'll just go somewhere by myself and jerk off."

"Hold on a second," Gina said quickly.

"Unnnnh," Kendall whined at the same time.

"So you *are* interested?" I asked.

"Let's get our towels," Gina said.

Kendall quickly nodded her agreement.

We gathered up our things and headed up the hill. My dick wasn't exactly hard, but it certainly wasn't soft either. I tried to keep moving, so no one could get a good look and realize I was semi-erect.

Since both Mom and Erin were at the lake, we knew my cabin would be deserted. When we got there, I actually *did* jerk off, if only a little. I quickly had a lot of help. The day before, we hadn't had time for the blowjob lesson, so Kendall wanted it now. Gina was more than happy to oblige. I flopped down on the couch and avidly watched as the girls moved between my wide-spread legs. They teased me a little, rehashing their conversation about how to give a good blowjob, instead of actually doing it. But enough of the discussion involved some lips-on instruction, so I was happy.

Gina demonstrated and then Kendall imitated her. Neither of them could take more than half my dick, but that didn't matter, since they concentrated on the sensitive glans. Finally, Kendall said she wanted to swallow my come. Gina grinned unabashedly and moved aside. With all the playing around and instruction, I was already very close.

Watching Kendall pull her hair back and tuck it behind her ears in preparation only made me more eager. When she finally started taking long, slow strokes, with lots of tongue, I almost grabbed her head and forced her down. With one hand, she leisurely jerked me off while she sucked me. With the other, she cupped my balls and pressed her fingers against the area immediately beneath them.

"Get ready," Gina said, sensing how close I was. "When he comes, he shoots a lot, and the first couple of spurts are usually pretty strong."

Without taking her lips off my straining erection, Kendall nodded. Gina looked at me and smiled. She must've been in heaven watching Kendall suck me off. When I felt the first rush of orgasm, my legs and buttocks tensed up.

"He's gonna come," Gina warned. "Get ready to swallow."

Kendall locked her lips around my shaft, just below the crown, and started stroking me (just like I'd shown her the day before). Then she did something unexpected—she pressed her fingers against the spot under my scrotum.

It felt like she'd detonated a bomb inside my groin! Wild lances of pure pleasure speared through my body and a flash erupted behind my eyeballs. I cried out wordlessly and arched my back, every muscle going taut. Great, huge, gushing torrents of sperm shot from my dick and flooded Kendall's mouth. I vaguely recall hearing her cry out in surprise and excitement. My eyes clamped shut and my senses closed off, one by one, as my orgasm overpowered them.

When the room finally stopped spinning, Kendall was coughing. I opened my eyes and looked down my torso. Her eyes were watering and she had a very surprised look on her face. Rivulets of come ran down her chin, where they had ultimately dripped onto her upper chest.

Gina was staring at her in amazement. "I don't think he's ever come that hard before," she said, stunned.

Kendall coughed again. "Wow!"

"What did you *do?*" Gina asked.

Kendall swallowed and then smiled bashfully. "Something I read about." She looked at me in amazement. "But I had no *idea*…"

"What was it?" Gina asked excitedly.

"I read that when a guy has an orgasm, it feels even better if you massage his prostate."

"Show me," Gina practically demanded.

I merely watched as Kendall showed Gina how to put pressure on the spot under my balls—my prostate, evidently. They excitedly discussed the possibilities while I lay there, feeling like I'd just lost a ten-minute wrestling match with Emmett Carstairs (the arrogant prick). According to Kendall, it felt even better if the girl stuck her finger in the guy's ass. Fortunately, none of us were really enthusiastic about *that* idea!

Eventually, Gina noticed that Kendall still had come on her chin and chest. I could see that Gina clearly wanted to help the other girl clean it off, with her tongue, most likely, but she restrained herself. Instead, she fetched a wet, warm washcloth from the bathroom. Kendall's relieved expression prompted Gina to smile warmly in understanding. After she cleaned her face and breasts, Kendall gently washed me off. My dick was completely limp, and she lovingly moved it around as she wiped me clean.

Both girls had gotten worked up while they'd been sucking me off, but I was in no condition to have sex

with either of them. Instead, I decided to get creative. While I sat on the floor with my back to the couch, I had Gina kneel on the couch, over my face. I licked and sucked her pussy until I had her juices on my cheeks and chin. Then I had her switch places with Kendall, who I gave the same treatment. While I was licking Kendall's hooded pink clit, Gina knelt between my legs and sucked me back to life.

When I was hard enough, I had both girls kneel on the couch, facing the window. I stood behind them and played with their pussies. When they were both moaning softly, I moved behind Kendall and entered her. I had to take my time and slowly work my dick into her pussy, but she took it all, flinching only once. Then I gripped the flare of her hips and began gently thrusting. While I slid my cock in and out of her, I reached over to finger Gina's pussy.

After several minutes of fucking Kendall, I pulled out. She groaned and glanced at Gina enviously. Then I stepped behind Gina and thrust into her with more force than I'd used with Kendall. While I was pumping into her, I played with Kendall's pussy.

I switched back and forth several more times, fucking each girl for a few minutes before moving to the other. Gina came first, heaving and shuddering as I pounded into her. When she collapsed on the couch, I moved behind Kendall. As I thrust into her, I reached around and played with her swaying breasts. I rolled and pulled on her nipples, which finally sent her over the edge. As I recognized the first twinges of her orgasm, I thrust into her one final time, burying my dick to the root. Her already tight pussy fluttered and contracted around it. When she came, she was nearly silent, trembling and panting as her orgasm suffused her with pleasure.

I still hadn't come yet, so I pulled out and gently lowered Kendall to the couch. Then I offered my slick cock to Gina. She eagerly licked it clean and then wrapped her lips around the shaft. Kendall watched with hooded eyes as Gina finished me off, swallowing as I squirted into her mouth. Belatedly, she remembered to try pressing against my prostate, but I'd mostly finished coming by then.

Afterward, we all cleaned up in the bathroom. Once we were presentable again, we went back down to the lake as if we hadn't been Up To Something. Completely sated, we spent the rest of the afternoon dozing on our lounge chairs.

✧ ✧ ✧

After dinner, I stopped by Susan's house to look at the storm damage. As she had said, it was limited to fallen branches. I surveyed things while we walked together and talked about some of the new families at camp.

We continued our conversation inside, the topic changing to the difficulties of sharing me. I know she wanted some time with me, but adding Kendall to the relationship had complicated things. A lot. The complications were worth it, but they were still a factor.

If I wanted to treat Kendall as Gina's equal, then the "rules" that Gina and I had established would also hold for my relationship with Kendall. That meant I wouldn't go behind her back and have sex with someone else, someone outside our relationship. Someone like Susan.

Susan, of course, understood completely. We sat on the couch just talking about it for a while. I had my arm around her, and she was simply enjoying my company. But I could tell that she wanted more. I wanted more as well. I certainly missed our conversations, but I also missed the sex. We talked about it for a few minutes, more wishful thinking than anything else. Underlying everything, though, was Susan's love for me and her desire for my happiness. So she eventually returned the conversation to me and my relationship with Gina and Kendall.

"How *are* things going with Kendall?" she asked.

"Good, actually. A lot better than I thought they might."

"Oh?"

I told her about the previous day, in broad strokes. Once again, she simply let me tell the story my own way, without any interruptions. I mentioned that Gina and Kendall had worked things out so Kendall and I could be alone together. Then I told her about Kendall misleading me about her virginity, and how her first time had been painful. I told her about Kendall and Gina having sex. It was mostly one-way sex, but it was

more than Gina or I (or Susan) had expected. I also told her about Kendall not being on the pill, and that I needed to get some rubbers. Finally, I talked about how Kendall had mostly accepted the three-way relationship we had. When I was done, Susan looked at me seriously.

"It sounds like Kendall has a very open mind," she said.

I nodded.

"Do you think she'd understand about the two of us?" she asked.

"I honestly don't know."

"Gina knew about her own parents' lifestyle before she found out about you and me. And while Kendall may know your parents are swingers, there's a big difference between knowing and understanding."

"Yeah. Gina *has* had a lot more time to get used to it." I laughed, short and sharp. "*I've* had more time to get used to it. I might not've known about my parents' swinging before a few weeks ago, but it didn't take me long to adjust."

She nodded in agreement, but then turned thoughtful. "Kendall knew about you having sex with both Gina and Kara, right?"

"Yeah. Although I think she figured it out before we told her."

She sighed pensively and shook her head. "I just don't know her or her family well enough."

"Well, she reads a lot. And like you said, she seems to be pretty open-minded."

"But how do you think she'd react if she knew about you and me having sex? Would she accept that I'm not a threat to her relationship with you? Would she even accept that I'm old enough to be your mother, yet we have sex? In other words, would our age difference be a problem for her?"

It was my turn to shake my head. "I don't know." Then I snapped my fingers. "Wait a minute! Today! She and Gina were talking about the guys in camp."

"And?"

I blushed. "Well, they were kinda talking about their dicks."

"I see," she said with a wry grin.

"Yeah, they were teasing me. But anyway, they were talking about the men too."

"Talking about? How?"

"Well," I said, "they were talking about their dicks, as I said, and whether or not they liked them. She didn't seem to be turned off that they were grown-up men."

She nodded thoughtfully. "So, she might not be shocked by an older man and a younger woman, such as herself. Which means she might not be shocked by you and me. But that's a big 'might.'"

"No kidding."

"And she might still be territorial."

"Territorial?" I asked, a little confused.

"She might not like *anyone* having sex with you, unless it's Gina, regardless of age."

"Oh." Then I shook my head. "I don't think she'd be territorial. I don't know why, but..." I shrugged. "I mean, she never saw Jenny as a threat. Do you think I should talk to her? About you and me, I mean."

She shrugged again.

I wasn't used to seeing Susan not know what to do. In one way, it was understandable, and it made her more human. But in another way, it was frustrating, because I'd become accustomed to her good advice.

"I think I'm going to trust your judgment on that. You and Gina can talk it over. And if you think Kendall will understand about you and me, then you can tell her. I'll trust your judgment about her discretion."

"Okay. I'll talk to Gina about it."

"Okay," she said, smiling warmly. "But before you go, there's one other thing I wanted to talk to you about."

"Sure."

"Stacy called today. Last Friday was her final day with my accountant, so she has the next week off. She wanted to take a little vacation before she has to move."

"That sounds like a good idea."

"Mmm hmm. She wanted to come here for a few days."

"Oh," I said cautiously. If she wanted to have sex with me, it could cause some major complications. *On top of* the complications I already had, that is.

"Mmm hmm. I think you see the potential for problems. Did you think about how Kendall affects things?"

"Huh?"

"Stacy thought she was giving you up for Gina, and *only* Gina. If she finds out you're also involved with Kendall, she might wonder why you couldn't be involved with her as well. I think it would hurt her feelings."

"I hadn't even thought about that," I said with mild horror.

"Mmm hmm. Stacy isn't over you," she said. "I don't think she ever will be. She'll always love you. But I think she's starting to move on. She understands that you two are in different places in your lives—she's going to college, you'll be going home to high school. But it'll be a tough transition for her. And knowing that you have not one but *two* girlfriends would hurt her very badly, especially since she wouldn't be one of them."

"Yeah."

"So maybe it would be best if you didn't mention Kendall to her."

I nodded emphatically.

"Just be circumspect, and respect her feelings."

"I will. I promise."

"I know you will. Now, you'd better head back, before your girls miss you," she said with an impudent grin.

With that, we headed toward the kitchen door. When I got back to the clubhouse, I found Gina, Kendall, and Kara talking on one of the couches. As I joined them, the two younger girls looked up expectantly. I explained that the cleanup shouldn't be any problem, and would probably only take a couple of hours. After that, we decided to play Scrabble. I did better than the night before, but the best I could manage was second place in one of the games. I did learn a lot of new words, however, which is good. I guess.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, the three of us met up at my cabin before heading to Susan's house. I finished my workout, quickly showered, and then we headed down the hill. Once there, Susan let us into the kitchen. To my surprise, she didn't have her bikini bottoms on. Kendall tried not to stare at Susan's smooth pussy, but she obviously couldn't help herself.

"Paul already knows about my… bare necessities," Susan said to Kendall with a wry grin, indicating her nether lips. "And since the rest of us are girls, I didn't see the need to wear my bottoms."

"I always wondered about that," Kendall said. Then she grew fascinated. "You shave it?"

"Every day," Susan said brightly.

"Doesn't it itch?"

"Not if I shave regularly."

"Oh," Kendall said. She looked thoughtful for a second. Then she turned to me with a look of sudden understanding. For a moment, she looked like she wanted to ask me a question, but she evidently changed her mind.

"You don't mind," Susan asked, "do you?"

Kendall quickly shook her head. "Not at all."

"Thanks," Susan said warmly. "Now, let's get breakfast on the table."

During breakfast, Susan told the girls that they could drop the "Aunt" prefix and simply call her "Susan" like the rest of her friends did. I grinned as she worked her magic, easily charming Kendall (and Gina, to a lesser degree) with her poise, grace, and insightful intelligence. *God, I love smart women,* I thought to myself. After we ate, we headed outside to get started. Susan had two pairs of leather work

gloves and two pairs of softer gardening gloves.

"Kendall, I wanted to get some of these plants repotted. Would you mind helping me?" Susan asked.

"Not at all, Aunt… I mean, Susan."

While the two of them worked in and around the courtyard, Gina and I started clearing branches and dragging them to the burn pile behind the house. While I handled the bigger branches, Gina collected smaller ones and errant pinecones. Once we were safely out of earshot, she asked what was going on with Susan and Kendall. I quickly explained about the conversation from the day before.

"So Susan wants you to have sex with her?" Gina asked.

"Or us, if you'd like."

Her eyes lit up.

"You *do* like, I see."

"Oh, my God, yes."

"But I'm not sure how Kendall would react."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"In some ways, you know her better than I do. Do you think she'd understand about me and Susan?"

She pondered the question for a few moments. But before she could answer, Susan's phone rang. Because she often worked outside, she had an outside ringer that she could turn on or off with a switch. The ringer was quite loud, and it startled us. When it stopped ringing—because Susan answered the phone, no doubt—we went back to work. A few minutes later, Susan walked around the corner of the house.

"Gina, go find your father, please. Tell him he had a long distance phone call, and I've got a message for him. It's not an emergency, but it's important business, so he needs to return the call."

"Okay," she said. "I'll be right back."

Ten minutes later, she returned from the direction of the lake, walking beside her father. Susan accompanied him inside as he went to use the phone. Gina, Kendall, and I exchanged curious looks and milled around the courtyard. When Gina's father came out, several minutes later, he looked a little excited.

"Gina," he said, "go find your mom. She's down at the lake. Tell her to meet me at the cabin. Okay?"

"What's going on, Dad?" she asked.

"I've got to go on a business trip, Princess," he said. "It's important."

"Where are you going?"

"To Atlanta," he said distractedly. "The… um… the station has an airline ticket waiting for me in Columbia."

"Is everything okay?" she asked.

He nodded. "It's fine. It's just a… last minute meeting. I didn't expect it, but it's a good thing. Now run along. Go get your mom. I've got to get ready to go."

Things were in a minor uproar after that. Gina fetched her mom and they went up the hill to their cabin. Kendall and I hung around Susan's house and got back to work. The women returned to the plants, while I went back to dragging fallen limbs to the burn pile.

Just as we were finishing, Gina came back. She quickly explained that her dad would return on Friday and that it wasn't an emergency. Her mom was going to drive him to Columbia and then pick him up when he returned. When we pressed her about why he had to go, especially so suddenly, she merely shrugged. Apparently, she didn't know any more than we did. We asked Susan what the call had been about, but she wouldn't tell us anything. We tried cajoling her, but she steadfastly refused to divulge any information, telling us it was Chris's business, and he'd tell us if he needed to.

When we finally gave up trying to wheedle information out of her, Susan went inside for a moment and then returned with towels and soap. We all washed off in the courtyard shower. I took the opportunity to play with the girls, teasing and covertly fondling them. Kendall looked scandalized at first, but she quickly realized that far from disapproving, Susan actually laughed along with us. She didn't join in, really, but she had fun watching my antics.

Afterward, she offered to take us to town for lunch and ice cream. She also whispered in my ear that it would be a good time to stop by the drugstore. For a moment, I wondered what she was talking about.

When she pointedly looked at my penis, I immediately understood. Suddenly, I became very enthusiastic about a trip to town.

Kendall got permission from her parents while Gina told Kara and my mom about the trip. Since I was with Susan, Mom had no objections to my going. We quickly headed to our respective homes and got dressed. I made sure to pocket some of my hard-earned cash so I could buy rubbers.

The drive to town was a lot of fun. Susan let us pick the radio station, and we drove with the windows down, laughing and singing at the top of our lungs. Kendall rode up front, while Gina and I had the back seat to ourselves.

We had pizza for lunch and then went to the ice cream parlor for sundaes. Gina, Kendall, and I had this monstrous concoction that consisted of *seven* scoops of ice cream, bananas, whipped cream, hot fudge, caramel sauce, nuts, and a cherry on top. Susan settled for a mint chocolate chip cone, and merely watched with amazement as the three of us devoured our gargantuan sundae.

Afterward, Susan said she had some things to buy at the drugstore. Gina, Kendall, and I looked at each other. Kendall's eyes lit up as she sensed the opportunity, and I tried not to chuckle at my foreknowledge. When we got inside, Susan quickly picked up a basket and went off by herself.

I'm almost ashamed to admit that I'd never bought rubbers before. Consequently, I had *no* idea where to look for them. Gina and Kendall were equally in the dark, so we started cruising the aisles, trying to be nonchalant. Unfortunately, three nervous teenagers creeping through a drug store are *far* from nonchalant. Near the last aisle, a tall, severe man in a white coat appeared before us.

"Can I help you, young man?" he asked ominously.

I felt like running for my life. Instead, I drew upon some hidden reserve of courage. "Yes, sir," I said politely. "Could you please tell me where I can find… um… protection?"

"What kind of protection do you—?" He eyed me sharply. "Protection?"

I nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Do you mean prophylactics?"

High school sex ed class saved me, since I actually knew what the word meant. I couldn't have spelled it to save my life, but I knew what he was talking about. I nodded bravely. "Yes, sir."

He eyed the girls, who flanked me. "I see," he said disapprovingly.

I don't know what it was, but something in his haughty, condescending demeanor brought out the mischief in Kendall. I *never* would've expected her to speak up, but she did.

"We need at least two dozen," she said. Out of the corner of my eye, I sensed her looking at Gina. "Enough for both of us."

"Enough for bo—," the man started to sputter.

"We're conscientious young women," she said, interrupting him. "We're responsible for our bodies, ourselves. Now, if you'll kindly help us, we'll make our purchase and be on our way."

I wanted to stare at her in disbelief, but I stood my ground and we presented a united front.

The man shut his mouth with a clomp. Without saying another word, he went behind the tall counter and produced two boxes. I was prepared to grab them, quickly fork over my money, and then bolt, but Kendall had other ideas.

"We would like latex, please," she said.

The man started to say something, but thought better of it when he looked at Kendall. After all, she *did* look eighteen or nineteen.

"And please make sure they're lubricated," she added.

The man smiled tightly and brought out two different boxes.

Kendall actually made a show of studying them. "Thank you. These will do nicely."

"Will that be all?" he asked frostily.

I finally worked up the courage to speak. "Yes, thank you."

He rang up the rubbers and I paid him. Then he put the boxes in a brown paper bag and handed it to me.

"Thank you very much," Kendall said sweetly.

With that, we calmly walked to the front of the store. Susan was waiting for us, holding a small bag, and smirking. As soon as we got outside, Gina, Kendall, and I burst into excited conversation, laughing and shaking our heads.

"You're quite a self-possessed young woman," Susan said to Kendall.

Despite her tan, Kendall turned deep crimson.

"Oh yes," Susan said. "I saw the whole thing." When Kendall started to protest her innocence, or defend herself somehow, Susan interrupted her. "Don't worry, Kendall. Your secret's safe with me. You're right, you *are* responsible for your own body. If you're not on the pill like Gina, you need protection. We wouldn't want you and Paul to miss out on any fun simply because you don't have birth control."

Kendall's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Besides," Susan added with an impish grin, "the look on the druggist's face was absolutely *priceless!*" After that, she recounted things from her perspective and we laughed some more. Then she said, "He probably thought you were going to steal something. Little did he know he was about to tangle with a Liberated Young Woman."

I could hear the capital letters in her tone.

Kendall blushed again and we teased her good-naturedly. Even *she* couldn't believe what she'd done. We were still laughing about it as we pulled onto the highway. About fifteen minutes before we reached the sandy road to the camp, Susan looked at us and grinned mischievously.

"Hey, girls," she said. When she had Gina and Kendall's attention, she continued. "Let's take our clothes off before we get to camp. C'mon, we'll drive in the nude."

My eyes flew open in amazement.

"What happens if a cop stops us?" Gina asked.

"Then we'll let Kendall deal with him," Susan said with a grin. While still driving, she started unbuttoning her shirt.

"My dad *is* a cop," Kendall said thoughtfully.

"And with your body," Gina added, "I think the cops'd let you rob Fort Knox, as long as you're naked."

Kendall blushed again as we all laughed.

When Gina started taking off her clothes as well, Kendall shrugged and joined in. Susan had to contort herself a little, since she didn't stop the car while she took her shorts off, but in a few moments, I was the only one in the car wearing a stitch of clothing.

"C'mon, big boy," Gina said with a laugh. "Join the naked women. Take those clothes off."

"Yeah," Susan added from the front seat, "show us the good stuff."

Kendall merely stared, too stunned to speak.

I grinned and pulled my shirt over my head. When I slipped my shorts off, my half-hard dick flopped free. Even Susan stole a glance, a fact which Kendall undoubtedly noticed.

The rest of the drive back to camp was filled with fun and laughter. We didn't get stopped by the cops, nor did we even see another car, but it was still fun knowing we *could've* been seen by anyone we passed. Susan dropped us all off at my cabin and then waved as she drove down the hill to her house.

"Susan *is* really cool," Kendall said in mild amazement.

"She sure is," Gina said with a grin. "She sure is."

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that night, the three of us went for a walk by the lake. As soon as we reached the nature trail, we turned down it. Gina had brought a blanket and I had three rubbers with me. Kendall was so excited that she nearly dragged us toward the clearing. Once there, we quickly spread out the blanket.

Even though Kendall was obviously eager, I could tell that she was waiting for me to make the first move. I was more than happy to do so, pulling her into my arms and holding her luscious body against mine.

"Do you mind if I watch?" Gina asked.

Kendall quickly shook her head.

"Then don't mind me. I'm just going to take up a small corner of the blanket and play with myself." When I looked at her, she grinned broadly and gestured for me to pay attention to Kendall. "Go on, Paul," she said. "You have a girl in need."

"Yes," Kendall breathed.

I sank to the blanket and pulled her with me, my lips never leaving hers. In no time, I was between her legs, licking and sucking her pussy. She writhed and clutched at my hair, not making a sound as her arousal mounted. When she was wet and very ready, I knelt between her upthrust knees. I carefully tore open the foil package and rolled the rubber over my erection. Then I lowered my hips and set the tip of my encased member at her opening. Her eyes were wide with excitement as I pushed my glans into her.

I held her eyes with my own as I slowly, languidly sank into her in one smooth motion. When my hips ground against her pelvis, she reached for my neck to pull me down. Her lips found mine and she moaned into my mouth. As we kissed, I pulled my hips back for the first thrust. I sank into the tight heat of her body and then hooked my arms under her shoulders. Her breasts pressed against my chest, and she closed her eyes in pleasure as I began moving within her.

I held back as long as I could, stopping twice and waiting until my impending orgasm subsided, but she was so incredibly tight that I simply had to come. She drew her legs along my sides, tilting her hips so I could probe deeper. Then she kissed me passionately. I felt the first rush of semen flowing up my shaft, so I buried my dick inside her. She arched her back and pulled me tight as my cock swelled and began to fill the rubber.

"I can feel it," she whispered. "I can feel it. You're coming inside me."

I was incoherent with rapture and didn't answer her with anything more than a low grunt. From my right, I vaguely recognized the sounds of Gina in the throes of a quiet orgasm of her own. When my climax finally subsided, I lovingly gazed into Kendall's eyes.

"Did you like it?" I asked, panting.

She nodded, her eyes already misting over.

"Good."

"*Very* good," she said quietly.

When I separated from her and pulled off the rubber, Gina sucked me back to life. She said she didn't really like the taste of the lubricant, however. The latex didn't smell too good either, so she suggested we bring a washcloth next time.

While Gina sucked me, I went down on Kendall. After that, time became a blur of body parts, tongues, lips, juices, and soft sighs. When we finally walked up the hill, I'd used all three rubbers. I'd only come in two of them, but I'd used the third to fuck Kendall until she climaxed explosively. Then I pulled off the rubber and fucked Gina doggie style. When I was ready to come, she turned around and swallowed my third load.

When I dropped each of the girls off, they kissed me softly. I climbed into bed and was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

✧ ✧ ✧

Tuesday was a pretty normal day. Before Stacy came to visit, Gina, Kendall, and I had a serious discussion. Kendall already knew about how Stacy felt about me, and she understood the need for discretion. I think Kendall's attitude had changed when she learned that Stacy was willing to sacrifice her happiness for my own. Kendall readily agreed that we didn't need to tell Stacy about our three-way relationship.

When Stacy arrived, Susan and Mom greeted her warmly. She was a little shy and nervous around me at first, but quickly warmed up when Gina invited her to join us for lunch. Kendall was a little wary at first, unsure of how Stacy would react to her. So she was very relieved when Stacy was friendly and open. They didn't have many interests in common, but they seemed to enjoy each other's company.

After lunch, we mostly lounged around the lake. Kara was happy to see Stacy, and they spent the rest of the afternoon together, talking and laughing.

Kendall mentioned that she wanted to go to the quarry the next day, ostensibly to get away from camp. Gina and I quietly teased her about wanting to use more of my stash of rubbers.

"Of course," she said, laughing softly. "It'd be a shame to let them go to waste."

We asked our parents if we could hike to the quarry, and they all agreed. That night, Susan had a "girls only" wine and cheese party at her house, with Mom, Elizabeth, Kara, and Stacy. Erin, who had started her period, was spending the night with Leah. Drew was probably off sulking, since the younger girls didn't seem to pay much attention to him. I couldn't bring myself to feel sorry for him, since he'd done it to himself.

In any event, Gina, Kendall, and I had our cabin to ourselves. The girls wanted to have sex with me in my bed, and I was more than willing to accommodate them. It was a little crowded with three people up there, but we were all *very* friendly.

Afterward, I took a shower with each of them and thoroughly enjoyed washing their lovely bodies. The water turned cold midway through Gina's shower—Kendall had joined me first—but we didn't care. With chilly water running down my back, Gina dropped to her knees and sucked me off one final time.

Before the girls' midnight curfews, I escorted them home: Gina first, then Kendall. The cabin was quiet when I got back, and I merely lay in bed, thinking about the day and making a mental list of things we'd need to take on our hike in the morning.

I don't know what time it was when Mom came home, but it was late. Thinking I was asleep, she lightly brushed her hand across my forehead. Then she kissed me on the cheek. When I inhaled, I smelled a combination of wine and baby powder.

I know she must have missed Dad a lot. So if she wanted to have a party with the other women, that was fine with me (not that she needed *my* permission, of course). With a grin, I drifted off to sleep, glad that she'd had an enjoyable evening.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, Gina greeted me as I was doing dumbbell curls. Then I rested for a moment and started doing shoulder presses. Kendall joined us a few minutes later, carrying two oranges. She and Gina peeled and ate them while I watched. They teased me with the slices, sucking on them as if they were little penises. By the time I was done jumping rope, I had a noticeable hard-on.

Since Mom was still asleep and Erin was at the Coulter cabin, I slipped off my workout shorts and waved my stiff penis at the girls. They cooed appreciatively, so I stroked myself a couple of times. Heedless that we were out in the open, Gina dropped to her knees and started sucking me. Before things could progress any further, I pulled her to her feet and trotted up the stairs, bound for the shower.

While the girls fixed breakfast and lunch, I loaded the pack. As Gina was putting the finishing touches on our French toast and sausage, I loaded Kendall's sandwiches and macaroni salad into the backpack. Then I packed several Cokes, and we hurriedly ate breakfast before setting out. During the hike, we laughed and teased each other, eagerly anticipating the time by ourselves.

When we got to the quarry, we quickly set up our picnic spot and then went for a swim. For a while, we floated on our backs, holding hands in a circle and staring up at the cloudless sky. The weather was hotter than the first days after the storm, but still reasonably nice. After a while, we swam back to the flattop rock and lay down to relax and enjoy the sun.

All during the hike up, I'd been thinking about several things we all needed to talk about. Gina and I had discussed it, and we decided to tell Kendall about my relationship with Susan. We didn't think she'd be too shocked, and we trusted her to be discreet, no matter what.

I wanted to spend some time with Susan, and I know she wanted to be with me. Gina was excited about the prospect of joining Susan and me, but how Kendall would react was anything but certain. And to be honest, I don't know if I was up for sex with three women at once. I'd done it once before—with Susan, Mom, and Stacy—but I hadn't actually had sex with all three of them. So I didn't even know how *I* really felt about it. I was excited at the prospect, but also a little nervous.

If nothing else, I wanted Kendall to understand about my relationship with Susan and not feel threatened

by it. In many ways, Susan was more than a lover. She was a mentor and friend. And while I *had* learned a lot about sex, I think I learned even more about life and how to be an adult. I definitely wanted to have sex with Susan, and I hoped that Kendall would understand and want to join us. My worst fear was that she would overreact if she disapproved.

We also had to talk about what would happen after the summer, but that could wait for later. Neither Gina nor I had addressed the issue, but we both knew it was something we'd have to deal with. We definitely didn't want a repeat of the previous year's painful estrangement. In addition, we would all have to decide how to handle things with Kendall. She was going off to college, and having *two* long-distance relationships would quickly run me ragged.

Before lunch, Kendall wanted to fool around. Gina wanted to relax in the sun, so Kendall and I went for a swim. Then we lay on the large raft and floated into the middle of the lake. I had thoughtfully brought along a rubber, so Kendall quickly sucked me to hardness and rolled it over my shaft. Then she straddled my hips and impaled herself on my erection.

While she rode me to a slow, gentle orgasm, I ran my hands along her torso, hefting her breasts and teasing her sensitive nipples. After she came, she collapsed against my chest and whispered for me to fuck her hard. I gripped her ass and started pumping my hips. She whimpered each time I slammed into her, urging me on with her soft cries. Finally, I filled the rubber with my seed and let my hips fall to the raft. Kendall stayed on top of me, panting, and we simply relaxed together, enjoying the feeling of being together.

During lunch, Gina and I looked at each other and silently agreed that it was probably time to talk to Kendall about Susan. While we ate, I had a silent conversation in my mind, working out exactly what to say and how to say it. I also tried to imagine Kendall's responses. By the time we were finished eating, I was pretty sure I knew what I wanted to say.

"Paul?" Kendall asked, before I even had a chance to open my mouth. "Is everything okay?"

"Um, yeah." Then I laughed softly. "I guess you could tell I was a little preoccupied."

She nodded.

Gina looked at me nervously.

Kendall saw the glance and grew worried. "What's going on?" she asked anxiously.

I smiled as soothingly as I could.

Gina's expression was insistent and worried at the same time.

"What's the matter?" Kendall asked again, beginning to panic.

"Nothing's the matter," I said. "We just need to talk."

"Talk?" she asked ominously.

"It's nothing bad," I said. Kendall was getting more and more worried, and Gina was looking at me intently, waiting for me to smooth things out. "Hold on," I said quickly, to both of them. Then I turned to Kendall. "We just need to talk. Gina and I have something to tell you. It's nothing bad. It's just something you need to know about me and my past."

"Are you okay?" Kendall asked, her panic turning to concern.

"I'm fine. More than fine." This was *not* going according to plan. "As a matter of fact, I'm great. I have two girlfriends who love me, I'm enjoying a relaxing picnic with them, and the weather is beautiful. I couldn't ask for more."

"Except…?"

I grinned sheepishly. "Okay, let's start again. I had this all worked out in my head." I took a deep breath and looked at Kendall. "There's something I need to tell you," I said.

"You're not sick, are you?"

I quickly shook my head, laughing. "No, I'm not sick."

She waited anxiously, visibly trying not to let her bottom lip quiver.

"Listen, it's about Susan. I… well…"

Gina looked at me and put her hand on my thigh, her expression full of love and support.

I started speaking, my voice becoming calmer as I continued. I told Kendall about the previous summer,

and how my relationship with Susan had begun. I didn't give her all the details, but I made it clear that Susan and I had been having sex.

When she didn't look particularly shocked, I continued. I told her about how Susan gave me advice about women, and about life in general. Then I told her about the current summer, and how my relationship with Susan had resumed. I also made it clear that Gina knew about the relationship. Gina nodded when Kendall looked at her.

Then I told her about how I'd learned that Susan was a swinger too, and about her relationship with Gina's and my parents. Of course, she already knew about our parents, but she didn't seem surprised to learn that Susan was part of the group. Finally, I told her that Susan was an extremely important part of my life, and that I would *always* have a relationship with her, sexual or platonic. Much to my surprise, Kendall laughed softly. Then she nodded in understanding.

"You love her, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said evenly. "I do."

"But it's not the same as with Gina and me, is it?"

I furrowed my brow, a bit surprised by her immediate insight. "No, it's not."

"I know."

"You're not shocked?" I asked.

"That you had sex with Susan?" she asked. "Not really. I kinda figured you had."

"What made you think that?" I asked, feeling my throat close up. Now, it was *my* turn to panic. If Kendall knew, then who else did? Had we been that obvious? Did anyone outside Gina's and my family know? What would they think? What if…?

She shrugged. "I don't know, really. I guess it was a lot of things. I just put it all together in my head and it made sense. I was pretty sure, but not positive. It explains a lot, though." She looked thoughtful for a moment. "Like, now I know why you get so turned on by a shaved… um… by a shaved pussy."

I nodded.

"You and Susan are a lot more… intimate with each other than you are with other people. Except Gina and me. You and Susan don't touch each other as much, though. I guess you're real careful about that."

I nodded again.

"And that's what I had my doubts about. But when I saw you two together, while we were cleaning up her yard, and then on the trip to town, I kinda knew."

"Why didn't you say anything?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I guess I thought you'd tell me if it were important." Then she grew pensive. "Wait a minute. *That's* what this talk is about. Isn't it?"

I nodded slowly. "Susan *is* an important part of my life. She's like one of my best friends. And…"

"She's your lover," Kendall said, finishing my unspoken thought.

"More or less," I said cautiously. "But it really depends."

"On what? Never mind, I know what it depends on." She lowered her gaze and stared at her hands for a several long, agonizing moments. "It depends on me," she said softly, almost timidly. When she looked up again, she gazed at Gina. "What do you think of all this?"

Gina shrugged noncommittally. "I dunno," she said. "I mean, I've known that Susan and my parents were involved for a while. And when I found out about her and Paul, I guess it never bothered me. I know she's not going to try to steal Paul away from me… from us, I mean."

Kendall nodded. "So why tell me this? Why now?"

I squared my shoulders and looked at her levelly. "Because you need to know. It's part of what makes me who I am."

She sensed more. "And?"

I felt my face heat. "And… well… she…"

"She misses you!" Kendall said, snapping her fingers. "*That's* what that look was about!"

"Huh?"

She looked at me and quickly explained, excitement overriding her uncertainty. "The other day, when

we were all working together, and then in town…"

"Yeah?"

"You know I watch people, right?"

I nodded.

"It's just something I do. Well, I didn't realize it at the time, but whenever Susan looked at you and she thought no one was looking, she had this look of… I dunno… 'desire' may be too strong a word. Maybe 'longing'?" Then she nodded and answered her own question. "Yeah, 'longing' is the right word." She looked at me. "She misses you." And then the implications hit her. "Oh, my goodness. She wants you to keep having sex with her." It was clear that she was a little proud of herself for figuring it out, but also a little shocked at the emotions the revelation uncovered. "And you want to know how I feel about that?" she asked, unprompted.

"How *do* you feel about it?" Gina asked.

"Weird," Kendall said flatly. She paused for a moment, lost in thought. Then she laughed, half ruefully, half nervously. "Does she like girls too? All you swinger girls seem to be bi."

I nodded solemnly. "But that's really beside the point."

"For you, maybe," Kendall said. "Gina's the first girl who's ever touched me… you know… down there. And now you want me to do it with Susan too?"

"Whoa!" I said. "Hold on. No one said anything about you 'doing it' with Susan too."

"Well, that's what you want, isn't it? You want to see me and Gina with Susan, right?"

"Not at all," I replied hastily.

"Then what *do* you want?" she asked, tears welling up.

"First," I said firmly, "I want the three of us to be happy. After that, everything else is secondary."

She nodded, a little shakily.

"But I also want Susan to be happy."

"And Susan wants to have sex with you," Kendall said.

"With *us*," Gina said, smoothly cutting in, "if you want to. Susan knows that you and I are the most important people in Paul's life, except for maybe his parents and sister. She loves him, too. But she's not going to force him to choose between us and her."

I quickly nodded.

"I don't want anyone else to know that I…," Kendall said softly. "You know… to know that I've done it with a girl." She studied her hands intently. Her voice barely above a whisper, she said, "I don't want anyone else to know that I kinda *liked* it."

Gina looked at me, shocked. She quickly moved to comfort the other girl. "No one will know. No one will ever know. Not unless *you* tell them," she said softly, soothingly.

"And what?" Kendall asked, tears finally rolling down her cheeks. "We're just supposed to share Paul with her?"

"Not if we don't want to," Gina said earnestly.

Kendall sniffled. "That's what she wants, though. Isn't it? What will she do if we don't let Paul have sex with her? Will she tell my parents what we're doing? Will she tell them about the rubbers? Will she…?"

"Shhhh," Gina said soothingly. "Susan isn't like that. Think about it for a second. She's a really nice woman. She'd never do anything to hurt you, or to hurt us. She knew about the rubbers when we bought them, but she hasn't said anything to your parents, has she?"

"I wouldn't *be* here if she had," Kendall said sullenly.

"Exactly," Gina said.

"Listen," I said reasonably. "Susan understands about our relationship. And she knows that if you're uncomfortable having sex with her, or uncomfortable with me having sex with her, then it won't happen. She knows that. When I talked to her about it—"

"You talked to her about us?" Kendall asked, shocked and a little scared.

"Kendall," I said softly, but firmly, "there isn't much I *wouldn't* talk to Susan about. I trust her, one hundred and ten percent." When she nodded, I continued. "When I talked to her about it, she was more

concerned about how *you'd* react, not whether or not you'd let her join us."

"What if I don't want you to have sex with her? What if I don't want her to join us?"

I shrugged. "Then I won't do it. *We* won't do it."

She looked at me hopefully, her eyes red-rimmed. "You mean that?"

"Absolutely," I said with conviction. "Gina's right. Susan knows that you and Gina are the most important people in my life. If you don't want me to do something, then I won't do it."

She was thoughtful for several long moments. Gina and I looked at each other but neither of us could tell what the older girl was thinking.

"If I *did* want to… to… you know."

I nodded.

"Would I have to… do it… with her too? Or could I just be with Gina?"

I took her hands in my own and looked into her eyes. "You could do whatever you want."

"Could I maybe just watch?"

I nodded.

"And she wouldn't tell my parents?"

"She wouldn't tell your parents."

"Well," she said, smiling for the first time since the conversation began, "she *is* really cool and all."

Gina and I shared a tentative smile.

"Yeah," Gina said. "She is. And I think her shaved pussy is pretty cool too," she added, subtly turning the conversation back to sex.

Good girl!

"Yeah," Kendall said, looking up and sniffling. "That *is* pretty neat, isn't it?" Then she shook her head. "Goodness! Who knew that when this summer started, I'd be having *this* conversation? "

"Who knew?" I repeated quietly.

She laughed. "I never, *ever* would've thought things'd turn out this way. Never."

"Us either," Gina said with feeling.

After that, we hugged each other, with Kendall sniffling, but smiling wanly. When she calmed down a little, we waded into the water to cool off and relax. I came up behind Kendall and hugged her to my chest. She tilted her head back and I kissed along her neck. When she beckoned for Gina to join us, I smiled. Kendall kept her eyes closed as Gina fondled her large, buoyant breasts. Then Gina tenderly sucked Kendall's nipples to erection while I rubbed my hard-on against her from behind.

Eventually, we moved the raft to the top of the rock, covered it with the blanket, and lay down. With the afternoon sun warming us, we made love slowly, languorously. Kendall didn't actively participate with Gina, but she didn't discourage her either. When Gina kissed down Kendall's smooth stomach, the older girl spread her legs in silent invitation. It wasn't full-fledged sex between the two of them, with each giving and taking, but they both enjoyed it. I simply moved between the girls, slowly fucking Gina from behind or letting Kendall suck me.

None of us talked, but we really didn't need to. Kendall realized how much we loved her, and how important she was to us. With our bodies and our actions, we showed her that she wasn't simply the second girlfriend. By the time we were spent, she was relaxed and smiling. I spooned behind her, my arms holding her close. She had her hand on Gina's stomach as the darker girl lay on her back in front of her. Gina was idly running her hand along Kendall's thigh, a few inches below her pussy. As our breathing slowly returned to normal and our sweat dried, Kendall sighed.

"I don't know if I'm ready for sex with *two* girls and a guy," she said, "but I'm willing to try."

Instead of answering, I kissed the hollow behind her ear and hugged her tight.

"I just want to make you happy," she said to me. "And… and you too, Gina."

"And we want to make *you* happy, Kendall," Gina said softly.

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that afternoon, we were simply lounging around, enjoying the quiet. I had let a little air out of the

raft, folded it in half, and was using it as a makeshift backrest. Kendall had put her hair up and was propped between my legs, leaning against me. I was rubbing her arms and shoulders while Gina was sitting cross-legged in front of us.

"God, it's nice to be able to sit like this sometimes," she said.

Kendall nodded. "And not have to worry about who sees 'all the way to the promised land,'" she said with a laugh. "That's what my grandmother used to say."

"Promised land is *right*," I quipped.

Kendall playfully slapped my hand.

We were quiet for a couple of minutes, just enjoying the sound of the falls. Then I felt Kendall tense up.

"Hey y'all," she said, "I was thinking."

"Always dangerous," I said.

"I'm serious," she said. "Listen." When I nodded, she continued. "I'm really nervous about Susan."

"Nervous how?" I asked, suddenly concerned.

"I'm just nervous. I've… I've never done anything like that before. I've never done anything like *this* before, either," she said, indicating the three of us. "I always thought I'd escape from home, go to college, meet some brainy, totally gorgeous guy, and then get married and settle down." She paused for a moment, silently thinking. "I never thought *you two* would… um… recruit me for a ménage à trois."

"Ménage à what?" I asked.

"A threesome," Gina said matter-of-factly.

"Exactly," Kendall said.

"But… do you like it?" Gina asked.

Kendall quickly nodded. "Don't get me wrong, I do." She rubbed my arm. "*A lot*. But it's all kinda happening so fast. I guess I understand, though, because we don't have much time when we're all together."

I nodded.

"But it's still weird. And I guess that makes me a little nervous, especially the part about Susan."

"Why's it make you nervous?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I dunno. It just does. I guess because she's a grown-up."

"Yeah," Gina said, "but she's really cool. She's not like any grown-up I know."

"Me either," Kendall added. Then she turned reflective. "I guess I never really thought I'd have Paul in the first place. Not when my family got to camp and you two were together," she said to Gina. "I'm happy that we're together, all three of us, but it's a *big* change for me. A big mental adjustment."

Gina nodded.

"But I'm still nervous," she said quietly. She paused for a moment, lost in thought. "I guess I'm simply afraid of flying."

"Huh?" Gina and I asked simultaneously.

Kendall chuckled. "It's this book, one that my mom would *kill* me if she knew I had."

"Oh?" Gina asked, her eyes lighting up.

"It's called *Fear of Flying*, by Erica Jong." She chuckled again, remembering. Then she warmed to her explanation. "The story is about this woman named Isadora, who's afraid to fly, like in an airplane. But that's only part of it. In reality, she's afraid to *fly*, as in, to let herself go. She's married, but she meets up with this guy at a conference her husband is attending. Isadora and Adrian, the guy, go all over Europe, sleeping by the side of the road, having sex, swapping partners with people they meet at campsites." She laughed lightly. "It's kinda like the three of us, swapping partners at The Pines."

Gina nodded.

"And the book is really witty, with funny stuff like details of toilets in Europe. But anyway, Isadora is afraid of letting herself go. And now I know how she felt. She keeps going, though, having all these wild experiences, until she loses her fear. It's kinda funny, though, because most people who've read the book think she's only looking for a 'zipless fuck.'"

"A zipless fuck?" Gina asked. "Like, sex in a skirt or something?"

Kendall shook her head. "Lemme see if I remember." She paused for a moment and wordlessly repeated

something a few times, trying to get the phrasing right. Then she assumed an I'm Quoting bearing. "'A zipless fuck is absolutely pure. It's free of ulterior motives. It's not a power game. The man isn't taking and the woman isn't giving. The zipless fuck is the purest thing there is. And it's rarer than the unicorn.'"

"What's that mean?" I asked.

"I guess it's about sex without emotional involvement or commitment," Kendall replied. "But that's not really what Isadora was after. At least, that's not what *I* think she was looking for. I think she was really trying to overcome her inhibitions." Then she suddenly grew quiet and laughed nervously.

"Like you are," Gina said quietly.

Kendall nodded hesitantly.

"And sex with the two of us is part of that," I asked, "isn't it?"

Another tentative nod.

"Is that why you're nervous about Susan?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Like I said, I guess I'm afraid of flying."

I wrapped my arms around her and kissed the nape of her neck. "You don't have to be afraid with us."

"I know," she said softly. Then she shook her head in thoughtful remembrance. "When I first read *Fear of Flying*, I wanted to be just like Erica Jong. I even thought about dying my hair blonde." Then she blushed. "I want to let go and lose my inhibitions, but I'm a little afraid. So you'll need to help me. You'll need to help me fly. Okay?"

"We will," I said, and kissed her again. "We will."

Then Gina looked at me and grinned. "I guess this would be a good time to ask about Kara," she said with a lighthearted laugh. She was obviously trying to lighten the mood, but I was a little confused.

"Ask what about Kara?" I asked.

"I thought she talked to you," Gina said.

I searched my memory and tried to recall any conversation I'd had with Kara.

Gina laughed when I suddenly looked up, my eyes wide. Then she nodded. "Mmm hmm. She asked if she could join us."

"'Join us'?" Kendall asked. "As in…?"

Gina's grin widened as she nodded.

Then Kendall turned to me, her eyes wide in disbelief. "How many women in camp *are* you having sex with?"

I started to sputter an answer.

She quickly smiled. "I'm just teasing you. Sort of." She shook her head, amazed. Then she grew serious. "Sorry. I already knew about Kara."

"How?" I asked, momentarily perplexed.

"You were cleaning Mr. Kestrel's house," she said. "Remember? You told me about what you all were doing."

"Oh yeah," I said, breathing a sigh of relief.

Then Kendall turned back to Gina. "That's one thing I wanted to know. And as long as I'm not going to be afraid of flying, I'm just going to come right out and ask."

Gina and I shared a grin at Kendall's newfound courage.

"You and Kara do it with each other?" Kendall asked.

Gina nodded.

"But she's your sister. Isn't it weird or something?"

"Is it weird when you and I do it?" Gina asked.

"No, but that's different."

"How?" Gina asked patiently. She'd obviously thought this through.

"I dunno. It's just different."

"Is it any different when I lick your clit?"

"*Gina!*" Kendall gasped.

I could almost feel her blushing.

"Is it?" Gina pressed. "When I go down on Kara, it's not really any different from when I go down on you."

Kendall's jaw dropped.

"We're sisters. I have fun with her, but I'm not going to give up guys any time soon. I like Paul's dick too much. But he wasn't always available. So Kara and I play around." Then she laughed ruefully. "Trust me, you try saving yourself for a year, waiting until you see your boyfriend again so you can fuck his brains out, and see if *you* don't start looking for an outlet."

"I guess I hadn't thought of it that way," Kendall said. "But still, she's your sister."

"So," Gina said with a shrug. "It's not like I'm going to marry her. And it's not like either of us is a lesbian. We just like girls and guys both. She likes girls less than I do, but she still likes 'em."

Kendall was at a loss for words.

"Which brings us back to my question," Gina said with a grin. "Kara likes guys a lot more than she likes girls. And she's only gotten laid once since we've been here. Well, once by a guy," she said, her grin widening.

Kendall's eyes flew wide. "Gina!" she exclaimed.

"It's true. And she's getting horny."

"She *told* you that?" Kendall asked, a little shocked.

"Sure. We're sisters. Besides, she wanted me to ask Paul if she could join us again."

Kendall threw up her hands, but it was clear that it was half in amazement. "I had *no* idea that my… *our* boyfriend was the camp stud."

"Please," I said, affecting a pained tone. "That's *Mister* Camp Stud."

Kendall laughed in defeat.

"Well," Gina said musingly, "he's not exactly the camp stud, but he *does* have a small harem." Then she grinned at the other girl. "And just like you and me, the other women in his harem have needs."

"I'll say!"

"So Kara wanted me to talk to you about the possibility of her joining us."

"Here we go again," Kendall said in mock exasperation. Then she turned around and abruptly grasped my semi-erect dick.

I was too surprised to even flinch.

"*You*," she said to it playfully, "are going to get into all sorts of trouble one day."

"I think he already has," I said glibly.

"So you don't mind if she joins us?" Gina asked.

Kendall looked at her and shook her head, both in answer and in wonder. "If I'm going to fly, I might as well soar."

We all laughed at that, breaking the nervous tension. Our half-forced amusement became genuine.

"Is there anyone *else* you need to tell me about?" Kendall asked.

Gina and I looked at each other and mischievously pretended to think about it.

Kendall punched my chest. It was a playful punch, but she still put some muscle behind it.

I grinned and shook my head. "There's no one else." Then I turned serious. "I'm pretty sure Stacy would want to, but I don't think it'd be a good idea."

Gina shook her head. "Neither does Kara."

I looked a question at her, and Kendall turned as well.

"She says that Stacy's not really over you," Gina said with a shrug. "But she's more or less accepted the fact that she needs to move on with her life."

I nodded. Then I looked at Kendall and silently counted on my fingers. "I guess that about wraps up the harem," I said with a roguish grin.

"It'd *better*," she said. Then she smiled coyly, a twinkle in her eye. "All this talk of sex has *this* member of your harem all worked up."

"Ooooh," Gina cooed. "Same here."

"We have needs," Kendall said, her voice sultry. Her hand gently squeezed my penis and began to stroke

it.

"Indeed," I replied, leaning in to kiss her.

✧ ✧ ✧

After we returned from our hike, we were exhausted. Not only had the hike been long, but we'd worn ourselves nearly raw having sex. Much as I enjoyed the attention, I was beginning to see some serious drawbacks to having two girlfriends. One of the girls was bound to be horny almost all of the time. *But I'm not ready to throw in the towel just yet,* I thought with a grin.

The Coulters (minus Chris) and my family (minus Dad) went to Susan's house for dinner, where Kara and Stacy cooked. Kendall's parents wanted her to eat with them, since she'd been gone all day, but she promised to meet us at the house afterward. During dinner, we opened a couple of bottles of wine and all enjoyed a glass, even the younger girls. It was relaxing, and with Gina sitting beside me, I felt like a grown-up.

Kendall arrived soon after we'd cleared the dishes. When she did, I got up to bring an extra chair to the table. Gina and I scooted our chairs over to make room for Kendall, next to me. When she sat down, she mentioned that Drew was looking for Erin and Leah.

"We don't want to see him," Leah said.

Erin shook her head in agreement.

"Leah," Elizabeth chided her.

"You know, girls," Susan said with deceptive mildness, "guys aren't mind readers."

"Huh?" the younger girls asked in unison.

Mom hid a grin by dabbing at the corners of her mouth with her napkin.

As the only guy present, I suddenly felt a little outnumbered.

"Guys can't read your minds," Susan explained patiently. "A lot of times, they don't know what they've done to make you mad. And it's especially bad with younger guys, present company excluded," she said, nodding politely to me.

Under the table, Gina reached for my hand and squeezed it.

Mindful that Stacy was probably watching, Kendall kept her hands in her lap.

"So?" Leah replied. "They shouldn't do dumb things in the first place."

To my amazement, almost every woman in the room laughed brightly. Gina, Kendall, and the younger girls were the exceptions.

"What's so funny?" Leah asked.

"Honey," Elizabeth said to her daughter, "*everyone* does dumb things once in a while. It's how you act afterward that's important."

"But guys seem to do dumb things *all the time*," Leah half-whined.

"Not any more than girls," Elizabeth replied.

"Don't *I* know it," Gina said, alluding to her weeklong lapse of sanity.

Susan, Mom, and Elizabeth all smiled indulgently.

"Oh," Leah said. "Yeah. But—"

"No buts," Susan said. "Everyone does dumb things. And when a guy does something dumb, he can't read your mind to figure out why you're mad at him."

"So? If he doesn't know what he did wrong, why should I tell him?" Leah asked challengingly.

Once again, the older women laughed.

"Honey," Elizabeth said, "how do *you* learn things?"

Leah shrugged defiantly.

Erin, however, looked thoughtful.

"If you make a mistake," Elizabeth continued, "your teacher, or your *mother*, shows you what you did wrong, and how to do it right the next time." Her point wasn't lost on the adults in the room, but Leah didn't want to understand.

"If you don't tell Drew what he did wrong," Mom elaborated, "he'll never learn."

"He might never learn anyway," Kendall said, sotto voce, but loud enough for everyone else to hear.

"True," Susan said. "But then again, he might." Then she turned to Leah and Erin. "You'll never know until you talk to him."

Erin looked at Leah and nodded. "Maybe we should, Leah," she said.

Leah was wavering, so I decided to speak up.

"Hey, Leah," I said, leaning forward so I could see her face, "Do you think I'm a bad guy?"

She quickly shook her head, a shy smile crossing her expression.

"Well, I've done some monumentally stupid things…" To my utter stupefaction, every woman but Erin and Leah nodded in agreement. I stopped speaking and looked around the room at the women's grinning faces. The look on my face set everyone to laughing and I felt my cheeks heat.

Gina squeezed my hand and apologized with a look.

"We're sorry, Paul," Susan said when the laughter died down. "Please, go on."

"Anyway," I continued diffidently, "I've done some dumb things too, but someone always told me what I'd done wrong. If they hadn't, I'd've never learned."

"But you're different," Leah said defensively.

Erin shrugged. "What could it hurt if we talked to him?" she asked.

Leah looked at her sharply.

"He *was* pretty unhappy," Kendall said.

"He was?" the younger girls asked. Leah looked a little gleeful, but Erin's expression was full of concern.

Kendall nodded.

"Maybe we *should* talk to him," Erin said.

"But if he starts playing favorites…," Leah warned.

"We won't give him the time of day," Erin finished.

They looked at each other for a long moment and then Leah nodded. "Okay," she said at last. "I guess we can talk to him."

"And let him know what he did wrong," Elizabeth said. "Be subtle about it, though. Tell him it's okay for him to have a girlfriend, but he shouldn't treat other girls like they don't exist."

Mom and Susan both nodded in agreement.

When the younger girls left, off to find Drew, they were talking excitedly.

Kendall looked around the room in awe. "Where were you all when *I* was growing up?" she asked.

"We were right here," Mom said, reaching out to put a hand on Kendall's own. "You were just too shy to talk to us."

Kendall grinned bashfully, blushing.

"But we're glad you decided to join us," Susan said with genuine warmth.

After that, we all talked for a while, the table breaking up into several smaller conversations. When Gina and I said we wanted to take a walk by the lake, Kendall made an excuse to leave with us, and we said goodnight. Susan was opening another bottle of wine when we left, and we could hear the other women laughing and enjoying themselves.

"Susan and your moms are *so* cool," Kendall said as soon as we reached the lake. "Did you see how they worked together? Leah and Erin never stood a chance. Goodness," she said, turning to Gina, "now I understand why you and your sisters are as independent and assertive as you are."

Gina nodded.

Then Kendall turned to me. "And if Susan has been giving you advice since last summer, it's no wonder we're in love with you. She's so cool. Better than Erica Jong any day." Her grin spread from ear to ear.

"Yep," I said succinctly.

After that, our conversation turned to other topics, mostly ordinary. Since we were all tired, we simply relaxed on lounge chairs by the lake and watched the sun sink below the far ridge. Once it was full dark, Gina climbed into my lap and wrapped her arms around my neck. Kendall scooted her chair next to mine and I put my hand on her leg. She slid my hand up until it was between her inner thighs, only a few inches from her pussy. I was a little worried when Gina put her legs across Kendall's thighs, but Kendall merely

hugged herself to my arm with one hand and put the other on Gina's shin.

"This is nice," Kendall said with a sigh, leaning her head against my arm.

"It sure is," I said. Then I kissed the crown of her head and inhaled the fragrant scent of her hair.

We sat in companionable silence for a long time, none of us feeling the need to speak. Eventually, I put my arm around Kendall and Gina laid her head on my shoulder. We were all touching one another contentedly, and I can't remember when I've been happier.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

The next day, Thursday, I woke up a little earlier than normal. The night before, Erin had gotten home at the same time I had, even though her curfew was much earlier than mine. She'd grinned sheepishly when I caught her trying to sneak in ahead of me. We talked for a while, but she was too giddy to make much sense. All she could talk about was Drew this, and Drew that.

I merely grinned at her and said I was going to sleep. She didn't seem to mind, sighing happily as she climbed into the lower bunk. Mom had gotten home even later (which was why Erin escaped punishment, since I promised to keep my mouth shut). I vaguely recalled hearing her close the cabin door, but not much more than that.

When I padded outside to do my morning workout, Mom and Erin were both still sound asleep. Kendall joined me as I was finishing my sit-ups. I blew her a kiss and then started doing my push-ups. She watched silently as I systematically raised and lowered myself, resting briefly between each set of twenty. Then she handed me my jump rope and watched while I continued my workout. I was feeling cocky and did some Rocky moves while I jumped, doing crossovers, double-jumping, and generally showing off. She smiled appreciatively. Gina still hadn't showed up by the time I was done, so we figured she was sleeping late.

"Do you wanna shower in the clubhouse?" Kendall asked. "At this time of morning, it's usually almost deserted." She looked down shyly. "I could shower with you."

"Yeah, that sounds really cool," I said, nodding as I panted.

"I'll go get my towel," she said excitedly. "Then I'll meet you at the clubhouse."

"See you there."

True to Kendall's prediction, the clubhouse was fairly deserted. Most of the people who were there were making coffee or reading the morning papers (provided by Gunny Kershaw). No one was anywhere near the shower area, so Kendall and I could have a modicum of privacy. We unabashedly grinned at each other in anticipation.

We had to keep a careful lookout for anyone coming into the building—and we almost got caught once by one of the new couples and their young children—but we really enjoyed ourselves. I particularly enjoyed running my hands over her soapy body, especially her magnificent breasts. She shaved her legs and underarms and then I stood guard while she carefully shaved the sides of her pubic hair. She looked up and grinned as I had to cover my burgeoning erection. When she turned off the water, I held her towel for her. She stepped toward me and I enfolded her in its warmth and comfort.

"Mmmmm," she murmured. "I like this."

"Me too," I said.

A little later, we met Gina as we walked up the hill. She was just coming down from her cabin, and yawned when she saw us.

"Sorry," she said. "I was up late."

"That's cool. You wanna eat breakfast with us?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I'm going to go soak in the tub. Leah's already up, and Mom and Kara are still asleep. Since no one will get mad if I use all the hot water, I just wanna take a long, hot bath."

"Okay," I said. "We'll meet you at the clubhouse later, or down by the lake."

She nodded sleepily and kissed me on the cheek. Then she smiled at Kendall and turned to go. Kendall and I soon discovered that Mom was still asleep and Erin was nowhere to be found. Even though we were quiet, Mom heard us come in. She stirred and smiled sleepily.

"I'll be down to fix breakfast in a few minutes," she said.

"That's okay, Mom" I said softly. "I can fix something myself."

"Are you sure?"

"Yep. You hardly ever get to sleep in. I'm a big boy, I can take care of myself."

"Thanks," she said softly. "Sleeping in sounds *wonderful*. Thank you, honey." With that, she smiled,

pulled the sheet up to her chin, and rolled over.

"Do you want to eat breakfast with us?" Kendall asked as we left the cabin.

"Sure," I said cheerfully. "I'd love to."

Kendall's mom was more than happy to have me, and simply added a few pieces of bread to the toaster as she reached for several more eggs. Drew was in a good mood too, though we could tell that he was in a hurry to eat and leave. No doubt he was eager to find Erin and Leah. Kendall's father greeted me warmly and invited me to sit next to him.

Kendall helped her mom finish preparing breakfast and then began setting dishes of food on the table. Kendall set a glass of orange juice in front of me and then slid into the dinette next to me. I quickly bowed my head as they said grace, and then Mr. Payton and Drew started loading their plates. As the dishes of eggs, bacon, toast, and grits were passed my way, I piled my plate with food. Evidently, Kendall's mom was used to cooking big meals, and adding me to the mix really didn't change the portions.

I don't know what I expected from Kendall's father, but he was actually pretty nice. He even insisted that I call him Adam instead of "sir."

"It's good that your parents have taught you respect," he said, "but you can call me Adam, son."

Kendall smiled at me affectionately and her mother practically beamed. Drew merely looked at me and shook his head, as if to say, "You lucky dog."

Not surprisingly, Drew asked to be excused as soon as he'd finished his second helping. His father let him go and he quickly disappeared through the camper door. After breakfast, Adam and I talked while Kendall and her mom washed the dishes. He had been an MP in the Army and asked about my dad's time in Vietnam. Unfortunately, I had to plead ignorance, since Dad simply didn't talk about the war very much. Adam nodded thoughtfully, apparently in approval. When I asked him what it was like to be a cop, he talked for a while, telling me about the training and some of the interesting things he'd seen or done.

"Time to stop bending the young man's ear, dear," Kendall's mom said to him. Then she smiled fondly at her daughter.

When Adam stood up, I rose as well. I shook his hand and thanked them for breakfast. Once we were a little ways away from the camper, Kendall threw her arms around my neck and kissed me soundly.

"Not that I'm objecting," I said with a grin as we started walking again, "but what was that for?"

"Because you're so charming and handsome," she said. "And because my dad likes you."

"How could you tell?" I asked.

"I just know." She shrugged. "He *never* talks about his job," she said, "especially around Mom and me. So I know he likes you if he was willing to actually tell you about what he does."

"Wow. Cool."

She linked her arm through mine and nodded happily.

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that morning, Gina, Kendall, and I were lounging on the raft in the middle of the lake. Much to our surprise, Kara and Stacy had driven to town about ten o'clock. According to Gina, they were running an errand for Susan and then going to see a movie.

"Yeah," Gina said, stifling a yawn. "When I told Kara about our conversation yesterday, you know the one, she said 'cool,' but she didn't know if we'd have time before our family left."

"Oh," I said. I didn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed.

Kendall grinned as she read my expression.

I stuck out my tongue and crossed my eyes.

"Oh yeah," Gina said suddenly, unaware of the look I'd just given Kendall, "Mom got a call from Dad last night. He's still coming home on Friday, and when your mom—" she nodded to me, "—heard what flight he was on, she told him to ask about your dad. Evidently, he's on the same flight back. He's… um… on a dead… um… a dead…"

"A deadhead?" I suggested helpfully.

"Yeah, a deadhead from Dallas, and then he's… um… jumpseating?" When I nodded, she continued.

"Then he's jumpseating from Atlanta to Columbia. Whew," she breathed. "How do you remember all that?"

"I just do," I said with a shrug. "I mean, I live with it, and I hear that stuff all the time."

"What's it all mean?" she asked. "He's on a deadhead and jumpseating?"

"A deadhead is when they send a flight crew back from somewhere, but they're not flying the plane, they're just riding, like passengers. And a jumpseat is this spare seat in the cockpit where an extra pilot can ride."

"Oh."

"So if Dad's deadheading back from Dallas, he's with the rest of his crew, but they're riding in the passenger compartment. When they arrive in Atlanta, he'll get on the plane to Columbia, where he'll ride in the cockpit with the crew that's actually flying the plane."

"Sorta like a backup pilot?" Kendall asked.

I shrugged. "Yeah, but not really. I mean, it's not like the movies, where the pilots die from food poisoning, and they might need that extra guy to land the plane. The jumpseat is mostly for pilots to fly around without taking up a seat that a paying passenger could occupy."

"Oh," Kendall said. "That makes sense."

Gina nodded as well. "Anyway, my dad and your dad will probably be on the same flight tomorrow. So our moms are going to drive to Columbia together to pick them up."

"Oh," I said. "Cool."

"Mom said that she and your mom are planning to go shopping this afternoon. I think Leah and Erin are going with them. So that means," she said slowly, "we'll have some time when most everyone will be gone."

"And?" I asked with a knowing grin.

"We can see if Susan needs any… um… help around the house."

Kendall gasped in mild surprise.

"You're *not* afraid of flying," Gina said soothingly, hypnotically. "You're not afraid of flying." Then she grinned. "Repeat after me, 'I'm not afraid of flying.'"

Kendall chuckled and repeated the phrase several times. Then she smiled shyly and said, "As long as I don't have to deadhead or jumpseat, though!"

We all laughed, enjoying the release of tension.

"Did you wanna go talk to Susan?" Gina asked me when we grew quiet.

"You want me to?"

Gina and I both looked at Kendall. When she hesitated, Gina reached out and squeezed her hand. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to. Okay?"

She nodded jerkily and then took a deep breath.

"Why don't I talk to Susan some other time?" I asked Gina. It was half question, half suggestion.

Before Gina could reply, Kendall shook her head. "I'm *not* afraid of flying," she said defiantly.

I nodded and smiled to reassure her.

"Hey," Gina said suddenly. "I've got an idea. Why don't we see if we can eat lunch with Susan? We can talk to her then. I mean, my mom, your mom, and our sisters are going to town. And Kara and Stacy are already there."

"Yeah," I said, nodding. "We're kinda at loose ends anyway." Then I turned to Kendall. "If your parents will let you eat lunch with me and Gina, and Susan, of course, that would be a good excuse for us to be over there."

"It would be our cover story?" Kendall asked.

"Hold on a second," I said, realization suddenly dawning. "Kendall, are you more worried about what we do? Or about your parents finding out about it?"

"Both," she said, grinning ruefully. "But maybe I'm a lot more afraid of my parents finding out. You have no concept of how they'd go through the roof if they found out I was having sex."

"Then we'll just have to be extra careful," I said.

"Yeah," she said, grinning shyly. "Thanks."

I nodded solemnly. "Why don't you girls hang out here," I said. "I'll go see if Susan's up for a little company during lunch."

When they both nodded, I stood up. With a small wave, I dived into the water and swam for the shore. Once there, I grabbed my towel and dried off as I walked up the hill. At Susan's house, I knocked on the kitchen door.

"Hello, stranger," she said with a grin. "Come on inside."

"Thanks," I said as she shut the door behind me. "Um… we were thinking…," I started.

She arched an eyebrow and grinned. "Yes?"

Why do I always blush when she looks at me like that? "Um… Gina, Kendall, and me, that is."

"Mmm hmm."

"Will you quit," I said in half-serious exasperation, feeling my cheeks heat further at her wry smile. She knew exactly what I was talking about. Her eyes still glittered mischievously, but her expression grew a little more serious. "Thank you," I said. "Anyway, we were thinking… since our families are all going to town, Gina and I are at loose ends for the afternoon. We were wondering if you'd like some company for lunch. Kendall was gonna ask her parents if she could join us too, if that's okay."

"You talked to her about us, didn't you?" She looked at me neutrally, but I caught a hint of a frown. Just a hint, but it was there.

"Mmm hmm. Yesterday, at the quarry."

"And she took it well?"

I nodded. "Yeah, although she kinda suspected that you and I had had sex."

"She's an insightful young woman."

"I'll say," I muttered.

"Did you talk to her about me borrowing you for stud services?" When she saw my expression, she quickly stepped close and put her hand on my arm. "I'm sorry. I was teasing you, but I shouldn't have said that."

"It's okay."

"I don't think of you as stud services."

"I know."

"Regardless, I shouldn't've said it. If we never have sex again, I'll be more than happy to call you my friend." She paused and looked at me earnestly. "One of my *best* friends."

I felt my cheeks heating again, although for a different reason. "Thank you," I said, my voice suddenly cracking. I cleared my throat and blinked several times. "Thank you very much. You're one of my best friends too."

"That means a lot to me, Paul. Thank you."

I smiled bashfully and suddenly looked down.

She reached up and put her hand against my cheek. "Sometimes, it's easy to forget that you're still sixteen. And other times, I love you all the more for it."

"Um… thanks, I guess."

She nodded and smiled warmly, caressing my face. "You're welcome." Then she pulled her hand back and smiled again. "Now, where were we?" When I smiled gratefully, she continued. "What did you tell Kendall about you and me?"

I nodded and then recounted the conversation from the previous day.

"She's read *Fear of Flying?*" she asked suddenly, interrupting me.

"Yeah, I guess."

"I'm impressed."

I told her what Kendall had related to Gina and me about the book.

"And she actually *understood* it," Susan said. "I'm doubly impressed. You've got a very sharp young woman there, Paul. Hold on to her. Although Gina's hardly average. Hold on to them both."

I nodded, blushing. When she gestured for me to continue, I related the remainder of the quarry

conversation, as well as our talk from earlier in the day.

"Oh," she said. The hint of a frown reappeared, but only for a moment. It was more a tightening of the eyes than anything else.

"I think she's more worried about her parents finding out."

"I seem to recall a certain young man who was worried about his parents finding out he was having sex with a certain woman," she said cleverly.

"Um… yeah. I remember that guy."

"You do?"

I nodded. "He was shorter than me, and maybe a little goofier."

"He wasn't goofy," she said. "He was just… younger."

I smiled in thanks for her diplomatic reply.

"But I can understand why she's worried. And… well… I'll be honest with you, I don't know if I'm comfortable having her join us."

I looked up sharply. "Why not?"

"Because I don't know her parents. With you…," she said. Then she paused to gather her thoughts. "With you, I did something a little… reckless."

"How?" I asked, not knowing whether to be hurt, offended, or what.

She reached out to soothe me again. "Paul, even though I knew your parents as well as I did, you were still only fifteen when we first had sex." Before she continued, she gestured toward the kitchen table. "Let's sit down. Okay?"

I nodded a little hesitantly and pulled out a chair.

"Paul," she said, reaching to hold my hands, "I wouldn't change a thing about our relationship. Not one single thing. But you have to realize what an incredible risk it was for me to ever initiate it."

Reluctantly, I nodded.

"I've never regretted it, not once, but it *was*… rash. Do you understand?"

"I think so," I said, trying not to sound sullen.

"If your parents hadn't been who they were, I could've gone to jail."

"Yeah," I grudgingly admitted.

"I know Gina's parents well enough too, and we've… talked about the possibility of me joining you two."

I nodded, surprised, though I should've realized they'd probably talked.

"But I *don't* know Kendall's parents very well. And I've been thinking about it some more, her joining us, that is."

"And?"

"I just don't think it'd be a good idea. Consequently, it wouldn't be fair to her if you and Gina invited me to join you, but excluded her."

For a moment, I was too stunned to speak. For the second time that day, I didn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed.

"I hope you can understand," she said when I didn't respond.

"Yeah," I said. "That makes sense."

"Do you think *she'll* understand?"

"I think she'll be relieved," I said after a moment's reflection. "It's Gina that I'm a little worried about. She gets… um… fixated sometimes."

Susan laughed brightly. "A very politic way to put it. But you're right. Do you think it'll be a problem for her?"

"I dunno," I said with a shrug.

"I can talk to her, if you'd like."

I quickly nodded. I felt cowardly for doing it, but I didn't want to be the one to tell Gina no.

"Okay," she said, smiling warmly. "I'd still like you all to have lunch with me, if you want to."

"Yeah," I said. "We'd love to."

"Okay," she replied with another smile. "I'll see you in a little while. I'll get things started while you round up Gina and Kendall."

"What should I tell them?" I asked.

"About what?"

"They knew I was coming up here to talk to you about… you know."

She nodded and then turned thoughtful. "Just tell them I said we'd have to talk about it."

I nodded again and headed for the door.

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Down at the lake, I waved to the girls and they soon joined me on the shore. Once again, I was struck by their beauty—Gina, dark and exotically lovely, Kendall, tall and statuesque. With a distracted headshake, I pushed those thoughts aside.

"What did she say?" Gina predictably asked.

"She said we'd have to talk about it," I replied, temporizing.

Gina seemed to accept that at face value, but Kendall looked at me funny. I shrugged it off and told them that Susan definitely wanted us to join her for lunch. While we walked up the hill, I suggested that Gina tell our moms about lunch at Susan's while Kendall and I asked her parents. She readily agreed. With a wide grin, she wrapped her towel around her waist and headed toward our cabins.

"What's going on?" Kendall asked, as soon as we were alone.

"Um… what do you mean?"

She stopped, put her hands on her hips, and looked at me expectantly.

I couldn't stop myself from grinning at her. "You don't miss much, do you?"

She shook her head.

"Listen," I said softly, "Don't tell Gina, but Susan is a little concerned about all of us getting together."

"Why?"

I shrugged. "'Cause she doesn't know your parents very well, and you're still under eighteen."

Instead of getting angry, like I thought she would, she relaxed visibly. "Oh, thank goodness."

"What's the matter?"

"I was really nervous," she said. "It's kinda exciting to *think* about, but…"

I nodded.

"Gina just got so excited, and I didn't want to disappoint her. Or you," she quickly added.

"I wouldn't be disappointed." *Much.*

"Thank you," she said, her eyes gleaming with unshed tears.

"And Susan said she'd talk to Gina about it. I guess I kinda chickened out too, when it came to talking to Gina. But she'll survive. Now," I said, with forced enthusiasm, "let's go talk to your parents."

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Kendall's mother smiled broadly when we made our request. She smiled warmly at me and told us to enjoy ourselves. When we arrived at Susan's house, she wasn't there. She'd left a note on the kitchen table to let us know that she'd return shortly, and for us to make ourselves comfortable in the living room. Curiously, the note was addressed to only Kendall and me. With a shrug, we headed into the next room and sat on the couch. Kendall curled her feet beneath her and snuggled against my side.

"I think I like this more than anything else," she said with a contented sigh.

"Sitting on the couch with me?"

She nodded. "Just holding you."

"Yeah, it's nice," I said, hugging her tight.

About twenty minutes later, the kitchen door opened to admit Susan and Gina. Gina smiled tightly as Kendall and I joined them in the kitchen. I watched Gina carefully, searching for any signs of animosity. Instead of looking upset, she looked resigned.

Soon, however, we started preparing lunch. Susan skimmed off her bikini bottoms, washed her hands,

then started directing the girls. She even put me to work washing and pulling apart lettuce for a salad. As we worked, Susan told Kendall and me that Mom and Elizabeth were going into town to buy new dresses. Evidently, Gina's and my parents were going to have a fancy dinner while they were in Columbia, so our moms wanted something nice to wear. Erin and Leah had gone along as "modern fashion consultants" as well as for the fun of it.

"Exactly," Kendall said to no one in particular. "Who *doesn't* like dress shopping?"

I don't think she expected an answer. And judging by Gina and Susan's expressions, it looked like I was the only one who might disagree.

With the four of us working, lunch was quickly ready. Susan even had iced tea for Kendall, though Gina and I stuck to Coke. While we ate, Susan told us a little more about some of the people in camp whom we didn't know so well (the newly arrived families with younger kids). Toward the end of the meal, however, she paused and looked at us seriously.

"I know you all had a discussion," she said, looking at each of us in turn, "about Paul's and my relationship."

Gina merely nodded, while Kendall looked a little nervous.

"I love Paul very much, and I want him to be happy."

The girls nodded.

"I also want you two to be happy," she said to them. "I know you love him as much as I do."

Another pair of nods.

"Now," she said, then paused until both girls looked at her, "we can all act like adults. Right?"

Three nods, this time.

"When Paul came to me earlier today," Susan said, "I'd been doing a lot of thinking. I *do* miss Paul's company, and I do miss having sex with him."

Kendall blushed, but Gina only nodded slightly.

"But what's most important is his relationship with the two of you." Then she turned to Kendall. "Almost as important are the facts that I don't want to put you in a position where you're uncomfortable, and that I don't know your parents very well. In addition, you *are* still seventeen."

Kendall nodded.

"So we can all act like adults," Susan continued, "and we treat each other like adults, but you're still not legally an adult. And while it may seem like sophistry…"

Whatever that means, I thought, although Kendall and Gina seemed to understand her.

"…that you're underage, it's a fact we have to deal with. I don't actually know what the age of consent is, but your parents might still… overreact to any relationship that involved an adult."

"I'll say," Kendall said sourly. "They'd flip."

"Mmm hmm," Susan continued. "I know Paul's and Gina's parents much better than I know yours." Then she held Kendall's hand and looked at her earnestly. "I'm very flattered that you'd let me join you, but I don't think it's a good idea. Especially without your parents' approval."

"We can't ask my parents *anything* about this," Kendall said.

"We won't," Susan replied simply. "But parents are often smarter than you give them credit for. If they learned you were having sex with Paul…"

"I don't even want to *think* about what would happen," Kendall said.

"I don't think it'd be as bad as you imagine," Susan said, "but if they learned that you'd had sex with me…"

Kendall nodded emphatically. "All heck would break loose."

"Mmm hmm. So you see my point."

Kendall nodded.

"Gina and I had a discussion about this, before we got back to the house" Susan said, "and she understands."

Gina nodded, although a little glumly.

"We also had a talk with her mother and your mother, Paul," Susan said. "They agree with me that it's

just not a good idea right now."

Gina smiled thinly and nodded again.

"But I want you all to understand," Susan said firmly, "that this is *my* decision." She looked at each of us in turn and waited for us to nod. "If you want to be mad at anyone, be mad at me."

We all quickly shook our heads.

"I thought you wanted to… um… be with Paul," Kendall said tentatively.

"Oh, I do," Susan replied. "But not if it means jeopardizing all our happiness, and worse, risking serious consequences for you and your family."

"So this is all my fault," Kendall said sullenly, almost resentfully.

"Look at me, Kendall," Susan said, her voice unyielding. When Kendall reluctantly looked up, Susan held her gaze. "This is *not* your fault. It's no one's fault. It's a difficult decision that we have to make. Sometimes, that's what being an adult is about. It means you can't just think about what you *want*, you have to think about what's *best*. Do you understand?"

Even though she was speaking to Kendall, I got the impression that her comments were also directed at Gina, and to a lesser degree, at me.

Kendall nodded solemnly.

Before Susan continued, she paused for a moment and seemed to come to an internal decision. First, she looked at Gina and Kendall. Then, she turned to gaze at me affectionately. "I've only had three lovers in my life," she said.

Although she was looking at me, I knew she was speaking to the girls.

Kendall grew a little uncomfortable, but Gina seemed to perk up.

"I've had sex with a number of men," Susan said, "but only three lovers: my first love, Greg; my husband, Jack, who was the love of my life; and Paul." She smiled fondly, her eyes twinkling. "Paul is one of the most caring, compassionate, thoughtful men I've ever known."

Now *I* was growing uncomfortable.

"He'll never replace Jack, not in my heart, but he filled a large void in my life and made me happy and whole again. He helped reintroduce me to a part of myself that I missed, very much. And because of that, I'll always love him. Along the way, he's become a young man I'm very proud to know. And," she said with a slight smirk, "compared to most of the other men I've been with, he's an exceptional lover. I think you two realize how lucky you are to have a man like him. I definitely know how lucky *I* am."

"*I'm* the lucky one," I said quickly.

"You *are* lucky," she said. "But we are too. And I wanted Gina and Kendall to understand that this hasn't been an easy decision for me. You're very… special to me. You'll always be my friend, my very good friend. And… I'll always love you," she said quietly.

I started to reply, but quickly choked up. When the girls noticed, a wave of embarrassment washed over me and I hastily looked down, blinking my eyes several times. As I looked up, all three of them were smiling affectionately, their eyes glistening. I started to speak, but my throat tightened up again.

"I know," Susan said with a nod.

I blinked again and tried to salvage some of my dignity, but the girls didn't seem to care that I'd become so emotional. Instead, they had empathetic tears in their eyes.

"Why don't we clean up the dishes, ladies," Susan said as the silence stretched out.

I swallowed hard and thanked her with my eyes.

She nodded, smiling warmly.

As we were cleaning up the remains of our lunch, Susan suggested that we bring our drinks outside and sit in the courtyard. She sent me out with several paper towels and the Formula 409 to clean the table and chairs. In a few minutes, the girls came out with my towel and drink. I set the cleaning bottle back in the kitchen and then spread my towel on one of the wrought iron chairs.

"I'm glad you all came to lunch," Susan said brightly, trying to lighten the mood. "I've mostly gotten used to the boys being gone, but the house is so quiet sometimes."

We all nodded.

"I'm really looking forward to them being home at the end of the summer, but I wish it could be longer." She shrugged. "They're growing up," she said, more to herself than to anyone in particular.

"When are they coming home?" Gina asked.

"Hmm?" Susan asked absently. "Oh. The end of August. Kirk has to report back to the Academy by the first of September. And Doug's classes begin the day after Labor Day."

"Where's he going to college?" Gina asked.

"Rice University," Susan replied. "In Houston."

"I barely remember Doug," Kendall said. "And I don't think I've ever met Kirk."

"Oh, my God," Gina said, "they're *super* cute, Kirk especially. I had the biggest crush on him when I was—" Suddenly, she remembered that I was sitting there. "Uh… sorry."

"It's okay," I said, laughing. "You were allowed to look at other guys before me."

"Before you?! Allowed?!" When she realized I was teasing her, she calmed down, but she still rolled her eyes and looked like she wanted to strangle me.

I grinned wryly.

"What're they like?" Kendall asked smoothly. "Your sons, I mean."

For several minutes, Susan told her about Kirk and Doug, and their accomplishments. Kirk was still planning to follow in his father's footsteps and become a pilot, while Doug was interested in computers and some things called microchips.

"Kirk and Doug sound really cool," Kendall said. "I wish I could meet them sometime." Then she shrugged. "But we're going home before they get here."

As we all thought about going home, a slight pall settled over the table.

"Have you thought about what happens after the summer?" Susan asked at last.

"Hmm?" I asked.

"Have you and the girls talked about what happens after the summer? About your relationships."

I felt my cheeks heating as I shook my head.

"Have you *thought* about it?" she asked mildly.

"Yeah," I said with a shrug. "A little."

I quickly explained what I'd been thinking about flying stand-by. I would fly to Charleston whenever I could, but I know my parents wouldn't let me miss much school, if any. Also, I might be able to talk my family into visiting the Coulters at least once or twice. If we did, Gina and I would get to be together, obviously.

I didn't know if she'd be able to fly to Atlanta, but if she did, I was positive that Mom and Dad would let her stay with us. Maybe Leah could come too, I suggested. Gina nodded enthusiastically. Then I turned to Kendall.

"I could fly to Nashville too, I guess," I said.

"Knoxville," she corrected. "UT is in Knoxville."

"Well, I could fly there too," I said with a grin. "I mean, if I don't meet a nice girl in Nashville."

She playfully swatted at me, but then turned serious. "I've kinda been thinking about it too."

"About how we can be together after the summer?" I asked.

"Yeah. But… well… college is so different."

"It is," Susan said gently.

"And I was thinking…," Kendall said.

I felt something grip my stomach and twist.

Kendall looked at me guiltily.

"College *is* a very different place," Susan said, reading Kendall's expression, "with different people, and different things to do."

Kendall suddenly stared at her hands.

For a long moment, Susan merely studied Kendall's expression and body language. Then she asked, "Did you know that I also started college when I was seventeen?"

Kendall shook her head.

"I did. It… was a big adjustment. My boyfriend at the time wasn't very happy, especially when… well, he wasn't very happy."

Kendall suddenly looked up at me. "I don't know what to do," she said in a rush. "It's just…"

"It's just that Paul and Gina are still in high school," Susan said comfortingly. "And they will be, for the next two years. While *you* will be at college, in a whole different world."

Kendall nodded sullenly.

"My boyfriend wasn't too happy that I was going away," Susan said in remembrance. "We had a fight about it, before I left. I wasn't very happy either," she said with a shrug. "As a matter of fact, I was miserable. But…" Her eyes flicked to me.

I sensed that there was something she was leaving out, but I had no idea what it was.

"…my life changed, and… it was very difficult to tell Greg. He… he didn't take it well."

Whatever had grabbed my stomach twisted again.

"So you're lucky," Susan said to Kendall. "You've got the opportunity to enjoy some time with your boyfriend, and you can talk about your going off to college. I know you love Paul, but it's not going to be the same when you're at UT and he's home in Atlanta."

A tear escaped Kendall's eye and ran down her cheek. "How'd you know?" she asked hoarsely.

Susan smiled gently. "I just did."

Kendall sniffled and nodded.

"When I went off to college," Susan continued, "my boyfriend didn't understand that I'd be meeting new people, and that it'd be hard to have a relationship with him being so far away. He didn't have the advantages Paul has, being able to fly for free, but I don't know if that would've helped."

I looked on dumbly, watching as if things were unfolding in a dream.

"I just don't know what to do," Kendall said miserably, her tears finally flowing freely. She wiped her cheeks, but it did little good. "I've never even *had* a boyfriend. And I'm so happy to have one that I never want to let go. But I just don't know how things'll work when I'm at college and he's hundreds of miles away."

Susan nodded. "I understand." Then she looked at me seriously. "Do you, Paul?"

I wanted to answer, but I felt a lump in my throat. What was Kendall saying? That she wanted to break up with me? That she didn't want to see me anymore? That I was too young for her? A thousand thoughts swirled through my mind, none of them pausing long enough to make any sense out of.

"I didn't even want to talk about this now," Kendall said softly, sniffling. "I just wanted to enjoy the rest of the summer… and… oh, what's the use?" She looked up at me, her eyes red-rimmed and overflowing. "Do you hate me?"

In that moment, all I wanted to do was to comfort her. My own eyes stung as I shook my head. From my left, Gina sniffled and reached for my hand.

"I'm sure Paul understands how hard it'll be to have a relationship with you next year," Susan said.

In hindsight, I realize that her statement was more for my benefit than Kendall's, but at the time, I was dumbfounded.

"I'm sure he knows how hard it would be for *both* of you, not being able to see each other very often, not having very much in common, as far as your day-to-day lives are concerned. He and Gina will have a lot more in common than you and he would, and that'll be a bond for them."

Kendall nodded morosely.

"What are you saying?" I asked, finally finding my voice.

"I don't know," Kendall whispered. Then she took a ragged breath. "Can we just enjoy the rest of the summer?"

When I looked at Gina, she was crying too. I felt helpless. I felt worse than helpless, I felt impotent. I felt… empty, somehow. As if sensing my mood, Gina squeezed my hand.

"We'll enjoy the time we have," Gina said softly.

Kendall nodded, but then looked at me, searching my expression.

For what, I wondered? Forgiveness? Approval? Happiness? Acceptance? At the core of it all, I knew I

loved her. If we only had until the end of the summer, then so be it. I smiled as genuinely as I could and nodded.

We sat in silence for several long, agonizing moments. Kendall started crying harder and I felt Gina release my hand. When I looked at her, she silently gestured toward Kendall. Susan looked at me too, her eyes wide and liquid, although she wasn't crying. She tilted her head toward Kendall and urged me to comfort her.

In a haze, I scooted my chair back and stood up. When Kendall looked up, she saw my expression and practically flew into my arms, her heavy chair skidding back as she stood. I embraced her as she buried her head at the hollow of my neck and cried. I didn't know what else to do, so I merely held her and crooned softly that everything would be all right.

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Later, when we'd all cleaned up a bit, we had a subdued conversation. Kendall's eyes and nose were still red, but she wasn't crying. I smiled at her as warmly as I could and reached out to hold her hand. I guess I should've seen this coming, but I hadn't even really thought about it. With the three of us in three different cities, all separated by hundreds of miles, our relationship was bound to be strained. I didn't want to admit it, but Susan had been right. Gina and I *were* in the same place in life. And even though Kendall was only a year older than us, she was *two* years ahead of us in life.

So while I didn't want to think about it, I knew that my relationship with Kendall would come to an end in little more than a week. Worse, Gina's family was going home in a few *days*. But both of us knew that we'd see each other, and that our families would stay in touch. Our relationship would probably be a little strained as well, but not nearly as much as with Kendall.

Kendall was clearly the most upset, but we all vowed to make the most of the time we had left. When she realized that I wasn't angry, she was relieved, but still apprehensive. Susan subtly guided the conversation and seemed to make sure that we didn't fixate on pessimistic topics. As we talked, I became more and more grateful that she *had* brought up the subject when she did.

For my part, I didn't want Kendall to feel like she was tied to me. If she met a guy she really liked, she should be free to pursue him. She didn't think she'd have the courage to do it, but I could tell she was relieved that I understood. She'd evidently given the subject a lot more thought than I had, and somehow Susan had sensed it.

Kendall still wanted to see Gina or me, if we could travel to Knoxville, but none of us knew if we'd all be able to find the time. For a while, we talked quietly about enjoying the rest of our summer together, but none of us mentioned how little time we had left. Then, we heard someone clear his throat at the courtyard entrance.

"Excuse me, Susan," Gunny Kershaw said. "Sorry young Mister Paul, Miss Gina, Miss Kendall," he said, nodding to each of us in turn. "I just wanted to drop off the mail."

Susan nodded and reached for it as he handed her a moderate-sized stack of envelopes.

"There's two in there for you too," he said to me.

"Thank you, Jeremiah," Susan said graciously.

"She's the only one can call me by my Christian name," he said to me gruffly, blushing slightly. "It's still Gunny to you."

"Of course, Gunny," I said, keeping my expression neutral and trying not to grin. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Susan smirking.

Gunny nodded and then smiled in approval. "He's a mighty fine young man," he said to the girls. Then he looked at them earnestly. "He'd make an out*standing* Marine, even if he became an officer. See if you can talk him into joining the Corps."

"We'll do our best," Gina said seriously.

Chortling, Gunny turned around and walked out of the courtyard.

When he was out of earshot, we all burst out laughing, banishing the dolor from a few minutes before. Susan sorted through the mail as we chuckled. When she got to a large yellow envelope, she suddenly grew

quiet.

"What is it?" Gina asked.

"They're for you, Paul," Susan said soberly, handing me the large envelope and a small white one.

"Who're they from, Paul?" Gina asked.

I read the return address and my heart sank. "Amy," I said heavily.

✧ ✧ ✧

Susan suggested I go inside to read the letters, and I numbly agreed. Once there, I sat at the kitchen table and simply stared at them for several long moments. It took me another moment to decipher the address on the white envelope. Not only did it have a "Return to Sender" stamp on it, it had the camp's address crossed out and re-written, apparently by a postal worker somewhere between here and Atlanta.

In addition, it was originally postmarked July 11, so it had taken more than two weeks to arrive. The reason soon became clear. Instead of addressing the letter to me at the camp's address in South Carolina, Amy had mistakenly written Georgia. The larger envelope had South Carolina clearly spelled out, and underlined. Since the smaller envelope had the earlier postmark, I opened it first.

As I began to read Amy's flowing cursive, I felt my eyes harden. In a word, the letter was venomous. She hated me. She never wanted to see me again, ever (in capital letters and underlined twice). I had used her, taken advantage of her. I never cared about her. I was worthless and she never liked me anyway. The letter was short, with terse, truculent sentences. Instead of signing it with her name, she had simply written "I hate you!" When I finished it, I felt my teeth grinding and had to consciously relax my jaw. I certainly felt bad about how Amy and I had ended things, but I hardly deserved the vitriol in her letter. I set it down and clenched my fists several times until I calmed down a little.

Fuming, I ripped open the larger envelope. When I upended it, three small white envelopes and a note fell onto the table. I decided to read the note first. After all, I couldn't possibly get any angrier. As I read it, my fury eased somewhat, but not much. She explained that she'd mailed me several letters, but they'd returned because she'd gotten the address wrong. I quickly looked at the other envelopes, and saw that they had also been addressed to Georgia.

She went on to explain that if I got another letter, her friend Becky Leonardi had forced her to write and send it to me, and that she didn't mean anything it said. Undoubtedly, she was referring to the letter I'd already read. At the end of the note, she professed her undying love for me and told me that she'd do *anything* I wanted, if only I'd take her back. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what she meant. At the end of the note, she said that she was including her original letters, so I could see how much she loved me.

Numbly, I sorted the other three letters and arranged them by postmark. The first had been mailed less than a week after we left for camp, on June 15. I opened it and began to read. The page was wrinkled a little, as if it had gotten wet, and I quickly realized that she must've been crying when she wrote it. She apologized for the fight we'd had the week before the end of school. She told me she loved me and she always wanted to be with me. She begged me to call or write as soon as I could. She signed it "Love always, Amy."

The next letter was mailed a little more than a week later, on June 25. I could tell that she was worried because she hadn't heard from me. She told me she loved me, and that she wanted me to take her back. She said she knew I was angry, but that she'd make it up to me, "you know how." When I finished the letter, a little of the anger had drained out of me, only to be replaced by a kernel of sympathy.

The third letter was mailed right before the Fourth of July. It was more distraught, as she wondered why I hadn't written or called her. She begged me to take her back, to call her, to write her, anything. She said that our whole fight had been her fault, and she desperately wanted me to forgive her. She'd do anything I wanted her to, but to please take her back. She signed it "your loving girlfriend." When I set it down, I sighed deeply, feeling wrung out.

I felt sorry for her, but I was also still angry about her bitter, bile-filled fourth letter. It was unfortunate that I'd read it first, but I don't think it would've changed things. While I suspected that Becky Leonardi had

had *something* to do with its intensity, *Amy* had written and mailed it, and she couldn't take back what she'd said. For the first three letters, I understood her growing sense of desperation. But the fourth letter went a long way toward destroying any sympathy I might have felt.

In a wintry silence, I re-read the first three letters in order. But while I didn't read the hostile fourth letter, it weighed heaviest on my mind. Consciously, I knew she was only lashing out in fear and frustration, but I couldn't get over the sheer bitterness and resentment in her words. I knew I was equally at fault for how we'd ended things, but I didn't think I deserved most of what she'd written in that final letter.

On autopilot, I carefully refolded the letters and stuffed them back into their respective envelopes. Then I folded the note around them and slid the packet into the larger envelope. When I walked outside, Susan and the girls looked up at me in curiosity. As soon as they saw my stormy expression, they grew concerned.

"Is everything all right, Paul?" Susan asked.

I shrugged angrily.

"What is it?" Gina asked.

"I don't wanna talk about it. Okay?"

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Of *course* I'm sure," I snapped. "Listen," I said brusquely, "I'm going to go up to my cabin. I wanna be alone for a while."

The girls nodded, too shocked to reply, but Susan frowned in disapproval. Then she stood.

"Ladies," she said, gesturing for them to stand, "you should probably head back to the lake."

In alarm, they looked from Susan to me.

"Paul," Susan asked politely, but firmly, "will you please stay for a minute?"

I nodded curtly and clenched my jaw.

Susan ushered the girls out of the courtyard. Once they were in the open, she had a low-voiced, sincere conversation with them. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but I didn't really care.

How could Amy write all those things? I'm sure Becky Leonardi *had* helped her with the letter, but her feelings had to come from somewhere. What happened to the sweet, shy girl I had loved? As I stood in Susan's courtyard and seethed, I wondered what I had felt for Amy. In my mind, I played through all of the times she and I had been together. Then I analyzed my feelings for her and tried to sort them out. I began to wonder if…?

"Paul?"

I looked up suddenly and felt a hand on my shoulder. When I turned, Susan was gazing at me steadily.

"Let's head inside," she suggested quietly.

"Really," I growled, "I just want to be alone."

Without answering me, she walked toward the kitchen door. In a huff, I followed her. Once inside, she shut the door behind us and then headed into the living room. Instead of stopping, she entered the hall and turned toward her bedroom. I was still fuming, but I followed her, mostly because it was clear that she expected me to. When we got to her bedroom, she scooted to the center of the bed, tucked her legs underneath her, and gestured for me to join her.

"Why?" I asked petulantly. "There's nothing you can do to fix things."

"So I'm just supposed to let you go off and brood by yourself?" she asked, almost hotly. Then she shook her head. "Sorry, Paul, I'm not going to let you wallow in self pity and then give your family and friends the silent treatment."

"Self *pity?!*"

"Self pity," she said firmly. "When something upsets you, you have a bad habit of retreating into yourself and over-thinking things. You seethe. You brood. You mope. If you were a four-year-old, you'd throw a temper tantrum and then go hide in your room."

"A *temper* tantrum?!"

To my complete and utter surprise, she laughed, her eyes crinkling with mirth.

"What's so funny?" I asked, bewildered but still angry.

"You," she said simply, covering her mouth with her hand. "You look like you want to break

something."

"Well?" I asked testily. "What if I do?"

She quickly sobered, but the smile never left her eyes. "Paul, as strong as you are, you really need to control your temper. If you don't, you're going to hurt yourself, or someone you love. If you do, you'll never forgive yourself."

As her reasonable tone seeped into my hindbrain, I tried to calm down and concentrate on my breathing. I began to consciously relax muscle groups, tensing them and then letting them go slack. I was still angry—partly at Amy's letter, and partly at Susan's words—but I was slowly composing myself.

"Would you like to sit down?" Susan asked politely. She could see that I was calming down, but when I didn't respond, she continued, her tone rational and level. "Paul, I don't treat you like a child because you're not one. I treat you like an adult, and that sometimes means you have to hear things you might not like. You're an intelligent young man, but you tend to overanalyze things," she said firmly. "And you tend to retreat into yourself when you're upset."

"So?" I asked, half defensively, bristling again.

"Do you realize that you scared the wits out of Gina and Kendall?" she asked, her expression softening. "They were worried about you, but were too scared to do anything about it. Do you *want* to go through life scaring the people who love you most?"

Shocked, I shook my head quickly.

"Good," she said, nodding. "Now, would you like to start again?"

I looked at her blankly and felt my forehead crease.

"Would you like to sit down?" she asked.

I stared at her warily for a moment or two, but she merely gestured at the bed. On autopilot, I half-staggered toward her and then sat down.

"There," she said soothingly. "That's a good start. Now, do you want to talk about the letters?"

At the reminder of Amy's words, I angrily shook my head.

"Do you remember when you first came to camp this summer?" she asked rhetorically. "You were confused about Amy, and about what to tell Gina, and you were upset all the time."

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak politely.

"Do you remember that both your mom and I asked if you wanted to talk about it? You didn't think we'd understand, remember?"

I remembered only too well, so I nodded.

"Do you also remember how much better it felt when you talked about what was bothering you?"

I reluctantly nodded.

"Do you think now is any different?" she asked reasonably.

"Yes, it's completely different."

"How?"

It was a simple question, but I found myself at a loss for an answer.

She nodded knowingly. "That's right, it's not really all that different. The circumstances may be different, but your reactions certainly aren't."

My continued silence was agreement enough.

"When I was seventeen," she said softly, "I left for college. I went to the same school Kara's going to now, the College of Charleston."

My thoughts were jarred at the sudden change in direction the conversation had taken, but I didn't interrupt her.

"When I left home, Greg Kestrel was the love of my life, as far as I knew." She paused for a moment, reminiscing, then smiled. In a moment, her smile turned melancholy. "I met Jack the first year I was at school. We were at a dance, and when he first looked at me, I knew that he was the man I'd marry. He was a cadet at the Citadel, and he was *so* handsome in his uniform. He was… wonderful," she said, trailing off as she remembered.

When I looked up, she had tears in her eyes.

She sniffled and then continued. "I came home later that year, and I had to tell Greg that I'd fallen in love… with someone else. He… he didn't take it well. He was very angry, and he said some hurtful things. For a while, I thought I deserved what he'd said to me, that I'd somehow earned his scorn." She looked away for a moment, and softly said, "I never told Jack about what Greg said. I knew he would do something rash, and not only would Greg get hurt, but Jack's dreams of flying for the Navy would be ruined." She shrugged. "So I never told him."

I nodded in understanding, thoughts of my own problems fading as I listened to her story.

"I *did* tell my mother what Greg had said." She laughed harshly, then sniffled again. "Mom was a strong-willed woman, but very gentle, very elegant. She sat me down and told me that while Greg had a right to be upset, he didn't have the right to say what he had. She said that if he wanted to be petty and vindictive, it was *his* problem, not mine, and that I didn't do anything to deserve it."

"You didn't," I said softly.

She looked up and wiped her eyes. "I know that now," she said with a short laugh, "but at the time, I thought I deserved what he said."

I shook my head angrily, offended that someone had deliberately hurt her.

"I don't know what Amy wrote in her letter, but I can guess."

I looked up suddenly, my eyes going wide.

She smiled sadly and nodded. "I know you well enough." Then she shrugged. "But whatever it was, *she* is responsible for her words and actions, not you. Do you understand?" Her voice was soft, but firm, and I knew she was right.

"Yeah," I said, nodding. "I do."

"So, do you want to talk about it?"

"No," I said sullenly. "But I guess I should."

She nodded.

So I talked. I told her about the letters in the order I'd read them. Her eyes tightened as I paraphrased the fourth, then softened as I described the rest, first through third. When I finished, I sighed in resignation.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I dunno," I said, shrugging. "I mean, I knew I wasn't going to pick up where we'd left off, boyfriend and girlfriend."

She nodded.

"So it's not like this really changes anything."

"Except?"

I shrugged again. "Maybe it makes it easier to not make up with her."

"Mmm hmm. But?"

"But I guess I still need to say something to her, to call or to write."

"Yes," she agreed.

"Just to let her know that I got the letters."

"Are you going to tell her that you received the fourth one?" she asked.

I shrugged.

"Does it change anything? The fact that you got it?"

"It made me mad, but other than that… it doesn't really change anything, not really. I kinda knew she wasn't the right girl for me."

"But you still owe her *something*," she said, nodding. "The note she sent with the first letters shows that she still has feelings for you. If for no other reason, you need to treat her with respect, and respond."

"What should I do?" I asked almost plaintively. "Should I write her a letter? Call her? What?"

She paused for a moment and looked thoughtful. "I don't think you should write her a letter," she said. "It's too impersonal."

I nodded.

"You should probably call her, but it'll still be a delicate conversation."

"What should I say?" I asked.

"Well," she mused, "let's think about it for a moment."

We were both silent, although I sincerely hoped she was having better ideas than I was.

"You should probably tell her you got the package of letters, but don't mention the fourth." When I nodded, she continued. "Thank her for sending them to you."

"But how do I tell her that I don't think there's any hope for the two of us?" I tried not to whine, but I don't think I was that successful.

"Tell her that a lot has happened to each of you over the summer, which is true, and that you two will need to talk when you get back to Atlanta."

"Isn't that just leading her on?"

"Yes," she said with a shrug. "But it's very, very difficult to break up with someone over the phone. And it's disrespectful, in my opinion."

I nodded in agreement.

"You won't really be breaking up with her, you'll simply be telling her you're not going to get back together. But in her mind, the two aren't all that different. When you get back, you can sit down with her and have a long talk."

"What do I tell her then?" I asked.

"Tell her the truth. You want her to be happy, and you want to be her friend, but it's probably best if you're not a steady couple."

"What if she asks why?"

"Don't lie to her, but you can still respect her feelings. You don't have to tell her that you don't want to be with her. And… well… there's something that's going to happen—I can't tell you about it—which will change things and make it easier for you."

"What?"

"I just told you," she said with a patient smile, "I can't tell you."

"What's it about?" I asked, my curiosity piqued.

She rolled her eyes. "Which part of 'I can't tell you' are you having difficulty with?"

I could tell that she was teasing, but the humor overlaid a deeper determination. I shrugged, reluctantly grinning at her.

"Trust me, when you talk to Amy on the phone, just keep it polite and quick. When you see her in person, you'll… have a good reason why you two can't be a couple."

"I wish you'd tell me," I said. "You know how I hate to not know what's going on." When she laughed musically, I tried not to grimace.

"You've survived this long," she said, grinning unabashedly.

Although I wanted to frown, her grin was infectious; I soon found myself smiling as well.

"See?" she asked. "Doesn't it feel better to talk about what's bothering you?"

I nodded.

She spread her arms and I leaned toward her. We hugged tightly, and when I pulled back, she brushed her fingers along the back of my hand. Her eyes grew round and soft, and she smiled fondly.

"Thanks," I said. "For everything."

"You're welcome," she replied. "You know I love you, and I hate that you have to go through this, but it's part of growing up."

"Does it get any easier?"

"No, but you get better at dealing with it."

"I hope so," I said with feeling.

She was going to say something else, but the phone interrupted her. With a wry grin, she leaned toward the nightstand and answered it.

"Hello?" Then she held the phone away from her ear and rolled her eyes. I could hear two women laughing. When it grew quiet, she put the receiver back to her ear.

"Hello," she said. Then she listened. "That's okay, Beth… Yes, he's here now…" Suddenly, she blushed and looked at me in mild surprise. "*No*, we're *not* in the middle of something." There was another burst of

laughter from the phone and Susan held it away from her ear.

I felt my face heat.

In a moment, she put the phone back to her ear and merely listened and nodded as Mom talked for twenty or thirty seconds.

"It sounds like you and the girls are having fun," Susan said at last. Then she listened as Mom said something else. "Good… You are?" Susan covered the mouthpiece. "They're going to stay in town for dinner," she said to me.

Mom was still speaking, so Susan returned her attention to the phone. "Okay, I'll tell Gina too… Yes, I'll make sure Paul has dinner… No, Kara and Stacy aren't back from town either… Sure, I'll tell them… Okay, have fun." When she hung up, she was shaking her head. "*They're* certainly having a good time."

I grinned.

"Did you get the gist of our conversation?"

"Yeah, mostly."

"They're obviously having a good time, and the girls wanted pizza. So it looks like you're eating dinner with me."

I nodded, grinning.

"And while we're on the subject of me looking after you," she said with a sly grin, "*you* might need to take care of *me* as well."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Well, I talked to Gina and Kendall about it…"

"Talked to them about what?" I asked, although I already had a pretty good idea.

"They knew I wanted some time with you," she said with a shrug.

"You asked them if we could…?"

"No, actually I didn't. But I have to say that I selfishly planted the idea in their heads."

My jaw dropped.

"I'm *only* human," she said with a guilt-free shrug. "I told them that you and I needed to talk about the letters from Amy. Of course, they understood. But I also told them that in emotional situations, sometimes one emotion leads to another. Kendall understood immediately. She seemed like she wanted to say something, but she didn't. When Gina figured out what I was hinting at, I think she was a little frustrated."

That certainly sounds like Gina.

"She was probably disappointed that she wouldn't get to watch," Susan said wryly. "But once they both understood what we were talking about, I actually *did* come right out and ask them if you and I could have some time alone together."

"You're kidding, right?"

She shook her head. "I've never had to ask *two* women if I could borrow their boyfriend," she said with soft laugh, "but there's a first time for everything."

I was too stunned to speak.

"To their credit, they actually discussed it with each other. I don't think either of them had any problem with you and me together, but I'm still glad that we had the chance to talk about it. I also think they understand how important you are to me, and how much I miss you. Though I *was* a little surprised that Kendall seemed to be the one convincing Gina, and not the other way around. Kendall may be a little reserved, but she's got a good head on her shoulders."

I swallowed hard and nodded.

"I think she's got a wild side too. Although I don't know if she'll ever be as adventuresome as I am," she added with a grin.

Then she glanced at my manhood and arched her eyebrows in silent question. Before I could answer, the phone rang again. With a good-natured grimace, she answered it.

"Hello?" She listened for a moment or two and then smiled. "Oh you are?" Then she listened as the voice on the other end of the line spoke for almost a minute. "Slow down. You did what? … Does that mean what I think it does? … Oh, they are? … I see." She smiled broadly and then winked at me. "So you

and Kara are just going to spend the night there? … What about Jason?" When she looked at me again, she nodded solemnly. "Yes, I think he'll understand… Okay, tell Kara that her mom's still in town too. So Gina will probably eat dinner with Paul and me… Okay… Have fun, and be careful… I know you will… Okay, we'll see you tomorrow. Bye-bye."

When she hung up the phone, she looked at me and smiled smugly.

"What?" I asked.

"Oh, I was just congratulating myself. I'm such a devious and meddlesome woman."

"Huh?"

"Someday I'll tell you about it, but not now."

I frowned slightly. I was rapidly accruing a list of "things Susan won't talk about, must start gathering information."

"Really, Paul, I'll tell you about it, but… not now."

"I guess," I said with a shrug. "So that was Stacy on the phone?"

"Mmm hmm. She and Kara managed to miss the movie and they've… um… met a friend. They're going to spend the night at Stacy's and then drive back tomorrow."

"Oh. A friend?" I asked suspiciously.

"A guy friend, someone Stacy works with."

"Your accountant?"

"Close enough. His son, Jason." Without waiting for me to ask the inevitable question, she changed the subject. "Since Kara won't be back tonight, I guess you and Gina are both eating here tonight. I hope you don't mind."

I quickly shook my head.

"Do you want to see if Kendall can join us?" she asked.

"Do you mind?"

"Not at all, I really like her. But in the meantime…," she said.

With a start, I realized that I was actually nervous. I wanted to have sex with her, but I was anxious because Gina, Kendall, and I hadn't discussed it. When I looked up, her expression softened.

"Gina and Kendall both agreed," she said softly, as if reading my mind, "that they didn't mind sharing you with me. They were worried about you, but they also love you, and they could see how much you love me."

"Was I that transparent?"

"Not really," she said, "but they know you fairly well. Be careful, though, because Kendall may be even more perceptive than I am. Quite a bit more, I think."

I nodded, grinning bashfully.

"And I know you want to have sex with me, but you're also worried about what they'll think."

"Yeah," I said heavily. "I am."

"I know they understand." Then she laughed. "Gina was pretty disappointed that we wouldn't have an orgy or something. But Kendall was more relieved than anything else. She isn't so upset about you having sex with me, but she *is* worried about her parents finding out about the three of you. We talked for about ten minutes, while you were brooding in the courtyard," she said.

I looked up in surprise.

"You didn't realize how long you were standing there, did you?"

I shook my head ruefully.

"When I came back, I had to call your name three times before I got your attention."

"Sorry."

"Don't worry about it. You were upset. But Gina and Kendall understood. They also understood that I wanted some time alone with you." She waited until I looked up. When I did, she held my eyes with her own. "As I said, they're both comfortable with the idea of sharing you with me. They know I'm not a threat to your relationship."

I shook my head in agreement. Did I want to have sex with her? Yes. Did I feel a little guilty because

Gina and Kendall weren't there? A little, but my hormones were rapidly subduing my guilt. Would I be able to look Gina and Kendall in the eye at dinner? Would I…?

"Paul," Susan asked softly, "please?"

When I looked into her eyes and saw her desire, my resistance crumbled. She smiled tentatively when she saw my expression. As I crawled forward, her smile blossomed into genuine happiness. As my face neared hers, I moved forward and pressed my lips against hers. She hadn't been expecting it, but she quickly returned the kiss.

Kissing Susan wasn't anything like kissing Gina or Kendall. It was just as passionate, but less sweet, and more hungry. When I broke the kiss, I kept pushing her back until I straddled her chest, my stiff penis bobbing gently in front of her.

"I've been waiting so long for this," she said. Then she looked past my manhood and gazed into my eyes. "Thank you."

"I've missed you," I said.

She smiled and then kissed the tip of my manhood. I groaned softly and savored the sensation, then closed my eyes. When I opened them, she was gazing up at me expectantly. While she maintained eye contact, she sucked my glans into her mouth and flicked her tongue against the sensitive underside. I thrust my hips forward slightly and forced a little more of my shaft into her mouth. She closed her eyes and moaned as my length slid along her tongue.

I kept shoving my dick into her mouth until she clamped her lips around my shaft. When I held myself motionless, her hands roamed over my thighs, scratching lightly with her fingernails. Then I pulled my hips back while she kept her lips taut, teasing the underside ridge of my cock with little flicks of her tongue. When she felt my crown at her lips, she clamped down again and held me inside her mouth. As she opened her lips, I slid forward again.

I rocked my hips back and forth for several minutes, simply fucking her mouth. Then she let my dick slip free and pulled my hips forward. She tilted her head to the side and moved her lips over my balls, sucking them gently. Then she kissed back up my length, pausing only long enough to tease me with her tongue when she reached the tip.

Instead of letting her suck me back into her mouth, I reached down and lifted my shaft out of her reach. For a moment, she hungrily concentrated on my dick, hoping I'd bring it closer. Then she lifted her head and tried to capture it. I pulled my hips back and held the glans a tantalizing inch above her lips. When she looked up and entreated me with her eyes, I grinned mischievously.

"Stick out your tongue," I said.

Without hesitation, she did.

I set the tip of my member on her flattened tongue and ran my length up and down it, teasing her. Then I angled the head into her mouth.

"Suck it," I said.

She eagerly complied, her cheeks caving in as she did. Her fingers dug into my legs as she urged me to pump my prick in and out of her mouth. I was more than happy to fuck her face for several blissful minutes, letting her lavish attention on my member. Then I put my hands on the headboard above her and supported myself while I hunched my hips over her mouth, thrusting into her. Finally, she let my saliva-slick cock slip from her mouth.

"Roll over so I can go deeper," she said.

I quickly swiveled my hips and threw my leg back over her midsection. Then we swapped positions, and I watched as she crawled between my legs. My erection had flopped against my stomach and she lifted it with her hand. While she fondly gazed into my eyes, she ran her tongue around the tip. Then I grinned, put my hand on the back of her head, and gently pushed downward.

She arched an eyebrow. I nodded insistently and exerted a little more pressure. I wouldn't press hard enough to overcome any *real* resistance, but she got the message. In one lunge, she engulfed half my length. Her lips locked around my girth and she caressed me with her tongue. Then she opened her mouth and swallowed all but the last inch. I felt her breath on the top of my shaft as she exhaled through her nose.

Already, I could feel the tip of my cock at the entrance to her throat, and I knew what was coming. My hand still rested on the back of her head, and I gently pressed down. With a moan, she opened her mouth and slowly, ever so slowly, lowered her lips over the base of my shaft. I groaned in turn as my dick entered her throat and I felt her swallow. When she clamped her lips around my root and gently sucked, I closed my eyes and groaned again.

After that, she took her time, taking me into the back of her throat and then slowly pulling back and raking her lips over my shaft. Once she reached the tip, she would swirl her tongue around my glans and then spread her lips to engulf me again.

I hadn't come all day, and I knew I wouldn't last long. Finally, when I knew I was close to coming, I practically begged her to make me come. With one hand, she gently kneaded my balls as she took me into the back of her throat. It had been so long since she'd sucked me that I'd almost forgotten how good she was.

When I felt the come boiling up in my balls, she sensed it too. Instead of speeding her pace, she actually slowed down, taking long strokes up my glistening shaft and then slowly lowering her lips again. The feeling was exquisite, and I gripped the bedspread as pleasure coursed through my body.

I felt my orgasm begin somewhere near my fingertips and work its way toward my groin. She clamped her lips around my shaft, about halfway down, and massaged my balls as the first spurt erupted into her mouth. I clenched my buttocks and she moaned as the next spurt gushed over her tongue.

When my orgasm finally subsided, I relaxed and sagged against the bed. She continued to nurse my slowly deflating cock, moaning softly as she did. After several long, delicious minutes, she let my flaccid member slip from between her lips. Then she crawled up my body and lay next to me, my arm securely wrapped around her.

"Okay, I may have missed the hugs too," she said, "but I *definitely* missed the blowjobs."

I chuckled softly and nodded.

We lay in silence for a while, neither of us feeling the need to speak. She idly ran her fingernails over my thighs, which felt indescribably good. Slowly, she circled closer to my shrunken manhood. As she moved closer, drawing out my anticipation, my breathing sped up. Finally, she began fondling me and gently playing with my balls.

As she did, I let my mind wander. I thought about Amy, and her letters, and came to the conclusion that I felt sorry for her. I was certainly sorry for how we'd ended things, but I think I was more sorry that I was going to disappoint her when we had our face-to-face talk. Worse, I was a little scared at the prospect. Suddenly, I had a much better appreciation for why Kendall hadn't wanted to talk about after the summer.

"Where'd you go?" Susan asked quietly.

"Huh?"

"One minute, you were hard, and the next…" She lifted my wilted penis by way of explanation. "You went somewhere else, in your head."

"Sorry," I sheepishly replied. "I was… um…"

"You were thinking about Amy, weren't you?"

"Yeah."

"That's okay."

"Sorry," I repeated. "Let's try this again."

She nodded and then resumed stroking me.

I pressed my face against the crown of her head, inhaling the scent of her body. Her shampoo was different from Gina's or Kendall's, I noted with curious detachment. Instead of pondering the differences, I paid attention to what she was doing with her hands. In a few minutes, she had me hard as steel. I had really missed her, mind as well as body, I realized. But having her figure pressed against me and her hand on my erection, I was obviously concentrating on her physical charms. When I began thinking about her beautiful shaved pussy, I had a wonderfully erotic idea.

"Roll over," I directed. "I want to get between your legs."

"You're Mr. Assertive this afternoon," she said teasingly.

"Sorry…," I started to apologize.

"Don't be, I like it. It's sexy."

"Okay, then roll over, I want to get between your legs," I said firmly, but with a smile in my voice.

She quickly rolled to her back and then spread her legs, her eyes glittering with mirth.

"That's more like it," I said with a grin. I knelt between her legs and gazed into her eyes for a moment. Then I said, "I want you to play with yourself."

She merely arched her eyebrows at me in silent appraisal.

I shrugged and then glanced meaningfully at her pussy.

She smiled and moved her hand over her mons, spreading her labia with two fingers. Her smooth lips parted at the touch, revealing her pink inner folds. As I watched her run her fingers over her slit, I began stroking myself.

She licked her lips and then started moving her fingers in small circles around the base of her clit. I kept slowly pumping my fist over my shaft, squeezing gently. Then she slid her fingers down the moist channel of her pussy, rubbing her swollen inner lips and pulling them with thumb and forefinger.

Soon, she began running the tip of her finger up and down her slit, spreading her juices. Then she slowly inserted her middle finger into her pussy, her eyes glued to my straining erection the entire time. Her index finger soon joined her middle finger and she began thrusting the pair of them into her opening. My cock swelled in anticipation at the sight.

I watched her finger herself for several minutes. Then she brought her left hand down and started circling her clit with the tips of her fingers, moaning softly as she did. When she started slowly grinding her hips, I looked up and made eye contact with her.

"Are you going to fuck me?" she asked, panting.

"If you ask nicely," I said with a salacious grin.

"Please," she said without hesitation. "I want you inside me."

My cock felt ready to burst, but I merely shook my head.

"Please," she repeated. "I need it."

As soon as I nodded, she withdrew her fingers from her slippery channel. Her outer labia were swollen with desire, puffy and red. Her inner lips spread open like wings, thick with her arousal. I scooted forward and rubbed the tip of my cock over them, teasing her.

"Oh, Paul," she said, her voice filled with pent-up desire, "I've missed you so much."

One of the sexiest things about having sex with Susan was seeing my cock spread her open as I entered her. I watched, fascinated, when her pussy lips were forced inward a little as I continued sliding my girth into her. Then the thick shaft began to disappear inside her and she hissed in pleasure. Finally, my hips ground against her pelvis.

Almost immediately, I started moving inside her. I drew my hips back and looked into her lust-glazed eyes. It took her a moment to realize I was gazing at her, but when she did, she smiled and licked her lips. Then she lifted her hips as I plunged back into her.

As I thrust into her wonderfully hot pussy, I began to realize the differences between sex with her and sex with Gina or Kendall, or even Kara, for that matter. I'm somewhat ashamed to admit that while I was fucking Susan, I was comparing her to the other women in my life. It wasn't so much about who was better, but about the differences.

While Gina may have been enthusiastic, and Kendall was tight and hot, Susan was *experienced*. She pushed back against me with her hips when I thrust into her. She gyrated her pelvis a little each time I buried myself within her body. She ran her hands along my arms and urged me onward with her expression. Each time I bottomed out, she arched her back a little and my rock-hard shaft practically tingled with pleasure.

Susan may not have been a nubile teenaged girl, but she *more* than made up for it with sheer skill. Making love with her was a dream come true, and I soon lost myself in the act. Without even realizing it, I was getting close to coming. When I came to my senses, I jammed my cock into her and stopped moving.

"I want you on top," I said. Then I hooked my arms under her shoulders and rolled us both. When she

caught her balance, I looked deep into her eyes. "I want to watch you come," I said. "Fuck me. Grind your clit against my hard cock. Come for me."

She sucked her upper lip for a moment, her nostrils flaring as she breathed deep. Then she closed her eyes and nodded.

As she started moving, rocking her hips back and forth, I lifted my head and captured a nipple with my teeth. I nibbled it gently, wrapping my lips around its stiffness. She moaned in pleasure and sped her pace. I switched to the other nipple and sucked it to erection. The shifting veil of her hair brushed against my face and head as we rocked together in a comfortable rhythm.

I reached down and cupped her ass, squeezing gently. Then I ran my hands up her back, feeling the thin sheen of sweat which covered her. When she rocked back, I forced my hips against her. When she surged forward, I pulled back slightly, working myself toward orgasm at the same time. We moved together with practiced ease, sensing when the other was going to move, and how.

When I felt the first flutters of her impending orgasm, I smiled to myself?—I was close too. The flutters in her pussy turned into gentle squeezes, and I closed my eyes as her internal muscles gripped my shaft. I pulled her against me, crushing the pebbles of her nipples against my hard chest, and she moaned in ecstasy. Her hips kept rocking against me, as if of their own accord, and I groaned as the first twinges of my orgasm built in my groin.

With a rush of exhaled breath, she came, explosively. Her pussy suddenly clamped down on my shaft and then released. Then it clamped again, spasming as her muscles went wild. My cock swelled with the first spurts of my own orgasm, and she cried out wordlessly as I began to fill her with my seed. I tried to thrust more of my manhood into her clenching pussy, but I was already buried completely, filling her with my girth as I filled her with my semen.

After my own orgasm subsided, I collapsed against the bed. She moaned and slumped against me, her own climax still sending ripples of pleasure through her body. Once again, I reached down and gripped her ass, grinding my cock into her still-twitching pussy. She moaned deep in her chest and buried her head in the hollow of my shoulder. We lay there, panting, for several minutes, neither of us having the strength or desire to speak.

"Mmmmm," she said at last. "I needed that." Then she laughed softly. "I've been getting lots of sex lately, but not nearly enough with a man."

"Oh?"

"What do you think us women have been *doing* after our little get togethers?" she asked almost rhetorically.

Truth be told, I hadn't really thought about it.

"You hadn't even thought about it, had you?" she asked, as if reading my mind.

"No," I said, laughing sheepishly. "What's it like with five women?"

"There are a *lot* of sighs and groans, and slippery fingers. And a few toys."

"Sounds like fun."

"It is," she said, shrugging. "But all of us prefer a man. It's just that with all of our men… indisposed, we still have needs."

I nodded, too worn out to think more about it. The idea of Susan, Mom, Elizabeth, Kara, and Stacy all having sex together would normally be enough to give me an instant erection. But in my currently sated state, I think it would've taken a minor miracle to get me hard. So we lay quietly, cooling down and catching our breath. Afterward, we took a shower together, tenderly washing each other.

"You'd better go find Gina and Kendall," Susan said at last, "and let them know that you're alive."

I nodded.

"I hope Kendall can come to dinner."

"Me too."

She kissed my cheek and playfully swatted my ass in a "get going" gesture.

I grinned, kissed her cheek in return, and headed for the front of the house.

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina and Kendall were at the lake, and looked up as soon as I approached. Much to my surprise, they actually giggled when I got closer.

"What's so funny?" I asked as I sat on the lounger next to them.

"You," Gina replied. "You look like that cat that ate the canary."

"You look like you just got lucky," Kendall added, making sure no one could overhear us.

"He got laid," Gina said to her.

"Shot his wad."

"Played hide the salami."

"Did the horizontal hula."

"Gave her the hot beef injection."

"Bumped uglies," Kendall said.

"Bumped *uglies?*" Gina asked, trying to suppress a giggle.

Kendall merely shrugged. "I read it once."

We all laughed at her blithe expression. Then Gina looked seriously at the other girl.

"We have got to be the best girlfriends in the history of the world," Gina said.

Kendall nodded.

"Why's that?" I asked, a little confused. "Not that I deny it, of course. You *are* the best girlfriends in the history of the world, but what are you talking about?"

"You're a goof," Gina said. "I love you, but you're a goof."

"Yeah, but why *this* time?" I asked with a grin.

"It's not every pair of gorgeous, sexy women who'll let their boyfriend spend time—" she and Kendall shared a knowing grin, "—with another woman. Especially one as sexy as Susan."

Wisely, I kept my mouth shut and simply nodded gratefully.

"Are you okay?" Kendall asked, serious once more.

"Yeah," I said with a sigh. "I'm gonna have to call Amy and tell her something she doesn't wanna hear, but I'm cool. I mean, I don't wanna do it, but I know I gotta."

They both nodded in understanding.

"I'll tell you about the letters later," I said to them, "but do you mind if we change the subject?"

They shook their heads.

For a moment, we were awkwardly silent. In a burst of conversational insight, I explained about the phone calls from Mom and Stacy.

"So I'm eating dinner with you and Susan?" Gina asked.

I nodded. "And I was kinda hoping Kendall could eat with us," I said. "So was Susan."

Kendall blushed prettily.

"D'you want me to go with you to ask your parents?" I asked her.

She quickly nodded, but then looked at Gina.

Instead of looking jealous, Gina grinned in reply.

"Okay," I said. "Gina, we'll meet you at Susan's in a few minutes."

"*Hopefully*, it'll be a we," Kendall added.

With that, we picked up our towels and other sunbathing paraphernalia (books, sunglasses, tanning oil, etc.) and headed up the hill.

Kendall's parents were sitting in lounge chairs when we reached the Winnebago. Adam was drinking a beer, and Kendall's mom had her eyes closed. When I saw her, I was reminded how much Kendall looked like her mother. Melissa had the same large breasts, but she was fuller than Kendall, the obvious effects of having children. She was still a beautiful woman, and if Kendall looked anything like her when she got older, she was going to be very attractive indeed.

I was nervous as we greeted her parents. Her mom lifted her sun visor and then smiled when she saw me. I smiled in return, then shifted my gaze to Kendall's father. I politely inclined my head to him and he

returned the gesture.

"Daddy," Kendall said respectfully, "Paul's mother is still in town, and he was going to eat dinner with Susan. He wanted to know if I could join them. May I?"

"You already ate lunch with them," he said. When his wife looked at him, he seemed to change his mind. "But I think it would be all right if you ate dinner there too," he said slowly, studying me for any reaction.

"Yes," Melissa said brightly, "that sounds like an excellent idea."

"Thank you, sir," I said to him, purposefully forgetting to call him by his name. When he cocked his head to the side, I smiled bashfully. "I'm sorry. Thank you, Adam."

"That's better, son," he said.

"Thank you, Daddy," Kendall added.

"You're welcome, baby," he said, smiling fondly.

"You kids have fun," his wife said cheerfully.

"Thank you," I said. "I'll make sure to have her home by midnight."

"I know you will, son," Adam said. "I know where you live."

For a moment, I began to panic. Then he smiled jovially and laughed at my expression. In return, I grinned sheepishly.

"Quit teasing the poor young man," Melissa said. Then she turned to Kendall and me. "You kids run along. You have fun now."

With that, Kendall and I said goodbye and turned to go.

"Now I *know* he likes you," she said when we reached the main camp road.

"I hope so."

"You'd better," she said playfully. "He's got a gun."

I looked at her sidelong, not daring to react more than that. Then she burst into laughter and hugged herself against my arm.

"You're so much fun to tease," she said.

"Um… thanks?"

✧ ✧ ✧

Dinner was incredibly enjoyable, even though all three women teased me good-naturedly. I bore it in good humor and tried to give as good as I got. To my amazement, the girls actually teased Susan about how relaxed she looked. We all knew the reason for it, but it surprised me that anyone mentioned it.

"What can I say?" Susan asked with a shrug. "He relaxes me."

"Yeah," Gina said wistfully.

"No kidding," Kendall said at the same time.

Then they all looked at one another and burst out laughing.

After we cleaned up our dinner dishes, we took our drinks and headed out to the courtyard. Susan lit two torches, filled with citronella oil to keep the bugs away, and we gathered around the wrought iron table. Susan and the girls did most of the talking while I was content to listen.

About ten o'clock, we heard voices nearing the courtyard, and looked up to see Mom and Elizabeth walk into the lighted area. I fetched chairs from the kitchen table and they joined us. Then they laughed as they told us about their day, describing their new dresses and talking about their trip in general.

Soon after, Gina, Kendall, and I took our leave. Before we reached the camp proper, I stopped and turned to them.

"Thanks for understanding about Susan," I said earnestly.

"She loves you too," Kendall said.

"I wish we could've all… um… you know," Gina said. "But I guess I understand." Then she turned to Kendall. "You know I'm not upset, don't you?"

"Yeah," Kendall replied. "I could tell you were disappointed, but I know you weren't mad at me. But thanks for saying so."

"Do you think we could… um… maybe slip away for a little while?" Gina asked. "Before we all have to be home?"

Kendall nodded enthusiastically.

"Slip away and do what?" I asked, trying not to grin.

"Slip away and thank us for being understanding," Gina said with feigned heat.

"Thank us how?" Kendall asked playfully.

"Long and hard," Gina said with an almost serious expression. "Long and hard."

"You don't think he's too worn out?" Kendall asked.

"C'mon, you two," I said with a chuckle. "I'll show you how worn out I am."

"Ooooh, Gina cooed, "he's in a lively mood."

"Just how we like him," Kendall replied saucily.

"Are you coming?" I asked, turning to head toward the lake.

"Hopefully," Gina said.

"Soon," Kendall added.

They giggled as we walked, but they certainly didn't tarry.

✧ ✧ ✧

Shortly before midnight, I dropped Kendall off at her camper. We weren't exactly hiding our three-way relationship, but we all knew it wouldn't be a good idea to be too obvious about it, especially around her parents. So Gina waited a short distance away while I delivered Kendall to her doorstep and kissed her goodnight. When she shut the screen door behind her, I turned to rejoin Gina. She linked her arm through mine and sighed contentedly.

"I'm going to miss you when we have to leave," she said at her cabin door.

"I'm going to miss you too. But we'll see each other as soon as I can convince my parents to let me fly over for the weekend."

"Do you think my parents'll let you spend the night in my room?" she asked excitedly.

"I dunno. Maybe."

"I hope so. I want to wake up with you."

"Mmmmm," I said. "Morning hard-ons and morning sex."

"Shhhhh," she hissed. "You'll make me horny again, and you know what'll happen then."

I nodded with a grin and kissed her goodnight.

When I finally climbed into bed, I was exhausted, both mentally and physically. What had begun as a fretful, trying day had turned out all right. I still didn't look forward to talking with Amy, or to Gina's family leaving for the summer, but at least I knew what I needed to do about both. Gina and I wouldn't have a repeat of the previous year's problems as long as we communicated and trusted each other.

And I knew I'd have to make the most of my final week with Kendall, which was sure to be bittersweet. I loved her as much as Gina, and as I drifted off to sleep, I vowed to make sure she knew it, mind, body, and soul.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Friday morning, I got up at my usual time and quietly slipped into my workout shorts. I still didn't like Friday workouts, because if I did things right (ab crunches), I felt nauseous afterward. *No pain, no gain,* I told myself as I headed outside to do my workout. I picked up the jump rope and began warming up.

I did my abdominal exercises and then worked my legs. After my legs, I did bent-over rows and several other back exercises. Once again, I picked up the rope to do my twenty-minute cool-down routine. Afterward, I mindlessly walked around in a circle, letting my breathing return to normal.

Neither Gina nor Kendall were up yet, so I took a quick shower and then headed down to the clubhouse. Not only was I queasy, but my calves were starting to quiver from my leg workout, so I picked up my pace. I'd learned that even though I felt sick to my stomach, I still needed to eat. Once I got some food in my stomach, I knew I'd feel remarkably better.

At the clubhouse, I decided against the standard bowl of cereal. Instead, I found a large mixing bowl and emptied the last half of the box of corn flakes into it (I'd given up Fruit Loops in favor of something a little healthier). I also finished off the last of our milk. Finally, I scrounged around, found some bread and cheese, and made four pieces of cheese toast.

When I picked up my food and looked for a place to sit, I spotted Jeremiah "Gunny" Kershaw. I grinned at the thought of such a gentle name applied to a grizzled character like Gunny. He looked up from his newspaper when I approached him.

"Hi, Gunny," I said. "Mind if I join you?"

"Not at all, Paul. Have a seat."

I sat down, smiled politely, and started shoveling food into my mouth. I tried not to wolf it down, but I knew I'd get a headache if I didn't get *something* in my stomach soon. I looked up when Gunny chuckled quietly.

"I used to be able to eat like that," he said. "Corps food's not the best food in the world, but they got lots of it."

I nodded and took another bite of cereal.

"But back then, I looked a lot more like you," he added, "all angles and hard muscle. And everything *else* worked like it was s'posed to," he said with a conspiratorial look. "Back then, I had girls chasing me two and three at a time, just like you do." He leaned forward and looked at me earnestly, fixing me with a parade-ground stare. "You really should think about joining the Marine Corps, Paul."

I noticed that he dropped the "young mister" from my name when we were alone. The old curmudgeon was probably adding it for the girls' benefit. Not that I minded, but I grinned when I realized what he'd been doing all along.

"Women love a man in uniform," he continued. "I'd be proud to salute you any day. Although as smart as you are, you'd be wasted as anything other than a sergeant."

I grinned in reply and took a bite of cheese toast.

"If you do join the Corps, remember this…" When I nodded to show I was paying attention, he continued. "Sergeants run the military. If you want something done, find the sergeant in charge. Don't waste your time finding an officer, he'll only have to find a sergeant. If you decide to become a swabbie like your father, no offense to him or other squids," he said with a grin, "petty officers are just like sergeants, only not quite as smart, since they didn't join the Corps in the first place!"

"I'll try to remember that," I said when we both stopped chuckling.

"I imagine it's the same in the civilian world, though," he said with a sigh. "There are men who do the thinking, and men who do the doing. Now, I'm not saying that the two don't mix, but that's just how I seen it. Susan says you work hard, but you're the kinda man who's good at the thinking part too, so make sure you got yourself a good sergeant, if you see what I'm getting at."

I nodded seriously.

Before he could say anything else, I looked up and saw Gina and Kendall walking toward us.

Gunny followed my glance and then smiled. "Well, it's Miss Gina and Miss Kendall," he said genially. "I was just telling young Mister Paul here about the value of a good sergeant."

They smiled graciously, though I was pretty sure they were both confused.

"I'll let you two have him now," he said with a grin and a wink.

When he stood, I followed suit. Then I held out my hand and gazed at him earnestly.

"Thanks for the advice, Gunny," I said.

"Maybe one day I'll salute you instead of shaking your hand," he said as he gripped my proffered hand.

"Maybe one day," I said.

With that, he nodded respectfully to the girls, folded his newspaper, and walked toward the door, humming the Marine Corps hymn as he went.

"What was that about?" Gina asked.

"He knows about the three of us," Kendall said, her voice almost panicky.

Gina forgot her question and looked at the taller girl. "How can you tell?" she asked.

"I dunno. Maybe it's just the way he treats us. Maybe it's something about the look in his eye. Maybe it's… I dunno. I just know. I can't explain it, but I can tell." Then she looked at me anxiously. "You don't think he'd tell my parents, do you?"

"No," I said, shaking my head. "He didn't say anything to me about knowing about us, but…" I shrugged. Kendall was far more perceptive than I probably ever would be. "I don't know how to explain it, but I don't think Gunny would do anything like that." I shrugged again. "This is gonna sound weird, but we're… um… well, we're friends, I guess."

As if that explained everything, Kendall nodded. I trusted her insight, and she, in turn, trusted my judgment about Gunny.

After that, Gina fixed herself a bowl of cereal. I was still hungry, so I fixed myself a couple of egg sandwiches (using the last of my family's eggs, of course). Kendall had eaten with her family, so she chatted while Gina and I ate. Mom, Elizabeth, Erin, and Leah came down after a while. Erin was wearing her bikini bottoms, and I wondered when she'd started her period. I guess I hadn't been paying much attention for the past couple of days.

As soon as Erin and Leah sat down, Drew entered the clubhouse, his preternatural "teenage girl" locator on high gain. Gina, Kendall, and I grinned at one another. Instead of letting the younger girls leave, Mom and Elizabeth invited Drew to join us. He politely pulled over a chair and sat down.

While Mom ate, she teased me a little about me demolishing our food supplies. In a fit of flippant helpfulness, I offered to drive to the grocery store and do the shopping. Every woman at the table, including the younger girls, looked at me in mild, amused shock. I felt my cheeks heating, but before I could retract the offer, Mom grinned and said she'd be happy to make me a list. Drew stared at me as if I were out of my mind, but I shrugged it off.

When Mom and Elizabeth headed back up to the cabins to get ready for their trip to Columbia, all the teenagers headed down to the lake. I hung back for a moment and gestured to Drew.

"You know," I said in a conversational tone, "women like a guy who's helpful."

"Women like to be told what to do," he said with a snort.

I couldn't help myself, and started laughing. *Just keep that attitude,* I thought, *and see how many women come running.* I think Drew was confused by my reaction, but I merely kept laughing.

He shook his head in bewilderment and jogged to catch up with Erin and Leah. Then Gina and Kendall hung back until I caught up with them. When they asked what I had been laughing about, I quickly explained.

"You see why I can't wait to move away from home?" Kendall asked. "He even tries to tell *me* what to do sometimes."

"I'll put a stop to that," I said seriously. "Real quick."

"Oh, Gina," Kendall said, a teasing note in her voice, "we have big, strong Paul to protect us. How fortunate we are. I might swoon."

Despite their laughter, they both smiled.

"One day," I said with feigned indignation, "you'll be happy I'm big and strong."

"Oh, we're happy *now*," Gina said.

"We just don't need you to protect us," Kendall added.

"Unless we get attacked by a serious case of horniness," Gina said with a smirk.

"Then you're our guy," Kendall said, smirking as well.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mom was evidently serious when she said she'd make me a grocery list. She and Elizabeth were going to take the Coulters' car to Columbia, so I could drive ours to town. She made me a list and handed it to me with an envelope full of cash. When I asked if Gina and Kendall could come along, she agreed, subject to Elizabeth's and Kendall's parents' approval.

Elizabeth agreed, and we went to ask Kendall's mom. Melissa actually seemed happy we were going. She made a list for Kendall, and gave her cash as well. We were laughing about doing the shopping for our two families until Gina's mom gave *her* a list too. I guess we all needed something from town, and our trip had quickly turned into a boon for three families.

While Mom and Elizabeth were getting ready, Gina, Kendall, and I hung out in the Coulter cabin. Mom had taken a bath in our cabin, but came up to the Coulters' to actually get ready. She and Elizabeth shared the bathroom with practiced ease, putting on make-up and fixing each other's hair.

Susan knocked on the screen door a little later. As she entered the cabin, she told us that Kara had called. She and Stacy were still in town and were planning to see a movie with Jason Goodwin. Gina perked up immediately at the mention of an unfamiliar name, so Susan explained who he was. I already knew a little about him, but not much.

According to Susan, he was a grad student at South Carolina, and worked for his father (Susan's accountant) in the summers. He was getting his MBA in finance, and was interested in cars. Susan certainly seemed to like him.

When Mom and Elizabeth came out to put on their dresses, Susan passed along Kara's message. Elizabeth nodded in understanding and asked Susan to keep an eye on Leah—and Erin, my mom added—while we were all gone.

"I'll see if they want to have lunch with me," Susan said cheerfully. "My house has just been *full* of people lately."

We all chuckled at her exuberance. Then Mom and Elizabeth put on their dresses. They weren't going to drive to Columbia in them—they were going to wear regular clothes and change into their fancy dresses before meeting Dad and Chris—but they wanted to show off a little in front of an appreciative audience.

Mom's dress was pale green with an iridescent pattern. It was sleeveless, and set off her bronze skin and sun-brightened blonde hair. On both sides, the dress was slit almost to the waist, and when she moved, we could almost see her ass. It hugged her figure from the waist up and her braless breasts swayed gently as she moved.

Elizabeth's dress was a plain white silk wrap. On the hanger it looked completely ordinary, but when she put it on, it was transformed. One side of the skirt was much higher than the other, and a healthy expanse of her left leg was exposed. The top was fairly loose, but it clung in all the right places. And with her Indian ancestry, we could easily see her dark nipples.

Much to my chagrin, she actually reached up and tweaked them until they were hard. They cast little shadows where they poked out, and the effect was mesmerizing. Not to be outdone, Mom reached up and pinched her own nipples, quickly pulling them to erection as well. Gina and Kendall grinned at me as I shifted in my seat.

Mom and Elizabeth then slipped into their high heels. While they turned, strutted, and showed off their outfits, the girls clapped and whistled. Each of the women was trying to ooze as much sex appeal as possible, and they were succeeding.

"Well, Paul," Mom said. "Give us a male opinion."

For a moment, I was struck speechless. Everyone laughed good-naturedly at my expression, but when they finally quieted, I shook my head in wonder.

"Dad and Chris are two *very* lucky guys," I said sincerely.

"So if you were my husband," Elizabeth asked, her clipped British accent a musical sing-song, "then you'd ravish me wildly?"

All the women laughed when I blushed furiously.

"What about me, Paul?" Mom asked.

I didn't think it was possible, but my blush deepened.

"Ladies," Susan chided, "we don't want to give poor Paul, ahem, too much stimulation."

"Sorry," Mom said, properly chastened, although she was still grinning broadly.

"Sorry," Elizabeth echoed. "We wouldn't want to give him a *hard* time."

While all the women giggled, I thought about anything *but* getting an erection. My cock was already half-hard, but I was resolved not to let it get stiffer.

"Now, now, ladies," Susan said with a mischievous grin, "let's not give Paul a *big* problem. That's not our job."

"Whose job is it?" Elizabeth asked artfully. "I mean, if I can't bring a man to attention with these," she said, cupping her breasts, "then I'm losing my touch."

"Elizabeth," Mom said, feigning shock, "you're so *evil*."

"You are," Susan added. "He's not after *your* tits, he's already got a pair of Coulter breasts."

"Two pairs," Elizabeth said with an outrageous grin. "He's had Kara's too."

"And Kendall's," Mom added.

Kendall joined me in blushing, but she was still grinning at my embarrassment.

"Are that many breasts good for a young man?" Susan asked.

"I don't know," Elizabeth replied. "Let's ask him."

I had to cross my legs to keep my sudden erection from springing up.

"Uh-oh," Susan said. "You've done it now."

"I didn't do anything," Elizabeth said.

"Me either," Mom added innocently.

They broke down into giggles again, with Gina and Kendall joining them. My face felt like it might spontaneously burst into flames, and they could all tell how hard my dick was, which only made them giggle more. I knew they weren't laughing *at* me, so much at their own antics, but it didn't make me quit blushing.

"I want you so bad right now," Gina whispered in my ear when she grew quiet.

When I looked at Kendall, her eyes were smoldering with desire.

As if reading their minds, Susan suggested that Gina, Kendall, and I head down to my family's cabin. Unfortunately, in order to walk out of the cabin, I'd have to stand up, which would make my erection even more obvious.

"It's okay, Paul," Susan said reasonably. "We've all seen it before."

"I haven't seen it before," Elizabeth said with a mock pout. "It's nice to be appreciated."

"It *is* nice to be appreciated," Mom agreed.

"And it's nice to know we haven't lost our touch," Elizabeth added. Then she looked down at her breasts. "Good girls," she said to them.

That raised another round of giggles.

Much to my consternation, Gina suddenly stood up and reached down to me. Kendall smirked and stood as well. Then Susan grinned and arched an eyebrow in challenge. Piqued, I threw decorum to the wind and stood up, my erection bouncing gently.

"*Very* nice," Elizabeth said.

Kendall looked a little shocked, but Gina grinned from ear to ear.

"Be kind to him, Elizabeth," Mom said.

"I *am* being kind to him," she replied with feigned innocence. "I like a man who'll stand up and be—"

"Run!" Susan urged with a grin. "While you still can. Quick! I'll distract them."

The cabin erupted into laughter as we practically bolted through the door, my erection leading the way.

"Good luck, Paul!" Elizabeth called out after us.

Once Gina, Kendall, and I got to my cabin, we were all over each other.

"I can't believe your mom, Gina" Kendall said, panting.

Gina was sucking on Kendall's left nipple, so she didn't answer. I leaned in to kiss Kendall, and her tongue hungrily sparred with my own.

"And *your* mom, Paul," she said when we broke the kiss. "She was having as much fun as the rest of us. She was even looking at your hard-on!"

"She knows a gorgeous dick when she sees one," Gina said as she sank to her knees. "Mmmmm, and so do I."

While I kissed Kendall, Gina wrapped her lips around my shaft and tried to swallow me whole. After several glorious minutes, I had both of them bend over the couch. I entered Gina first and fucked her for several minutes. Then I moved behind Kendall and slid my glistening shaft into her pussy.

In the heat of the moment, I completely forgot to roll a rubber over my dick, but I didn't care. I slammed my hips into her, driving my cock deep into her super-tight pussy. Gina fingered herself while she played with Kendall's pendulous breasts. For several minutes, I simply pumped into Kendall. Then I had her lie on the couch and spread her legs. She wrapped her arms around my neck as I jackhammered into her. At the last second, I remembered to pull out. With a groan, I shot my load all over her heaving stomach and breasts.

In a flash, Gina started licking up my pearly semen. Soon, she was between Kendall's legs, licking the older girl's pussy and making her writhe in ecstasy. My erection hadn't subsided at all, so I moved behind Gina and entered her in one swift motion. While she ate Kendall to two orgasms, I steadily rammed my cock into her.

I reached around and fondled her swaying breasts as I pounded into her, and she soon shuddered with an orgasm of her own. As she cried out in rapture, I slammed into her, grinding my hips against her ass as I did. With a grunt, I emptied my balls into her spasming pussy. Then I stood there for several long moments, simply gripping her hips and panting. Slowly, we collapsed in a heap on the couch.

"Wow," Kendall said when we'd all recovered a little.

"Yeah," Gina agreed.

"I can't believe your mothers," Kendall said, reviving our pre-sex conversation. "I mean, they were *both* teasing Paul."

"My mom's like that," Gina said. "Sometimes, she'll start teasing my dad in the middle of the afternoon, and I know that by dinnertime, he'll be ready to screw her silly."

"They do it in front of you?" Kendall asked, shocked.

"Not really, but I know when Mom's teasing him. And sometimes, I'll come back to the cabin and hear them in their room, screwing their brains out."

Kendall merely shook her head in wonder.

For a while, we lay together contentedly, the sweat of our exertions drying on our skin. But we soon decided to get cleaned up so we could drive to town. I showered with Gina first, then Kendall hopped in.

"Paul," she said seriously, when we heard Gina walk into the main part of the cabin, "you can't do that again, put your dick in me without a rubber, I mean. Not until I tell you. Promise me, okay?"

"Why?" I asked, confused. "I didn't come inside you."

"That doesn't matter," she said earnestly. "There's still sperm in your pre-come, and I could get pregnant."

"You're kidding?" I asked in shock.

She shook her head gravely.

"Why didn't you stop me?" I asked.

"I… I wanted you inside me so bad that… I guess I wasn't thinking."

"But what about our first time, at the quarry? Did you just find out about this pre-come thing?"

She looked down and wrung her hands. "I knew about it then," she said in a small voice. "But I wanted you inside me, so I decided to risk it. It was worth it, that time, but we can't do it again. Do you understand?"

In reality, I didn't. If she'd known she could've gotten pregnant our first time, even if I didn't come inside her, then why had she had sex with me? Did she *want* to get pregnant? *No, she didn't,* I admitted. If she did, she wouldn't have told me about it, or she would've simply told me she was on the pill. But still, it was putting both of us at risk, and I didn't like it. Not one bit.

"Don't be angry with me," she begged. "The odds against it are like a million to one, but I just don't wanna take the chance again, not if we don't have to. Not until…"

"Not until what?" I asked suspiciously.

"Not until right before my period, that's the safest time."

"How do you know?"

"I just know. Trust me. I know how my body works."

"You don't want to get pregnant?" I asked.

"Goodness, no. I love you with all my heart, and you'd make a great father, but I'm not ready to have children. I *am* only seventeen." Then she laughed. "I may be from Tennessee, but I'm hardly some dumb little country girl."

"Okay," I said at last. "I promise not to put it in you without a rubber."

"Actually," she said with a grin, "you just can't put it *down there* without a rubber."

I arched an eyebrow.

"I can't get pregnant by swallowing," she said with a grin as she sank to her knees.

The water turned cold soon after that, but we didn't care. Since I knew it would take longer—and since I didn't want her jaw to get tired—I stroked the base of my cock while she sucked the first few inches. Then I held the back of her head while I filled her mouth with semen. It wasn't as much as usual, since I'd already come twice, but she certainly didn't complain. When we finally stepped out of the shower, we were shriveled and a little chilly, but very happy.

✧ ✧ ✧

Shortly before lunch, we went up to Gina's cabin to see Mom and Elizabeth off. I helped them put their dress bags and a small overnight bag (with make-up and a few other things, they said) in the car. They were excited about seeing Dad and Chris, and we all grinned as they rushed to leave. Finally, they got into the car and backed onto the camp road. Amid waves and well wishes, they drove off.

As we all started to walk down the hill, I pulled Susan aside. For the past day, I'd been trying to think of something special to buy Gina and Kendall, sort of as going away presents. I guess I wanted something for them to remember me by. That morning, when I was shaving after my shower, I'd had a brilliant idea. Susan grinned as I told her about it. Then she gave me directions to a store in town.

I thanked her and jogged toward Gina, who was waiting for me a little further down the hill. Kendall had to eat with her family, so Gina made the two of us sandwiches. She had to use her family's bread, since I'd eaten the last of ours that morning. After we finished lunch, we went up to our cabins to get dressed. I pocketed all of the cash I had, and grabbed two rubbers, just in case.

Gina came down the hill wearing short shorts and a spaghetti-strap halter top. Her nipples were hard and clearly visible, and she looked delicious. I smiled lecherously as she pirouetted for my inspection. When Kendall arrived, both Gina and I stopped and stared. She was wearing a blue sundress that matched her eyes. The dress accentuated her flat stomach and showed off her breasts. Her hair was pulled back with barrettes and she was actually wearing a little makeup—eye shadow and lip gloss. She looked gorgeous, and she blushed when she saw our reactions.

"Don't say a thing about the makeup," Kendall said. "It was Mom's idea."

"You look *great*," I said sincerely.

Gina merely nodded.

"And I'm the luckiest guy in the world," I added.

With that, we got into the car—all in the front seat—and I carefully backed onto the road. Then I put the car into gear and we headed to town.

Before she left, Mom had given me a short lecture about being responsible and driving safely, but it wasn't necessary. This was the first time I'd be allowed to drive to town by myself, and I wasn't about to screw things up. Besides, we were all sated from our fun earlier, so we probably wouldn't be fooling around in the car.

During the trip, I paid attention to the speed limit and tried to drive carefully. The girls didn't even tease me about how serious I was being. But when I pulled off the main road through town and turned down a side road, they looked at me curiously.

"Before we go to the grocery store, I have a stop I want to make," I said.

"For what?" Gina asked.

"You'll see," I said cryptically. "It's a surprise."

When I pulled up to a jewelry store, they both stared at me in disbelief. I merely grinned and turned off the engine. When we entered, a middle-aged man looked up from the counter.

"Ah," he said, "you must be the young man Mrs. MacLean phoned about."

Gina and Kendall's curiosity deepened, but I didn't offer any explanation.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'm Paul Hughes." I held out my hand and he shook it.

"Donald Sebastian," he said. "It's nice to meet you Mr. Hughes. Mrs. MacLean explained a little about what you were looking for," he said, "but why don't you tell me in your own words."

"I'd like something for my girlf—" I cleared my throat to cover my multiple girlfriends slip. "Sorry. I'd like something for my lady friends," I amended. It sounded weird, but it was more or less the truth. Then I fingered the chain Gina had given me. "Something in this pattern."

He lifted his glasses and leaned forward to peer at it.

I obligingly stepped forward.

"Ah," he said. "Three plus one Figaro… sterling silver… a timeless, elegant pattern. Yes, sir, we have a wide selection to choose from. If you and the young ladies would like to step this way," he said, gesturing to another display case.

Then he pulled a large tray from the case and set it on the counter. It contained an array of bracelets, necklaces, and even longer chains.

"Paul," Gina whispered, "what are you doing?"

Instead of answering, I gestured for her and Kendall to precede me. Kendall wore an amazed expression as she stepped toward the tray of chains. Gina's eyes widened in disbelief, but I merely nodded toward the tray.

"Did you have something specific in mind, Mr. Hughes?"

"Whatever you think would look good," I replied. "Susan, I mean Mrs. MacLean said you'd be able to recommend something. She said I should rely upon your fine taste," I said, quoting her exactly.

"She's too kind," he said graciously. Then he turned to the girls. "We have a fine selection of bracelets, anklets, and chains of all lengths," he said.

Gina fingered the silver bracelet I'd already given her. Then she stepped forward and peered at the tray.

"Perhaps a bracelet, Miss?"

She quickly shook her head.

"An anklet is very elegant," he said, "and much less common. It's more exotic and alluring, in my opinion."

She nodded tentatively.

"Ah, excellent," he said. Then he selected a thin, silver chain and pulled it off its spindle. "Here you are, sir," he said, holding the chain out to me. "Would you like to do the honors?"

Gina grinned as I took it and knelt before her. She lifted one plain white Ked and pointed her toes. Her skin was so dark that the silver practically glowed.

"Oh, Paul," she breathed as she gazed at it. "It's beautiful."

"It is indeed, Miss," Mr. Sebastian said. "I've always thought an anklet was sometimes more stylish than

a bracelet. It draws the eye to the turn of the ankle, to the grace of the calf."

When I looked up at Gina, her eyes were glistening.

"I love it," she said.

"We'll take it," I said without hesitation. I had no idea how much it cost, but I wasn't about to ask. Susan had assured me that I had more than enough cash to buy the chains. But as a backup plan, she had an account with the jeweler. If the gifts were more than I could immediately afford, I could put them on her account and then pay her when I had enough money.

"It's beautiful," Kendall said when Gina modeled the anklet.

Gina simply nodded, speechless.

"Find something you like," I urged Kendall.

"Goodness," she said, "I wouldn't know where to start."

"Have you thought about a bracelet, Miss?" Mr. Sebastian asked. When Kendall shrugged noncommittally, he took one off another spindle and held it out to me.

I put it on Kendall's wrist and she held it at arm's length to admire it. I don't know how I could tell, but she didn't seem happy with it, despite that fact that she smiled graciously.

"Maybe an anklet?" I suggested helpfully.

When she nodded, I removed the bracelet and exchanged it for a longer chain from the jeweler. Then I knelt before her. As she held up her foot, I ran my hands along her shapely calf and she shivered. When I looked up, she grinned shyly. Then I put the anklet around her leg and fastened the clasp. Once again, she smiled graciously, but I could tell she wasn't happy.

"What else do you have in this pattern?" I asked as I stood up and handed the chain to the jeweler.

"We have longer chains," he said, indicating a large selection.

"What are these really long ones for?" Kendall asked, finally working up the courage to speak to him.

"Ah, Miss," he said, "those are waist chains. We rarely sell them, but with your height, and if you don't mind my saying so, with your figure, I think a waist chain would look exquisite."

"How do you wear it?" she asked, her eyes lighting up.

"You put it around your waist, hence the name," he said without a trace of sarcasm, "and it rests on your hips. A waist chain accents and enhances the female figure. And since it's normally not visible, it's a much more intimate piece of jewelry. Would you like to try one on?"

She nodded quickly.

He sized her up for a moment, selected one of the chains, and then he handed it to me. I grinned as I stepped close to Kendall and reached around her back. When I fastened the chain in front, she gazed down at it and sighed.

"It's beautiful," she breathed. When she looked up, her eyes gravitated to one of the other long chains. "What's the little thing on the end of that one?"

The jeweler held up a chain with a small silver bauble attached to one end of it.

"This chain is designed to fasten an inch or two above the pendant," he explained. "The pendant dangles and draws the eye…" He coughed into his hand softly. "Um… it draws the eye… ahem… lower."

Kendall's eyes positively glowed when she looked up at me.

"Would you like to try it, Miss?" he asked.

Without tearing her eyes from mine, she nodded.

In an instant, she removed the first one and fastened the second around her waist. The pendant did indeed draw the eye lower. As a matter of fact, it pointed directly at her pussy. She didn't say a word, but I knew it was the one she wanted.

"We'll take it," I said.

"Excellent choices, Mr. Hughes, ladies. May I show you anything else today?"

"No, thank you," I said.

"Of course, sir," he said. "Would you like those gift wrapped, or, as I suspect, would the young ladies prefer to wear them out?"

"Do we have to take them off?" Gina asked.

"Only for a moment, Miss, I assure you," the jeweler said.

Gina pouted a little, but it was mostly for show. When the girls handed the chains back to the jeweler, he simply removed the price tags. Then he handed Gina her anklet and passed the much longer waist chain to Kendall. For a moment, Kendall simply stared at it, dismayed. It took me a second to realize what the problem was. It was her dress.

"Do you have a restroom?" I asked the jeweler. "Or a changing room?"

"We have a restroom in the back," he said. Then he moved to open the half-door which led behind the counter. "You're welcome to use it, Miss," he said to Kendall.

"Thank you."

While the jeweler was writing up the sales receipt, Gina alternated between admiring her anklet and gazing at me. From her expression, I knew I'd have a very warm thank-you in my future.

"Paul?" Kendall called from the back. "Can you help me? I can't get it fastened."

If Mr. Sebastian noticed that Kendall asked for *my* help instead of Gina's, he didn't show it. He simply nodded to me and then gestured toward the half-door. Once in the restroom, Kendall looked at me with a forlorn expression.

"I have to use one hand to hold my dress up," she said, "but then I can't fasten the chain with the other."

"You know," I teased, "for being such a smart girl, sometimes you think too much."

She frowned for a moment. Then her face was obscured as I lifted the dress over her head. I tried not to grin as she blinked in surprise. She was wearing plain, pale blue panties, her sandals, and nothing else. I hung the dress on a hook on the back of the door and quickly knelt in front of her.

"What're you doing?!" she hissed once she recovered her composure.

"I'm helping you," I said simply.

"By taking my clothes off?"

I nodded roguishly and took the chain from her slack fingers. When I reached around her to grasp the other end, I gently kissed her smooth belly. She flinched and tried to push me away. It was a half-hearted attempt, so I merely smiled up at her.

She hissed when I fastened the chain. Evidently, it was chilly, but it quickly warmed from the heat of her body. I took the opportunity to admire the chain. The pendant hung several inches below her belly button, and pointed straight at her pussy. In a fit of playfulness, I grasped the sides of her panties and whisked them down her legs.

"Paul! What're you doing?!" She tried to keep her voice low, but she was too surprised to manage it.

"Shhhh. Relax."

"Stop it."

Instead of stopping, I drew the soft fabric over her calves.

"Paul, don't," she begged.

She tried to keep her feet on the ground, but I picked them up, one at a time, and slid her panties off.

"Why?" I asked with a wry grin. "You look better this way." The pendant nestled at the top of her pubic hair and the chain made her waist seem even slimmer, accenting the flare of her hips. "The chain leads to the promised land," I said, then planted a kiss on her mons.

"Paul, you can't."

"Why not?" I asked, planting another kiss on the soft hair of her pussy.

"Stop," she begged. "You'll get me hot."

"You're already hot," I said. I kissed her again. "Mmmmm, I like."

She tried to push me away, but I gripped her hips and inhaled the scent of her growing arousal. Unfortunately, I knew we really couldn't do more than we already had, but I was enjoying teasing her. When I stood, I smirked and then kissed her fiercely.

"May I please have my panties back?" she asked. "*Please?*"

Instead of giving them back, I folded them up and slipped them into my back pocket.

"Paul, please?! I can't go back out there without my panties."

"Sure you can," I said, reaching for her sundress. "No one but me will know."

"Paul, I can't. What if someone sees?"

"No one'll see," I assured her. "But I'll know you're naked under your dress, and I like that."

We argued for a minute more, but Kendall knew it was a losing proposition. Finally, she put on her dress.

"By the way," I said, leaning close and pressing my body against hers, "you look absolutely gorgeous with just the chain on."

"Really?"

"Mmm hmm," I said, nodding sincerely. "You have no idea how tough it was not to simply jump you, right here, right now."

Her eyes flew wide.

I nodded. "You're lucky I didn't. I wanted to suck on your clit until you were nice and wet, and then slide my cock into your tight little pussy. I can't wait to fuck you while I'm gripping your hips and holding the chain."

"Paul!" she breathed. She tried to frown, but I could tell that the idea excited her.

I kissed her soundly, and she melted against me.

"Oh, my goodness," she whispered brazenly. "You make me so hot and wet."

"Good," I said, taking her hand and placing it against the front of my cut-offs.

Her eyes widened when she felt the bulge of my erection.

"'Cause you make me incredibly hard."

"Are you sure we can't… um… you know?" she asked with a shy grin. "We can make it quick."

"We can't. We've already been in here too long."

Reluctantly, she nodded. Then she looked up. "I… I love you," she said quietly.

"I love you too," I replied. Then I kissed her softly, tenderly.

When I cupped her ass and pulled her hips against me, the fabric slid over her smooth bottom. Then I lifted her dress and pressed my palms against her bare skin. When I spread her cheeks, she whimpered. Finally, we broke the kiss and she turned to look in the mirror. I kissed her neck and then we made sure we were both presentable. Finally, I opened the door.

"Sorry," I said smoothly, "the clasp got caught on her dress."

"Certainly," the jeweler replied.

Gina looked at us a little funny when she saw Kendall's flushed expression, but didn't say anything. Thankfully, Susan had been right. I *did* have more than enough cash to pay for the chains. As Mr. Sebastian handed me my change, I took the two black velvet boxes that the chains *would've* been wrapped in, if the girls hadn't wanted to wear them out of the store. We thanked him and he told us to say hello to "Mrs. MacLean."

Once we were in the car, both girls thanked me profusely. Then Gina interrogated us on what had been going on in the bathroom. In marginally scandalized tones, Kendall told her what had happened. I merely smirked and tried to pay attention to my driving.

"So he's still got your panties?" Gina asked.

"He wouldn't give them back," Kendall half-whined, trying to pull her skirt lower.

She might have complained about being sans panties, but I could tell that it excited her. When we got to the grocery store, she begged me to return her panties, but I wouldn't relent. Finally, she quit trying to persuade me and simply got out of the car. Gina and I grinned at each other and followed suit.

All through the grocery store, I would periodically reach under Kendall's dress when no one was around. Each time, she stood stock-still and let me play with her. Gina got a little jealous, so I made sure to slither my fingers into her shorts whenever I could.

At one point, I knelt in front of Kendall, lifted her skirt and began tonguing her pussy. She cried out in astonishment and alarm, but I knew Gina would warn us if we were in danger of being spotted. With a final teasing lick, I lowered Kendall's skirt and stood.

In the cleaning supplies aisle, no one was in sight, so I had both girls bend forward as I teased their

slippery pussies. Unfortunately, we heard someone coming around the end of the aisle and I had to quickly withdraw my hands. While the girls tried to look innocent, I licked their juices from my fingers and grinned mischievously.

The rest of the trip through the grocery store was hurried, since we wanted to get to the relative privacy of the car as soon as we could. Gina had a noticeable wet spot at her crotch, and Kendall squirmed whenever she stood still. In addition, anyone who looked closely would've seen the lump in my pants. By the time we rang up each family's groceries and loaded the car, we were all ready to explode.

"We've got to find someplace to screw," Gina said as we pulled out of the parking lot.

Kendall nodded emphatically. Then she grew concerned. When she looked at me, I could tell what she was thinking. Instead of saying anything, I merely reached into my pocket and pulled out the two foil packets. Her broad answering smile made my dick swell further.

"Where can we go?" Gina asked. "Do you know anyplace?"

I shook my head.

"We've got to go somewhere," she said in growing desperation.

"There's lots of places to stop on the way back to camp," Kendall said. "How about that abandoned bowling alley?"

"Too close to town," I said, shaking my head.

"What about the barn?" Gina asked hopefully. "You know, the one by the place that sells honey."

"Too close to the place that sells honey. That's someone's house," I said.

"Oh."

While I drove, the girls thought about it. I had to shift in my seat to let some of the pressure off my erection, and Gina wasn't making things any better. She was trying to get me to simply pull over by the side of the road and fuck them. I may have been overwhelmed by a hormonal fog, but I wasn't dumb enough to try *that*.

When I wouldn't pull over, Gina tried to get me to take off my pants. I vividly remembered careening across the roadway the last time I'd let her suck me while I was driving, so I demurred. She was too horny to be disappointed for long, but I was a little surprised when she simply started taking off her clothes. She began rubbing her pussy furiously, her eyes closed and her head resting on the back of the seat. Kendall and I merely looked at each other in astonishment, but I could tell that she was pretty worked up as well.

"Take your clothes off too," I directed her. "I want to see your body."

In a flash, the blue sundress was over her head and in a heap on the back seat.

"Oh, thank God," Gina said, half in exasperation, half in excitement.

Without even asking the older girl, Gina slid to the floorboard and put her head between Kendall's thighs. Kendall looked at me in astonished amusement. Then she spread her legs and smiled blissfully as Gina began to lick and suck. I tried to concentrate on my driving, but it was extremely difficult, especially when Kendall put her feet on the dashboard and began moaning softly. With one hand, I popped the snap on my cut-offs and lowered the zipper. It was a bit of a struggle, but I extracted my erection and began to stroke it slowly.

Before I knew it, we were at the stop sign where we needed to turn left, toward the camp. I stopped too quickly, but the girls didn't seem to notice. Kendall tensed up as Gina's tongue finally drove her over the edge. Gina kept licking and sucking, and soon moaned as her own climax approached.

When we finally turned down the sandy road to camp, I was ready to burst. I drove until the main road was safely out of sight and then stopped the car. Without even turning the engine off, I got out and went around to the passenger side. The girls got on their knees in front of me and took turns sucking my dick. In less than a minute, I felt the first twinges of orgasm, so I wrapped my fist around the base of my shaft and pumped.

Gina tried to get her lips around my glans, but I exploded before she could. The first spurt blasted across her cheek. The second hit her chin and dripped onto her breasts. She got her lips around me for the final spurts and then moaned as my come gushed over her tongue. When I finished squirting, she milked my dick with her lips, sucking out the last of my seed. Then she wiped up the escaped fluid with her fingers and

licked them clean.

Finally, I tucked my shiny, red, deflated member back in my underwear and zipped up my shorts. Gina and Kendall stood, dusted off their knees, and reached into the back seat for their clothes. Grinning at each other, we made sure we were presentable and then got back in the car.

Once we reached the camp proper, we dropped off Kendall at her camper and helped unload groceries. Next, Gina and I drove to the clubhouse to put away our families' food. After we parked the car behind our cabin, we stripped off our clothes. Gina took a moment to admire her new anklet. Then she flowed into my arms and laid her head against my chest.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "You *are* the man who makes my heart go pitter-pat."

We stood in silence for a few minutes, happy in each other's embrace.

"Kendall and I will thank you properly," she said, "later tonight."

"Mmmmm, I'm looking forward to it," I replied. "Now c'mon, let's grab her and head down to the lake. I wanna cool off."

At the Winnebago, Kendall's mother practically gushed over the waist chain I'd bought for her daughter. None of us mentioned that I'd gotten a matching anklet for Gina. I don't know what Kendall's parents thought about our relationship, but we were content to let them think that Kendall was my girlfriend and Gina was simply Kendall's friend. It was a half-truth, but one that the Paytons seemed to willingly turn a blind eye toward.

At the lake, Erin, Leah, and Drew were on the raft, and Susan was lying in a lounge chair talking to Kara and Stacy. When she saw us, she stood and grinned. Since she'd helped me plan the trip to the jeweler, she knew to look for the chains. She smiled when she saw Gina's anklet, but her eyes lit up when she spotted Kendall's waist chain.

"Very nice, ladies," she said.

"Thank you," they said in unison.

"Paul has excellent taste, in jewelry *and* in women."

We pulled lounge chairs next to Susan's and spread out our towels. Kara and Stacy both smiled tiredly as we sat down.

"How was the movie?" I asked conversationally.

To my surprise, the older girls merely looked at each other and giggled.

"What?" I asked no one in particular. "What movie did you see?"

That only made them giggle harder.

I looked at Susan, bewildered.

"They didn't exactly make it to the movies," she said. "It's a long story."

Stacy suddenly sobered and looked a little anxious.

"Paul?" Susan asked. "Stacy brought back some flowerpots and potting soil. Would you help her get them out of her car?"

"Now?"

"If you don't mind."

Gina started to ask if I wanted some help, but at a look from Susan, she changed her mind.

"Sure," I said, a little confused. "No problem."

Stacy looked at me apprehensively, then turned to Susan. At Susan's reassuring nod, she stood up. I stood as well, thoroughly mystified, and we walked up the hill together.

"Did you have fun in town?" I asked.

She nodded silently.

"What was so funny, before?"

"Um… it's a long story."

"Oh. If you don't wanna tell me, that's okay."

"It's not that I don't wanna tell you," she said earnestly. "It's just…"

Nervously, she started talking about how different our lives were. We had talked about most of it before, so I was a little confused about why she'd bring it up again. She told me she loved me, and she always

would, but…

"But what?" I asked.

"Oh, Paul," she pleaded quietly. "Please don't be mad."

"Mad about what?" I asked, concern coloring my voice. To my surprise, she actually shied away.

"You know I love you…," she said.

I nodded, but she didn't continue. Instead, she fretfully shifted from foot to foot.

"I…" When she looked up, she had tears in her eyes. "You promise you won't be mad?"

Instead of saying anything, I stepped forward and pulled her into my arms. She resisted at first, but then relented.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered. "I didn't think it would be this hard."

"You didn't think *what* would be this hard?"

"Something I have to tell you," she said, sniffling. "Susan and I talked about it. I didn't want to tell you, but she thinks I should." When she pulled back, her cheeks were wet, but she wasn't really crying. "But…"

"I promise," I said, "I won't be mad at you. You know me better than that, don't you?"

She sniffled, nodded, then wiped her cheeks.

"Okay, now what do you have to tell me?"

"I didn't mean for it to happen," she said, almost sullenly. "It just did. I mean, I've known him for a while, but… well… there was Kara… and she… um…"

"Is this about that guy… what's his name? Jason something? Goodrich? Goodman?"

"Goodwin," she said. Then she lowered her eyes and nodded. "I didn't mean for it to happen," she repeated.

"Did he do something to you?" I asked, my voice dangerously calm.

She looked up suddenly. "No! He didn't do anything." Then her face lit up. "He's a great g—" Suddenly, she looked down again. "I know we weren't a couple or anything," she said. "You and me, I mean. But…"

I may be a little dense sometimes, but I could figure out where this conversation was headed.

"This is all *Kara's* fault," she said. She tried to sound petulant, but I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing.

"Why don't you tell me about this Jason guy?" I suggested reasonably. "If he's good enough for you, I won't be mad. But if he doesn't treat you right, I'll have to hurt him. Bad."

For a moment, she looked worried. But then she glanced up and saw the smile on my face. She smiled in return, shyly.

I turned us toward Susan's house and put my arm around her. While we walked, she told me about Jason Goodwin. He was a big guy, quite a bit taller than me, but softer. He was strong, she said, just not as well defined as I was. He wasn't that old, only twenty-three, but he was starting to go bald. Stacy didn't care about that, she said, since it made him look cute.

She'd met him at the end of the previous summer and then saw him again when he came home for Christmas break. Her boss, Bill, had invited her to a party at his house, and, of course, Jason was there. After the holiday break, Jason had returned to school in Columbia. She hadn't seen him again until the beginning of the summer, when he'd come home to work at his father's firm. They'd worked together all summer and gotten to know each other better.

More recently, when Stacy and Kara had run their errand for Susan (the day before), Stacy's car had broken down. Jason not only got the car running, he followed them back to Stacy's trailer to make sure it didn't stall again. On top of that, he went to the auto parts store, bought a new part, and fixed the car.

Kara—being the devious girl that she is, according to Stacy—offered to thank Jason by taking off her shirt. She then coaxed Stacy to do the same. And while Stacy didn't go into detail about what happened next, I could imagine what kind of mischief Kara was capable of inciting. Needless to say, they missed their afternoon movie. Evidently, Jason had had a secret crush on Stacy since he'd first met her.

Whenever she talked about him, her eyes grew soft and she smiled absently. He was a big guy, she repeated, and big "in *lotsa* ways," she emphasized. But he didn't hurt her like Randy had. Despite his size—

or perhaps because of it—he was a gentle guy, she said. So Jason, Kara, and Stacy had "just, you know, hung out for a while."

"Hung out, huh?" I asked, grinning.

"Well, what was I supposed to do? Kara was taking off her clothes, and I was… well… you know…" Then she looked up bashfully. "Can't I have a little fun too?"

"With Jason?"

She glanced up quickly, her eyes beseeching me to understand.

"Do you really like him?" I asked softly.

"You're not mad?"

"Not if you're happy. Although, if he ever hurts you, I'll have to kill him."

Once again, it took her a second to realize I was teasing. Mostly. "I really like him," she whispered, looking down.

Then she stood motionless, expecting… Well, I don't know what she was expecting. I lifted her chin and smiled when she tentatively made eye contact.

"You're not mad?" she asked again.

"I'm not mad," I said, shaking my head. "All I've ever wanted is for you to be happy." Then I shrugged. "For a while, I'd hoped you could be happy with me." It wasn't *strictly* true, but I knew it would make her feel better. "But Susan knew better than both of us that our lives were in two different places."

"Yeah. I'll always love you," she said. "But… well… I really like Jason." She looked up, her eyes bright. "He's got a part-time job at the same company I'll be working for in Columbia. And he said he'll show me around campus, and tell me which professors are good. And he's gonna help me with my classes, since he's taken most of them already. He said he'd fix up my car and make sure it's running right, and…"

She talked excitedly while we moved the flowerpots and bags of soil into Susan's courtyard. As we did, I got more than an earful about Jason Goodwin. Listening to her, and the emotion she unconsciously showed, I decided that I liked him. If he could make her happy, then he was okay in my book.

"And you know what?" she said suddenly.

"What?"

"I think Susan set this whole thing up."

"Set what up?" I asked, confused.

"Me, Jason, working for his father. I think she set it *all* up."

"What makes you say that?"

"I dunno," she said. "I just think she had all this planned. She gets this smug look on her face when one of her schemes works out. And let me tell you something, she sure looked smug when Kara and I got back to camp today."

"I know *exactly* what look you're talking about. And I think you may be right."

"I *am* right. She's sneaky."

"And she loves us," I said. When her eyes misted over, I spread my arms and she rushed into them. I held her tight and then lifted her feet off the ground. "I'm so happy for you, Stace," I said.

"Thank you." She squeezed my neck and then kissed my cheek.

"This is gonna sound kinda weird," I said, setting her on her feet once again, "but I kinda think of you as a big sister."

"You wouldn't do the things you've done to me if I were your sister," she said with a grin.

"I dunno," I teased. "You *are* really sexy." I reached for her playfully but she batted my hand away.

"Paul," she said seriously, "thank you for understanding about the two of us, and about Jason."

"I'm just glad you're happy," I said. When she smiled broadly, I draped my arm over her shoulder. "Now, let's get back down to the lake," I said. "I wanna cool off."

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We spent the rest of the afternoon at the lake. Gina and Kendall wanted to hike to the quarry for Gina's last day in camp, so we made plans for the trip. When I told them about what Stacy and I had talked about,

they both seemed happy for the older girl. Curiously, Kendall was even more pleased than Gina. For their part, Stacy and Kara spent time with Susan. From the animated way Stacy was speaking, I'm sure they were talking about Jason.

A little later, Drew and the younger girls wanted to play Marco Polo, so we got a game going. I think he was enjoying trying to grab Erin and Leah more than he was enjoying the game itself. The younger girls seemed more than happy for the attention. And while they provided a convenient distraction, I managed to fondle Gina and Kendall a couple of times. They playfully pushed me away, but I could tell that they were enjoying themselves as well.

When we finally climbed out of the lake, waterlogged and exhausted, Susan and Stacy fixed dinner for all of us: fried chicken, mashed potatoes, fresh green beans, sweet corn, biscuits, and homemade peach cobbler for dessert. It looked so good that I didn't even glare at Susan when she fixed me a small bowl of peas. She chuckled mischievously when she set them next to my plate.

Kendall had to eat with her family, but she came down to Susan's house afterward. While Susan, Stacy, and Kara stayed to chat in the courtyard, the rest of us teenagers went down to the lake. Drew joined us, of course, and we ended up sitting in a big circle talking about everyday teenager stuff.

Erin and Leah gushed about Gina's anklet and Kendall's waist chain. Each time one of the girls said something about the chains, they would look at Drew. Unfortunately for them, I don't think he made the connection. After a while, Kendall and I walked up the hill to ask her parents if she could hike to the quarry the following day. Her mother seemed enthusiastic about it, and even her father smiled when we made our request.

Later that evening, my parents and the Coulters returned. They all looked tired, but happy. Erin and I were glad to see Dad, and the Coulter girls were definitely happy to see their father. Dad had brought back loaves of sourdough bread from San Francisco and some weird Japanese soft drink from Seattle. He had a six-pack, so there was a drink for each of us teenagers. In addition, Chris Coulter had a case of Champagne, which he asked me to carry down to Susan's house.

When I returned, they were all walking down the hill toward the clubhouse. Once there, Gina's and my parents relaxed on the couches. Gina and I took the opportunity to ask them about hiking to the quarry.

"It's our last day in camp," Elizabeth said. "And your dad just got home."

"Unnnnh," Gina half-whined. "Mom! It's my last day with Paul."

"Uh-uh," her mother warned. "No whining, young lady. What I was *going* to say," she said, enunciating each word, "was that we're having a party at Susan's house tomorrow night. It's a going away party and… a celebration." She looked slyly at her husband and then at my parents.

"Sorry, Mom," Gina said.

"That's better. Now, if you hike to the quarry tomorrow, you'll need to be back *in camp* by five o'clock. Do you understand?"

Gina nodded.

"Good," Elizabeth said. Then she turned to Kendall. "Kendall, dear, we'd like to invite you and your family to come tomorrow night. I know it's short notice, but Chris and I hope you can be there. Tell your father that my barbarian husband is planning to grill huge hunks of dead cow," she said with a wry grin. "So we'll have more than enough steaks for everyone."

"Thank you very much," Kendall said politely. "I'll ask my parents."

Gina, Kendall, and I headed out a few minutes later, shortly before ten o'clock. We went to Kendall's Winnebago first. Her parents were sitting outside, playing cards on their folding picnic table. When Kendall relayed Elizabeth's invitation, they readily accepted.

"Do we need to bring anything?" her mother asked.

"Elizabeth didn't say," Kendall answered with a shrug.

"I'll talk to her tomorrow."

After that, we stopped by my cabin to retrieve a pair of condoms and a blanket. Then we headed toward the nature trail. Unfortunately, we heard voices when we approached, so we quietly turned around.

"Where else can we go?" Kendall asked.

"We'll find someplace," I said with assurance.

Since it was already dark, we ended up near the spillway from the feeder lake into the swimming lake. It was a much larger spillway than the exhaust streams, and consequently, it was louder. Even though we were pretty much in the open, it was already dark, and with the noise from the low waterfall, we'd have a modicum of privacy.

Since we'd all had an exhausting day, none of us were really in the mood to fool around. The girls thanked me again for their chains as we sat in a close circle. After a while, we talked about Gina going home.

I'd been nervous that she might ask me not to have sex with Kendall, which I knew would cause problems. If Kendall was supposed to be an equal part of our relationship, then it wouldn't be fair of Gina to make a request like that. Fortunately, she didn't. She knew we were going to have sex, since it would be our last week together, and she was fine with it. Oddly enough, I think she was most upset that she wouldn't get to watch and join in. Kendall looked relieved as the two of them talked about it.

We also talked about going to see Kendall in Knoxville, if we could. She said we could spend the night in her dorm room, as long as her (as yet unknown) roommate was cool. She'd been to Knoxville many times with her family, for football games, so she could show us around campus. Gina and I promised to try and make it to UT to see her.

We also talked some more about after the summer, but in more general terms. I told the girls about wrestling practice, and how much I looked forward to getting back on the mat. They teased me about wanting to roll around with other guys, but I didn't take it to heart. They both knew how serious I was about being a good wrestler.

"Just pay attention to your grades," Gina chided gently.

"Yes, ma'am."

After that, we talked about Gina's classes and her friends. She was looking forward to seeing Lisa and telling her about the summer.

"I bet I know what *else* you want to do when you see Lisa," I said.

Kendall looked confused, so Gina quickly explained about her relationship with the other girl.

"You really *do* like girls as much as guys," Kendall said.

"Mmm hmm. But that makes me better at going down on a girl," Gina replied saucily. "A skill which *you* seemed to benefit from this afternoon."

Kendall gasped and suddenly looked down.

"That's what I thought," Gina said, a smile in her voice. "Seriously, I like the taste as much as the feel. I mean, this is gonna sound weird, but when I taste another girl, it makes me tingle and all."

"What's it like?" Kendall asked.

"The tingling?"

"No… the taste. I've tasted it before, when Paul's kissed me, but I guess I never really paid attention. So, what's it like when you… um… you know?"

"When I lick your pussy?" Gina asked impishly.

"Gina!" Kendall hissed.

"Well, that's what I'm doing."

"But do you have to say it that way?" Kendall asked.

"She could say muff diving," I interjected.

"Eating fur pie," Gina added.

"Box licking."

"French culture."

"Slit licking."

"Carpet—"

"Okay!" Kendall cried. "I give up. Eating pussy. I said it, okay?"

Gina and I grinned unrepentantly.

"So," Kendall asked shyly, "what's it like?"

"Your lips, the lower ones, I mean, are warm, and smooth on the inside," Gina said. "And your pubic hair tickles a little, like something brushing my face lightly, but I forget about that as soon as I get my first taste."

"What's it taste like?" Kendall asked.

"It's hard to describe, really. I mean, if you had to describe it, what's Paul's come taste like?"

"Yeah, I see what you mean."

"So it's kinda like that," Gina said, nodding. "I mean, what can I compare it to?" She shrugged. "It's… tangy… and maybe a little salty too… kinda sweet, but not too much. But different girls taste different."

"What's it like when you… you know… when you lick it?"

Gina described the sensations of licking a hard clit, the feeling of flicking her tongue up under the protective hood. While Gina was talking, Kendall lay down and propped herself on one elbow. With a grin that only Gina could see, I lay behind her and scooted close. As Gina described what it was like to suck the inner lips, I felt Kendall reach back. I guided her hand to my burgeoning erection and she began stroking it.

"And there's this little spot," Gina said, "that's right inside your pussy, I don't know what it's called, but—"

"I think it's the g-spot," Kendall said excitedly, leaning forward. She never relinquished her grip on my manhood, however.

"The what?"

"It's the g-spot," Kendall repeated. "I've read about it, but I never really realized where it was."

"I know where it is," I whispered in her ear.

"He does," Gina said. "And I do too."

Then Gina went on to describe how she liked to insert two fingers into a girl and gently press that inner spot, the g-spot.

"I kinda like it too," Kendall said bashfully.

"It feels really good when I stick my fingers in," Gina said. "It's all warm and tight, but soft and smooth. Except for being able to hit that spot, the g-spot, I like Paul's dick better, since it's thicker."

"Mmmmm, me too," Kendall said dreamily.

I quietly reached behind me and groped for one of the rubbers. I tore it open with my teeth and then pulled my dick out of Kendall's grasp. She moaned softly while I fumbled and tried to roll the recalcitrant sheath over my erection. When I finally got it situated, I lifted Kendall's leg.

She reached between her thighs and guided my shaft. I had to move a little, to get the right angle, but my crown was soon pressing against her labia. She held herself open for me as I gently probed her opening. Gina grinned as she watched me slowly slide my cock into Kendall, who merely whimpered as I stretched her tight opening. I got the first few inches inside her and then stopped.

She rolled her shoulders to the blanket and I leaned in to kiss her as I slid my cock back a little. Her breathing grew ragged as I slowly worked myself into her snug pussy. Gina didn't want to be left out, so she lay facing Kendall, sixty-nine fashion. Kendall sighed softly when she felt Gina's hot breath on her pussy.

Gina was careful to keep her lips and tongue away from the foul-tasting latex of my rubber, but she had more than enough room to lick and suck Kendall's clit. While I slowly spread her open with my cock, Gina licked her pussy. Between us, Kendall whimpered softly and sought my lips with her own.

Gina slowly worked herself toward release, fingering her own pussy while she ate Kendall. I gripped Kendall's hip for leverage and then fucked her with measured, steady strokes. Surprisingly, Gina came first, shuddering and crying out softly.

Since I'd already come several times during the day, and since the rubber decreased some of the sensations, Kendall came before I did. As usual, she was nearly silent. Her internal muscles clenched and she arched her back in ecstasy. I plowed into her, speeding my pace and forcing myself into her gripping pussy. In only a few moments, I arched my back and filled the rubber.

Afterward, we all lay entangled and panting for several minutes. Then Gina suggested we take a swim to cool off. We picked up our blanket and walked around to the lounge chairs. On a whim, I left the rubber on my slowly shrinking member, which felt a little funny. When we set our towels down, I stripped it off and

carefully tucked it back into the foil wrapper. I tossed it into one of the trashcans on the shore and then returned to the girls.

We waded into the shockingly cold water and slowly swam out to the center of the lake. Once there, we all floated on our backs and gazed up at the stars. There was a new moon out, so it didn't overpower the motes of light filling the sky. Despite the chill of the water, it was extremely relaxing.

Reluctantly, we swam back to shore and walked up the hill. I told Gina I'd meet her at my cabin and then walked Kendall home. As we kissed goodnight, outside the circle of light from her camper, she led my fingers to the bauble at the end of her waist chain.

"This is the chain that binds me to you," she said. "As long as I wear this, you'll always own my heart. And I don't ever plan to take it off."

I kissed her again and her tongue darted into my mouth. When I cupped her ass, she ground her hips against me. Although I'd already come several times, I felt my penis stir.

"Mmmmm," I breathed as we broke the kiss. "The chain also leads to the promised land," I said, repeating my earlier comment.

"It leads to *your* promised land. You'll always be my first."

We kissed again, tender and sweet, but we both knew she had to go. For that matter, *I* had to go. I'd hate to come home late and be grounded right before Gina's last day in camp.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too. I'll see you tomorrow morning."

"Early," she said. "I've… I've got a surprise for you tomorrow."

"Oh?" I asked, curious even though I *needed* to leave.

"It's a surprise, for tomorrow."

With that, she kissed me again and then pulled away. I watched until she closed the camper door behind her. Then I ran all the way to my cabin. Once I got there, it was deserted, so I jogged up the hill to the Coulter cabin. My entire family was there, and everyone looked up when I came in.

"It's tough with two girlfriends, isn't it son?" my father teased.

I don't know if everyone was laughing at his words or my expression.

"Well," Gina said, gesturing for me to join her, "*this* girlfriend thinks he's doing an excellent job."

Everyone clapped and whistled good-naturedly as I made my way through the cabin's crowded sitting area. Gina rose from her seat and gestured for me to occupy the chair. I wasn't about to take a seat from a lady (I was raised better than that), but she insisted.

"Will you sit *down*, you adorable goof," she demanded, "so I can sit on your lap?"

"Oh," I said simply, to an accompaniment of teasing catcalls.

Our families talked for almost an hour, though it was after midnight. Chris steadfastly refused to answer any questions about his trip, even from his daughters. His meeting went very well, he said, and he'd tell us the rest at the party. I got the feeling that Mom and Dad already knew what his trip had been about, and they seemed curiously excited.

When my family finally headed down the hill to our cabin, I was exhausted. I knew I'd have to get up early to get ready for our hike, but I already felt twinges of excitement. My anticipation was tempered with regret, since it would be my last day with Gina, but we'd known this day was coming. I silently vowed to start persuading my parents to let me travel to Charleston as soon as I could. It wouldn't be soon enough, but I didn't know what else I could do.

I thought about it for a while, but I just didn't see how I'd be able to see Gina more than once a month, if that. We could spend more time together during Christmas break, but I didn't know if it would be enough for either of us. Also, I worried about how we would both stay faithful. She, at least, would have Lisa, Kara, and Leah as outlets. I would have… my right hand. Somehow, that just didn't seem fair. Worse, I wanted to spend time with Kendall, but traveling to see both of them would quickly run me ragged. With an effort of will I curtailed that line of thinking and pulled the sheet up to my chin. Finally, I drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

The next morning, I woke up later than I wanted, but still early enough. As I lay in bed, I decided to skip my workout. In my mind, I went over what I wanted to take with us, and how I wanted to pack it all. As I was mentally preparing, a soft moan interrupted my train of thought.

Great, I thought. *Mom and Dad are having sex, and I won't be able to leave until they're done.*

Then I silently laughed at myself. There had been a time when I would've eagerly rolled over to watch. I might've even jerked off while I peered over the edge of my bunk. But to my jaded sixteen-year-old mind, watching Mom and Dad have sex seemed blasé. Mom would be on her side and Dad would be behind her, his hips rustling the sheet as he thrust into her. He'd probably be playing with her breasts at the same time, and Mom would be struggling not to cry out.

Finally, curiosity got the best of me and I *did* stealthily roll to the edge of my bunk and peer over. Much to my surprise, Mom was actually on her back, with Dad between her legs. Dad's hips rose and fell as he pumped into her, and in that position, there was virtually no chance I'd be seen. I felt my dick spring to life as I watched Mom run her hands over Dad's back and quietly urge him on.

Kendall did the same thing when I was fucking her. With a wry grin, I quietly reached for my erection. Before I'd stroked myself a half-dozen times, Dad stiffened up and I knew he was coming inside her. Silently, I rolled to my back, my dick tenting the sheet. The sound of the birds outside drowned out any hushed conversation my parents might've had. But it also prevented me from determining if they'd gone back to sleep or not, so I simply waited.

Soon enough, I heard one of them get up to use the bathroom. I seized the opportunity and rolled to the ladder. Unfortunately, when I reached the floor and turned around, my eyes met Mom's. She lifted her eyebrows and grinned as she spotted my erection.

"Well, good *morning*," she said teasingly. She kept her voice low, to avoid waking Erin, but she still sounded entirely too chipper.

I blushed six shades of red. Despite all that Mom and I had been through, it was still a little embarrassing to have her see my morning erection, especially since she probably knew what had provoked it.

"Sorry, Mom," I said as I stepped to the sitting area to grab my towel. Then I strategically held it in front of my bobbing erection.

"Don't worry about it, honey," she said quietly as she swung her legs to the side of the bed.

When she stood, I couldn't help but glance at her pussy. Her pubic hair was damp and parted. She smiled when I snapped my eyes back up. Then she put her finger against her lips.

"Shhhh," she said with a wink.

My blush only deepened.

"I'd better quit teasing you and let you start packing," she said.

"Um… thanks."

While I moved about the cabin, hurriedly stuffing things into my pack, I heard my dad start the shower. Mom stepped close and stood on tiptoe to kiss my cheek.

"Time for round two," she said with a sly grin and a nod toward the bathroom. "Besides," she added in a more sober tone, "you've been waiting for me to get out of the way so you can sneak some rubbers out of your drawer."

"Mom!" I hissed.

"What? I'm not supposed to know that my son keeps his protection stuffed under his t-shirts?"

If it were possible, I would've turned redder still.

"Don't worry about it, honey," she said soothingly. "I'm glad you're being responsible. Gina and Kendall are very lucky young women." The last was punctuated by a teasing glance at my hard-on.

"Mom, *please!*"

"Okay, I'll quit teasing you. Besides, I need to get in the shower before your father uses all the hot water. Cold water turns my lips blue. And it spoils my concentration," she said, waggling her eyebrows suggestively.

Finally, I threw my hands up in surrender.

"Have a nice day, honey," she said, grinning broadly and kissing my cheek again. Then she disappeared into the bathroom.

I dived for my drawer and quickly pulled three foil packets from under my t-shirts. The last thing I heard before I darted out of the cabin was my dad's surprised remark as Mom undoubtedly sank to her knees before him.

As I walked down the hill—my towel hiding my bouncing erection—I wondered when, or if, I'd have a chance to jerk off. I thought about simply dashing to the bathroom in the clubhouse, and finally decided that it was my best bet.

To my surprise, I spotted Kendall as soon as I entered the building. Unfortunately, she was already in the shower. Lucky for me, however, no one was in sight. Without preamble, I dumped my things and joined her. When she saw my erection, she quickly looked around. Before she could do anything else, I pinned her against the wall with my body and kissed her heatedly.

As the water coursed down my back and side, she reached for my erection and began stroking it with slippery fingers. Without thinking, I pushed her to her knees, where she continued stroking me. Before I consciously realized it, I climaxed. Semen blasted from my shaft, and as the sensations raced over my nerves, I closed my eyes in ecstasy. Kendall kept pumping my dick as streamers of come shot forth. When I finally looked down, Kendall's neck, chest, and hands were covered with shimmering drops of my essence.

"It's a good thing I'm already in the shower," she said with a grin.

"Oh, my God," someone said from behind us. "What're you two doing?"

Alarm lanced through my thoughts and I half turned. Stupid, half-assed excuses like "I was only washing it," or "she dropped the soap," died unspoken when I glimpsed the speaker.

"You ought to see yourselves," Gina said, laughing brightly.

I quickly helped Kendall to her feet. She grinned, her eyes sparkling as she smeared my come over her already wet breasts.

"Now I wish I'd taken a shower down here," Gina said. "But what were y'all thinking, doing it practically in the open?"

"Well, I didn't think we'd get caught," I said lamely.

"You weren't thinking at *all*," Kendall teased.

"So? I mean, at least it was only Gina. It's not like someone else saw us."

"You mean like the woman who walked through the door in front of me?" Gina asked sweetly.

Kendall and I froze and stared at her.

"Mmm hmm, she's from one of the new families." She shrugged. "I don't know her, but if you go around the corner into the kitchen, I'm sure you'll be able to pick her out. She's the short one with wavy blonde hair."

"You're kidding, right?" I asked in growing horror.

"Nope. She got an eyeful." Then she grinned at my expression. "I think she might've joined you if I hadn't been right behind her."

"Oh, no," Kendall practically moaned. "Do you think she'll tell my parents?"

"I don't even think she knows who your parents *are*," Gina said. "I wouldn't worry about it."

"But what if she tells someone else?" Kendall fretted.

"Then we'll deal with it when it comes up," I snapped.

"Uh-oh," Gina said when she saw Kendall's expression.

While Gina headed to the kitchen to start making lunch, Kendall and I finished our shower in a tense silence. I was still a little mad that she was constantly obsessing about "what if my parents find out?" but I also felt bad for barking at her. Unfortunately, I didn't know what to say.

She shaved her legs quietly and then looked around to make sure no one was near. When she determined

that the coast was clear, she lathered a washcloth, sat down, and began spreading the suds over her pubic area. With gentle strokes, she touched up her bush. Then she carefully ran the razor over the sides of her labia. She looked around again to make sure no one was near and then repeated the entire process. When she was finally satisfied with her neatly trimmed pussy, she stood.

The look she gave me clearly said, "I'm doing this for *you*."

"Listen," I said as I shut off the water, "I'm sorry." Before she could reach for her towel, I picked it up and wrapped her in it. "I was upset at myself because that woman saw us."

She nodded.

"But that's no excuse. I shouldn't've reacted the way I did. I know you're worried about your parents finding out about us, but if it happens, it happens. I think Susan's right, you'd probably be surprised by how they react."

"You don't know them," she said sullenly.

"No, I don't. And I don't want them to find out, either. But if they do, it won't be the end of the world—"

"Maybe not for *you*."

"It won't be the end of the world for *either* of us," I said evenly. "I won't love you any less."

"You will if my father kills you."

"He wouldn't do that, and you know it."

"My mom might," she said.

"Well, if that happens, then at least I'll die happy."

Her brow crinkled in confusion.

"I'll be happy just knowing you love me," I said extravagantly, trying to cheer her up.

Despite her sullen mood, she smiled hesitantly.

"Ah, there's the girl I love." I stepped close and gazed into her eyes. "Listen, I'm serious. I don't want your parents to find out, but if they do, we'll deal with it then."

"But what if they won't let me see you? What if we pack up and leave early? What if—"

"What if you worry almost as much as I do?" I asked with a wry grin. "Let's not talk about this any more. Your parents like me, and I think they trust me. They're not gonna be at the quarry today, and we're careful when we're in camp."

"Not always," she said. "Like in the shower a few minutes ago?"

"Well, I won't do that again. I'm sorry. I shouldn't've done it. But… well… I was horny… and…" I grinned lecherously. "You have *no* idea how beautiful you are in the shower."

She playfully punched my chest and then smiled genuinely.

"What could I do?" I said, shrugging theatrically. I lifted her chin with my hand and then kissed her tenderly. "I love you, and that's all that matters. Anything else, we can deal with when… *if* it happens."

She nodded in reluctant agreement.

"Okay," I said with affected good cheer. "Let's go get ready for our hike."

"Paul?"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"I love you too."

"Good," I said, smiling. "I'm glad. Now, I'm going to run back to my cabin. Hopefully, my parents will be out of the shower—"

"They shower together?"

"Sure." Then I leaned close. "And that's not all they were doing this morning." I rolled my eyes suggestively. "So I hope they're done fooling around."

"Paul! You're so awful."

I grinned unrepentantly.

"Would you walk me back to the Winnie?" she asked, suddenly shy.

"I'd be honored," I said in my best Rhett Butler voice.

She took my arm and we headed for the door. Her mother was just stirring when we reached the

camper. Melissa smiled at me fondly before I turned and headed toward my own cabin. There, my parents had finished their shower and were sitting on the porch—with Mom in Dad's lap—and talking quietly. With a few words of greeting, I walked past them and into the cabin.

In the bathroom, I brushed my teeth and quickly went through the rest of my morning routine. Even though I didn't need it, I shaved, although I started to get hard when I thought about how Kendall's hand looked as she slowly drew the razor over her mons. I rolled my eyes at my reflection in the mirror and hurriedly wiped my face clean. Then I grabbed a dry beach towel and headed back out.

"Bye, Mom. Bye, Dad," I said as I passed them.

"Have fun, honey," Mom said. "Remember, be back by five."

"I will. Thanks."

I broke into a trot as I headed back to collect Kendall from her camper. She met me at the door and kissed my cheek before we started down the hill. Behind us, her mother wished us farewell. Without stopping, we turned and waved our thanks.

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In the clubhouse, Gina had most of our lunch already made. Kendall immediately started making breakfast. None of us wanted anything elaborate, so she fixed eggs, toast, and grits. While the girls were moving about the kitchen, I started packing our gear.

To my surprise, I looked up from my backpack and my eyes fell upon a petite, curvy blonde woman. She was drinking a cup of coffee and watching me. Her eyes smiled as she took another sip. I was positive she was the woman who had seen us in the shower. With an internal grimace, I felt my face and neck heating.

"Hi," she said. "I'm Elaine." She looked about ten years older than me, but it was hard to tell. Her face was young looking, but her eyes looked mature. She was actually quite pretty, with a light dusting of freckles and round, shapely breasts.

"Um… hi. I'm Paul."

"Nice to meet you, Paul," she said. Then she nodded toward the kitchen. "Is that your girlfriend?"

I followed her glance to Kendall and then nodded.

"She's very pretty."

"Um… thanks." I paused for a second and gathered my courage. "Um… sorry about… um… you know," I said vaguely.

"Oh?"

"You know, about earlier… when we were… um… in the shower."

"Don't worry about it," she replied with a grin. "I used to be the same way."

Before I could say anything else, the clubhouse door opened and she looked up. A man and two small children walked in.

"Paul," she said, standing up, "this is my husband Dennis."

"Dennis Raeford," he said, holding out his hand.

"Paul Hughes," I replied. He was actually a little shorter than me, but broader through the chest. He wasn't as well-defined as me, but his arms and shoulders looked like they held a lot of power. As I sized him up, I clasped his hand and shook it absently. His grip was strong, but not challenging, and I smiled internally when I realized he didn't feel the need to play dominance games.

"And these are Linette and Barry," Elaine said, gesturing to her children.

"How old are they?" I asked.

"Linette is five, and Barry's almost three."

"It's nice to meet you Linette," I said, although she hid behind her father's leg.

"Can you say 'hello' to Paul?" her father asked.

"Hello," she said, then ducked behind his leg again.

I said hello to Barry as well, but he merely stuck his thumb in his mouth and reached for his mother.

"It was nice to meet you, Paul," Elaine said as she picked up her son.

"Yes," Dennis said. "It was nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too," I replied.

"Now, Mr. Boo," Elaine asked three-year-old Barry as she walked toward the kitchen, "what would you like for breakfast? "

I watched as the family walked away and then breathed a sigh of relief. Elaine may have seen Kendall and me, but she didn't seem to be upset about it, which was a *very* good thing.

During breakfast, I related the conversation to the girls. After we finished eating, I introduced them to the Raefords. We exchanged pleasantries for a moment and then I started loading the backpack with our lunch. In less than five minutes, we were out the door and headed down the hill toward the lake.

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Once we rounded the feeder lake, I took the lead, but kept an eye out and made sure I didn't get ahead of the girls. For a while, they chatted about the new family. They thought the kids were precious, especially Linette. And Barry "Boo" looked just like his father, they said.

For a while they talked about how good-looking Dennis was, but I quickly realized that they were hoping to get a rise out of me. I'm sure they really thought he was attractive, but when I didn't bristle, the conversation turned to other subjects. Gina asked several questions about *Fear of Flying* and *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, and Kendall was more than happy to talk about those books and others.

By the time we reached the quarry, I'd learned all sorts of things about the ERA, feminism, women's health, and a host of other subjects. Kendall proclaimed that she believed in women's equality, but she was a traditionalist, and she felt that it was still a woman's responsibility to raise the children and maintain the household. It seemed like a clash of ideals to me.

Gina wanted to know how Kendall planned to become a doctor—which would take the better part of nine or ten years—raise children *and* maintain the household. Kendall said she didn't plan on having children until she finished her residency, and one of the reasons she picked psychiatry was that she could have a home office if she needed to. Gina was skeptical, but Kendall had evidently put a lot of thought into it.

"You can be a strong woman *and* a good mother," Kendall said. "Our bras don't need burning, they aren't holding us back. The only thing holding us back is the idea that we *can't* do something, just because we're women. So if I want to have a career and a family, then I'm going to do it."

"Amen, sister," Gina said.

"I'm responsible for my own body, and my own happiness. But 'wife' doesn't mean slave, and 'mommy' is *not* a dirty word. I may be barefoot and pregnant, but it'll be my *choice*. I'll choose to support my husband and raise our children. And I'm going to marry a man who's not threatened by that." She paused for a moment and then squared her shoulders. "I am woman, hear me roar."

Gina and I simply stared at her, a little shocked by her passion.

Kendall grinned bashfully when she saw our expressions. "Sorry," she said. "I guess I kinda got on my soapbox."

"Yeah," I said, "but I like your soapbox."

"Me too," Gina said.

After that, we set up our picnic spot on top of the large boulder. I began to inflate the raft as the girls chatted some more about what they wanted to do with their lives. It was interesting to listen to, so I kept quiet and simply paid attention.

Gina wanted to get married and have children, but she really wanted to be a doctor. And with all the time and effort it would take to become one, she didn't know when she'd have time to start a family. Unlike psychiatrists, OB/GYN doctors didn't have home offices. She also worried about her grades and getting into med school.

I wasn't surprised to learn that Kendall had graduated with a 4.0 average and was one of the top students in her class. Gina would've had a 4.0, but she'd gotten a C in freshman phys ed, which bothered her. She was concerned that it would keep her out of the med schools she was interested in—Duke, the University of Washington, UC-Davis, and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor—but Kendall assured

her that most med schools were more interested in *college* transcripts and MCAT scores. (*Whatever those are,* I thought.)

For a moment, I wondered how Gina had come up with *those* schools, but she and Kendall struck up an animated conversation about the merits of each university, so I figured Gina knew what she was talking about.

While I listened to them discuss the differences between primary care schools and research schools, I let my mind wander. Unlike either of the girls, I really had *no* idea what I wanted to do with my life. For a time, I had thought about going into the military like my father had, but it just didn't appeal to me. And while I liked the idea of flying for a living, I was only lukewarm about it. I knew my dad enjoyed his job, but I also saw the scheduling downsides of working for a major airline. Unfortunately, nothing really appealed to me. In short, I had *no* idea what I wanted to be when I grew up.

By the time I had the raft inflated, Gina and Kendall's conversation had shifted to SAT scores, Advanced Placement classes, and extracurricular activities that looked good on college applications. I threw the raft into the lake and then dived in after it. The girls followed me, simply continuing the conversation once they surfaced. Kendall was giving Gina pointers about the English portion of the SAT, so I decided to swim for the waterfall. Behind me, I could still hear them in animated conversation.

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"Why'd you take off?" Gina asked when I returned a little later.

"Well, you two were talking, and…," I said with a shrug.

In truth, I was a little preoccupied; I had *no* idea what I wanted to do with my life. I had two more years of high school, which seemed like all the time in the world. But Gina was already thinking about what she wanted to do after she got her bachelor's degree—in six years—which only underscored the notion that my life seemed rudderless.

Where Gina appeared unaware of my mood, Kendall looked at me insightfully. I suddenly felt like she could see right through me.

"You wanna rub suntan oil on us?" Gina asked.

Kendall and I made eye contact, and the feeling that she understood my innermost thoughts intensified.

"I guess," I said with a shrug.

"You wanna go first?" Gina asked Kendall.

"No, you go ahead," Kendall replied distractedly, studying me.

Still oblivious, Gina cooed in delight and then lay on her back. With a shrug that only Kendall saw, I picked up the bottle of suntan oil. She smiled in understanding as I squirted some of the sun-warmed oil into my palm. Then I started at Gina's feet and slowly worked my way up her legs. My hands glided over her dark, shiny, slick skin and she sighed in delight.

When I reached her pussy, I gently rubbed the oil into her pubic hair, making it shine. She squirmed a little as my fingers brushed over her sensitive labia, but I quickly moved to her soft belly.

Kendall grinned when I looked at her. Then she reached out and began stroking my hard-on. While she did, I squirted oil between Gina's flattened breasts. Then I ran my hands up the sides and gently teased her nipples. For a few moments, I concentrated on them as she moaned in delight.

Finally, I moved my hands to her shoulders. She languidly opened her eyes and gazed up at me. When Kendall withdrew her hand from my dick, Gina's quickly wrapped her fingers around my shaft. I scooted my hips forward until my knees were next to her breasts. Then I squirted some of the warm oil onto my length. With a hungry grin, Gina worked it into the soft skin of my shaft. Using both hands, she began stroking me, squeezing gently as she did.

"It's cool to watch, isn't it?" Kendall asked softly.

Gina merely smiled and nodded.

"I like watching the pre-come ooze out. And I dunno why, but I like feeling his come on my skin."

"Yeah," Gina agreed dreamily. "It's all hot and slippery."

"You wanna try something?" Kendall asked. "Something I read about?"

Gina nodded eagerly.

"Stroke him real slow, but use lots of pressure. Not too much, but keep your hands tight all the way up his shaft. Just squeeze at the bottom and keep squeezing as you move up. Right at the crown, squeeze once, then let up. Then slide your hands back down and do it again."

Gina did as instructed and I closed my eyes in bliss. To my surprise, I felt Kendall's hand near my ass. I started to recoil, but she reassured me with a quiet shush. She had oil in her palm and she cupped my balls, spreading the warm, slippery liquid over them. Then she pressed her fingers against the slight bulge behind my testicles. My cock surged in Gina's hands and she cried out in surprise and delight.

While Kendall massaged the bulge, Gina slowly jerked me off. The pressure built steadily, but it wasn't so quick that it overwhelmed me. It was like I could feel my balls coming to a slow boil.

"What's really cool," Kendall said, grinning at me quickly, "is watching him shoot. It's like he's a fire hose, and this torrent of semen just blasts out. The way it squirted this morning, it's no wonder that I almost choke whenever he comes in my mouth."

"No kidding," Gina replied, stroking steadily. When she looked up at me, she smiled and her eyes grew glassy. "The first time you came in my mouth, I didn't think you were ever gonna stop." Then she laughed softly and glanced back at Kendall. "Now, I can't wait to feel that first spurt hit the back of my throat. God, I love the taste of come. Don't you?"

"It's okay," Kendall said with a shrug, glancing my direction.

"It's better than okay. I get hot just thinking about it."

"Well, I kinda like the feeling, and the taste isn't bad, but I don't like it as much as you do. I like the look on Paul's face more than anything else," she said, smiling at me.

"I'm getting all wet just from talking about it," Gina said.

I tried not to chuckle as Gina licked her lips and smiled at me. Then her eyes locked on the shiny purple head of my cock.

"Do you want me to jerk him off on your tits?" Kendall asked. "I think it's called a pearl necklace." Then she turned to me. "Would you like that?"

"Huh?" Gina asked.

"When a guy shoots on your tits and chest," Kendall explained, "they call it a pearl necklace."

Gina looked at me as if to ask, "They do?"

"How should I know?" I replied with a shrug. Then I nodded toward Kendall. "She's the one who reads about this stuff."

Kendall blushed and moved to my right. Then she squirted more oil in her palm and rubbed her hands together to spread it around.

"Well," Gina said thoughtfully, "Paul *has* been getting us jewelry lately." Then she grinned artfully. "Do you think I'd look good in a pearl necklace?"

"I think you'd look fabulous, dahling," Kendall said.

"Well," I interjected, "whatever you decide, you'd better do it soon."

"Ooooh, Gina said. "Then I definitely want a pearl necklace."

Kendall reached out and her hand replaced Gina's. With her left hand, she reached behind me and started massaging my prostate again.

"God, that looks so sexy," Gina said. "I think I like watching you jerking him off."

Kendall and I smiled at each other and then I closed my eyes as the first twinges of orgasm reached my brain.

"Push your tits together," Kendall directed Gina.

Using gentle pressure, Kendall had me sit back a little. Then she aimed my manhood at Gina's proffered breasts. Kendall kept stroking and squeezing my oily dick, her hand almost slipping over my glans each time.

"I think he's getting close," she said.

With my eyes still closed, I drew a deep breath and nodded. The sensation was almost indescribable—it felt like Kendall was slowly drawing semen up from my balls. I trembled, ready to explode, but it seemed

like everything was in slow motion. Just when I thought I was ready to come, Kendall slowed her pace but tightened her grip. The feeling was exquisite.

Finally, she began stroking me in earnest. Her hand pressed against the bulge behind my balls and I felt a wave of pleasure wash through my groin.

"Get ready," Kendall said.

With a groan, I arched my back and my muscles went taut. Kendall's oil-slick hand gripped my shaft and started pumping. A supernova exploded behind my eyes as I loosed a torrent of sperm. Vaguely, I heard Kendall and Gina crying out in surprise and delight as I coated Gina's chest with my pearly load.

When I finally regained my senses, I sat back on my haunches, panting. I opened my eyes to find both girls grinning at me, their chests heaving as well. Gina was positively covered. From her cheek to the undercurve of her breasts, glistening drops of semen winked in the noonday sun.

"Wow," Kendall said. "That was a lot."

"Mmmmm," Gina agreed, already wiping the come off her face and licking her fingers.

Much to my surprise, Kendall raised her hand to her mouth and tasted some of the semen that had landed there. Our eyes locked, and she smiled coquettishly. She had tasted my come before, but she had never actively licked it up. Her eyes smoldering, she fastidiously cleaned her hand. Though I'd just come, I felt my dick twitch as I watched.

Gina, heedless to the interplay between Kendall and me, smeared my come over her breasts, circling and tweaking her nipples as she did. Finally, she sat up and sucked the remaining few drops of semen from my semi-hard cock. The head was incredibly sensitive, so I didn't let her suck as long as she would have liked, but she seemed happy enough.

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After we rinsed off in the lake, we had lunch. Gina had packed ham and cheese sandwiches, potato salad, pickle spears, and grapes. Fortunately, she had made three sandwiches for me, which I happily ate. Afterward, we lounged around and talked about our time at camp.

The topic of going back home came up, and Gina asked about Amy's letters. As objectively as I could, I told them about the first three.

"It sounds like she misses you," Kendall said.

Gina's expression remained wary.

"Yeah," I said, "but there's more." Then I told them about the fourth letter.

"Wow," Kendall said.

"No kidding," I replied. "Unfortunately, I read *that* letter first, since the others were in a larger envelope with a later postmark."

Kendall nodded in understanding.

"What's she think she's gonna do?" Gina asked testily. "I mean, after that last letter, she won't get you back."

Kendall and I looked at each other in alarm.

"There's nothing she *can* do," I said reasonably. "Besides, she wasn't getting me back *before* I got the letters. I loved Amy once, and I guess a part of me still does, but I don't want to be with her any more."

"But you're gonna see her all the time," Gina protested.

"And each time I see her," I said evenly, "I'm going to be counting the days until I can fly to Charleston and see you."

"Oh."

"It's not like Paul *wants* to get back together with her," Kendall said, adding a voice of reason.

I shook my head in agreement.

"Besides," Kendall added, "we'll keep him too busy trying to come see each of us."

"I just don't like the idea of her being around him all the time, and trying to steal him."

"If she does that," Kendall said, "Paul will just tell her no. Won't you?" she asked, turning to me.

"Yeah. Of course."

"But he still has to call her," Gina said.

"Yeah," I said. "And I'm gonna tell her that we need to talk when I get back to Atlanta."

"What are you going to talk about?" Gina asked suspiciously.

"Look," I said, trying not to sound testy, "I'm not going to dump her over the phone. That's just not cool."

"But you said you broke up before the end of school."

"They did," Kendall said, interjecting smoothly. "But she sent those letters thinking Paul would take her back if she told him how much she loves him. So in her mind, it's almost like they never broke up at all."

"I guess," Gina said sullenly.

"Paul's right," Kendall added. "He can't break up with her over the phone. That would be… tacky, and he's not like that. So he's got to call her, and soon, to tell her they need to talk when he gets home."

"Just because *she* thinks we're still together doesn't mean *I* think that," I said. "And I need to let her down in person. I owe her that."

"You don't owe her anyth—"

"Gina," I said firmly. "I owe her at least that much. I can't treat her like she never meant anything to me. How would you feel if I did that to you?"

"You'd never do that to me."

"No," I said earnestly. "And I won't do it to her, either. Look, the last thing I want to do is call Amy. I guess I kinda hoped that she'd move on after I left for the summer. Obviously, she didn't. So now I gotta deal with it. I'd rather do *anything* other than hurt her feelings, but I just can't be her boyfriend, and telling her that is gonna hurt."

"Her, or you?" Gina asked petulantly.

I frowned. "Do you think I *like* hurting girls' feelings? Of course it's gonna hurt me too."

"But Paul's already moved on," Kendall said evenly. "He's got you, *and* me. Amy isn't a part of his life anymore, not like we are. But for her, it sounds like she has a lot of emotion wrapped up in Paul and their relationship."

I nodded.

"Their *former* relationship, I should say," Kendall amended. "We need to be supportive of Paul, because this isn't going to be easy for him."

"This isn't easy for *me*," Gina said.

"It's not easy for any of us," Kendall replied. "But you and I are really just bystanders. We know Paul loves us, and we're already planning how we can be together after the summer. You more than me, of course. But we don't have to listen to Amy's disappointment. We won't have to go back to school and see her like Paul will."

"That's what I'm worried about."

"You shouldn't be," I said flatly.

"But what if she wants to have sex with you?" Gina asked. "What'll you do then?"

I lifted my right hand and waggled my fingers. Then I circled my fingers and made stroking motions.

"Oh," she said in sudden realization.

"Which is less than you'll have," I said. "You'll have Lisa and your sisters."

"Sisters?" Kendall asked. "Plural?"

Gina looked sheepish. Then she turned to me. "I thought you said we couldn't have sex with someone else, a girl *or* a guy, unless we both agreed."

"Yeah," I replied with a nod. "But you didn't think I was going to ask you not to have sex with Lisa or your sisters, did you?"

"Well…"

"I'm not. That's just dumb. I know you're not going to dump me over Lisa."

She quickly shook her head.

"But you need to understand that I'm not going to break up with you, either. And certainly not over a past relationship with Amy."

"Oh."

"Besides," I added, "having sex with someone else doesn't mean I don't love you. I mean, Kendall and I will be together for another week."

"Yeah, but she's different. She's your girlfriend too," Gina said.

"Mmm hmm. And then after Kendall leaves, Susan and I will probably spend some time together."

"My goodness," Kendall said with a grin, "your dance card certainly seems to be full."

I grinned and felt my face warming.

"Yeah," Gina said, "but Susan's *way* different."

"She is," Kendall said. "But she's more of a threat to us than Amy is."

"Susan's not a threat," Gina replied quickly.

"My point exactly," Kendall said. "Amy's not a threat to either of us. Paul is over her. He's moved on, and he's got us now."

"Not for long," Gina said sullenly. "I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Then let's enjoy today," Kendall said. "Besides, I've got a special surprise for you. I guess you'd call it a going away present."

"Really?" Gina asked as her eyes lit up, all thoughts of Amy forgotten.

Kendall nodded.

"What is it?"

"I'll give it to you at the top of the falls," Kendall said. "C'mon, lets take the raft and blanket up there."

Like a shot, Gina was up and ready to go. Unfortunately, the raft was adrift in the middle of the lake. I swam out and retrieved it while the girls gathered up what we wanted to take with us. With grins all around, and me still dripping, we headed toward the top of the falls.

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"So, what's my surprise?" Gina asked as soon as we set up our spot in the shade.

"You'll see," Kendall replied. Then she retrieved a bar of soap and the washcloth. "I'm gonna get cleaned up first."

Gina rolled her eyes and joined Kendall as she waded into the pool. With a shrug, I followed them. I didn't have any idea what Kendall was up to either, but from the look in her eye, it promised to be fun.

Instead of the Ivory soap we normally used, Kendall had brought along a bar of something that smelled nice. She lathered the washcloth and handed the soap to me to hold. Then, much to my delight, she began washing me. When I was as clean and as fresh-smelling as I was going to get, she rinsed the washcloth and held out her hand for the soap.

"Okay," she said. "Who wants to do me?"

Before I could open my mouth, Gina practically leapt for the washcloth. With a smile, Kendall relinquished it. While Gina ran the sudsy cloth over Kendall's lush figure, I grinned and began to stroke myself. Kendall nodded her approval, her eyes smiling mischievously.

"Your turn, Gina," Kendall said as she rinsed off.

Kendall swept Gina's wet hair out of the way and started on her back. Instead of then washing Gina's front, Kendall asked her to rinse off. Then she lathered the washcloth and washed Gina's arms. Gina was clearly enjoying the attention, and I was enjoying watching, but I wondered what Kendall was up to.

Kendall moved in front of Gina and washed her breasts and stomach. As she did, she ran her hands over the darker girl's slippery skin. She playfully tweaked Gina's already stiff nipples and then asked her to rinse. When Gina rose, dripping, Kendall looked at her, smiled, and took a deep breath. She let it out slowly, as if calming herself.

To my astonishment, Kendall bent down and flicked her tongue against Gina's right nipple. Gina gasped in surprise and then moaned as Kendall wrapped her lips around the hard, brown point. Then Kendall steadied herself with a hand on Gina's trim stomach. My cock swelled at the sight, and I squeezed it gently.

Kendall switched to Gina's other breast, kissing around the areola before she zeroed in on the nipple. Gina held the taller girl's head and sighed in pleasure. After licking and sucking for nearly a minute, Kendall

pulled back and smiled bashfully.

"Surprise," she said.

Before Gina could say anything, Kendall sank to her knees, re-lathered the washcloth, and began gently washing the younger girl's stomach and legs. With another deep breath, she moved the washcloth over Gina's pussy. Gina spread her legs slightly as Kendall washed between them with the soft, soapy cloth.

"Rinse," Kendall requested softly.

When Gina stood, Kendall wrapped the washcloth around the soap and held it in one hand. With scarcely a quiver, she leaned forward and kissed Gina's supple stomach. Gina watched, mesmerized, as Kendall trailed her kisses lower.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Kendall reached the level of Gina's pubic hair. Instead of kissing it, she skipped lower and kissed Gina's upper thigh. Alternating sides, Kendall steadily moved upward. Gina seemed to be holding her breath, and I found myself holding my own as well.

Kendall closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and swallowed hard. Very slowly, she leaned forward and pressed her lips against Gina's mons. Rapt, I watched her nuzzle Gina's jet-black pubic hair. I knew from experience how soft and sparse that hair was, and I imagined what Kendall must be experiencing.

For a few long moments, Kendall moved her head side-to-side, brushing her lips against Gina's sex. Gina stood stock-still, her hands on the sides of Kendall's head, her breathing becoming ragged with mounting excitement. Much sooner than Gina would have liked, Kendall stood.

"Do you want to move to the raft?" Kendall asked shyly.

Gina nodded, her eyes glowing with anticipation.

In a few moments, the girls dried off and then moved toward the blanket-covered raft. When Kendall looked back at me expectantly, I followed.

Without words, they sank to the blanket. Gina tried to gently push Kendall to the raft, but Kendall turned and it was Gina who ended up on her back. When she stretched out, Kendall knelt next to her, facing the darker girl with her knees almost touching Gina's arm. Then Kendall flipped her hair over her shoulder and started trailing her hands over Gina's torso, never letting them pause in any one spot.

Kendall's eyes followed her hands and Gina watched, captivated, as they moved over her ribs and down her flanks. At the points of the darker girl's hips, they moved toward her mons. As if she were playing a harp, Kendall drew her fingertips up Gina's fluttering stomach to her breasts. Once there, Kendall circled them, never touching the areola directly. Nonetheless, Gina's nipples quickly sprang to attention.

Next, Kendall skimmed her fingers back down Gina's body, her touches feather-light. When she reached Gina's hips, she kept going, delicately brushing over the satiny skin of her thighs. With an expression of intense concentration, her fingers glided back up, skirted Gina's full breasts, then drifted lazily down her arms.

With a flip of her hair, Kendall bent forward and kissed the smooth skin of Gina's right breast. Her lips trailed butterfly kisses around the areola, once again never touching it. She switched to the other breast and Gina gasped. When Kendall pulled back, she gestured for me to come closer and lie on the raft with them. Gina hungrily watched as I stretched out on my side, my erection jutting toward her.

Kendall resumed kissing Gina's skin, causing the darker girl's breathing to come in fits and starts. I reached down and began stroking myself as I watched. Kendall moved her lips down Gina's torso and then back up again, circling the dark nipples as she did. Sighing in pleasure, Gina ran her hand over Kendall's smooth ass.

Wearing a nervous grin, Kendall sat upright and gazed down at Gina. Then she moved her hand over her own stomach, her eyes never leaving Gina's. With agonizing slowness, Kendall's fingers inched through her neatly trimmed bush. For a moment, she merely ran her fingers over her labia, spreading her moisture. Then she inserted one into her pussy and closed her eyes in pleasure. For a moment or two, she squirmed, her hips rocking back and forth as the invading finger caressed her ridged inner walls.

Then she removed it, shiny with her juices, and brought it to Gina's lips. In a flash, Gina opened her mouth and captured the offering, closing her eyes as she savored the flavor. Kendall's other hand gently tweaked Gina's nipples as the darker girl sucked. When Gina opened her eyes and released Kendall's finger,

they shared a tentative smile.

Gina's eyes were riveted to Kendall as she lowered her lips and kissed down the valley of the darker girl's breasts. Then Kendall cupped her hands around the fleshy mounds and pushed them together. As her lips moved lower, her cheeks caressed their inner curve. Kendall continued to move over Gina's chest and midsection, kissing, licking, and gently sucking.

My cock swelled as Kendall moved lower, her hair trailing along Gina's fluttering tummy. At Kendall's gentle pressure, Gina spread her legs slightly. I couldn't see very well, because of Kendall's hair, but I could tell by Gina's startled expression that Kendall had just thrust her tongue into her pussy. Kendall's head moved up and down a little as she licked Gina's slit.

Gina obligingly spread her legs further. Then she closed her eyes and enjoyed as Kendall teased her. As I gently stroked myself, Kendall pulled away from Gina's pussy and kissed along her sensitive inner thighs. Gina languidly ran her hand over Kendall's ass and then inserted a finger into the other girl's pussy. Kendall recoiled at first, but quickly relaxed as Gina's hand began to pleasure her.

Hidden by her veil of hair, Kendall once again moved her lips over Gina's pussy. Then she must have fastened her lips over the other girl's clit, because Gina gasped in pleasure. In a daze, she groped for my shaft. I directed her hand to my member and she wrapped her fingers around it. With one hand busy at Kendall's pussy and the other around my girth, she smiled beatifically.

After several minutes of Kendall gently tonguing her pussy, Gina pulled the other girl into a sixty-nine. Gina reluctantly relinquished her hold on my dick and concentrated on Kendall. Watching the two girls as their lush bodies pressed together, I began stroking myself again. Gina raised her head and tongued Kendall's pussy, sending a shiver through the other girl.

When Kendall flipped her hair over her left shoulder, my eyes were drawn to the sight of her lips on Gina's pussy. Kendall sucked Gina's clit for a moment and then ran her tongue along the length of the other girl's slit. Gina moaned in delight, her own tongue repeating the motion on Kendall's pussy.

The girls licked, sucked, fingered, sighed, and squirmed for nearly ten minutes. The whole time, I merely looked on in wonder. I'd seen two girls sixty-nine each other before, but watching Kendall's sense of discovery—interrupted whenever a jolt of pleasure caused her to lose her concentration—was extremely erotic. I don't know what she'd expected when she first went down on Gina, and she was still a bit tentative, but she seemed to be enjoying herself.

For her part, Gina was busily sliding two fingers into Kendall's snug pussy. At the same time, she had her left hand between their bodies and was teasing the base of Kendall's clit. All the while, she occasionally licked or sucked Kendall's pussy, causing the older girl to moan and writhe in pleasure.

Their breathing became more ragged, and more interspersed with inarticulate moans of delight. Then Gina fastened her lips around Kendall's clit and sucked, causing the older girl to throw her head back and cry out in delight.

Then Kendall swallowed hard, panting, and gestured for me to move between Gina's thighs, which I did. I helped Kendall sit up, her pussy still above Gina's hungry mouth. When she got her balance, I scooted forward.

"I want to put it in for you," Kendall said breathlessly.

When I nodded, she reached for Gina's slick pussy and spread the arousal-swollen lips. Then she grasped my rod and pulled me toward Gina's opening.

"Move the head around," I said. "Get it slippery with Gina's juices."

She nodded and then seemed to take a perverse delight in teasing Gina with the engorged head of my cock. Gina obligingly moaned with a mixture of desire and frustration.

"Oh, God," she gasped. "Please put it in me. Oh, Paul, fuck me. Fuck me hard."

Kendall looked up at me, her eyes glittering. I cupped her face with my hands and lifted her lips to mine. When I kissed her, I could taste Gina's essence on her lips.

"Thank you," I whispered. "I know how hard this was for you."

Gina moaned in near desperation.

With a grin, I jerked my hips forward and impaled her with the first several inches of my manhood.

Then I returned my attention to Kendall. As I gazed into her deep blue eyes, I buried myself in the furnace of Gina's pussy.

"She doesn't know how lucky she is to have you," I said softly. When Kendall started to demur, I interrupted. "She doesn't. But *I* do."

"I… I know."

"You didn't have to do this, you know," I said, my voice pitched low.

"I wanted to," Kendall said quietly.

I shook my head. "It scared you to death."

She paused for a moment and gazed into my eyes. Then she looked down and nodded.

I lifted her chin and kissed her again. It was a deep kiss, full of passion and unspoken meaning. Kendall threw herself into it wholeheartedly, her arms wrapping around my neck and pulling me closer still. Beneath us, Gina moaned in ecstasy, oblivious to all but her own pleasure.

"Tomorrow," I said, breathing heavily, "I'll thank you properly. But today…"

"Is for Gina," she replied, finishing my thought.

I nodded.

"She really loves you, you know."

"As much as you do?" I asked.

Before she could answer, Gina gasped and asked what we were talking about.

Instead of answering her, I grinned at Kendall and held my finger up. "One moment," I mouthed. Then I lifted Gina's legs and gripped her calves. Kendall watched with amused interest as I thrust into Gina a dozen times in half as many seconds. She cried out each time my hips slammed into her. With a wry grin, I settled into a more sedate pace and gazed into Kendall's eyes. Just then Gina returned her attention to Kendall's pussy. When Kendall closed her eyes in rapture, I bent forward to kiss her.

Kendall and I continued kissing as I thrust into Gina, spreading her open with my girth. I pushed her legs back until they were almost touching Kendall's knees and increased my tempo. When Kendall threw her head back—as Gina no doubt sucked her clit—I leaned forward and captured one of her nipples. She hissed in pleasure and held my head in place.

I alternated between her nipples, pulling the tanned buds to erection with my lips. Kendall's breasts were more malleable than Gina's, so I pressed my face against them, inhaling the scent of her skin: the fragrant soap, the slightly acrid tang of her sweat, the smell that was *Kendall*.

Then I pulled back and lifted my head. When I did, Kendall's lips sought mine. I slammed into Gina forcefully as my tongue danced with Kendall's. She must have sensed that I was getting close, because she broke the kiss and grinned at me.

"Come in her mouth," she said.

Without breaking my rhythm, I nodded. When Kendall swung her leg over Gina's head, the darker girl moaned unhappily. She moaned again when I pulled my glistening cock from her body. Before she could protest further, I quickly moved to kneel by her head. Her lips eagerly captured my pussy-slick cock. With a grin, Kendall moved to lie between Gina's legs. Gina moaned in delight as she felt Kendall spread her labia and plunge two fingers into her pussy.

Gina's chest rose and fell with her rapid, shallow breathing, and I could tell by the dark flush on her chest and neck that she was close to her own orgasm. Her hips ground into Kendall's face, gyrating as her pleasure mounted. I rocked my hips back and forth and then reached for Gina's nipple. Her own hand came up to capture the other nipple. I twisted the puckered brown bud, and she moaned, her lips locked around my shaft.

When Gina's stomach rippled as she tensed up, I knew she was in the first throes of her orgasm. I reached for the base of my shaft and began stroking myself. Kendall steadily plunged her fingers into Gina's pussy. A moan began low in Gina's chest, and slowly increased in volume. If my cock hadn't been in her mouth, she would've been screaming.

I wanted to come over Gina's tongue while she was in the middle of her orgasm, so I frantically stroked the base of my cock. My hand bumped her lips, but I don't think she cared. The world went grey as my

vision narrowed and the twinges of my impending climax made my balls tingle. With a groan, I felt the first spurt surging up my shaft.

Gina moaned as she tasted my salty fluid. Her lips tightened around my glans and she struggled to swallow. The next spurt was almost as powerful as the first, and I groaned as it shot from my body. For the next several moments, the world was a jumble of sights and sounds: Gina's face, contorted in ecstasy as her own orgasm suffused her senses; the top of Kendall's head as she kissed Gina's pussy; the throaty roar in my ears, which was my own groaning; and many, many more ephemeral flashes of sensation.

When I finally sagged back, I was panting, my chest heaving with the force of my orgasm. I had reluctantly pulled my hypersensitive glans from Gina's mouth, because each time she tightened her lips, the pleasure was almost unbearable. Gina was panting as well, although she looked incoherent. Kendall looked up and smiled tiredly. Even though she hadn't climaxed herself, she'd ridden Gina's wild, orgasmic gyrations, and I knew from personal experience that her neck was probably a little worn out.

When I moved to lie down, she crawled up next to me. Gina limply rolled onto her side when prompted and I spooned behind her, holding her close but not disturbing her post-orgasmic torpor. Kendall pressed her sweaty breasts into my back and wrapped her arms around me. One long leg slid along mine, the arch of her foot coming to rest on my calf. Then I turned my head and kissed her.

"I love you more than I'll ever be able to tell you," she said with feeling.

"I know," I said without a trace of smugness. "I love you too."

With that, we settled into a comfortable doze, our breathing slowly returning to normal.

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Sometime later, I felt Kendall get up. Even in the shade, I was hot. As I listened to her wade into the pool, I knew I wanted to join her. Gina was snoring softly, so I carefully extracted my arm from beneath her head. When I stood, Kendall turned and smiled. Once I was in the pool, she quickly slipped into my arms, her floating breasts and cold-hardened nipples leading the way.

"You didn't come earlier?" I inquired softly.

She shook her head.

I raised my eyebrows in silent question, but she shook her head again. Then I moved us toward the bank of the pool. As I did, she wrapped her long legs around my waist and then I sat down cross-legged. With a wiggle, I pulled her hips against mine and gazed into her eyes.

"Thank you," I murmured.

"For what?"

"You know. I know you don't like girls…"

"It's not that I don't like girls," she said. "It's just that… well… let's just say that a girl wouldn't be my first choice."

"Or the second?"

"Or the third," she replied with a grin.

"What *would* be your first choice?" I asked with a grin.

"You know," she said, smiling bashfully.

"Oh?"

"Paul," she begged.

I arched my eyebrows.

"Oh, all right," she said in mock exasperation. "You'd be my first choice."

"Me?"

She frowned petulantly.

I remained impassive, my lips quirking up in the merest hint of a smile.

"Okay, Mr. Stoneface, your tallywhacker. Your John Thomas. Your manhood."

Still not satisfied, I cocked my head to the side.

"Oh, my goodness," she said, blushing. "Your penis. Are you happy?"

I shook my head and tried not to smirk.

"Okay, your rod. Your dick. Your long, thick, hard, throbbing, spurting, lovely, *wonderful* cock. It's my first choice, my second choice, my only choice. I want you spreading me open, my legs wrapped around you, my fingernails raking your back. I want to ride you, grinding my body against yours, holding your head to my breast as you take me over the edge into oblivion. I want your *cock*," she said, her expression sultry and full of lust. Then she smiled flippantly. "*Now* are you satisfied?"

"Com*pletely*."

She laughed ruefully.

"What?"

"Now I really *do* want it."

While she'd described how she wanted me, I had slowly gotten harder. Now, my erection was pressed comfortably against the warmth of her body.

"There's a joke," she said with a snort of laughter. "What do you call a couple who practices the rhythm method of birth control?"

Even though I had no idea what the "rhythm method" was, I went along with the joke and said, "I dunno."

"Mommy and Daddy." Once again, she laughed cynically. "I used to wonder why it was so hard for people to just not have sex. When you know it's the wrong time of the month, just don't have sex. Simple, right?"

I quickly realized it was a rhetorical question and remained silent.

"Well, now I understand. It's *not* so simple." She paused for a moment and her eyes practically glowed with lust. "I want you *so* bad right now."

I nodded.

To my surprise, she reached between us, pulled her hips back, and grasped my shaft. In an instant, my hard-on went from the frigid water to the molten depths of her pussy. She was as tight as ever, and had to work her way onto my thickness, but she did it without hesitation.

"Are you sure?" I asked skeptically.

"Very sure. Just warn me if you have to come," she said breathlessly, her eyes closed. She breathed deeply a few times, her nostrils flaring.

I studied her face as she did, watching with fascination as her eyelids turned darker pink and her face flushed slightly. Her breathing grew deeper and more regular as she merely sat on my lap, impaled on my erection.

"Now I know what it's like to feel a need deep inside, one that I can't control," she said softly. "I used to read about women *yearning* for men, and I didn't really understand. Oh, sure, I understood it intellectually, but not here," she said, touching her stomach, "not in my belly. Now I know." She paused and took another deep breath.

"At night," she said, "sometimes I lie awake and think what it'd be like to sleep with you, to wake up in the middle of the night and feel you next to me. After you drop me off at the camper, I can still smell you, and it makes me feel… it makes me feel like I'm *yours*, and that's the way it's supposed to be. It takes me a long time to get to sleep lately, because I'm thinking about you, about what you feel like, about how you look at me when you tell me you love me.

"I think about what it feels like to have you inside me, to have you filling me up. Sometimes, my jaw gets sore when I suck you, but I kinda like the feeling. It reminds me that I've made you feel good. Even afterward, I'll move my mouth and feel the tension, and know you're happy. I lie awake and imagine what it's like when we're together, what your skin feels like, the sound of your heart as I lay my head on your chest, the rhythm of your breathing."

She opened her cornflower blue eyes and gazed into mine. "Now I know what it's like to need someone," she said, "to *yearn* for someone. Now I know what it's like to be full—full of love, and full of a man." Then she blinked and grinned shyly. "Did you know that my orgasms are stronger when you're inside me?" Without waiting for me to answer, she continued. "They are. I used to… um… I used to masturbate, and it was always good when I came, but now…" She sighed and grinned unabashedly.

"Now, when I want you, and I can't have you, " she said, "I play with myself—mostly at night or early in the morning when I can't sleep—but when I come, it's not the same. I miss you filling me up, even though I'm so small… you know… in there…" Her shy grin was back. "Even though I'm so small and you're so thick, I want you inside me when I come. I miss it when you're not." She grinned again, more confidently this time.

"So now I know," she said. "When I read those books and the heroine 'trails her fingers into the dewy recesses of her secret place,'" she said with mocking grin, "and wishes she had her man… Now I know what it's about. Because I feel that way."

I nodded sagely, suiting my demeanor to hers. Then I grinned affectionately. "Sometimes," I teased, "you think too much."

Before she could protest, I began rocking my hips, moving my hardness inside her. She moaned softly and clutched herself to my chest, burying her face in the hollow of my neck. Soon, she began rocking against me as well, our bodies moving in synch. I knew it would take me a while to come, so I relaxed and made sure it was good for her. We rocked together for a long time, gently at first, but building toward something more urgent.

I felt the spasms of her building orgasm, and held her hips against mine. Her cold-hardened nipples pressed into my chest and she whimpered, wordlessly begging me to continue. When I started moving again, it was slower, more languid. The cold water rushing around us chilled our heated skin, sending flashes of conflicting sensations along our nerve paths. But there were no conflicting sensations from where our bodies were joined, and her molten heat threatened to overwhelm me.

With a quiver, she rocked against me, her clit rubbing the hard base of my shaft, driving her higher. She clutched me tighter as her pussy did the same to my manhood. I could feel the trembling need in her limbs as she hugged herself to my chest. Then she lightly bit my shoulder, wordlessly mewling. Her movements became erratic and the flowing water rippled around us as she frantically ground her hips against mine.

Finally, she tensed up and I felt her pussy grip my shaft. I thrust upward, trying to bury myself deeper within her heaving body. She bit down on my shoulder again, muffling the sound of her insistent whimpers. Then her orgasm peaked and she suddenly stopped moving. Her internal muscles rippled along my length, convulsing with the sheer intensity of her release.

When she finally relaxed, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath, I smiled and kissed her smooth, tanned shoulder. Then I held her in silence as she cried softly. I knew they were tears of love, tears of joy, so I simply pulled her against my body and crooned softly in her ear.

After several minutes she pulled back. Her smile was wan but full of warmth as she leaned in to kiss me tenderly. We kissed for several minutes, simply enjoying the pleasure of each other's lips. Her pussy spasmed with aftershocks several times, and she nearly jumped with each one. My cock was still very hard, and still buried within her, so she pulled back and gazed at me.

"Do you want me to… um… finish you off?" she asked.

"Do you want to?"

Her answering smile left little doubt.

"How?" I asked.

"How do you want me to?"

"How do *you* want to?"

She paused to consider. "You could come on my tits," she suggested tentatively. "Unless you want me to suck you off. I'll do that if you want me to."

"Today seems to be the day for coming on tits."

She grinned shyly.

"Do you want me to?" I asked.

She enthusiastically nodded. "I dunno why," she said, "but I like the feeling when your come splatters on my chest. I guess it's because most guys stare at my tits, so I kinda like knowing that you're the only guy who gets to do more than just stare."

"I like it too," I said with quiet excitement.

With that, we moved toward the rocks near the falls. I scooted up while she knelt in front of me. At first, she sucked me, wrapping her tongue around the head and teasing me with her lips. Her technique was very different from Gina's, more relaxed and more sensuous, and I luxuriated in the attention.

All too soon, however, I was ready to shoot. She sensed it and started stroking me, my cock aimed at her breasts. The first spurt landed squarely in the valley between them. As she pumped me, the subsequent spurts made glistening white tracks across her upper chest. When my orgasm finally subsided, she sat forward and rubbed the tip of my erection against her nipple, smearing it with come. Then she switched to her other nipple and circled it with my glans. I gasped at the sensation, but she merely grinned.

When she finally released me, I sagged back with a heavy sigh. She cupped her breasts, pushing them up and together. In the valley created, my semen began to pool. With thumbs and forefingers, she twisted her nipples and smirked at me.

"Do you like my frosted tits?" she asked.

"I like 'em with frosting or without."

"I like the frosted variety, myself." Then she turned philosophical. "Sometimes, having big tits is a real pain in the butt. But other times, like now, I'm really glad I have them."

"Me *too*," I said with an insufferable grin.

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"How long was I 'sleep?" Gina asked.

Kendall and I looked up from our quiet conversation. We'd taken our towels out to the sunny edge of the rim wall and had been soaking up rays while we talked.

"An hour," I said, looking at my watch. "Maybe an hour and a half."

"What time is it now?" she asked with a yawn.

"Almost two."

"What time do we have to head back?"

"We need to be on the trail by three."

"Why'd you let me sleep so long?" she asked grumpily as she sat upright and rubbed her eyes.

"I dunno," I said. "We just did. Next time, I'll ask for a wake-up call."

"No, no, I'm fine," she said with another yawn.

Kendall looked at me and then gestured with her chin toward Gina. I nodded and got to my feet. Gina looked up when I stepped close. I extended a hand to help her up and then pulled her to her feet. Then I scooped her into my arms and waded into the cold water of the pool. She began protesting before she even touched the water, so I stopped and turned around.

"I'll wake up at my own speed," she said testily. "Um… sorry," she said a moment later. "I didn't mean to snap at you."

I nodded and set her back on her feet.

"Let's just go back down to the rock," she suggested. "I wanna go for a swim, but I wanna wade in slowly."

Before I could answer, Kendall stood up and gathered our towels. Gina smiled gratefully, yawned again, and folded up the blanket. While she gathered the rest of our things, I lifted the raft-cum-mattress onto my head. Then we started down the hill.

During our swim, Gina woke up completely and became much more cheerful. She even apologized for being a grump at the top of the falls. I smiled and pulled her against me, treading water with one arm. She apologized again, quietly, and kissed me contritely.

She said she wanted to float around on the raft for a while—with me, of course—so I retrieved it from the flattop rock. Kendall could tell by the look in Gina's eye what she was *really* interested in, so she told us she wanted to read for a while.

Once on the raft, Gina and I drifted toward the center of the lake. Predictably, she wanted to fool around. I was more than happy to oblige her, so she started sucking me while I played with her pussy. After several minutes, she straddled my hips and began riding me. I simply enjoyed myself by fondling her breasts

and tweaking her nipples while she rose and fell, impaling herself on my shaft.

When I began to get worked up, I rolled us over, threw her legs over my shoulders, and started pounding into her. In this position, I could thrust very deeply, and she started moaning and thrashing her head side-to-side. Her internal muscles tightened up in a mini-orgasm, but I never slowed down.

Finally, I turned her over, pulled her to her hands and knees, and entered her from behind. Water sloshed over the edge of the raft, but we didn't care. As soon as I began thrusting, she cried out in pleasure. Then she threw her head back and screamed. I gripped her hips and rammed into her, our bodies making a slapping sound each time we connected. The whole time, she held herself up with one hand and tugged on her nipples with the other.

Then her orgasm hit, hard and fast. She screamed when it did. Her pussy clutched at my shaft, but I didn't slow my pace. I simply reached forward, grabbed her shoulders, and pulled myself into her, over and over again. The sensations in her pussy must have overwhelmed her, because she squirmed around—off my cock—and quickly turned toward me.

Her lips sought my slippery manhood and then locked around the head. She wrapped her fingers around the base and started pumping me frantically, rotating her hand as she did. After several minutes, I felt the familiar tingling of my impending orgasm. With a low grunt, I held her head as semen gushed over her tongue. She moaned around my shaft and swallowed greedily.

When we finally collapsed, panting, she grinned at me, completely sated. I straightened my legs and began to un-kink my muscles as my breathing slowly returned to normal.

Finally, I looked at my watch. Luckily, we had about five minutes before we needed to leave, but we still had all our gear to pack. I rolled to my hands and knees, kissed her soundly, then slipped into the water.

"We gotta get going," I said.

"Oh. Okay."

With strong scissor-kicks, I propelled us toward the flattop rock. Gina turned around on the raft so her head was pointed toward mine and then lounged idly. I playfully splashed her, but saved most of my concentration for maneuvering the raft. Kendall stood up as she heard us draw near.

"Don't worry," she said. "I've got all our stuff cleaned up and ready to pack."

We chatted as I quickly dried myself and then the raft. Then I deflated it, rolled it up, and stuffed it into the bottom of the backpack. Everything else went in on top of it, and we were ready to go in ten minutes. We'd have to hike a little quicker, but we'd make it back on time.

As we walked, I thought about the day so far. Gina had relapsed a little, but not badly. And Kendall had smoothly interceded on my behalf. I was looking forward to the party at Susan's, but I had no idea what our families had planned.

And even though I knew the day would ultimately end, I didn't want it to. I wasn't ready to start missing Gina yet. The month we'd been together, minus her week-long lapse in sanity, seemed like the blink of an eye. How would we handle being separated? How soon could I fly to Charleston? When would I see her again? I firmly thrust those thoughts aside and concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

With scant minutes to spare, we walked into the clubhouse. The hike back from the quarry had been subdued. We'd talked about a few things, but since none of us really wanted to mention Gina's impending departure, our conversations were brief.

Dad and Chris were in the kitchen area when we came in. Dad looked at his watch and nodded in approval. I looked at my watch as well, 4:59. The girls grinned at me as we all caught our breath. I shrugged the pack off and stretched. I wasn't tired so much as I was tired of carrying the pack. Before next summer, I wanted to get a pack with wider straps and an aluminum frame. I didn't need anything made to climb Mount Everest, but I wanted something a little beefier than the daypack I currently had.

While the girls disposed of the remains of our lunch and cleaned up the food containers, I talked to Dad and Chris. Chris was wrapping baking potatoes in foil while Dad made chicken kabobs with cherry tomatoes, large mushrooms, green pepper pieces, and onion wedges.

"Did you have a good time, son?" Dad asked.

"Wouldn't you have fun on a hike with *two* teenage girls?" Chris asked him before I could respond.

"I think two teenage girls would give me a heart attack," Dad replied with a grin.

"But it'd be a fun way to go."

"Oh," Dad agreed, "I didn't say it wouldn't be. Besides, these days, heart attacks are survivable."

That set them both to laughing. I rolled my eyes and turned to go, but Dad called me back.

"Sorry, son," he said. "Your mom and the other women are down at Susan's house. They gave us orders to have you all get cleaned up when you returned, then join them down there."

"Okay," I said. "Thanks."

The girls and I decided to shower together in the clubhouse. We were all tired from the day's activities and the hike home, so I was pretty sure that nothing untoward would happen. As it turned out, Elaine Raeford and her two children were in the shower, so we'd definitely have to be on our best behavior. She grinned as we approached.

"Hi," she said cheerfully, effortlessly catching her son as he tried to dodge away from the soap. "Where've you guys been all day?" she asked. "I didn't see you at the lake."

"We hiked to a quarry several miles from here," I said.

"Ah," Elaine said. "That sounds like fun."

"It is," I said. "But it's also kinda tiring."

When both girls giggled, Elaine grinned and arched an eyebrow.

"Paul's had a *hard* day," Gina explained euphemistically.

"Gina!" Kendall chided, unsuccessfully trying to stifle her giggles.

"I'll bet," Elaine said sardonically.

When they stopped giggling, Gina and Kendall offered to help with the kids. Elaine was more than happy to accept. Gina helped with Linette while Kendall scooped Barry "Boo" into her arms and then doused him with water. He squealed in delight and seemed to relish the attention.

While the girls were occupied with the kids, Elaine silently held up two fingers, looked pointedly at Gina and Kendall, and then gazed at me inquisitively. When I blushed, she chuckled.

"My, my, my," she said softly, but with a wide grin. "I remember what it was like to be young and full of energy."

"Yeah," Gina said, completely misinterpreting her words, "you gotta have a lot of energy to keep up with two kids."

"That isn't the half of it," Elaine replied, smirking at me.

We finished our showers and turned off the water. Gina and Kendall wrapped themselves in towels and then started drying "their" children. Linette and Barry were comfortable with the girls, so Elaine was content to let them finish. With a teasing grin, she threw my towel to me and then picked up her own. As I

dried off, she nonchalantly stepped close.

"Your parents are David and Beth?" she asked quietly.

"Um… yeah. And Gina's parents are Chris and Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth's Indian, right?"

"English," I said with a nod. "But Gina's grandparents are Indian, so yeah."

"And Kendall?"

"Adam and Melissa Payton."

"Ah, he's the police officer, right?"

I nodded.

While we dried off, we made small talk with Elaine. She was a nurse and Dennis was a civil engineer. They lived in Augusta, Georgia, and had heard about the camp from friends (a couple whose names I didn't recognize, also with young children). She said she and Dennis were happy it was a family camp, and they really liked it so far.

As we talked, I took the opportunity to surreptitiously check her out. The best word to describe her was "compact." She was shorter than Gina, but just as curvy, although her curves were in proportion to her size. Her breasts were also smaller than Gina's, with nipples that probably were originally pink, but had been turned golden by the sun. And while her hair was a sandy blonde, her eyebrows and pubic hair were dark.

The freckles across her nose and upper chest—combined with her elfin face and button nose—made her look younger than her twenty-seven years. But as I watched the confident way she spoke and moved, she actually seemed older. Even though she teased me as much as the girls did, I decided that I liked her. She just seemed cool.

When the kids were dry and had their hair combed, Elaine thanked the girls. I think Gina and Kendall had fun playing mommy, if only for twenty minutes. Dennis came in as Barry was politely thanking Kendall. The three-year-old turned and ran to his father, who picked him up and held him at arm's length, then hugged him close. In rapid-fire sentences, Barry told his father all about their shower, Kendall, Gina, and what seemed like a dozen other things.

With a warm smile, Elaine took Linette's hand and thanked us again for the help and company. Then we bid the family farewell. Barry and Linette shouted "bye" to the girls, who turned and waved as we walked toward the door. Once outside, both girls commented on how cute and well-behaved the kids were, and how nice Elaine was.

"I noticed you checking her out, too," Kendall said to me.

I blinked innocently, but she and Gina weren't buying it.

They teased me good-naturedly, joking about how I was planning to expand my "harem."

"Okay. She's cute," I finally admitted. "Jeez. But I'm not looking for anyone else. You two are *more* than I can handle."

"And don't you forget it, buster," Kendall said with a grin.

"Yeah," Gina agreed.

The rest of the way to Susan's house, the girls talked about the upcoming party and the reason for our celebration. It was obvious that it was a going-home party for the Coulters, but Gina's dad also seemed to have an announcement to make. Gina admitted even she didn't know what it was.

When we got to Susan's house, it was a beehive of activity. Adam had appointed himself master of the grill, and had a huge, pyramid-like mound of charcoal going. Inside the house, Susan and our moms were busy preparing side dishes. Not surprisingly, Susan was wearing a pair of bikini bottoms. In the dining room, Kara and Stacy were setting the table and putting towels on all the chairs.

In the kitchen, I tried to move out of the way, but almost fell over two ice-filled tubs in one corner. One held Cokes and beers while the other held a dozen bottles of champagne. The girls started helping with the food, so I went back outside to see if Adam needed anything. He was wearing a Chattanooga PD apron and had a beer in one hand and a pair of tongs in the other.

"I'm fine here, son," he said. "Although your daddy could probably use some help with the meat. Tell

'em that the coals'll be ready in about thirty minutes."

"Roger wilco," I said.

He smiled broadly and took a swig of beer as I jogged out of the courtyard.

In the clubhouse, Dad and Chris were mostly finished with their preparations. They had a tray of chicken kabobs, a tray of baking potatoes, and a huge foil-covered tray full of T-bone steaks (courtesy of Chris, who'd made a trip to the butcher while we were at the quarry). I hefted the largest tray, the steaks, and we all headed toward the door.

Drew, Erin, and Leah were just coming down the hill as we left the clubhouse, so we waited for them to catch up. Leah tried to wheedle the surprise out of her father, but he merely grinned and countered all of her specious arguments.

At Susan's house, Adam greeted us heartily and lifted the foil to inspect the steaks with a professional eye. Then Drew handed a bag of applewood chips to his father, which immediately drew Chris's interest. I cradled the platter of steaks in one hand and took the tray of potatoes from Chris with the other. Then Dad and I deposited the food in the kitchen.

"Is it okay if Drew has a beer?" Dad called to Adam through the open kitchen door.

"Sure," came the reply.

Dad grabbed a beer for himself and Chris, and had me grab one for Drew and myself. Even though I didn't really like the taste of the stuff, it felt grown-up to drink one with my Dad and the other men. When I handed Drew's beer to him, he grinned at me. I could tell that he was thinking the same thing.

Around the grill, we talked about the steaks, the applewood—which Adam said would add flavor and fragrance to the meat—and the fire in general. Chris was evidently a connoisseur of a charcoal fire, so he and Adam had a lively discussion about temperatures, cooking times, wood chips, and more things than I can recall.

Finally, Chris and Adam pronounced the coals ready and then spread them out. Next, they put the wire grill in the slots over the coals. Then, we retrieved the meat from the kitchen and started placing kabobs over the red-hot coals. Drew and I were sent inside to find out how the women wanted their steaks cooked. Most of them either wanted chicken or well-done steaks, while all five of us men wanted rare or medium-rare steaks. We all grinned at each other and laughingly lamented that the women wanted grossly overcooked meat.

Kendall appeared about fifteen minutes later with fresh beers. She handed one to me with a shy grin. Her hand caressed mine and she grinned fondly as she did. When I turned back to the rest of the men, they all teased me, even Drew. At last, we added the largest cuts of meat to the grill, the ones we wanted cooked rare, and told the women to expect the meat soon.

Once we walked inside with the steaming steaks and kabobs, everyone started gathering in the kitchen. The women had prepared baked potatoes, a large salad, corn on the cob, squash casserole (courtesy of Kendall's mom), glazed carrots, green beans, and fresh rolls. We also had a huge red velvet cake (also courtesy of Kendall's mom) for dessert.

Since there were so many of us, we broke into two groups. Once all the main dishes of food had been moved into the dining room, Drew and I added a leaf to the kitchen table and retrieved two extra chairs from the garage. While Erin cleaned the chairs, Leah spread a tablecloth on the table and Gina and Kendall prepared to set the plates and silverware. In the dining room, the grown-ups had the more formal dishes and utensils.

Adam said a quick grace, taking time to thank both Susan for hosting the party and the Coulters for inviting them. While he did mention Jesus, he seemed to be more thankful for the good company, the good food, and the health and welfare of the gathered crowd. I hadn't heard many dinner prayers before, but his seemed to be genuine and grateful.

With that, the kids headed into the kitchen and the grown-ups (including Kara and Stacy) sat down in the dining room. At the kitchen table, we had our own smaller set of serving plates or bowls, so we wouldn't have to go back and forth to the dining room. Much to Drew's chagrin, Kendall made sure to start passing dishes with me. I filled my plate and then passed to Gina on my left.

Dinner was fantastic. My steak was cool and pink on the inside, and seared to applewood-scented perfection on the outside. After the long hike, I was ravenous. I don't know who ate more, Drew or me, but it was certainly too close to call. While Gina and Kendall lavished attention on me, Erin and Leah did the same for Drew. We were like kings at a banquet, and I'm sure he loved every bit of it as much as I did.

When I couldn't eat another bite, I sat back and stifled a belch. Kendall grinned at me and rolled her eyes.

"Did you get enough?" she asked teasingly.

"Uh-*huh*. I gotta keep my strength up, you know," I replied with a grin.

"Sure you do," she said sardonically.

After that, we all chatted for a while, simply making small talk while our food settled. But I began to realize that I was in an awkward situation. With Drew at the table, I had to act like Kendall was my sole girlfriend, but I didn't want to hurt Gina by doing so. I also realized that up until now, I'd gotten lucky. Since I'd mostly spent time with the men, neither Adam nor Melissa had begun to suspect about my relationship with Gina. Or so I hoped.

I didn't really like the idea that we needed to pull the wool over *anyone's* eyes, but I was pragmatic enough to realize the necessity. Judging by Kendall's descriptions of her parents, I don't think they would approve of my having two girlfriends. While I pondered what to do and how to act, I felt Kendall's hand reach for mine under the table. As if she knew what I was thinking, she squeezed it reassuringly.

Before I could do anything more than squeeze in reply, Kara and Stacy came trooping into the kitchen with mostly empty serving dishes. The group in the dining room was cleaning up the table, so Gina and Kendall followed suit. When I volunteered to help, Drew snorted derisively, but I ignored him. Gina patted me on the cheek fondly—and a little mockingly—and asked me to stay out of the way.

"Paul," Dad called from the dining room. "Why don't you and Drew bring the kitchen chairs in here."

I figured Drew would scoff at the request, but he surprised me by immediately hopping to his feet and grabbing two chairs. I picked up two myself and followed him. While he fetched the remaining two chairs, I started moving the formal dining room chairs to make room for the additions.

With a small army of women and girls working in the kitchen, the leftovers were quickly packed away and the dishes were washed and dried. In the dining room, I helped Chris retrieve champagne flutes from one of Susan's large china cabinets. She had service for sixteen, so we had one extra.

A few minutes later, the women returned with the cake and a stack of dessert plates and forks. At Chris's direction, I grabbed three bottles of chilled champagne from the kitchen and wrapped them in towels. Once everyone was back in the dining room, we squeezed around the table and sat down. (I, of course, had managed to set three of the kitchen chairs together, and they just happened to have Gina's, Kendall's, and my towels in them. Imagine that!)

While Chris started unwrapping the foil coverings on the champagne bottles, he got everyone's attention and started talking.

"You're probably wondering why we asked you here tonight," he began facetiously. When the chuckles died down, he continued. "Seriously, thank you all for coming, and thank you, Susan, for graciously letting us invade."

"The barbarian hordes," Elizabeth quipped with a grin, "with their great hunks of dead cow."

"And thanks to Adam for grilling everything to perfection," Chris continued as if he hadn't been interrupted. "Thank you to my lovely wife, Elizabeth, and to Susan, Beth, and especially Melissa, maker of this fine soon-to-be-devoured cake. In short, thank you everyone for making this night so special, for all of us."

He expertly popped the cork on the first bottle of champagne and kept it from bubbling over. Then he started filling glasses. Elizabeth passed new ones to him and helped distribute the filled ones as Chris continued speaking. He talked about how much his family enjoyed coming to camp, and how they always missed it when they had to return home. Midway through his monologue, he deftly opened a new bottle and continued pouring. Then he joked about the Fourth of July, volleyball games, Marco Polo games, shaving cream fights, water balloons, and more. Once we all had full glasses of champagne in front of us, he

lifted his in toast.

"Thank you all, both long-time friends—" a nod to Susan and my parents, "—and new ones." He raised his glass to Adam and Melissa. "I can't think of a better group of people to spend time with. So I offer a toast." Everyone raised their glasses. "May the best of your past be the worst of your future!"

"Hear, hear!" someone cried.

We all raised our glasses and drank. When everyone was paying attention again, Chris opened the third bottle of champagne and began pouring refills while he continued.

"Now, you're all probably wondering what the *real* announcement is," he said. "The end of the summer, at least for our family, is one of the reasons for this party, but it's certainly not the only one. I'm sure you're all wondering what's up. Judging by how much my daughters have been trying to charm me lately, I know *they* certainly are."

Everyone laughed good-naturedly as Kara, Gina, and Leah obligingly blushed.

"Well," Chris said, "let me tell you about my life for the past several months."

"Keep it short," Dad said teasingly.

"And Rated PG," Elizabeth added with a grin.

"Okay," Chris said, unruffled. "Short and PG." He slyly glanced at his groin and then looked up with a shameless grin. "I think I can manage that."

Laughter erupted at his double entendre.

"Seriously, seriously," he said as we quieted. "My life for the past several months… A friend from college is a producer at a TV station in Washington, D.C. He called me about six months ago and told me about someone trying to start a new station, and asked was I interested. My friend told me who to call and said he'd already mentioned my name to the new station's owner. So I dusted off my resume, got together a demo tape of some of my best pieces and awards, and sent them off in the mail. When I didn't immediately hear back from the new station owner, I promptly forgot about it."

Around the table, faces fell.

"But!" Chris exclaimed, "they hadn't forgotten about me. In late April, they called me and we did a quick phone interview. I didn't think I did that well, so I didn't think much more about it. I didn't even know what *kind* of station it was—network, independent, or public broadcast—so I wasn't all that disappointed. But you can imagine my surprise when they phoned back in early May and said they wanted to fly me in for an interview. The station owner even wanted to meet my wife, so they sent us two tickets."

Early May? I thought. *Hold on a second…*

"Well, we flew to Atlanta and met the station owner," Chris continued. "I'm sure you've heard of him, he already owns a TV station, as well as a couple of sports teams."

I had no clue who he was talking about, but I nodded as if I did.

"So I went to the interview with Ted, his senior executive producer, the general manager, and several other people. They told me about their new concept for a TV station, and it wasn't at all what I expected. I had my doubts about whether or not their concept would work, and I started asking *them* questions. Needless to say, I thought I bombed," Chris lamented.

"They watched my demo tape again and then asked some pretty direct questions about the documentaries and the reporters I'd directed. When they got into how I managed assistant producers and on-air reporters, they fired questions at me left and right. I did my best, but once again, I thought I tanked."

Elizabeth glanced up at him fondly as he reached for her hand.

"I thanked them for the opportunity and left the interview thinking I'd never hear from them again. So you can imagine my *further* surprise when I got a call earlier this week. The station owner and his senior executive producer wanted to meet with me again. 'How soon could I get there?' they asked. 'How soon did they want me there?' I asked. They had a ticket waiting for me in Columbia that afternoon, so I flew to Atlanta.

"The third interview was a lot more informal, and I spent most of it with the senior executive producer. But toward the end of the day, Ted came into the conference room and sat down with us. I know it sounds like a cliché, but he literally made me an offer I couldn't refuse."

"What was it?" Leah asked excitedly. "What are you gonna do?"

"Well, pumpkin," Chris said slowly, "the station is still in the formative stages, so they don't really know exactly what I'll be doing. With my background, I'll be an executive producer, probably for a group of shows, since there will most likely be several executive producers. But no matter what I'm responsible for, specifically, I'll be in charge of a team of producers, assistant producers, engineers, reporters, cameramen, and more."

"So you said yes, daddy?" Leah asked.

"Not at first," he replied. "I said I'd need to talk it over with your mom. This guy Ted has a *lot* of money, and he's putting together a pretty impressive team to launch the station. I'm proud that he wants me to be part of that, but it'd mean some big changes."

"Are we gonna move?" Gina asked. "To Atlanta?" Under the table, her hand sought my own.

"Well, princess, your mom and I talked it over. It'd be a big step for me, and a big boost for my career. And, to tell the truth, the salary is… well… it's *very* attractive. But it would also mean that we'd have to move, yes to Atlanta, and I'd end up putting in a lot more hours at work, interviewing talent and hiring my teams. That's time I'd spend away from you all."

"But it *is* big boost for your career," Kara said, to which Chris nodded. Then she continued. "But if we move, what about me? Will I have to move too?"

"Did you say yes?" Leah asked emphatically.

"Yes, pumpkin," Chris answered. "Your mom and I talked it over before I flew back. We weighed the pros and cons, and we decided that it was the right move. So I met with Ted and the senior executive producer and accepted the position." Then he turned to Kara. "And whether or not you move is really up to you."

Leah and Gina were obviously excited, but Kara remained cool.

"Kara," Elizabeth said, "you can stay in Charleston and we'll get you an apartment, or you can move with us and go to school in Atlanta. Whichever you prefer."

"You mean I don't have to move?" she asked.

"Not if you don't want to. If you stay, we'll pay for your apartment and make sure you have a car. So you won't have to give up your scholarships or leave any of your friends."

Kara nodded and then smiled gratefully.

"Oh," Gina said suddenly. "We'll have to leave our friends, won't we?"

"You'll make new friends, princess," Chris said.

"Besides," Elizabeth added, "we talked to David and Beth and asked about neighborhoods and schools. Until we find a house, we'll probably stay with them, so you and Leah will start school with Paul and Erin."

"You mean Paul and I will be in the same school?" Gina asked excitedly, the loss of her friends in Charleston all but forgotten.

"Yes, and we'll make sure we get a house in the same school district, so you don't have to transfer mid-semester."

"Cool," Gina said.

Before the girls could fire any more questions at Chris and Elizabeth, Dad stood.

"Good news indeed. This calls for another toast. And *you*," he said to Chris with mock severity, "have had the floor long enough."

Chris grinned affably and sat down with a nod.

"When I first got a job with a major airline, it was a big step for us," Dad said, nodding at Mom. "We were moving from a small city to a very large one. I was going from a comfortable job at a small company to a challenging job at a very large company. It was a big decision, but we've never regretted it." He turned to Chris and Elizabeth. "I know this is a big change for you, but it couldn't happen to a nicer guy, or a nicer family. So…" He raised his glass and everyone followed suit. "Congratulations, Chris and Elizabeth, you're gonna make it after all!"

"Cheers!" everyone cried and then drank.

After that, the questions flew fast and furious. Someone retrieved another trio of champagne bottles

from the kitchen, and as Chris refilled glasses, he gamely answered questions.

The new TV station was an all-news format, which had something to do with cable TV. At the time, I had no idea what cable TV was, but from the way Chris talked about it, it was going to revolutionize the industry.

He would have a lot of work to do, since he was one of the core producers and managers hired to get the station off the ground. As soon as he got back to Charleston, he was going to give notice at his current station and then move to Atlanta two weeks later.

As soon as they returned to Charleston, Elizabeth, Kara, Gina, and Leah would start packing their house for the move. Kara wanted to stay at the College of Charleston, so they'd have to find her an apartment near campus and buy her a used car. And while all the packing was going on, Chris and Elizabeth would still have to house-hunt in our neighborhood and others nearby. Gina and Leah were a little upset that they'd have to leave their friends, but they were both excited about going to school with Erin and me.

Drew tried to suppress a glare when Gina excitedly hugged herself to my arm, but he didn't succeed. I quickly glanced at Kendall's parents, but if they realized why Gina was so happy—or that she was hanging on me—they certainly didn't show it. They congratulated Chris on his new job and seemed genuinely happy.

After that, the champagne flowed freely as we cut the cake and talked more about the Coulters' impending move. Gina absolutely loved the idea of living near me, and was as effusive as ever, which made Kendall nervous. I'm sure she was worried about her parents "finding out," but she didn't seem to realize that they were oblivious. I couldn't tell if they were just turning a blind eye, or they really didn't realize what was going on.

When Chris opened another brace of champagne bottles, we all extended our glasses. It was then that I realized why Adam and Melissa were so laid back. They, like nearly everyone else, had a good buzz going. I silently thanked whatever powers that be that they were too tipsy to notice the Gina-Kendall-me dynamic. Unfortunately, Drew was glaring daggers at me. When I got up to go to the bathroom, he followed me.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked in the hallway, his expression surly.

"Drew, jeez," I said. "Lay off the macho routine."

"Listen," he said heatedly, "I know what you're up to with Kendall. And you think I don't notice that Gina's hanging all over you, too?"

"And how's that your business?" I asked.

He leveled his finger at me and poked my chest. "It's my business 'cause I say it's my business." Then he leaned into me, his finger pressing against my sternum almost painfully.

"Back off, Drew."

"No, *you* back off. My sister isn't your toy. If you want someone to fuck, try that slut Gina."

He'd had a lot more to drink than I had, so I guess he was a little drunk. And I guess he was a little upset, maybe even justifiably. Unfortunately, I wasn't thinking about either of those things at the time. All I could think about was how much I wanted to punch him.

"Yeah, that's right," he sneered. "You didn't think I knew what kind of slut Gina is."

"You're drunk, Drew," I said coldly. "Give it a rest."

"Pussy."

"Yeah, whatever. Just get out of my way." I tried to shove him back, but he weighed more than me and I wasn't going to move him without more effort.

"Listen, wimp," he said, "stick to your slut, Gina. 'Cause if you come near Kendall again, I'll kick your ass. And then I'll tell—"

At that point, I'd had enough. I don't really know *what* I did next, but I distinctly remember the flat crack as my open palm slapped his forearm. In hindsight, I *think* I pulled him into an arm-bar. Then I put all my weight on his upper arm, using it to lever him to the ground. He dropped to his knees first, but I bore him to the floor with my momentum. He landed on his chest with a thud and a whoosh.

In a flash, I pulled his arm into a chicken wing and used it to roll him onto his back. He had one arm solidly pinned beneath him and the other half-pinned by its awkward position. I put one of my knees in the

middle of his chest, with all my weight behind it.

As he grunted in pain, I found myself staring down into two platter-sized, suddenly sober eyes, his belligerence deserting him. From start to finish, the "fight" (and I use that term very loosely) had probably taken only three seconds.

"You'll tell *who*, Drew?" I spat, my blood pounding in my ears.

He tried to squirm loose, but I was firmly in control of the situation, although I was hardly in control of my emotions.

"You so much as open your mouth about me and Kendall," I grated, my hand shooting out to seize his chin and force him to look at me, "and you'll regret it. And if you call Gina a slut one… more… time… so help me God I'll hit you so fucking hard you'll spend a week trying to find your teeth." For emphasis, I tightened my grip on his jaw and he gasped in pain.

"I don't need you giving me orders, and neither does Kendall. What she and I do is between the two of us. If you insist on being a spoiled little shit and making threats, then you and I are gonna have problems," I said with sociopathic calm. "*Big* problems. And trust me, you *don't* wanna be around me when I've got a problem. Do you understand?"

His eyes flashed in fear when he looked into mine. Without waiting for him to answer, I continued.

"If, however, you act like an adult, I'm happy to live and let live," I said in a more reasonable tone, my anger finally dissipating—albeit slowly—as his pained and panicky expression began to register. "Heck, we may even be friends. You're not a bad guy when you're not acting like an asshole. But I'm not gonna put up with your shit. I'm *not* gonna put up with candy-assed threats. And I'm *definitely* not gonna put up with you calling Gina names. Got it?"

When I relaxed my claw-like grip on his jaw, he nodded jerkily.

"Now," I asked with deceptive mildness, "are we cool? Or do you wanna take this outside and settle it once and for all?"

"We're cool, man," he said quickly.

"Good," I said, then stood up. I reached down as he rubbed his chest where my knee had been.

He looked at my hand suspiciously and then tentatively gripped it.

I pulled him to his feet with ease.

"Damn, man," he said, still rubbing his chest. "What'd you have to go crazy for?"

"I guess I snapped," I said, in as much apology as he was ever going to get.

"No kidding."

Just then, Kara walked into the hall, glanced at us for a moment, then continued into the bathroom without giving us a second thought. Elizabeth was close on her heels. She turned down the hall and then pulled up short when she saw us.

"Hello, gentlemen," she said with champagne-induced good cheer. "If you'll excuse me…"

Drew and I parted to let her through, and she headed toward Susan's room, no doubt bound for the bathroom.

"We're cool?" I asked again, although without menace.

"We're cool," he said immediately. "Everything's cool."

"All right," I said, hiding my relief. "Sorry about your chest."

"Ah, it's nothing. I've been hit worse in football."

I knew he was exaggerating, but I nodded in agreement. In a way, I'd already kicked him when he was down. I didn't need to give his ego a kick when *it* was down as well. In the moment of tense silence that followed, I felt my muscles begin to quiver as the adrenaline subsided. I'm sure Drew was feeling the same thing.

"Okay," I said, jerking my thumb over my shoulder, toward Susan's room. "I'm gonna go to the bathroom."

"Yeah, man," he said. "I'm gonna go back to the party."

With a wary nod, we parted.

In Susan's room, I sagged against the dresser and trembled for a moment, my breathing coming in ragged

bursts.

How freaked out was that?! I thought.

I could've gotten myself killed. Sure, I was stronger than Drew, but he was several inches taller and outweighed me by at least twenty pounds!

For a few minutes, I absently rubbed my forearm (it stung) and stared off into space. Slowly, ever so slowly, the tension drained from my system. I felt the same way after a hard-fought wrestling match, and I knew it would pass, but that didn't make my fluttering stomach or wobbly legs feel any better.

By the time the bathroom door opened, I was calm and mostly collected. Elizabeth gazed out at me and then smiled mischievously, oblivious to what had just taken place.

"Paul! Come in."

Before I could object, she practically dragged me into the bathroom with her and then shut the door.

"Now that I've got you alone, I wanted to thank you for being such a great guy. Gina really loves you, and I think you're good for her."

"Um… thanks."

"We Coulter women have, how shall I say it?" She pondered for a moment and then grinned broadly. "We have… appetites, and you're just the man to satisfy hers."

"I'm glad you think so," I said a little uneasily. *This night has gone from weird to weirder.*

"Mmm hmm," she practically purred. Then, to my complete and utter shock, she reached for my dick and slowly stroked it. "Gina's a very lucky girl," she said as she dropped to her knees.

"Um… Elizabeth?" I stammered. She had me pinned against the counter, and I couldn't escape without bowling her over.

"Yes?" she asked, her voice sultry.

"What are you…?" I squeaked. Then I cleared my throat and tried again. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, don't worry," she said soothingly. "This won't hurt a bit."

With that, she captured the tip of my manhood with her lips. Conflicting impulses assailed me. Elizabeth Coulter was certainly beautiful; she was the pattern from which Gina, Kara, and Leah had sprung. But she was also my girlfriend's mother. To my shame and embarrassment, I started to get an erection.

"Elizabeth," I begged. "Stop. We can't."

"Oh, don't worry," she said, taking her lips away from my stiffening member for the briefest of moments. "I'm not going to finish you off. I just want a taste."

I groaned in a mixture of pleasure and resignation as she recaptured my shaft. She sucked about half my length into her mouth and ran her velvety tongue along the underside. The sensations threatened to overwhelm me so I fiercely gripped the edge of the counter to support myself.

Elizabeth happily bobbed in front of me, wetting the first half of my turgid shaft with her saliva. With growing horror, I realized how incredibly good it felt. Her lips and tongue were… mind-blowing. I groaned again as she took my shaft out of her mouth and licked along its length.

In a panic, I worried that Gina or Kendall could walk in at any moment. What would they do? What would Mom or Dad do? I wracked my brain, trying to think of how to diplomatically pull her sucking mouth away from my dick, but my thoughts were hopelessly fogged by the sensations in my groin. Finally, I was ready to simply push her away, no matter how good the blowjob felt. At that point, she took one last lick and then stood.

"Mmm," she said with a playful grin, "you taste just like your father."

I took a deep breath and swallowed hard, trying to rationalize what had just happened.

"Indeed, Gina is a lucky girl. But let's not forget Kendall," she added. "Another very lucky girl. And isn't *she* a bombshell. It must be nice having two beautiful girls hot for you."

I stood there and simply blinked, dumbfounded.

"Thanks for letting me sample the wares," she said with a grin. "I know I'm not young and beautiful like Gina and Kendall, but I still have needs." Then she smiled at me and seemed to take pity on my distress. "I'm sorry to tease you, I just had to get a taste. I'm so worked up about later tonight that I guess I got a little overeager."

"Overeager?" I finally croaked.

"Yes," she said evenly. "I hope you don't mind me giving you a little tease blowjob."

I shook my head, thoroughly confused.

"I've wanted to taste you for a while now, and I just had to do something to take the edge off until Chris and David get the party started later tonight." Without further explanation, she rose on tiptoe, kissed my cheek, and smiled fondly. Then her expression turned devilish as she tickled my rod one last time. "Thanks again," she said.

I watched in stunned silence as she casually opened the door, waved and smiled, and then shut it behind her as she left.

"Could tonight get *any* weirder?" I asked the empty bathroom.

Of course, it didn't answer.

✧ ✧ ✧

When I finally returned to the party, Dad, Chris, and Adam were still in the dining room, but most everyone had moved to the living room. Gina and Kendall were in the kitchen talking to Kara, so Stacy snagged me and pulled me toward Kirk's former room.

Didn't I just ask myself if tonight could get any weirder? I thought. *Now it's bordering on the surreal.*

"You've got to be the luckiest guy on the face of the Earth," she said as she shut the door behind us. Not surprisingly, she seemed a little tipsy.

"Why?"

"Your girlfriend's moving to Atlanta."

I nodded.

"Well, *one* of your girlfriends, I should probably say."

I started to argue, but she savagely cut me off.

"D'you think I'm blind? Did you think I wouldn't know Kendall's your girlfriend? I've known she had the hots for you since last year!"

I had a million excuses running through my head, but all of them seemed lame, even to me.

"So now she's your girlfriend and I'm not."

"Stacy, it's not like that—"

"Oh, it's not?" she asked angrily. "Then how is it? I'm good enough to fuck but not good enough to be your girlfriend?"

"Hold on, that's not fair," I said.

"Why not? It's true, isn't it?"

"No, it's *not* true."

"You never even loved me, did you?" she accused.

I looked at her stonily but she stood defiant. Then I let my expression soften. "Yes," I said quietly. "I did. I still do."

"Then why can't *I* be your girlfriend too?" she asked bitterly.

"Stace—"

"Don't 'Stace' me. Why can't you love me like you love them?"

Unfortunately, I didn't have a good answer for that. I could see the anguish in her eyes, and it was breaking my heart.

"Is it my past? I can't change that, but I won't tell you about it any more."

I shook my head.

"Is it my boobs? I could have one of those operations."

"It's not—"

"Is it 'cause I'm moving to Columbia? I could stay here and wait for you until next summer."

"Stacy, it's not—"

"Is it 'cause of Jason? I—"

"Stacy," I said firmly, cutting her off. "It's not because of any of that. I don't know why it's different

with you. I love you, I really do. But…" I shrugged. "I just don't know."

"Do you really love me?"

"Yes. And I love you just the way you are. But… well… you're going off to college, and I'm going back to high school…" I know it sounded feeble.

"Kendall's going to college," she said in challenge.

"Uh-huh. And did you also know that we're breaking up at the end of the summer?"

"Why?"

"Because she's going off to college and I'm going back to high school." I paused for a moment to let that sink in. "Stacy, look," I said seriously, "it *is* different with you and me. I love you, you have to believe me. It's not about your past. It's not about your boobs either, which are really, really cute."

She smiled, but then frowned again as she began to realize what I was telling her.

"It's not about you going to college, or about Jason. To be perfectly honest, I'm really glad you found Jason. He sounds perfect for you."

"But he's not you," she said dolefully.

"No, he's not."

"You don't love me like you love Gina or Kendall."

It wasn't a question. I exhaled slowly and shook my head in resignation.

"Why?"

"I don't know," I said honestly. "I can't really explain it."

"I thought if I loved you enough, you'd love me too."

"I do love you," I said.

"But not like I love you."

"No."

She nodded sadly. "I guess I've known for a while now," she said. "Susan tried to protect me, and I'm glad she set things up with Jason, but…" When she looked up, there were tears in her eyes. "I just wanted you to love me like I love you."

I swallowed hard as I felt my chest constrict. "I'm so sorry," I breathed.

She shrugged despondently. Then some inner dam burst and she broke down crying, the hurt, fear, and anger flowing out of her as sobs wracked her shoulders.

I stepped toward her and tentatively wrapped my arms around her. When she didn't push me away, I pulled her close.

"I tried so hard to get you to love me," she said several minutes later.

"I *do* love you."

"You know what I mean."

"Yeah, Stace, I do. And you can't imagine how sorry I am."

"I think I loved you more than I ever loved Randy."

"Yeah, well," I said without heat, "Randy was an asshole."

"And you broke my heart," she said, sniffling.

"I guess I'm an asshole too."

She hugged me tight and shook her head.

"Do you forgive me?" I asked.

"No," she said irritably. She waited several heartbeats and then continued. "But I'll live."

"I'm glad, Stacy," I said with genuine feeling. "The world would be a worse place without you."

She shook her head and clutched me tighter still. Eventually, she calmed down. When she spasmed against me, I momentarily panicked. Then she did it again, and I chuckled.

"It's n… *hic*… not funny!"

"Oh, yes it is," I said, my chuckles deepening as she stared up at me unflinchingly.

"You're the only one who… *hic*… who ever gives me the hiccups," she said.

"I'm sorry," I replied, wiping tears from her cheeks with my thumbs.

"*Hic*… I should hate you, you know."

"Yeah, but you don't. You love me just as much as I love you."

She looked down and nodded, her body spasming with another hiccup.

"And I'll be sure to tell Jason about how to get rid of your hiccups."

She half-heartedly pounded my chest with a small fist. "Just g… *hic*… go get me some sugar, please."

I grinned at her and she smiled thinly. She looked so fragile that I felt like an ass. Instead of hurting her, I should be protecting her. When she hiccupped again, I bent down and kissed her. Her lips opened and her tongue sought mine. Instead of being the chaste kiss I'd intended, she pulled my head down. Seemingly of their own accord, my hands moved lower. I cupped her ass and pulled her against me. She hiccupped again, but we didn't break the kiss.

Our embrace wasn't passionate so much as it was aching, and I could feel the deep-seated sadness within her. The kiss was long and soulful, and her yearning resonated. When she finally pulled back, she swallowed hard and tried to catch her breath.

"Sorry," she said. Then she sniffled. "I couldn't breathe."

"But your hiccups are gone."

She stopped for a moment and stared at my chest, her eyes unfocused. When she didn't spasm, she looked up at me and smiled.

"Do you want me to tell Jason about *that* way to get rid of your hiccups?" I asked facetiously.

"No," she said crossly. Then she realized I was teasing. "I'll tell him," she said with mocking hauteur.

"So you're feeling better?" I asked.

"No," she said glumly. "I did hope… well, I don't know what I hoped. But I'll survive." She shrugged. "I always have."

"Uh-huh. And I'll always love you," I said softly. "You know that, don't you?"

She nodded. "I'll always love you too. But right now, I don't like you very much."

"I… I'm sorry."

She nodded again. "I know."

"But you're okay?"

"Yeah. We'd better make sure my hiccups are really gone, though," she said with a shy grin.

"I thought you didn't like me very much right now."

"I'll make an exception. Now shut up and kiss me again. If it's going to be the last time, you'd better make it a good one."

With a wry grin, I nodded and bent down. She tilted her head back and our lips met again. Instead of simply kissing her, I ran my hand up her lithe stomach and cupped her breast. The puffy nipple hardened in my palm and she moaned into my mouth. She pulled back once, to breathe, but tugged my head down and fastened her lips against mine a second time. When we separated, she took a deep breath, sniffled, and grinned.

"I'm going to miss that," she said distractedly. Then she pursed her lips. When she opened her eyes, they were bright with mischief. "Jason's a good kisser too," she said coyly. "And he likes my little boobs."

"They're not so little," I said.

"Ha! Compared to Gina's and Kendall's they sure are."

"Yeah, but you're a petite girl."

"Mmm hmm. And Jason says he likes petite women."

"Oh, he does?"

"Uh-huh," she said with a grin. "I guess it's 'cause he's so big." Then she grew quiet and looked down pensively. "Do you think I'll ever be happy?" she asked quietly.

I lifted her chin with a finger and gazed into her red-rimmed eyes. "Stacy," I said earnestly, "you'll be as happy as you let yourself be."

She smiled guardedly and hugged herself against my chest. "Thank you, Paul." She was silent for several long moments and then said, "I do still love you."

"And I love you, Stacy."

"I'm glad."

✧ ✧ ✧

"What was that about?" Gina asked when Stacy and I emerged from the bathroom.

Stacy had wanted to blow her nose and wash her face, and she asked me to go with her. Afterward, she pushed me toward the kitchen—and Gina and Kendall—and went to find Susan.

"That's a long story," I replied.

"Oh," Gina said. "You've been gone for a long time. Have you been in there the whole time?"

I shook my head.

"What happened to your arm?" Kendall asked.

When I looked at my left arm, I had a swath of raw, red skin from elbow to wrist. No wonder it had stung. It must've been a carpet burn from when Drew and I "fought."

"And what happened to your knee?" Gina asked.

My right knee had an angry raspberry and a thin trickle of dried blood. I was sure that it was a carpet burn as well, although I hadn't felt either injury when they had actually occurred.

"That," I said cautiously, "is *another* long story."

"You didn't do anything with her, did you?" Gina asked suspiciously.

In reply, I simply rolled my eyes and shook my head.

"Oh," she said with curious disregard. "Good. 'Cause Kendall and I wanna get out of here and screw you silly."

"How much champagne has she had?" I asked Kendall over Gina's head.

"I'm not drunk," Gina said, shoving me backward.

Behind her, Kendall held up four fingers.

Four glasses of champagne, I thought. *Super.*

"C'mon, big boy," Gina said, stepping close. "We want your dick."

I looked around to make sure no one had overheard. To my relief, everyone seemed to be involved in their own conversations.

"Okay," I said to Kendall, "you take her outside, I'll tell our folks we're gonna get some fresh air."

I quickly found Mom and Dad. To my surprise, they were talking to Adam, Melissa, and a bottomless Susan.

When had she taken off her bikini bottoms? And why?

Melissa looked like she was feeling no pain and seemed particularly amorous. She was practically hanging on Adam, and as she gazed up at him, she had "that look" in her eye. When I approached, he had his hand on her ass—out of sight of everyone else—and was idly rubbing.

If only Kendall could've seen this, I thought as I shook my head in wonder.

I told the assembled adults that the girls and I were going for a walk. Mom said that Erin was spending the night with the Coulters and had already left the party. I looked around; Erin, Leah, and Drew were all conspicuously absent. According to Mom, the girls had wanted to go to the Coulter cabin with Drew, but she and Elizabeth had vetoed that idea in short order. Instead, the three younger teens had decided to hang out in the clubhouse.

I told Mom that we'd probably hang out at our cabin. Neither Adam nor Melissa balked at the idea of Kendall hanging out with both Gina and me. I logged that away for further consideration and thanked Susan for inviting us. Then I thanked Adam and Melissa for grilling the meat and baking the cake, respectively. Finally, I kissed Mom on the cheek and turned to find the Coulters.

As I walked toward the dining room, I heard Melissa gush about how she wanted to take a nice romantic walk with Adam. When Kendall was horny, she sounded *just* like her mother. Once again, I chuckled to myself and shook my head in wonder.

Chris and Elizabeth were sitting at the dining room table, talking to Kara and Stacy. They smiled when I told them that Gina, Kendall, and I were going for a walk. I didn't want to tell them that in front of Stacy, but I didn't see a way around it. When our eyes met, she smiled sadly and then nodded. Almost unnoticed, Kara's hand reached out and touched the other girl's.

I congratulated Chris on his new job and thanked him for the steaks and champagne. Elizabeth nodded graciously as well, but her eyes fairly gleamed when she realized that Adam and Melissa were making their farewells. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what would be happening once the Paytons left for the evening. I said goodnight and tried to hide my smirk as I turned to go.

Outside, I found Kendall and Gina waiting for me. When I shut the kitchen door, Gina giggled and held up an unopened bottle of champagne. She seemed unusually proud of herself. I looked over her shoulder at Kendall, my expression pained. The taller girl stared at me for a moment, her face composed, then burst into giggles as well.

"Wait a minute," I said to her. "How many glasses of champagne have *you* had?"

With another round of snickering, this time from both girls, she held up four fingers.

"Oh, my God," I said, suddenly realizing I had not one but *two* drunk girls on my hands.

"C'mon," Gina said as we walked into the night, "we still want your dick."

"Lotsa times," Kendall agreed, her voice a little slurred. "Dick, dick, dick, dick, dick. We want dick."

They started snickering once more, and I could only shake my head. Again.

✧ ✧ ✧

As we walked past the clubhouse, Gina suddenly stopped.

"We don't have cups," she said, then giggled. "We need cups. I'll go get 'em! Wait right here."

Without even waiting for us to answer, she handed me the bottle and dashed back down the hill, bound for the lighted building. Kendall then flowed into my arms, pressing her breasts against my chest. When she kissed me, I could taste the champagne on her breath. Before I knew what was happening, she grinned mischievously and slowly slid to her knees.

"Kendall?!" I hissed. "What are you doing?" I tried to keep my voice low, but I don't know how successful I was.

"Mmmmm, I wanna suck you," she said.

Before I could step back, she captured my limp member and began trying to get me hard. I frantically looked around. There was enough illumination from the streetlights that anyone could've seen us, so I tried to shove her back. Unfortunately, she had other ideas, and clamped her lips around my tumescent shaft.

Why do I have to get hard at a time like this? I asked myself. Treacherous organ!

Kendall started sucking me in earnest.

"Kendall, we can't," I whispered harshly.

"Mmmmm."

I tried to pull back, but she wasn't letting go. Finally, I used a little more force and extracted myself from her mouth. She moaned disconsolately when I lifted her to her feet. She tried to sink to her knees again, but I warned her that her parents could come along at any moment.

I knew they weren't going to walk by; I'd heard them follow us from Susan's house and turn toward the lake. But Kendall didn't know their arrival was highly unlikely, so she settled for leaning against me and stroking my erection with her hand. If anyone saw us, they'd probably figure that we were simply embracing.

Gina walked up a few minutes later, grinning shamelessly. She licked her lips when she saw what Kendall was doing.

"I got the cups," Gina said. "Let's go."

We ran the rest of the way to my cabin. Once inside, we didn't even turn on the lights. Gina wanted to open the champagne immediately, but I tried to dissuade her. She was insistent, so I unwrapped the wire cage securing the cork. To my surprise, the cork blasted from the bottle before I could even touch it. A cool foam of champagne cascaded over my hand and onto the throw rug. Gina quickly thrust a cup under it and then grinned at me.

"A toast," Gina said, when I'd filled three of the paper cups. "To the best dick I've ever had!"

"To the *only* dick I've ever had," Kendall added.

"To the only dick," Gina corrected with a toss of her raven hair. "Cheers!"

I grimaced while they drank. "I'm more than just a dick, you know," I said acerbically.

Gina giggled obliviously and took another drink, but Kendall actually tried to look contrite.

"It tickles my nose," Gina said. Then she reached for the bottle.

Kendall slid closer, slipped her arm around my waist, and looked apologetic.

I put my arm around her and squeezed gently.

"God, I love watching you two together," Gina said as she poured herself another cupful.

"I'm sorry," Kendall whispered. "You're a *lot* more than just a dick." Then she nuzzled my neck.

"You two look so hot right now," Gina said. "I just love watching—" When she looked up, her eyes flew wide. "Oh, my God."

"What?" I asked in alarm.

"Did Adam an' Melissa leave the party?" she asked me.

"Yeah," I said. "They left right after we did. Why?"

"Oh, my God," she repeated. "We've got to get back down there!"

"Why? What's up?"

"Silly," she said, as if that explained everything. "You know what's gonna happen."

"Yeah," I said. I knew very well what our parents were up to. "So?"

"So? We can watch. C'mon, let's go!"

"Gina," I said firmly, causing her to stop short of the door. "Let's just stay here."

"No, silly," she said, walking back and reaching for my hand. "Let's go watch them. We can sit outside Susan's bedroom, just like before. You can take care of us at the same time. C'mon, I'll get a blanket or something."

"What if they're not in Susan's room?" I asked, trying to forestall her.

"They will be. They like the way the sliding glass doors make a mirror when the light's on."

"What are you all talking about?" Kendall asked.

"C'mon," Gina said insistently. "We'll show you."

Instead of waiting for an answer, she grabbed a blanket, grasped Kendall's wrist, and practically jerked the taller girl toward the door.

"Don't forget the champagne," Gina said to me as she pulled Kendall onto the porch.

With a sigh of resignation, I picked up the bottle and followed.

✧ ✧ ✧

The trip through camp was interesting. We passed Elaine and Dennis Raeford coming out of the clubhouse, but Gina didn't even slow down. I hastily tried to hide the bottle of champagne as we walked past, although I did wave and say hello. When Elaine saw my expression, she shook her head and chuckled darkly.

"Have fun," she called quietly as we continued to Susan's house. "Whatever you're up to."

I turned around, waved in thanks, and then jogged to catch up with the girls.

When we reached Susan's house, the curtains were open in her bedroom and we could faintly hear music coming from within. It looked like the real party had just started. Kendall froze as soon as she saw what was happening inside. Gina stopped and grinned at the taller girl.

"See," Gina said breathlessly. "Isn't it cool?"

Inside, both Dad and Chris were facing the reflective sliding glass doors. Elizabeth and Kara were on their knees in front of Dad, and Susan and Stacy were in a similar position in front of Chris. I could tell that Dad was watching the reflection of the women sucking him, but as he gazed at the glass doors, I got the eerie felling that he was staring at us instead.

"Oh, my goodness," Kendall whispered.

Inside, Mom had her breasts pressed against Dad's back as she whispered in his ear. Judging by his expression, whatever she'd said appealed to him, and he turned and said something to her in reply.

At the edge of the patio, outside the light from the house, Gina spread the blanket and gestured to us.

I didn't mind watching our parents have sex, but I didn't want to have to worry about getting caught.

What if we were too loud? What if someone decided to come outside? What if Kendall's parents returned? Any number of bad things could happen, and I wanted to avoid them all by being safely and discreetly in my family's cabin.

"Listen," I said. "We can't stay long."

"C'mere," Gina hissed, heedless of my pronouncement.

"Do you want to?" Kendall asked me quietly.

Gina's attention was safely on the people inside. She turned and gestured for us one more time, but I ignored her.

"If we don't, she'll just get upset," I said, somewhat caustically.

"You don't wanna watch?" Kendall asked.

"It's not that," I said, shaking my head. Inside, Dad was lying on his back. Elizabeth had mounted him and was riding his dick while Kara knelt above his face. Mom was on her knees, alternately kissing the other two women. All three of them were playing with each other's breasts. "It's just that I don't want to get caught," I continued. "I'd rather just have fun with you two in the cabin."

"Me too. But you're right, Gina'll just get upset if we want her to leave."

"What are you waiting for?" Gina called softly from the blanket.

"We'll be there in a minute," I temporized.

Gina shook her head and started masturbating as she watched the scene beyond the big panes of glass. Chris had moved to the bed, where Stacy straddled him with her back to him. He had his hands on her hips while he fucked her from below. As he slowly stroked into her, Susan licked the petite girl's pussy.

Kendall was obviously interested in what was going on inside, since her eyes were glued to the action, but she seemed to still have some of her wits about her.

"We can fool around for a while if we're quiet, then go up to the cabin," she said. Then she tore her eyes away from the scene inside and looked at me earnestly. "I want you so bad right now. Can we please stay? Just for a little while. You know tonight is really about Gina."

"*Every* night seems to be about Gina."

"Shhhhh! She loves you."

"I know," I said. "But—"

"She's a little tipsy, a lot horny, and she's hung up on…"

"What?"

"Don't tell her I said this, but… well… she's kinda hung up on sex. I guess it has to do with self-esteem."

"Huh?" I asked.

"Paul, Kendall, c'mon," Gina hissed.

"Okay, we'll be right there," I said. Then I turned back to Kendall. "What do you mean?"

"It's long, and it's complicated, but… just trust me. Let's make tonight all about Gina."

"But what about you?" I asked.

She leaned against me and gazed into my eyes. "I've got you all next week."

"But after that?"

"After that…," she echoed with a faint shrug. "Well, I'm taking my memories to UT with me. And I've got a *very* good memory, especially where you're concerned."

I nodded, and tilted my head to the side. Our lips moved together and she hugged me tight.

When she pulled back, she gazed at me warmly. "I love you," she said softly.

"I love you too."

"I know. Now gimme that bottle," she said with a wry grin. "I'm gonna need more champagne if I'm gonna do what I've got in mind." She took the bottle when I handed it to her and then drank straight from it. She took two big swallows, daintily wiped her mouth, then grinned at me sheepishly. "Now come on," she said, "your day's not over yet."

When I stepped onto the blanket, Gina looked up and moaned lustfully. With a smile only I could see, Kendall waggled her eyebrows and dropped to her knees in front of me. The girls positioned me so my back was to the corner of the house, with my right side obliquely toward the sliding glass doors. In that position,

Gina could suck me and watch what was going on inside, which she eagerly did. As I reached full erection, I smiled down at Kendall. She blew me a kiss and then ducked her head to suck my balls.

With Gina happily bobbing in front of me, I turned to look over my shoulder. Inside, Kara was on her back with my dad between her legs. He was thrusting into her as she gazed up at him and rubbed his arms. Mom and Elizabeth were in a sixty-nine a few feet away. Stacy was lying on the bed, her knees almost touching her shoulders as Chris pounded into her. Susan lay to the side of the couple, playing with her smooth pussy as she watched.

I returned my attention to the girls in front of me as Gina tried to swallow my entire shaft. She couldn't take much more than half my length, and her teeth scraped me when she tried to go deeper. When I hissed softly, Kendall glanced up at me, her smile tight. I put one hand on my hip and used the other to direct Gina's movements. As Kendall whispered a suggestion in Gina's ear, the darker girl settled into a nice, slow rhythm and I smiled gratefully.

Once again, I turned to look inside. Dad and Kara were still going at it, as were Mom and Elizabeth, but Chris had lowered Stacy's legs to let Susan kneel over the younger woman's mouth. While Chris thrust slowly, he and Susan kissed with growing passion.

Just then, Kendall started sucking me while Gina tongued the base of my shaft, so I returned my attention to them. After several minutes, Kendall popped my shaft from her mouth and passed it back to Gina.

Then the taller girl crawled to where we'd left the champagne bottle. She retrieved it, took a swig, then stood. As she walked toward me, with the light from the house reflecting on her bronze skin, she looked like a Greek goddess. I swallowed hard and felt my blood quicken. She smiled as she drew close and I grinned in return.

When she offered me the bottle I took a long drink. The bubbles tickled, but the liquid felt good on my parched throat. Next, Kendall offered Gina a drink, which she accepted. As soon as she passed the bottle back to Kendall, she locked her lips around my dick again. Kendall smiled at me, closed her eyes languidly, and leaned in for a kiss. When she pulled back, she took another drink of champagne and then winked exaggeratedly.

"I've gotta build up my courage," she said, her speech a little slurred.

"For what?" I asked.

Gina moaned around my shaft and sucked hard. Kendall waited until I was paying attention to her again and then smiled lopsidedly.

"Eating pussy," she said. Then she pressed her finger to her lips and shushed. "Don't tell anyone, but…" She glanced left and then right in an unconscious caricature. Then she looked at me seriously. "I kinda like it."

With a silly grin, she hooked an arm around my neck and leaned toward me. The kiss was a little sloppier than the previous one, but just as full of heat. She gave me a sultry look as she sank to her knees, set the bottle to the side, and began playing with Gina's breasts.

For a while, the girls simply took turns, one of them giving me head while the other licked and sucked my balls. I took the opportunity to look over my shoulder at the scene inside.

Dad was busy fucking Mom from behind, while Elizabeth lay beneath her. Every few strokes, Dad would pull his dick from within Mom and let Elizabeth lick the juices from it. Then he would slide back into Mom's pussy and resume where he'd left off. All the while, Kara was kneeling next to him, kissing his chest and sucking his nipples.

On the bed, Chris, Susan, and Stacy were in a triangle. While Susan took Chris's dick as deep as she could, he licked Stacy. Stacy, in turn, had her face buried in Susan's clean-shaven pussy.

When Gina and Kendall switched again, I looked down. Kendall gazed up at me, winked, then reached for the bottle of champagne. She took a drink and then passed it to Gina, who also took a drink. Then Kendall leaned forward to whisper in Gina's ear. Gina set the bottle down, looked at the taller girl in surprise, then nodded quickly.

"Let's go up to the cabin," Kendall said quietly.

Gina nearly leapt to her feet. I lent Kendall a hand and easily lifted her. She was a little unsteady at first, but quickly got her balance. Gina grabbed the taller girl's hand and started for the sandy track that led toward the camp proper. I followed them, chuckling to myself and wondering what Kendall had said. As we rounded Susan's courtyard, I suddenly remembered our blanket. Gina and Kendall continued walking as I turned and jogged back.

I set the champagne bottle aside, picked up the blanket, and took one last look at the tableau in Susan's bedroom. Chris was lying on his back, with Susan impaled on his dick and Mom straddling his face. Kara and Stacy were on the bed in a sixty-nine, and Kara was busily thrusting a large white vibrator into Stacy's pussy.

On the floor, Dad and Elizabeth were also in a sixty-nine, where Elizabeth was trying to swallow all of my father's cock. She couldn't get more than half of it in her mouth, but that didn't seem to stop her from enjoying herself.

With a final glance, I quickly folded the blanket and then jogged to catch up with the girls. By the time I saw them, they had almost reached the top of the hill above the lake. As I approached, I started trotting as quietly as I could, slinging the blanket over my shoulder as I did.

They were both walking with a purpose, and didn't hear me approach. When I goosed them, they both squealed in shock. I kept running and kicked in a burst of speed. Behind me, they both shouted and started running as well, trying to catch me.

I beat them to the cabin by a healthy margin and then turned around to watch them approach. Neither girl was running flat out—it probably hurt to run full speed without a bra—but they were both moving pretty quickly. As they ran up the stairs, I spread my arms and encircled them both. Panting and giggling, we moved into the cabin.

The girls took turns going to the bathroom and then I stepped in to relieve myself. When I emerged and then flipped off the light, it took a moment for my eyes to adjust. Gina and Kendall were on the couch, sitting very close to each other. As my eyes further adjusted, I got the shock of my life. I blinked to see if my vision would clear, but nothing changed. Locked in a passionate embrace, the two girls were kissing each other.

My dick hardened instantly. Instead of disturbing them, I simply slid into one of the easy chairs and started stroking myself. Gina caressed Kendall's face as they kissed. In turn, Kendall ran her hand down Gina's smooth stomach until she encountered the darker girl's satiny pubic hair. She paused briefly and then continued lower. Gina sighed as Kendall delved into her sex, but they didn't break the kiss.

My dick seemed to get harder still as I watched Kendall begin teasing Gina's clit. Gina squirmed in mounting excitement, her lips firmly locked with Kendall's. Then Gina's fingers trailed lower, over Kendall's left breast. As they tweaked Kendall's nipple, the taller girl moaned softly and thrust her chest out.

They kissed for a few minutes, mewling and whimpering as fingers found pleasure spots and tongues intertwined. I continued stroking myself, watching in fascination as the girls became more and more enthusiastic. Finally, Kendall moaned softly and broke their kiss. Undeterred, Gina started kissing Kendall's neck. Kendall moaned again and stopped moving entirely as Gina's lips began to trail lower. When the delicate kisses reached the older girl's breasts, Kendall sighed in pleasure.

Gina took her time, sucking Kendall's nipples to erection, circling them with her tongue and making little wet suction noises as she switched between them. I grinned and stroked myself a little quicker. I knew how much Kendall enjoyed having her breasts played with, and she must've been in heaven.

When Gina moved to kiss lower, Kendall stopped her and said something quiet. Then the two girls moved into a sixty-nine, with Kendall on the bottom. She lifted her head and Gina gasped as Kendall began to lick the darker girl's undoubtedly drenched slit. Gina flipped her hair out of the way and dived into Kendall's trimmed bush.

Kendall wrapped her arms around Gina's hips, moved her hands over the dark globes of her ass, and spread Gina's pussy. Then she fastened her lips on the dark, swollen labia. I could actually hear her as she sucked gently. At least, I could hear her until Gina started moaning.

I watched them pleasure each other for ten or fifteen minutes. By then, my cock was almost

uncomfortably stiff, so I decided to get into the action. I stepped behind Gina and put one knee on the couch. Kendall looked up at me and grinned. She smiled and spread Gina's pussy for me. I scooted forward and set the tip of my cock at Gina's entrance. Then I gripped her hips. In one smooth motion, I sank into her steamy depths. She moaned but didn't stop eating Kendall's pussy.

I began thrusting into Gina with slow, measured strokes, fucking her for several long minutes. In a feat of incredible concentration, Gina kept her attention on Kendall's pussy. As I continued plowing into Gina, Kendall began moaning and thrashing her head. I started grinding my hips as I thrust into Gina, and she soon stopped tonguing Kendall, all of her attention focused on my invading shaft.

"Fuck me in the ass, Paul," Gina moaned. "I want to feel you in my ass."

Without breaking my rhythm, I spread her cheeks and placed the ball of my thumb against her dark brown pucker. She moaned and then pleaded with me to shove my cock in her ass. I pressed harder with my thumb and kept pumping into her pussy.

"Please, fuck me in the ass," she begged. "Oh, I'm so hot, Paul. Please." She lifted her head and looked over her shoulder at me. "I'm so ready for it," she panted. "Give me your gorgeous cock in the ass."

Who was I to refuse?

I didn't even waste time looking for the suntan oil. When I slid my cock from her pussy, it was already liberally covered in her slippery juices, so I merely set the head against her pucker and pushed gently. As I eased forward, she groaned her encouragement. When I felt the ring of her anus begin to relax, I pushed forward again, a little more forcefully. Suddenly, the glans slipped inside and she moaned in ecstasy.

"Oh, my goodness," Kendall said from between Gina's legs. "You gotta do me next."

"Ooooh, Gina moaned. "It feels *so* good, Kendall. You're going to… ah… you're going to love it." Then she looked over her shoulder at me, her eyes smoldering.

I slowly worked my cock into her vise-like ass. I had to pull back and then thrust forward a few times, but I slowly drove my girth into her tight opening. She hung her head as I moved back and forth, and I could hear Kendall gasping with surprise as my cock slipped deeper into the darker girl. Finally, my hips ground against Gina's round ass.

"Oh, my," Kendall breathed. "That's so sexy." Then she moaned lustfully and began sucking Gina's clit.

While Kendall worked Gina's pussy, I worked her ass, and the dark girl was soon moaning in rapture. I thrust into her slowly at first, but increased my pace as she became more accustomed to my thickness. After only a few minutes, I felt her tense up. Her ass gripped my shaft as her orgasm built. When it finally hit, she arched her back and moaned, low and loud.

Finally, she collapsed forward, pulling off my dick as she did. Kendall looked at me as I sat back. Then she smiled lustfully. With gentle prodding, she wriggled out from under the nearly incoherent Gina. Like a tall sprite, she jumped up, kissed my cheek, then moved toward the backpack. Once there, she retrieved the oil and gazed at me salaciously.

"I'm not afraid of flying," she said with a grin.

Then she knelt in front of me and squirted some oil into her palm. With intense concentration, she spread it over my shaft. While she did, Gina languidly turned over and watched us, her eyes hooded.

Next, Kendall squirted some more oil in her palm. Then she stood up, bent over the couch, and spread the oil between her cheeks. When she was satisfied, she looked over her shoulder and nodded.

"I'm ready."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "It might hurt."

"I've read about it before. I'm sure."

"The real thing's a lot different from reading about it," I cautioned.

"I know. Alcohol doesn't make you do things you don't wanna," she explained slowly. "It just gives you the courage to do things you're scared to do other… otherwise."

As Kendall braced herself on the back of the couch, Gina looked on in interest. I nodded at Kendall's logic. Even drunk, she made sense, so I stepped forward and spread her cheeks. Her slippery crack glistened in the faint light from the outside as I aimed my shaft at her ass.

She tensed up when it first touched her, but then quickly relaxed. I figured that with her incredibly tight

pussy, her ass was going to be even tighter, so I reminded myself to take my time. To my surprise, I slipped in easily. Kendall groaned as the first two inches spread her open, but it was clear that it was a groan of pleasure, not pain.

"Oh, yes," she hissed. "Keep going."

"Are you sure?" I asked, somewhat dubiously.

"I'm sure. It feels wonderful."

Slowly, cautiously, I began sliding the rest of my shaft into her. When she didn't complain, I kept going until my entire cock was buried deep inside her.

"Is it all in?" she asked.

Instead of replying, I gripped her waist with both hands and pressed my hips against her cheeks.

"It feels like I'm so full," she said, a catch in her voice.

At first, I thought the catch might be a sign of pain, so I readied myself to withdraw the instant she made the request. Instead, she shivered in pleasure.

"Oh, my goodness," she said, panting.

At that point, Gina sat up and folded her legs under herself. "Oh, God," she said. "You two look so sexy."

Kendall merely smiled at the darker girl and then gestured for me to start thrusting. To my surprise, she actually liked it. I had expected her to be too tight, but she was soon moaning uncontrollably. She was actually loud enough that I began to worry someone might hear us, so I slowed down.

Almost immediately, she begged me to speed up again. I merely shook my head and started pumping into her. By then, Gina was running her hands up and down Kendall's back and shoulders. Then she reached under to cup the older girl's swaying breasts, which caused Kendall to moan again, even louder than before.

As I thrust into her ass, I felt my own orgasm mounting.

"Do you want me to come inside you?" I asked, breathing heavily from the exertion.

She shook her head, her mane of dark hair swaying from side to side.

"Where then?"

"Come… on… my… stomach…," she gasped. "So… Gina… can… lick… it… off."

"Oh, yes," Gina breathed.

With a groan, I pulled out of Kendall's ass and then she flipped to her back. Mesmerized, I watched as she began frantically rubbing her clit.

"Come on my stomach," she begged.

I shook my head to clear it and quickly grabbed my slick shaft. Then Gina bent over Kendall and kissed her deeply. Kendall's fingers were a blur as she drove herself toward her orgasm.

Just as hers hit, I felt the first twinges of my own. She tensed up and then Gina pulled back when she heard me groan. As Kendall froze, rigid with ecstasy, I arched my back, all my muscles going taut. With a rush, the first blast of semen exploded from my shaft.

Gina cried out in surprise as I pumped my fist. Liquid ecstasy erupted from deep within me, coating Kendall's fluttering tummy with white drops of my essence. The entire time, she never stopped fingering herself, so her hand and arm were splattered as well.

When I finally stopped spurting, I relaxed and slowly opened my eyes. Droplets of come were spread all over Kendall's midsection, from her breasts to her close-trimmed pubic hair. A huge drop had coated the bauble on the end of her waist chain, which was resting near her bellybutton.

While I panted, Gina greedily licked up my semen. Her tongue circled Kendall's left nipple and then moved lower. With soft moans, she cleaned the older girl, swallowing my seed as she collected it. I moved to the side and then staggered backward, sitting heavily in one of the easy chairs. As I watched, my chest heaving, Gina moved between Kendall's legs and continued her quest for my come.

✧ ✧ ✧

We all got cleaned up a little later. The girls pinned their hair up so it wouldn't get wet and we crowded into the shower to wash each other. Exhaustion finally began to take its toll, and the girls were ready to

collapse by the time we dried off. And while they had sobered up a little, they were both still comfortably drunk.

Since it was already past Kendall's curfew, I quickly escorted her to her camper.

"It's going to take me a while to get to sleep tonight," she said as we stood outside the closed camper door. She kept her voice pitched low so no one would overhear us.

I arched my eyebrows.

"I'll be thinking of you," she said with a shy grin. "And…" She stepped into my arms and pulled one of my hands to her ass. "I'll be thinking about tonight," she said, her forehead pressed to mine. "I really like it… you know… in my butt."

"I do too," I said and then kissed her.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too."

Then she opened the camper door and stepped inside. Fortunately for us, her parents were already asleep. Drew was asleep as well, but he awoke when the door creaked. (His bunk was over the driver's compartment, only a few feet away.)

When I saw him, I froze. He could make my life very difficult if he chose to, and I tensed for whatever he might do. To my surprise, he tossed his head at me in a "Hey, what's up?" gesture, which I returned. Then he grinned, rolled away from us, and pulled up his sheet. I had half expected trouble from him, but he must've been in a good mood. I resolved to ask my sister just what she and Leah had been up to with him.

I shoved that thought aside and breathed a sigh of relief as I kissed Kendall a final time. She glanced toward her bed (the dinette converted to an almost-full-sized bed), blew me a kiss, then closed the door. I lingered for a moment and then walked toward my cabin.

Once there, I walked up the steps, ready to escort Gina home. I began to panic when I couldn't find her. I was really starting to get worked up when I finally spotted her on my bed. When she didn't answer as I called her name, I climbed up the ladder and looked at her. She was sleeping soundly, her breathing deep and regular.

Now I know how the little bear from Goldilocks felt, I thought with a hint of sarcasm. *Only the little bear didn't have a beautiful exhausted naked girl in his bed.* Then I grinned roguishly. *I guess it sucks to be the little bear.*

Since my parents hadn't made it home yet, I didn't see any need to disturb Gina. When Mom and Dad returned, I'd wake her and escort her to her cabin. Until then, I was content to crawl behind her, wrap her in my arms, and pull the sheet over us.

✧ ✧ ✧

"She's asleep with Paul," I heard my mom say sometime later.

I cracked an eyelid and tried to wake up. My muscles felt like rubber bands and my thoughts were fuzzy. The porch light was on, but beyond that, my vision was blocked by the open cabin door and Gina's hips. I didn't know what time it was, but I didn't feel like I'd been asleep more than an hour.

"Do you want us to take her up to our cabin?" Chris asked softly.

They must have been talking right in the entryway. I started to speak, but decided to keep my mouth shut and listen for a moment.

"You could just let her sleep here," Mom said.

"What do you think?" Chris asked Elizabeth.

"It's her last night," Elizabeth replied, "she's already asleep, and it's half past three."

Wow! I had *been asleep a while.*

"So I think it's all right if she spends the night with Paul," Elizabeth continued. "If that's all right with you, Beth."

"They should be fine together. What do you think, honey?" Mom asked Dad.

"Hey," Dad said with a soft chuckle. "Don't ask me. When I was his age, I'd've given my right arm to spend the night with my girlfriend."

"I take it that means you think it's fine."

"Yep," he answered succinctly.

"Okay then," Chris said. "We've got your daughter and you've got ours. Do you want any more? We've got another two where she came from."

Elizabeth chastened him playfully.

At that point, I heard them bid each other goodnight, with what sounded like hugs and kisses. The porch light stayed on as Gina's parents headed back into the night. After a few minutes, my parents turned it off.

"I think they'll be fine for one night," Mom said softly as they climbed into bed.

"Yeah," Dad agreed.

"But if we're in the mood in the morning," she said coquettishly, "we'll have to make sure we're quiet."

"Well," he replied evenly, but with a humorous lilt to his tone, "it's not like they haven't seen us have sex before."

"Mmm hmm. Hopefully, they'll sleep late in the morning," she said. "From the looks of things, they had quite a party here."

Oops, I thought. *We forgot to clean up our champagne cups.*

"And there *was* the champagne bottle by Susan's patio," Dad said.

Double oops!

"So you're probably right," he continued, "I think they'll sleep late."

"Mmmmm," Mom practically purred. "Morning sex. Yummy."

"You're going to suck me dry one day, baby."

"Not hardly," she whispered, a grin in her voice.

"Well, you're welcome to try."

"Mmm hmm."

With that, they grew silent. I snuggled closer to Gina, pressing my body against her soft skin. Her breathing was still regular and deep, so I gently cupped her breast, closed my eyes, and drifted off to sleep.

✧ ✧ ✧

Sometime very early in the morning, I felt Gina move. When she rolled over in a panic, I opened my eyes sleepily.

"Paul," she whispered. "My parents are gonna kill me."

"Relax," I mumbled.

"You don't understand! I've got to get home. Maybe they haven't realized I'm not there. Maybe—"

I put my finger over her lips and silenced her. "Your parents stopped by here on their way home last night," I said softly. Then I yawned. "They said you could sleep here."

Her eyes nearly bugged out.

"Now go back to sleep."

"Are you serious?" she asked urgently.

"Yeah. I woke up when my mom and dad got home. I heard the whole thing."

"Oh, Paul," she gushed. "I love you so much."

"I love you too," I mumbled as she kissed me.

"I'll be right back," she said. "I gotta go to the bathroom."

When she returned, she snuggled under the covers and backed her ass against my dick. I was almost asleep again, and in no mood to fool around, so she settled for softly kissing my hand as I hugged her tight.

✧ ✧ ✧

When I awoke again (sort of), it was shortly before dawn. The sky was beginning to lighten but I couldn't hear any birdcalls yet. My dick was very hard, and it pressed against a wonderful, smooth, warm ass. As I shifted, Gina turned quietly, her eyes bright.

"Morning," she breathed.

I nodded silently and snuggled deeper into the pillow.

She, however, had other ideas, so she reached out and started stroking my hard-on. I thought that if I ignored her, she might stop, but she didn't seem to get the message.

"Mmmmm," she said very softly. "How about a good morning blowjob?"

Without waiting for me to answer, she disappeared under the covers. When her lips wrapped around my glans, I decided to relax and enjoy myself. So I closed my eyes and put my hand on the back of her head.

She took her time and sucked me slowly, her velvety mouth caressing my shaft. I don't know how long she sucked me, but it felt like only a few minutes. With a nearly silent groan, I filled her mouth with come. When she came up for air, I cracked an eyelid and returned her smile.

"I love you," she said quietly.

"Mmm hmm, love you too," I mumbled. Then I yawned contentedly and closed my eyes.

✧ ✧ ✧

Later, I opened my eyes and panicked when I felt someone next to me. I relaxed when I realized it was Gina, but I was already hopelessly awake.

I don't wanna get up yet, I silently lamented. Then I stretched and yawned mightily. Gina felt me move and turned toward me.

"Your mom and dad just got in the shower," she said.

"That's cool."

"Did you know that your mom can take your dad's whole dick down her throat?" she asked. She sounded disgustingly chipper.

I nodded.

"That was so cool. I wish I could get more of yours down my throat."

I shrugged.

"I mean, I don't think I'll ever be able to. I just gag when it goes too far. My mom can't take my dad all the way either, so I think it must run in the family."

"I guess," I said sleepily.

"But I still wish I could. I'd love to feel you all the way down my throat. God, that'd be so cool."

I nodded again, still not in a conversational mood. I don't know why I was feeling surly, but I was. I guess it was because Gina was leaving. Or maybe it was because she seemed to think I was her own personal semen factory.

"Oh, yeah," she said suddenly, "thanks for last night. I had a really good time."

That brightened my mood a little, so I smiled.

"God, Kendall was really hot, wasn't she?"

I nodded.

"I mean, after yesterday at the quarry, I didn't think she'd go down on me again. I dunno why, but I just didn't. And she's a really good kisser. Did you know that? Duh, silly," she said to herself, "of course he would."

I cracked my eyes again and simply shook my head, marveling at what a good mood she was in.

"You're teasing me, aren't you?" she asked.

I shrugged.

"Well, I've been awake for a while."

"And I haven't," I said, my voice gravelly.

"You woke up long enough, earlier."

I thought about telling her I'd slept through that too, but didn't. In the first place, it wasn't true. In the second place, I decided that it would be a really bad idea to even joke about. Instead, I nodded and smiled.

"God," she said. "I like sleeping with you. I slept like a baby."

"Are you always this cheerful in the morning?" I asked.

"Only when I wake up next to the man who makes my heart go pitter-pat," she said sweetly.

From the bathroom, we heard the shower shut off.

"I can't wait to move to Atlanta," she said. "That is just so cool." Then she shrugged. "I'm gonna miss

my friends, though, especially Lisa."

"You'll have to invite her to come for a visit," I said, shoving my arm behind my head and trying to wake up.

"Ooooh, yeah. That's a great idea. You'd like her, she's real cute. She's got these really cute boobs, too. They're smaller than mine, but real firm."

I nodded in appreciation.

"And I just know she'd love to join us. She even said so, when I was first telling her about what it was like to suck you off. She said you sounded like a great guy. Boy, she doesn't know the half of it, huh?"

I merely shook my head, rolled my eyes at her exuberance, and yawned.

"Seriously, I know she'd like you. If her parents'll let her come stay with us, you'll have the two of us to take care of you. For a few days, at least."

"But what if I don't want to have sex with her?" I asked. That concept seemed to have completely escaped Gina's thought process.

"Of course you'll wanna have sex with her," she said as if she were stating the obvious. "She's super cool, and she's got a great body."

I decided it wasn't worth the argument, so I simply nodded in agreement and tried to look enthusiastic.

When the bathroom door opened, Gina sat up and faced my parents.

"Good morning," Mom said.

"Good morning," Gina replied. "Thanks for letting me sleep here last night. I guess I kinda fell asleep before Paul could walk me home."

"It's no problem. Your parents stopped by on their way home, and they decided that you could spend the night here with Paul."

Gina nodded.

"Did you two sleep well?"

"I slept great, thanks," Gina said, chipper again. "Paul's still trying to sleep, though. Or does he always do the nod, shrug, and not talk thing in the morning?"

"Not always," Mom said with a laugh. "But he's pretty good at talking without actually talking."

"No kidding."

"Do you two want the bathroom?" Mom asked. "There should be more hot water in a little while, but I think we left you a little."

Gina turned to lift an eyebrow at me, but I only shook my head. "No, thanks," she said when she turned to face my mom again. "Is it okay if we just hang out up here?"

"Sure, honey," Mom said. "Although I think we're going to meet your parents for breakfast."

"Okay. Do you think it's okay with them if I stay here?"

"I think that'd be fine," Mom said.

"Thanks," Gina said with entirely too much enthusiasm.

A few minutes later, my parents left, headed down the hill to meet the Coulters. Gina draped herself across my chest and smiled down at me.

"So, pitter-pat man, what should we do now that we're alone?" she asked, the answer evident in her expression.

"We should let me get up and go to the bathroom," I said.

"And then?"

"And then we'll see what comes up."

"Ooooh," she purred. "I think I'm gonna like what comes up."

When I emerged from the bathroom—after brushing my teeth and then taking a leak—I climbed into the top bunk and crawled into Gina's arms. As I held myself above her, her expression softened and she pulled me down into a kiss.

"Mmmmm, minty fresh."

I nodded.

"I don't want to leave today," she said, pouting. "But I guess it's okay, 'cause I'll see you soon."

I nodded and then kissed her again.

"I know sometimes I get kinda over-enthusiastic," she said pensively, "and I'm sorry. I guess I just get so excited when I think about being with you."

I nodded again.

"It's just that sometimes, I think I'm gonna explode if I don't tell you how much I love you. I wanna *show* you how much I love you too. That's one of the reasons I love sucking you off," she said, gazing at me seriously. Then she shrugged. "But I guess I also kinda miss when we have slow sex. You know?"

"Mmm hmm."

"It's different when you're with Kendall," she said suddenly. "Isn't it?"

"Sure, you're different girls."

"That's not what I mean. I guess it's just 'cause I've been so horny lately. And maybe it's because I knew we were gonna be apart for… well, for however long it would've taken you to fly to Charleston."

"Uh-huh."

"But I kinda miss being alone with you." She shrugged. "Whenever I see you and Kendall together, I just get so worked up, but sometimes, it's like I'm interrupting you."

"You're not."

She nodded. "I know, but still…" She paused for a moment and then looked thoughtful. "Do you think we could just make love this morning?" she asked shyly. "You know, just slow and gentle."

"I'd like that," I said sincerely.

We kissed for a long time after that, and a lot of my doubts and fears seemed to evaporate. And even though my erection pressed into her soft belly, she made no move to get me to enter her. I think she knew this would probably be our last time alone, and she wanted to make the most of it. I know I certainly did, but I was glad she felt the same way.

After a while, I trailed butterfly kisses down her stomach and then settled between her legs. She sighed and ran her hand through my hair. I took my time with her, spreading her labia with my tongue and gently teasing her clit. When I slowly spread her moisture around and then inserted two fingers, she gasped and lifted her hips. I sucked her inner lips into my mouth and began slowly thrusting my fingers into her.

When she finally pulled me up, I set my cock at her opening and effortlessly slid into her. We stayed like that for a long time, neither of us feeling the need to move our hips. Instead, we kissed each other passionately, languidly, teasingly, and more. As I finally began thrusting within her, she clutched me tight and whispered how much she loved me.

Our bodies pressed together as we rocked against each other and my skin tingled wherever we touched. She came before I did, arching her back to press her clit against my hard shaft. I lifted her and sucked her nipples as her pussy spasmed around my invading manhood. When her orgasm subsided, she urged me to fuck her, gazing into my eyes with all the love and devotion I could hope for. Finally, I closed my eyes and filled her with my seed.

We lay together in a companionable silence for a long time after that. She idly traced circles around my stomach with her finger, content to simply watch the rise and fall of my chest as I breathed.

Finally, after what seemed like a short time, but was probably closer to thirty minutes, we got up and showered. Then, hand-in-hand, we walked down to the clubhouse to begin our last few hours together.

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina and her family left shortly after lunch. My family was there to see them off, of course, as were the Paytons. Susan and Stacy were there as well. Gina cried briefly as I hugged her tight. Then we separated so I could say goodbye to the rest of her family.

Kara winked at me before she hugged me. It would probably be a while before I saw her again, since she was going to stay in Charleston, but I was sure she'd visit her family's new home sooner or later. Leah gave me a big hug as well, and even kissed my cheek. The hug she gave Erin was even longer, and she looked like she wanted to cry when she pulled back.

As Susan, my parents, and Kendall's parents said goodbye to Chris and Elizabeth, Leah hugged Drew.

Stacy and Kara talked quietly to the side, and I could tell that Kara was wishing her good luck. Kendall and Gina had a quiet conversation which ended with both of them getting teary-eyed.

After everyone had said goodbye to each of the Coulters, Gina hugged me again. Before we parted, I kissed her one last time.

"I'll see you soon," I said. "Okay?"

She sniffled and then nodded.

"I love you."

"I love you too." Then she turned to Kendall and hugged the taller girl again. "I love you so much," she said.

"I love you too," Kendall replied.

"We'll visit Knoxville as soon as we can," Gina said. "Take care of him for me."

Kendall smiled and nodded.

Then Gina hugged me one final time. The rest of her family was waiting by the car, so I tried to keep it brief. When she finally pulled away, she sniffled and then smiled bravely.

"See you in a few weeks," she said. "I love you."

"I love you too. Bye."

"Goodbye."

Then the Coulters got into their station wagon and backed onto the camp road. We shouted and waved until they were out of sight. Then we all turned to head back down to the lake, our mood subdued. I hung back with Kendall and then slipped my arm around her waist.

"Did you two have a good morning together?" she asked.

I nodded.

"I kinda tried to give you some space," she said. "You know, so you could be alone together."

"Thanks."

"I miss her already."

"Me too. But…"

"But?" she asked, trying not to sound hopeful. She didn't really succeed.

"But I'm really going to enjoy some time alone with you. I mean, I love Gina, but it's been kinda intense for the past couple of weeks."

She nodded and then wiped her eyes.

"So I guess I'm looking forward to relaxing for a little while."

"Not too much, I hope," she said with a shy grin.

"Not too much."

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that afternoon, Stacy left camp as well. She had to get back to her trailer to pack her things. Susan was going to spend the day with her on Monday and Tuesday to help. Then on Wednesday, we were all going to help her move to Columbia. Before then, however, she had a lot of things to do.

Kendall and I walked up the hill with my parents to see her off. While it was a far less emotional farewell than the Coulters' had been, she was still sad to be leaving. I think in a way, we'd been like family to her. I know I felt like a protective younger brother (albeit one who had fucked her silly, which brothers aren't supposed to do).

After only a few minutes, my parents and Susan moved to the courtyard so Stacy and I could have a few moments alone. When Kendall started to walk away as well, Stacy called her back.

"You take care of him," Stacy said to the taller girl. "Okay?"

"I will," Kendall said. "You're not… um… upset?"

"Yeah, a little. But I guess I do still love him." Then she laughed ruefully. "What do you think he did to deserve women like us?"

"I have no idea," Kendall replied, laughing, "but it must've been something good."

"No kidding." Then she sobered. "Do you mind if we have a minute or two?"

"Not at all," Kendall answered quickly. She looked like she wanted to kiss me before she walked away, but she pulled herself up short at the last moment. With a diffident grin, she headed toward the courtyard.

"I do still love you, you know," Stacy said, stepping close.

I gathered her into my arms. "I love you too," I said. "Does that mean you forgive me?"

"No," she said with feigned irritation. Then she turned serious. "You did break my heart, but… I understand. I don't like it, and it's gonna take a long time before I'm really over you, but I guess I understand."

"I'm… I'm sorry," I said softly.

"I know." When she looked up, two tears rolled down her cheeks. "I wish I could've met a guy like you when I was Kendall's age," she said. "Instead of Randy."

I nodded.

"I think I'd be a lot happier today if I had."

"But you wouldn't be as strong," I said.

"And I wouldn't've met you, or Susan." Then she turned introspective. "She's been a better mother than my real one ever was. The Johnsons, the people who own the trailer park, have really watched out for me, but without Susan…"

"Yeah. I know what you mean."

"Yeah," she said, nodding. "I guess it's the same for you, more or less. She's helped us both. A lot." Then she looked up wistfully. "I'm gonna miss you."

"I'm gonna miss you too."

"No you won't," she said, almost bleakly. "You've got Kendall."

"And you've got Jason."

Her eyes brightened immediately. "You'll get to meet him on Wednesday," she said. "He's going to help me move." Then she looked down and musingly asked, "Do you think I'll be happy with him?"

In a repeat from the night before, I lifted her chin with my finger. "Stacy, from everything I've heard, Jason sounds like the perfect guy for you. But you've got to *let* yourself be happy. Look at it this way… First, you met Randy, the asshole. Then you met me, the nice guy."

"Who broke my heart."

"Who broke your heart," I echoed. Then I continued. "Finally, you met Jason. Now," I said, pausing for effect, "I don't know about you, but *I* think things are getting better and better for you."

"You really think so?"

"I do," I said with a firm nod. "So give Jason a chance. I think he'll make you very happy."

"I think you're right," she said with a shy blush.

"I *know* I'm right."

With that, I bent to kiss her. It wasn't the yearning, desperate, passion-filled kiss we'd shared the night before, but as we kissed each other on the cheek, I could tell that the emotion was still there.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"Thank *you*."

We parted and she stuck her head into the courtyard to say she was ready to leave. Susan hugged her a final time and said she'd be at Stacy's trailer by nine the following morning. With a wave, Stacy got into her car and then drove off.

Afterward, Kendall and I went into Susan's house to call Amy. I told Kendall that she didn't need to be with me, but she insisted. Unlike Gina—who was still testy when it came to Amy—I knew that Kendall would be supportive. Susan ensconced us in her office and then quietly left the room.

"Do you want me to go?" Kendall asked.

"Not really," I said. "Do you mind staying?"

"Not at all," she said as she scooted close and took my hand.

It took me a moment to remember Amy's phone number, but I eventually dredged it up. With a heavy hand, I dialed the phone. It clicked several times and I shamefully hoped that the call might not go through, but it eventually started ringing.

Her older brother answered. "Hello?"

Then I told him who was calling and asked to speak to Amy.

"Just a minute."

I almost counted the seconds as they drew out.

"Paul?!" Amy asked, breathless.

"Hi…," I said. I almost said "Hi, kitten." Luckily, I caught myself in time.

"It's so good to hear your voice," she said. "Did you get my letters?"

"Yes," I said evenly.

"How many did you get?" she asked with affected unconcern.

"Um, just the big one with all the others in it," I lied. I'd debated whether or not to tell her the truth or simply not to mention the angry letter. I'd decided not to mention it, unless she asked. That is, until I got on the phone with her. I *hated* lying to her, but I'd just done it. "You mentioned something in your note, but I didn't get any other letter."

"It must've gotten lost in the mail," she said with obvious relief.

"Yeah, I guess. What did it say?" I mentally cursed myself for asking the question.

"Um… oh… not much, really. It was mostly about… you know… stuff."

"Oh. Okay."

"I miss you," she said, changing the subject.

"I know." She was obviously fishing for me to say I missed her too, but I just couldn't bring myself to do it.

"I'm so sorry about how I acted," she said in a rush. "I never meant to get angry at you."

"It's okay," I said. "I understand. I was pretty angry too."

"It's all my fault," she said. "I'm so sorry."

"Well," I said evenly, "it wasn't *all* your fault."

"Yes it was. I'm so sorry. Will you ever forgive me?"

"Of course," I said immediately.

"Oh, thank you, Paul. I love you so much. And I miss you. When are you coming home?"

"Um… in three weeks."

"I can't wait to see you. Do you want me to meet you at your house? I could get Scott and Shannon to drop me off."

"No," I said quickly. "That's okay. I don't know exactly when we're gonna get home."

"Oh. Okay."

"Besides, we need to talk."

"Talk?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

"Um… yeah."

"About what?"

"Just stuff," I said.

"What kind of stuff?"

"You know, stuff about you and me."

"Oh."

"We can talk when I get home though. I'm not supposed to be using this phone, especially for long distance." *Another lie! Aaaaaaargh! Stop it!* Kendall squeezed my hand and I rolled my eyes at her, silently castigating myself. "So I guess I'd better go," I continued.

"Okay," Amy said. "I'm glad you called."

"Me too. It was good talking to you. We'll talk more when I get home."

"Okay." She paused and I could almost hear her gathering her courage. "Paul?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you," she said.

"I love you too," I answered automatically. "But I gotta go. Bye."

"Bye."

"*Why* did I have to tell her I loved her?" I asked the ceiling after I hung up. It, of course, didn't have a good answer.

"Because you didn't want to hurt her by not saying it," Kendall said reasonably. "At least, not over the phone." Then she shrugged. "And it's not like it wasn't true."

I looked at her blankly.

"A small part of you does still love her," she said.

I shrugged, nodding. "But I wish I hadn't said it."

"It's okay."

"And I wish I hadn't lied to her."

"Paul," Kendall said seriously, "everyone lies about things. Most of the time, it's only little things, like with you and Amy."

"Those weren't little things," I said, trying not to sound testy. "Flat out telling her I didn't get the fourth letter and that I shouldn't be using the phone… those were lies, and big ones."

"Yeah," she said with a shrug, "in a way they were. But you gave her a sense of relief by telling them. She'd only make herself feel worse than she already does if she'd known you read that fourth letter. And if she thought you could use the phone freely, she'd eventually wonder why you hadn't called her before now, or why you couldn't talk longer."

"Yeah, but I still shouldn't've lied."

"I know, but sometimes you need to tell little white lies."

"But I'm not *like* that," I protested. "I *hate* lying."

"I know you do. That's what makes you a good guy. But this time, you did it for the right reasons."

"I don't think so," I said glumly.

"You did. Trust me."

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The rest of the afternoon, I was in a mild funk. I fretted about what I would say to Amy when I got home. And I worried about how my mood was affecting Kendall, which only made things worse. One problem seemed to feed the other.

After dinner, I saw Susan and Kendall talking on one of the couches in the clubhouse. I hung around for about half an hour, until they were done. Afterward, Susan approached me. She linked her arm though mine and we walked toward the other side of the building. When we reached a relatively quiet area, she turned and regarded me levelly.

"Listen," she said, "you had something tough to do this afternoon. You might not've done as well as you could have, but from what Kendall says, you did all right."

I nodded sullenly.

"So you had to swallow a bitter pill," she said. "You knew this was coming."

"Yeah."

"Sometimes, you have to do what's right, not what you want. Remember?"

I nodded.

"That's part of being an adult."

"Then why does anyone even *want* to be an adult?"

To my surprise, she laughed richly. "To tell you the truth, I have *no* idea."

I glared at her, which only made her laugh again.

"Talk to Kendall," she said peremptorily. "She understands. When you shut her out, it hurts her too."

I nodded again and tried not to look morose.

"Kendall loves you, and she's a good judge of character. She gets it from her father. He likes you too. If you weren't a good man, neither of them would have anything to do with you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's better," she said, a grin in her voice.

How could she think this was so funny?

"Seriously, talk to Kendall. That's what friends are for. And more importantly, that's what *girl*friends are for. She's a very perceptive young woman, and she knows that part of what's bothering you has to do with her. So tell her about it. Talk it out. You'll feel better and she'll understand that it's not something she's done."

"You really think it'll help?" I asked. I tried not to look as goofy and hopeful as I felt, but I don't think I succeeded.

"Have I steered you wrong before?"

"No," I said, the beginning of a smile quirking my lips. "But there's always that first time."

"You're right," she said with a grin. "But this isn't it. Now go talk to your girlfriend. Shoo!"

On impulse, I kissed her on the cheek and then turned to find Kendall. Without being prompted, Mom pointed me toward the clubhouse's side porch. As I strode purposefully toward the door, I got the sneaking suspicion that she and Susan were once again in cahoots. With a rueful grin, I shook my head and stepped outside. Kendall stood up as soon as I approached.

"Hey," I said lamely.

"Hey."

"Do you wanna go for a walk?" I asked. "I kinda feel like talking."

"Okay," she said, smoothing her waist chain unconsciously.

We talked for a long time that night, about Amy, Gina, and countless other things. She understood a surprising amount of what I'd been thinking, and the simple act of saying things out loud made me feel better. She listened like Susan did, without interrupting or asking questions, for which I was grateful. By the time I dropped her off at her camper, I felt immensely better. As I kissed her goodnight, I suddenly realized that we hadn't done anything more than talk.

"What?" she asked, when she saw me tense up.

"Sorry," I said sheepishly. "I guess we talked all night."

She nodded.

"Did you wanna…?"

"Not unless you want to," she replied. "We can, if you want."

"*Do* you want to? I mean, we could go somewhere, if you want."

She shook her head and then kissed me tenderly. "No, I'm fine. I've enjoyed tonight. More than I can tell you."

"Are you sure?"

"Very," she said simply.

I leaned in to kiss her again, enjoying the taste of her full lips, the feel of her breasts as they pressed against my chest.

"I really like it when we… you know," she said.

I nodded.

"But tonight was ten times better than that. Tonight was like I could see inside your soul."

"Is that a good thing?"

She nodded, her smile lighting up the night.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Monday was like a vacation day—a *real* vacation day. I slept in, wantonly lying in bed even after I woke up. When I finally crawled down from the top bunk, the sun was well up and the cabin was deserted. Then, without a regret, I skipped my workout. It didn't give me the same satisfaction that skipping a Friday workout would've, but it was still refreshing.

By the time I took a shower, it was almost ten o'clock. As I walked onto the porch, yawning and stretching decadently, Mom and Kendall were just walking up the hill.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Mom said.

"Mornin'."

Instead of greeting me verbally, Kendall's face simply lit up with a smile.

"Hi," I said to her.

"We thought you were going to sleep all day," Mom said.

"I've had a busy couple of days," I answered with another yawn.

"I'll try not to tax you overmuch," Kendall said with a mischievous grin.

"Thanks."

Once they reached the porch, I gave Kendall a good morning kiss on the cheek. In the cabin, Mom retrieved her book, Dad's book, his ball cap and sunglasses, and their beach towels. Then she kissed me on the cheek and headed down the hill.

"You wanna go down to the lake too?" Kendall asked.

I shook my head. Then I held a hand out to her and tossed my chin toward the cabin's interior.

"Oh?" she asked suggestively.

I merely rolled my eyes and gestured a little more emphatically with my hand.

"I don't know if we should be alone in your cabin," she said with a grin as she took my hand.

I opened the screen door and gently tugged her with me.

"After all, you could compromise my virtue or something equally nefarious."

"We wouldn't want that, now, would we," I said.

"Definitely not," she replied, grinning. "I'm a proper young lady."

Inside, I bonelessly dropped onto the couch. Kendall started to sit next to me, but I pulled her into my lap.

"Oh," she said in surprise. "You really *do* wanna…?"

I shook my head quickly. "Not really. To be honest, it's nice not having to think about sex for a little while."

She nodded and quickly curled up on my lap, putting her arms around my neck and gazing at me fondly.

I put my arm around her, enjoying the feeling of her warm body next to mine, and lay my head on the back of the couch. I must have dozed off, because when I opened my eyes again, Kendall was lightly running her index finger over my temples, right along my hairline. It felt indescribably nice.

"How long was I asleep?" I asked, stifling a yawn.

"Not long, you were just dozing. Ten minutes, maybe."

"Oh, sorry."

"Don't be. You're adorable when you're asleep."

"Thanks," I said, my face warming.

"You're adorable when you blush too."

That only made things worse.

"Maybe you could try blushing while you're asleep," she suggested less-than-helpfully.

"Don't tempt me."

"I'd do no such thing."

"*Sure* you wouldn't," I said.

"Cross my heart."

I arched my eyebrows skeptically.

When her smile faded, she gazed at me intently, her bright blue eyes holding my own. Then she gave me an unmistakable look. *Kiss me*, she said with her expression alone.

Who was I to refuse?

As we kissed, slowly and sensually, I ran my hand along her thigh. Then I pulled her tight against me with the hand around her waist, and she whimpered into my mouth. We broke the kiss for only a moment, both of us breathing a little heavier. Then her lips sought mine again and she pressed herself against me, her nipples hardening as she did.

My tongue slid along hers and then I captured one of her lips with my teeth. As I nipped it gently, I pulled back and gazed into her suddenly open eyes. I smiled at her, my eyes crinkling, then released her lip. With an expression of pure heat, she tilted her head and once again crushed her lips against my own.

We kissed for a long time, letting our desire build slowly. My hands roamed over her body as we did, and I simply enjoyed the feeling of her soft curves and smooth skin. As I touched her, lightly at times, with more pressure and longing at others, my dick slowly hardened. She felt it pressing against her thigh and then pulled back, her eyes glittering.

"Maybe you were thinking about sex after all?" she asked with a wet-lipped grin.

"You make it hard not to."

"Is that a bad pun?"

I grinned and shrugged theatrically.

"I'll take that to be a yes," she said.

Instead of verbally sparring with her—since I would've been at a disadvantage—I simply pulled her toward me again and kissed her. She arched her back, which pressed her lush breasts into my chest, and moaned softly, the sound muffled by my mouth. I ran my right hand through her lustrous hair and pulled her closer still, crushing her lips with my own.

She cupped my face and kissed me passionately, whimpering softly as she did. I felt her breath flutter against my cheek as I tweaked one of her nipples. When I gently circled it with my thumb, she began squirming and moaning insistently.

"Let me get a rubber," I said as we broke the kiss.

"I'll get it," she said breathily. "Where are they?"

"That's okay, I can—"

"Shhhh. I want you to watch me as I walk across the room. I like it when you do. Your eyes light up."

"Well," I said, "you're a beautiful girl."

"I'm a beautiful *woman*, Paul," she said seriously.

"You're both."

"Fair enough. Now, about those rubbers…"

I told her where they were and she kissed me as she got up. When she walked across the room, she did something funny with her feet, but the effect was stunning. Instead of simply putting one foot in front of the other, she sort of crossed them with each step. With a flip of her hair and a sultry look over one shoulder, she opened my dresser drawer. A moment later, she retrieved a foil packet and then pushed the drawer shut.

Then she did something even more amazing. She looked over her shoulder to make sure I was paying attention. When she saw that I was, she straightened her shoulders, gracefully turned on the balls of her feet, lowered her chin, and gave me a steamy, sultry, lustful look. As she walked toward me, she did the cross-over steps thing again, which made her hips sway deliciously. The look and the walk were two of the sexiest, most alluring things I've ever seen.

"One of the girls in my class was a model," she said as I swallowed hard. "One day, she was teaching some of the other girls how to walk." When I looked up, our eyes met and she smiled hungrily. "I was paying attention too," she said with a final sashay.

"I could tell. That was *incredibly* hot."

"You look incredibly hot, too."

I suddenly glanced down and imagined the sight I must have made, my erection resting against my stomach with a glistening drop of pre-come oozing out.

With a grin, she spread my legs and slowly knelt between them.

"I'm ready to go," I said. "Lemme have the rubber."

Instead of handing me the packet, she shook her head. "I'm not ready yet." When I arched my eyebrows inquisitively, she continued. "I'll get wet as I suck you," she said.

"Oh," I replied, blinking. "You're not wet yet?"

She shook her head again.

"D'you want me to go down on you?"

"Shhhh. I want to suck you. It'll get me wet *and* I'll enjoy it."

"You get wet when you suck me?"

"Mmm hmm. I like knowing I'm giving you pleasure. It… it gets me all hot."

Without further ado, she lifted my shaft and slowly tongued it, maintaining eye contact as she did. Once again, I was struck by how different her technique was from Gina's. Gina was very good, and enthusiastic, but Kendall made love to my dick. She didn't rush things. Instead, she languidly sucked me while paying attention to my reactions. When she sensed my delight, she made sure to keep doing whatever had engendered it. After several glorious minutes, she sat up and gazed at my saliva-slick cock. Then she brandished the foil packet.

"I think I know how to put this thing on," she said, her voice husky with desire.

I had to suppress a chuckle. She sounded just like her mother had at the party.

"What were you just thinking?" she asked as she rolled the sheath over my erection.

"I was thinking how much you sounded like your mother," I answered with candor that surprised me.

"Oh?" She straddled my hips with an arched eyebrow and then grasped my latex-encased member.

"Saturday night, at the party," I said as she set the tip against her opening. I paused when she rubbed the sensitive head back and forth, spreading her abundant moisture. *She was right,* I thought. *She* does *get wet when she sucks me.*

"What about it?"

"Your mom was tipsy, and a little horny."

She nodded and then closed her eyes as she sank onto my rod.

When I recovered from the sensation of being suddenly buried in her tight pussy, I continued. "So I was thinking… you sound just like your mom when you're horny."

"I don't think my mom even *gets* horny," she said. She gently bit her lip and her nostrils flared as she settled upon me and slowly grew accustomed to my girth.

"Oh," I reassured her, "she does. She was really hot for your dad the other night."

"Yeah, right," she replied with sarcastic distraction. "I don't think my mom knows what sex is."

"She had you and Drew," I said. When she began to grind her hips, I ran my hands over her torso, tweaking her nipples with my thumbs as I did.

"Okay," Kendall admitted, her breathing a little rapid, "so she's had sex at least twice."

"Oh, I'm sure your parents have had sex more than that."

She shook her head as she slowly rode me, her eyes still closed.

"I'll bet they do," I whispered, my hands finally settling on her hips.

"You don't know them. They're so incredibly…" She stopped speaking and rocked her hips. "Ah… this is nice…" Then she licked her lips as her eyes fluttered open. "They're so incredibly straitlaced," she resumed. "I never even hear them *talk* about sex."

"Think what you'd like," I said, lifting my hips.

"Sorry, you just don't know what they're like."

"I guess," I said with a grin.

If she thought her parents weren't having sex, she was deluding herself. Kendall got her physical reactions from *somewhere*. And as much as she obviously enjoyed riding my dick, I'd bet any amount of money that her mother enjoyed it just as much with her father.

Oh, yes, I thought to myself, *your parents are* definitely *having more sex than you imagine.*

Instead of pondering how much sex Kendall's parents were having, I concentrated on the sex that *we* were having. With a wry smile, I pulled her against me and ran my hands over her back. When I reached her ass, I cupped her cheeks and rocked my pelvis upward, burying myself in her snug channel. She whimpered and clutched me with rising passion.

Her breasts pressed against my chest as she rose slightly, tilted her hips back, then let herself back down. She repeated the motion several times, rubbing her clit against the hard base of my shaft each time. When she started to speed up, I put restraining hands on her hips and held her in place.

"Take your time," I whispered in her ear.

"What happens if someone comes back and sees us? Your parents? Or Erin?"

"Then I'll politely ask them to leave so we can fuck like bunnies in private."

Despite her best attempt to remain focused, she laughed.

"There, that's better. Like I said, take your time. I don't wanna come yet."

"But what if I do?" she asked.

"Oh, don't worry. I'll make sure your toes curl."

"You're so smug."

I shrugged. "I know what I'm doing."

"You really think so?" she quipped as she started moving again, albeit slower than before.

"Mmm hmm. I was taught well."

"So Susan taught you how to do this?" she asked without a hint of jealousy.

"Yep." As Kendall leaned back, I took the opportunity to run my hands up her taut stomach and cup her breasts. "She also taught me to do *this*," I said with a mischievous grin. With that, I leaned forward and began sucking her nipples.

"Oh, my goodness. Yes!"

I alternated between them, pulling the little buds to erection with my lips. She arched her back and held my head against her softness.

"Remind me to thank her sometime," she said breathlessly.

"Is now a good time? I can go get her."

"You wouldn't dare," she said in nervous disbelief.

"Wanna bet?"

"No!" she blurted. "No, I know you're serious. Please don't leave me like this."

"I wouldn't, sweetie. I was just kidding."

She rocked her hips back and forth, closed her eyes, then bit her lip to keep from crying out. I grinned to myself and watched in fascination as her breasts swayed from side to side with the motion of her body.

When she started gyrating her hips, I merely sat back and gazed at her, playing with her breasts as I did. She was lost in her own little world, working up to her orgasm, and I was more than content to help her get there. I'd kept the pace deliberately slow, to allow her to work up a real head of steam, and judging by the powerful twinges from her internal muscles, she was bound for a colossal release.

Several delightful minutes later, her chest and face flushed darker still and I knew her climax was imminent. Her pussy was spasming wildly and her hips were in constant motion. I sat up a little, hooked my arms under her shoulders, and pulled her forward. Then I lifted my head and captured one of her nipples, flicking my tongue against its puckered surface and making her gasp in pleasure.

While I alternated between her breasts, making lewd sucking noises as I pulled at them with my lips, she began to pant and whimper softly. As she worked herself against my shaft, her cries became more insistent. I grinned shamelessly and rocked my hips in time with her, fueling her passion.

When she came, it was explosive but silent. Her back bent and she buried her head in the hollow of my neck. I felt a flow of moisture around the base of my cock as her pussy clenched me and then rippled with the effects of her release. She panted and shook as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her.

As her orgasm finally began to subside, she mewled softly and cuddled my neck, her silken hair tickling my face. I merely held her close, feeling the thudding rhythm of her heart as she panted. A fine sheen of

sweat coated her back as I gently raked my fingernails over her skin, causing her to quiver in pleasure.

"You didn't come," she said after a while, her breathing still heavy.

I shook my head.

"Why not?"

"I was enjoying watching you," I said softly, kissing her shell-like ear as she tucked her hair behind it. When she shivered, I did it again. "And I like making it good for you."

"My orgasms are always so much better when you're inside me," she breathed.

"Mmm hmm."

"Your hardness gives my muscles something to squeeze against."

"Yep."

"And," she said with a sly grin as she pulled back, "you're still hard." Her eyes twinkled as she ground her hips against me.

"Yep."

"What do you want to do about that?"

"Oh," I mused, "probably the usual."

"Which is?"

I grinned roguishly as she arched an elegant eyebrow.

"Yes?" she prompted.

"Oh, I thought I'd go ahead and jerk off. Once you climb off my lap, that is."

A surprisingly hard fist thumped my chest as her eyes glittered with smiling reproach.

"Okay, okay," I said hastily, grinning unabashedly. "Maybe we can think of something better."

"Maybe I'll *let* you jerk off," she retorted.

"You know you'd like that."

"Yeah," she said with a rueful grin. "You know me too well."

"So what should I do?" I asked.

"You could ravish me as you please."

"Would you like that?"

"Am I still hot and wet?" she asked rhetorically.

"Hmm, lessee," I said as I pulled back a little and glanced down at where our bodies were still joined.

Her pubic hair, despite its trimmed sparseness, was matted and damp. My own was equally damp and had been crushed by her gyrations.

"You look wet enough," I said.

"Trust me," she replied with aplomb, "I'm still wet."

"And you're very hot."

She nodded, her eyes hooded and sultry.

"Say, do you know the melting point of latex?" I asked conversationally. "I mean, it could be a problem if—"

Another fist in the chest.

"Ow! You're pretty strong… for a girl."

"For a *girl?!*"

When she tried to playfully hit me again, I caught her wrist. In a flash, I caught the other one as well. Instead of pushing her back, I used the leverage to pull her forward. Our lips met in a kiss which rapidly turned steamy. This time, it was her turn to gently bite *my* lip. When she pulled back, she gave me a smoldering look.

"Are you going to hold me down and ravish me?" she asked, glancing at her wrists, which I still held. "I'm a proper young lady. I'd never submit to a scoundrel such as yourself. Not voluntarily, at any rate."

"Oh, no?"

She shook her head in feigned defiance.

"You really think so?"

Without waiting for her to answer, I rolled to the right and twisted my torso, taking her with me. She

ended up on her back with me still between her legs. As I firmly buried myself in her superheated pussy, she grinned at me.

"You can have my body," she said with an exaggerated Southern accent, "but you'll never break my spirit."

"I don't want to break your spirit," I said with a grin. "Right now, I just want your body."

"Yankee swine," she said loftily. "Ravish me as you like, but I won't enjoy it—"

I began moving within her, stroking my length into her tightness and making her gasp in pleasure.

"—much," she finished.

I bent to kiss her and she moaned into my mouth.

"Oh, take me," she drawled when we broke the kiss.

"Never fear, miss," I said, my breathing heavy as I thrust into her, "I'm going to."

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After we got cleaned up (I made sure to wrap the used rubber in toilet paper and unobtrusively drop it in the bathroom trash can), we headed down the hill. I stopped at the clubhouse to fix two quick sandwiches and then ate them as we continued to the lake. Once there, Drew and Erin waved to us from the raft.

The swim from the shore to the raft was incredibly refreshing. Kendall wasn't as strong a swimmer as I was, so I made sure to maintain a pace I knew she could match. I let her climb onto the raft before me and then hoisted myself onto the sun-warmed canvas.

Drew and I eyed each other warily for a moment and then decided that everything was cool between us. On Sunday, I'd pretty much avoided him, since I didn't want any more trouble.

"What'd you do to your knees?" Kendall asked him.

"Huh?"

"Your knees," she said, gesturing. "They're all red."

"Oh, it's nothing."

"What happened?"

His eyes locked with mine and I wondered if I should say something or not.

"I tripped on one of your dumb books," he said, looking back to Kendall, "getting out of bed yesterday morning."

"Oh, Drew," she said. "I'm so sorry."

"Ah, that's okay. I'm fine. It didn't hurt or nothin'."

"I'll pick them up first thing after lunch," Kendall said sincerely.

"I'll help," I added with a nod of thanks to Drew.

Evidently, he knew as well as I did that telling Kendall about our little scuffle would only cause problems for both of us. Besides, it was a guy thing, and it would stay between us.

"Hey!" Kendall said suddenly. "Do you wanna have lunch with us, Paul?"

"Yeah, sure." Then I caught Drew's eye and pointedly glanced at Erin.

"Hey, Erin," he asked, picking up the cue, "you wanna have lunch with us too?"

"Sure, I'd love to!"

Mom and Dad took the news in stride. They actually seemed happy to have the time to themselves. Kendall and Drew's parents were more than delighted to have Erin and me join them. While Melissa, Kendall, and Erin fixed BLT sandwiches in the Winnebago, Adam, Drew, and I sat outside at the picnic table. When everything was ready, the girls trooped out of the camper with plates of sandwiches, a big bowl of potato chips, and a tray of cool drinks. Thankfully, Kendall had brought Erin and me water, but her family all drank iced tea.

The girls chatted about some of the families with younger kids while Adam and Drew talked about football. Given my druthers, I probably wouldn't have talked about either subject, but I decided to "do the guy thing" and talk about football. I was only a mediocre fan at best, but I paid enough attention to the game to know what they were talking about.

Drew had made the varsity team as their second string strong-side linebacker. But for two weeks before

school even began, he'd have summer training. Evidently, Chattanooga was both hot and extremely humid, and he wasn't looking forward to two-a-days or, worse, three-a-days. Practicing in the stifling heat with all those pads must be brutal.

"You don't play football, do you, Paul?" Adam asked.

"No. I wrestle."

"He's pretty good, too," Drew added with a sly grin.

"You're on a team, right?" Adam asked.

I nodded.

"So how's that work? You don't wrestle as a team, do you?"

"No," I said, laughing good-naturedly. "You wrestle guys in your weight class. Well, you wrestle *one* guy in your weight class. When we have a dual meet, each guy will wrestle the other team's guy in his weight class. Whoever wins gets points for their team. A tie means you split the points between the teams. Six points for the winning guy's team. And at the end of the meet, the team with the most points wins. You wrestle one on one, but your results affect the team."

"So it sounds like it's an individual sport," Adam said.

"Sorta. There's no real teamwork, not like in football, but it's definitely a team sport."

"You never wrestle guys in another weight class?" Drew asked.

"Not intentionally," I said with a grin.

He grinned ruefully in reply.

"But yeah, you do in practice. Last year," I said, "there was a guy named Bruce who taught me a lot about the sport, and he was in a heavier weight class. It was tough wrestling him, 'cause he was bigger and stronger than me."

"I'll bet," Adam said.

"But it made me a better wrestler," I added. "I mean, I had to work *hard* to beat Bruce, and I didn't do it that often."

"That makes sense," Adam agreed. "It made you sharp."

"But what did he get out of it?" Drew asked.

"Well," I said, "because I was smaller than him, I was usually quicker, and he had to react faster. Sometimes, he could simply overpower me, but wrestling is about a lot more than just power. It's also about leverage and timing."

"No kidding," Drew said with a short, sharp laugh.

"So I could take down a bigger guy with good leverage and quick reflexes," I added with friendly grin.

"Really?" Adam asked skeptically.

"I'd bet he could, Dad," Drew interjected.

"If I got lucky," I said.

"Are you boys done talking about how macho you are?" Melissa asked from across the table. "Because if you are, I've got a little bit of red velvet cake left. Who wants a piece?"

We all did, so she, Kendall, and Erin went inside to fetch the remainder of the cake. Adam, Drew, and I talked about how football was different from wrestling, and how it was the same.

"Actually," I said as the women returned with the cake, "a lot of guys on my school's football team come out for wrestling."

"They do?" Drew asked.

Kendall set a plate of cake in front of me and I smiled gratefully. Then she sat next to me and discreetly put her hand on my thigh.

"Yeah," I said, slicing off a large bite of cake with my fork. I noticed with a grin that the three men had fairly large pieces, while the women had smaller ones.

"When I was in school," Adam said, "we didn't even *have* a wrestling team. But I think I'd've gone out for it if we had, just to stay in shape over the winter."

"That's why a lot of guys do it," I added. Then I grinned shamelessly. "Some of 'em think we're fags or something, because we roll around on a mat with other guys. But after the first week of practice, I don't

think anybody thinks we're soft."

"Is it that tough?" Drew asked.

I swallowed another bite of cake and nodded emphatically.

"It can't be tougher than three-a-days," Drew said skeptically.

"I dunno," I said with a shrug. "I've never done three-a-days. But I know most of the football players quit after the first week. And they survived three-a-days…"

His look said he clearly didn't believe me.

"Wrestling is *hard*, man," I said. "I use muscles I never knew I had."

"Like which ones?" Adam asked.

"My neck. You've got to bridge to keep your shoulders off the mat."

He nodded.

"And my hands," I said. "I mean, I'm sure you've gotta have strong hands in football, but if I lose my grip on the other guy, he's going to escape. Or worse, he'll reverse and maybe pin me. I actually work out my hands with gripper springs."

"Really?" Adam asked.

"Shake his hand, Dad," Drew suggested with a smirk.

Adam held out his hand and I obligingly gripped it. When he squeezed, I squeezed in reply. He tightened his grip and so did I. Eventually, we were both turning red and holding our breath. His grip was like an iron band, but I wasn't about to let up. Finally, by unspoken mutual consent, we both relaxed.

"*Damn*, son!" Adam gasped as he rubbed his hand.

I rubbed mine as well.

"Adam," Melissa chided gently.

"Hon, the kid's strong."

"That's still no reason to swear," she said. "But I guess boys will be boys."

Adam, Drew, and I shared a conspiratorial grin.

"Okay, ladies," Melissa said, "let's get these plates cleaned up and then we can go relax with our macho men down by the lake."

✧ ✧ ✧

At the lake, Adam and Melissa dragged their lounge chairs over by my parents. Drew and Erin swam out to the raft with Kendall and me, but they didn't stay long. After about thirty minutes, Drew asked Erin if she wanted to go for a walk. Kendall and I grinned at her enthusiastic reply.

Once they were gone, the two of us basked in the sun for a while. But it was a hot day, and after an hour or so, we returned to the water to cool off. Dennis and Elaine Raeford were just coming down the hill, so we swam over to the shore near them. Compared to the cold water, the brick of the coping felt nice as Kendall and I rested our arms on their warmth and kicked our feet out behind us.

"Hi," Elaine called as we approached.

"Did you all have a late lunch?" Kendall asked.

"Nap time," Elaine replied. "These two are bugaboos if they don't get their naps."

"Do you want some help with them?" Kendall asked.

"Sure."

While Kendall helped with Boo, Dennis slipped two orange "floaties" on Linette. Elaine explained that Linette could swim, but still wanted the security the two arm floats provided. Kendall waded back into the water holding Boo and a Styrofoam lifesaving ring with a cloth seat in the middle. She carefully lowered the toddler into it. With his feet through the holes in the seat, he could kick himself around and splash, but there was no way he could turn over or slip out.

As Dennis followed a dog-paddling Linette across the lake, Kendall swam backward with Boo in tow, both of them laughing playfully. Instead of joining them, I grabbed our towels from the lounger where we'd left them and gallantly picked up Elaine's large straw bag. Then we headed around the edge of the lake toward the shallow end.

Once there, I helped her lay out a blanket and then I spread our towels next to it. When they reached the shallow end, Dennis and Kendall stayed in the water, playing with Linette and Boo. Soon, a lot of the other children were in the water and playing as well. Kendall motioned for me to join them, which I did.

One of the other dads, a guy named Lon, joined us. For the next hour, Dennis, Lon, and I played with the laughing, screaming children. We swung them around. We let them climb on us. We tossed them toward the deep end. In other words, we had a lot of fun. Kendall's eyes shone in adoration as she watched me. When Dennis and Lon finally called it quits, exhausted, we left the kids to play by themselves, under the watchful eyes of several sets of parents, of course.

Kendall and I spent the rest of the afternoon with Dennis and Elaine. They were a really cool couple. Elaine did most of the talking, which seemed to suit Dennis just fine. Kendall and I told them about ourselves and Elaine told us about them.

Elaine had moved from Indiana to go to school at the University of Georgia. Dennis was from Athens, Georgia, so he went to the hometown school. They started dating when they were freshmen. Then Dennis had dropped out of school (flunked out, he corrected Elaine with a grin) and gone to work. All through high school, he had worked as a brick mason, so he got a job with his old company. While Dennis worked and she went to school, they kept dating.

When she graduated from nursing school, they both moved to Atlanta so she could get a job. Once she had a steady income, she talked Dennis into going to Georgia Tech, part time. They got married when they found out she was pregnant with Linette, but according to both of them, that they would marry had been a foregone conclusion.

Once Linette was born, Dennis split his time between laying brick, going to school, and helping with the baby. When Barry was born, it was more of the same. Elaine worked some, but mostly she was a stay-at-home mom. (Believe it or not, she said, Dennis could earn more money as a brick mason than she could working as a nurse.)

It had taken Dennis five years, but he finally earned his civil engineering degree. Because of his years of experience as a mason, he was hired straight out of college by a company in Augusta, so the family had moved. Elaine was now a part-time nurse in a doctor's office and worked three days a week.

Since they'd had to pay for school *and* a family, this was their first summer vacation since they'd been married. Before, Dennis would've worked twelve- or fourteen-hour days in the summers to earn money for tuition. But with his new job, he had vacation time and holidays, and the pay was quite a bit better. Soon, he said, he'd be a Professional Engineer—which evidently took additional training and a certification process—and could "stamp things."

When I asked him what he meant by stamping things, he explained that just having an engineering degree wasn't enough to be a Professional Engineer. Evidently, there was a difference between working as an engineer (a professional) and being a Professional Engineer. I could even hear the capital letters in his tone.

At the moment, he was an EIT, an Engineer In Training. Since he'd already spent a year working under a Professional Engineer, he'd have to work two more years and then take a fairly difficult test. If everything went according to plan, he'd then become a Professional Engineer himself (and get a special stamp, like an Architect, he explained). Being a PE would greatly expand his job potential.

After that, he grew quiet again and the conversation turned to other things. Kendall asked about Elaine's job and they talked about their shared interest in the medical field. Elaine was surprised that Kendall was so focused on becoming a doctor, and gladly answered a multitude of questions. I was enjoying their conversation, so I merely sat back and relaxed.

✧ ✧ ✧

Toward late afternoon, Erin and Drew returned. When they spotted us, they swam across the lake. Drew appeared relaxed, and Erin looked suspiciously happy. Once again, I reminded myself to make sure that Erin knew what she was up to. I wasn't going to butt into her life, but I *was* her big brother, and being protective was my job.

"What're you all doing over here?" she asked as they waded toward us.

"Talking to Elaine and Dennis," I said. Then I turned to the older couple. "Have you met Erin and Drew?"

"Not yet," Elaine replied. After I introduced them, she grinned, glanced at me, then turned her attention back to Erin and Drew. "It's nice to meet you," she said. "Are you two together?"

"Um…," Drew said, suddenly sheepish.

"More or less," Erin said without hesitation. The look she gave me dared me to say something.

Instead of overreacting, I smiled benignly.

"That's so cool," Elaine said.

"What is?" I asked.

"Your girlfriend's his sister and his girlfriend's your sister. I don't know why, but I just think that's cool. Do either of you get overprotective?"

"Drew and I are cool with it," I said. "I mean, we're both pretty protective of our sisters, but I think we've come to an understanding. I'm cool to his sister, and he's cool to mine. Right, Drew?" I didn't put any undue emphasis on the words, but Drew took my meaning.

"Yeah," he said immediately. Then he looked back at Elaine. "We had… um… we had a talk about it."

"Oh, you did?" Kendall asked me with deceptive sweetness.

"Yep," I replied matter-of-factly.

She arched an eyebrow.

"Well, we had to work out a few… details," I said with a shrug.

"Details?"

"You know, *details*."

"Enlighten me," she said, assuming a pleasant expression.

"Well," I said, trying to hide a growing smile, "there was all sorts of paperwork. But the gist of it is that we traded sisters. Now I own you and he owns Erin." When her jaw dropped and her eyes bugged out, I went for the coup de grâce. "I mean, I thought it was a fair trade. I had to give him a Pink Floyd LP, three bucks, and a pack of bubble gum, but at least he shared the gum with me."

"Bubble gum?!" Kendall fumed.

"Grape," I replied with an ill-concealed grin.

"Grape?!"

Before she could get her hands on me, I leapt to my feet. "Run for your life, Drew! I think she's gonna blow."

Laughing maniacally, Drew and I streaked—literally and figuratively—around the edge of the lake. Kendall and Erin were close behind, but we started to pull away from them. Behind us, I could hear Elaine's ringing laughter mingled with Dennis's deeper chuckles.

✧ ✧ ✧

After dinner, Kendall and I sat on the porch outside the clubhouse.

"Grape bubble gum," she mused, shaking her head.

I shrugged unapologetically.

"You really had me going," she said.

"I aim to please."

"Did you and Drew really have a talk?" she asked after a few moments' silence.

"More or less."

"So which was it? More? Or less?"

"More less than more," I replied evasively. "He just wanted to make sure I wasn't going to hurt you."

"Your… um… discussion wouldn't have anything to do with the *real* reason his knees are skinned up, would it?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, trying to look innocent.

"Come on, you don't think I can't tell when my own brother is lying?"

"Look," I said seriously, "I'm not going to lie to you, but I'm not going to tell you about it either."

"Why not?"

"It's a guy thing. Drew and I worked out our… um… differences of opinion, and we're both cool. I mean, you saw us at lunch. Did we look like two guys who're ready to rumble?"

"No," she admitted.

"See? So I'm not going to tell you about it, but Drew and I are cool." I could tell that she wanted to ask more, but she accepted my answer at face value.

"You didn't know that Erin and Drew were together, did you?" she asked, changing the subject.

"What makes you say that?"

"The look on your face. And the look on Erin's face. She looked defiant, like she was daring you to say something about it."

"Erin's a big girl."

"No, she's not," Kendall said. "She's not even fourteen yet. Drew wouldn't force her or anything, but he's smooth."

"How do you mean?"

"He's got a reputation as a Casanova. He goes through girls pretty quick back home."

I nodded thoughtfully. That made sense, seeing as how he'd charmed virtually all the younger teenage girls.

"He's not a bad guy," she continued, "when he's not trying to boss women around, but, well…"

"I think I understand," I said. "I've been meaning to ask Erin about it, just to make sure she's not… well… you know, in over her head."

"You should," she agreed. "Be circumspect about it, though. You don't wanna seem too nosy or overprotective. That'll drive her the other direction. Just let her know what's up, and if she ever needs to talk about anything, she can come to me."

"You? Not me?"

"Me," she said firmly.

"Yeah, I guess you do understand people better than me."

She nodded succinctly, in the understatement of the year.

We spent the rest of the evening talking and simply enjoying ourselves. It really *was* nice to not think about sex for a change. Much as I enjoyed sex with Kendall—and Gina—I definitely liked the quiet time as well. Kendall liked touching me, and I was more than happy to let her. It wasn't sexual or anything; she just liked my arm around her. So we sat on one of the couches in the clubhouse, relaxed, and talked until just before midnight.

✧ ✧ ✧

On Tuesday, I woke up at my usual time. Even though I liked to sleep in as much as any other teenager, I guess my body was used to waking up at a certain time. And unless I was exhausted, that's what it was going to do. Whether I liked it or not.

So I quietly slipped down the ladder and then headed outside with my workout shorts in hand. Even though I'd skipped my regular Monday workout, I decided to stick to my schedule and do my Tuesday routine.

When I was cooling down with the jump rope, Kendall walked up, laid her towel on the porch steps, and sat down to watch me. I smiled tightly and kept up my rhythm. By the time I was done, I was winded, but felt really good. I don't know why it was, but I always felt good after a hard workout (except when I worked my abs).

"You wanna join me for a shower?" Kendall asked when I coiled the rope and put it on the porch with my weights.

"Sure. Lemme get my towel."

Once in the shower, I washed Kendall's hair. Since no one was around, I washed the rest of her too, enjoying the feeling of her soap-slick skin under my hands. Unfortunately, when it was her turn to wash me,

Elaine walked into the clubhouse. As soon as she saw us, she walked over to say hello.

"Morning," she said, stifling a yawn.

"Morning," Kendall and I chorused.

"Where're Dennis and the kids?" Kendall asked.

"Oh," Elaine replied, "I get up early and make coffee while Denny takes care of the kids. In the evenings, I take care of the kids while he cooks dinner."

"That sounds fair," I said.

"Mmm hmm," she said with a nod. "Especially since he's the early morning person and I don't really get going until I've had my first cup of coffee."

I nodded as Kendall reluctantly stepped out of the shower to dry herself. Then I lathered up the washcloth and began soaping my chest.

Elaine lingered for a moment before yawning again. "I'd better get going on that coffee," she said with a grin. "I'll see you guys later."

✧ ✧ ✧

"I like her," Kendall said on the way up to my cabin. "And Dennis is pretty cool too."

I nodded.

"Did you realize that you're built just like him?"

"Yeah."

"Maybe that's why Elaine likes you."

I shrugged.

"She does, you know."

"Huh?"

"She's kinda got the hots for you," Kendall said with a mischievous grin.

"What makes you think that?" I asked nervously. I guess I was used to the way Gina reacted to things, and I waited for Kendall to panic or become suspicious. I *wasn't* prepared for her rather clinical appraisal.

"The way she looks at you," she said. "I dunno, I can just tell. I don't think she's gonna try to jump your bones or anything, but you're definitely her type."

"How do you *know* all this?" I asked. "I mean, I see the same things you do. Right?"

"Probably," she said with a shrug. "But I think I've been paying attention to people a lot longer than you have. And… well… I'm a woman. I can just tell that she likes you."

"So because I have a penis, I can't see what you see?"

"No, it's not that at all," she said soothingly. "It's just that when I see her react to you, I can compare it to how *I* react to you. I know this is gonna sound corny, but sometimes when I see you, I get weak in the knees."

I looked at her sharply and she grinned.

"And watch my eyes sometime," she continued. "When you're around, I pay attention to you; my eyes follow you. Elaine does that. She's not real obvious about it, but you'd better believe she's watching you."

"But what makes you think she's got the hots for me?"

"About a dozen little things, none of which I can think of right now," she said. "No, wait! Remember when we came back from the quarry and Gina and I helped out with the kids?"

"Yeah. What about it?"

"When we got out of the shower, Gina and I dried Linette and Boo, and Elaine threw your towel to you."

I nodded.

"Do you remember that she stood real close to you?"

"Yeah," I agreed guardedly.

"People have this thing about their personal space." When I furrowed my brow in puzzlement, she explained. "We like to have a certain amount of space around us, so we know we're not going to bump into anyone. It's more complicated than that, but it's basically a buffer zone we don't like anyone to cross."

"Okay. I guess that makes sense."

"So when Elaine leaned close to you, she was not only invading your space, she was… um… I'd guess you'd say she was inviting you into *her* space as well."

"Just because she leaned close?" I asked somewhat dubiously. "I get close to guys all the time on the wrestling mat, but I don't have the hots for any of *them*."

"That's different. With the other wrestlers, it's not *intimate*. When Elaine did it, it was to get closer to you, to share a sense of intimacy."

"Intimacy?"

"Not like you and me," she said quickly, and with a slight blush. "She just wanted to be… friendly, although it was more than that. Intimate is still the best word." She paused for a moment and searched for another word. Then she shrugged. "Intimate. That's the only word that fits. Not really like sex, but sort of an invitation."

"So she was inviting me to have sex with her?" I asked, trying not to sound as incredulous as I felt.

"No. And yes. Not overtly, at least. She was trying to be… intimate," she said with a shrug. "I told you, it's complicated. And I'm sorry I don't know how to explain it better."

"That's all right," I said. "I'm still just amazed at how much you pick up. I mean, I'm looking at the same things, and I don't see *half* of what you do."

"Sorry," she said.

"Oh, don't be. I think it's cool. And you haven't been wrong yet. Well, except where you're concerned."

"Yeah, I guess I do sorta have a blind spot about myself."

"You've got a couple of blind spots," I said. "Like your parents. You may think they're prudes, but they're not."

She shook her head in disagreement.

"No, seriously," I pressed. "Think about it. Watch them together sometime. They're really affectionate, but it's all subtle things."

"I dunno…"

"And think about this," I said. "You like sex with me, right?"

She blushed, but nodded with a reserved smile.

"It feels good?"

"*Very* good," she said quickly.

"And you look like your mom, don't you?"

Another nod.

"So what makes you think you're not… um… *more* like your mom?"

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that if you like sex so much, doesn't it make sense that your mom would like it too?"

"No."

"Blind spot," I reprimand gently. "You've heard the expression 'Like father, like son'?" When she nodded, I continued. "So doesn't it make sense to say 'Like mother, like daughter,' too?"

"I guess."

"Then work backward to the source," I said with quiet insistence. "If you're the way you are, chances are pretty good that you got it from your mother."

She was silent, but I could tell she was thinking.

"So it only makes sense that your mom probably enjoys sex as much as you do, right?"

"But she's so… straight."

"Maybe it's because that's what she *wants* you to see."

"I dunno…"

"Trust me. You're not the only one who's perceptive. You may be a lot *more* observant than I am, but I'm not blind."

At that, she laughed lightly. "About some things, you're not. But about others…" She shook her head in mock sorrow and grinned at me.

"But I'm not wrong about this. I don't know your parents as well as you do, but that may be your problem."

"You mean I've got preconceptions?"

"I guess."

"Maybe you're right," she finally conceded.

"I know I'm right," I said as I slipped my arm around her waist.

We had already reached my cabin and spread my wet towel on the porch rail, and at the moment, we were walking toward her camper.

"Do you wanna eat with your folks?" I asked. "Or down at the clubhouse?"

"Hmm?" she asked absently. "Oh, sorry. The clubhouse is fine, I guess."

"Uh-*huh*," I said quietly.

For a few moments, I enjoyed watching her as she thought about the implications of what I'd said. I was curious about her lack of jealousy where Elaine was concerned, and resolved to ask her about it, but that was a conversation for later. For the time being, she seemed to be actually *thinking* about her parents' relationship, so I let her continue.

At her camper, she distractedly told her mother that she was going to eat with me in the clubhouse. When Melissa looked at me quizzically, I merely smiled and shrugged. Then Kendall and I turned and headed down the hill. She was deep in thought as we walked, so I simply steered her in the right direction.

✧ ✧ ✧

After breakfast, Kendall and I headed down to the lake. My parents walked with us and we chatted about the weather. It looked to be another hot day, with hardly a cloud in the sky. Once we reached the shore, Mom and Dad settled into lounge chairs.

Kendall didn't feel like lying out just yet, and neither did I, so we waded into the cool water. As we swam across the lake at a leisurely pace, I caught up with her and we swam abreast for a few moments. Once my feet could reach the sandy bottom, I stopped and pulled her into my arms.

"Hello, stranger," she said as she wrapped her legs around my waist.

My shrunken penis seemed to revel in the warmth between her legs, but as far as anyone on the shore could tell, we were simply embracing. I enjoyed having her close to me, and her floating breasts with their cold-hardened nipples looked delicious. She followed my glance and then grinned.

"I've been thinking about what you said," she said.

"Oh?"

"About my parents." Then she shrugged. "I know they probably have sex, but… I just can't see them as anything but my parents. Trust me, they *are* straitlaced."

"I guess."

"And they'd go through the roof if they knew we were having sex."

"You may be right about that," I granted.

"I'm just glad we've been able to hide it from them."

I chuckled.

"What?"

"I was just thinking," I said. "Every time I think I've gotten away with something, I come to find out that my parents knew what was going on all along."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that my parents are pretty smart, and I probably don't get away with *half* the things I think I do."

"And?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if your parents were the same way."

"No way," she said with finality. "If they knew we were having sex, my mom would flip."

Before I could reply, we heard a shout from the shore.

"Kenda'!" (Boo couldn't pronounce Kendall's name very well.)

Back at the steps leading into the lake, the Raeford family waved to us. Boo jumped up and down as Kendall and I waved in reply. Kendall unwrapped her long legs from around my waist, kissed me quickly on the cheek, then turned to swim toward the family. With a grin, I followed, easily keeping pace with her.

"Hi again," Elaine said as we waded up the steps. "Mr. Barry Boo wanted 'Kenda' to swim with him across the lake," she said almost apologetically.

"Would you like that?" Kendall asked the excited toddler.

"Yep," he said, dragging the Styrofoam ring toward her. "Let's go."

Dennis grinned at me as he slipped the orange water wings over Linette's arms and then followed her as she splashed into the cold water. He hissed as he waded deeper, then finally plunged in after her. Once Kendall had Boo situated in his ring, she blew me a kiss and began swimming backward with him.

"It looks like Barry really likes Kendall," I commented.

"I think it runs in the family," Elaine replied with a smile.

I turned and raised my eyebrows in surprise.

"Kendall… reminds Dennis of someone."

I found myself at a loss for words.

"Oh, don't worry," Elaine said, laughing softly. "He's not going to try to steal your girlfriend."

"I wasn't worried," I said somewhat diffidently.

"I bet you weren't," she said appraisingly. Then she grinned. "C'mon. Since the kids have got both my husband and your girlfriend, you'll have to settle for me." Then she blinked artfully. "You *do* want to, don't you?"

"Want to what?" I asked cautiously.

"Bring your towels around and hang out with us, of course," she said with a smile.

Was it a suggestive smile? Did she really want to have sex with me? Had Kendall been right? Again?

"Cat got your tongue?"

"Um… no, sorry," I said, blushing. "Sure, we'd love to hang out with y'all."

Her eyes glittered as I turned to fetch our towels. As I walked toward Mom and Dad, I had the eerie feeling that Elaine was watching me.

"Okay, honey," Mom said when I told her I was going to the other side of the lake. "Have fun."

I picked up Elaine's large bag on the way by and we walked around the lake in silence. On my part, the silence was a little nervous. I got the feeling that her silence was mischievous. I know her grin certainly was.

✧ ✧ ✧

"So what's the deal with you and Gina?" Elaine asked a little later.

Dennis and Kendall were still in the lake, playing with the children. I'd been watching Dennis, and while he wasn't overt about it, he sure did like looking at Kendall. *I* liked looking at her too, but that wasn't the point.

The big thing that redeemed him, I realized, was that when he talked to Kendall, he actually made eye contact with her. And he talked to her like an adult. I think that did more for Kendall than anything else he could've done. So I guess in her mind, if he liked looking at her body, that was probably all right, as long as he treated her like a person.

"You mean Kendall, right?" I asked, turning away from the lake.

"No. What's up with you and Gina?"

"I don't know what you mean," I hedged.

"Right," she said with mocking skepticism. "I saw you guys together, remember?"

"Saw us together?" I asked, my mouth suddenly dry. What had she seen? Had she seen us having sex? Would she tell Kendall's parents? Would she…? With a silent laugh, I realized that Kendall didn't have a monopoly on panic.

"When you got back from that hike," she said. "You know, Saturday? We were all in the shower together?"

"Oh, yeah," I said, hoping my relief wasn't obvious.

"So what's up with you two? Actually, what's up with you three?"

"I still don't know what you mean," I said, playing dumb.

"Yes you do."

I swallowed hard.

"It's okay if you don't want to tell me," she said with a shrug. "I was just curious how a guy your age manages two girls at once. But if you don't want to tell me, that's cool. I just thought you'd have to be pretty mature to do it and keep both girls happy."

I looked at her levelly, trying to decide if she were teasing me or being serious.

"Sorry, I was just curious. Really. You're sixteen, right?"

"Yeah."

"And Gina's sixteen too?"

I nodded.

"Kendall's seventeen?"

Another nod.

"Now that I've gotten to know you guys a little better, I can understand why she likes you. And she's pretty mature for seventeen. But I don't think you'll meet many girls her age who'll share their boyfriend with another girl."

"Not likely," I said.

"So I was curious," she continued. "I guess I wanted to know the secret behind the guy who can keep two women happy. There are a lot of older guys who aren't mature enough to pull that off. But really, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"Sorry," I said. "It's not you. It's just that… well… I don't talk about it much."

She nodded in understanding. "Another point in your favor," she added.

"Thanks," I said, blushing.

"Are they both your girlfriends?" she asked. "Or do you and Kendall just let Gina join you?"

"It's not like that," I said quickly.

"Uh-huh," she replied suspiciously. "Listen, I'm not going to tell anyone, if that's what you're worried about. I just thought it was really cool that you're mature enough to handle two women at once. You seem like a really nice guy, not cocky or anything, so I figured you must have *something* going on. You and Kendall seem really serious about each other, and that's cool. As I said, not many guys your age pay attention to women the way you do. And it's kinda nice to meet a guy who actually treats us with respect."

I nodded in thanks.

"So don't worry about it," she said. "Forget I asked. I understand why you don't wanna talk about it, and that's cool."

We were silent for a few minutes, and I studied her. She appeared genuinely curious. And although I had a growing suspicion Kendall had been right about Elaine's attraction to me, I didn't see any harm in telling her a little about us.

"This is just between us, right?" I asked.

"Definitely," she said without hesitation. "Although…," she added more thoughtfully. "I'll probably tell Dennis a little about it, since he was curious too. And don't tell me anything that Kendall wouldn't want you to tell."

"I probably shouldn't tell you *anything* about it," I said, reconsidering.

"But I'm *dying* to know," she said with a grin. "You've really got my curiosity piqued."

"Yeah, but it's not just me we're talking about. It's Kendall and Gina too."

"I understand."

"You really wanna know?" I asked.

"Yeah, I do. As I said, Dennis was curious too. So… yeah."

"Okay," I said. "Lemme talk to Kendall."

When I waded out into the lake, Kendall looked up and smiled. As I drew near, Elaine called to Dennis and the kids.

"What's up?" Kendall asked as I took her hand and pulled her toward the deep end.

"You're not gonna believe it," I said. When a look of worry crossed her face, I quickly explained. "It's nothing bad, just… weird. Well, not really weird, but… well… it's something we need to talk about."

"What is it?"

I quickly paraphrased my conversation with Elaine. Kendall listened intently and didn't ask any questions. When I was done, she grinned.

"See? I told you she has the hots for you."

I rolled my eyes. "But she was asking about *our* relationship," I said insistently. "She was really curious."

"Sweetie, she saw us Saturday morning in the shower. When we… you know."

I nodded.

"Then she saw us after we got back from the quarry, when Gina was with us. Besides, she told you herself that she'd pretty much figured out there was something going on with the three of us."

I nodded again.

"She and Dennis seem really cool, too."

"Do you trust them?"

"Yeah," she said. "I do."

"You don't think they'd tell your parents?"

To my surprise, she laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"Us. You're worried about who might tell my parents and I'm the one calming you down. Talk about role reversal."

I grinned sheepishly.

"Now that I know them better," she said, shaking her head, "I don't think there's any way they'd want to get us in trouble."

"You're sure? I just…"

"I know," she said, kissing me tenderly. "You're protective."

"So you think we should tell her?"

"Do you want to?" she asked.

"Well…"

"You do," she accused playfully. "You can't wait to tell her about how two girls—"

"Two gorgeous girls," I interjected.

"—two *gorgeous* girls are completely head over heels for you."

The way I blushed, I'm sure I didn't need to open my mouth in reply.

"I'm right, aren't I?"

"You don't mind?" I asked.

"Well, I don't think we need to make a habit of it, but Elaine and Dennis seem cool enough."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah," she said cheerfully. "It'll be fun." Then she turned coquettish. "Besides, I kinda like to show off too. After all," she added with a wry grin, "I've got a gorgeous *guy* who's head over heels for *me*."

Smug expression or not, I couldn't resist the temptation to kiss her. When I pulled back, she pressed her forehead to mine and grinned.

"And if this is the reaction I get," she whispered, "I think we should tell even *more* people."

"Let's not get carried away too soon," I said with a laugh as we turned toward the shallow end once more.

When we got back to Elaine and Dennis, their kids were playing with two other children. The parents, Lon and Betty (Elaine introduced us), were sitting about thirty feet away, watching all four children.

As we sat down on our towels, Elaine looked up hopefully. She and Kendall seemed to have a silent conversation and then the older woman laughed nervously.

"You're sure you're only seventeen?" she asked Kendall.

"I'm sure."

"Some of the women I work with aren't as mature as you."

"Thanks," Kendall said with a shy grin.

"So what's it like?" Elaine asked without preamble. "Sharing him, I mean."

Kendall grinned and turned to me, so I quickly explained about Gina. I didn't go into any sexual details, but I told Elaine that Gina and I had been together since the year before. I then explained about meeting Kendall, and how we'd gotten to know each other after Gina had left for the summer.

"So Gina was your girlfriend first?" Elaine asked.

Kendall nodded.

"Really? I wouldn't've imagined that. You two," she said, nodding to Kendall and me, "seem made for each other."

"Gina got him first," Kendall said with a shrug.

"So how did the three of you get together?"

When Kendall once again deferred to me, I explained. As with before, I didn't go into any sexual details, and I certainly didn't tell her about my parents' swinging, but I basically told her how Gina and I had talked about it, then how I had talked to Kendall.

"So *Gina* wanted Kendall to join you?" Elaine asked in disbelief.

Kendall and I nodded at the same time.

"So how's that work?" Elaine asked.

Kendall and I looked at each other and she blushed. Then to my surprise, she explained that she and Gina had "come to an agreement" about me. And while Kendall didn't come right out and say that Gina liked girls, I'm pretty sure Elaine understood.

When Kendall asked why they were so curious, Elaine told us about a movie she and Dennis had seen when they were first dating. It was called *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. Neither Kendall nor I had any idea what the movie was about, so Elaine described the plot. It was about wife swapping, more or less.

According to her, the movie was overrated and a little boring, but they'd been curious about the lifestyle ever since. We were the first couple they'd ever met who actually had a similar relationship. Elaine explained that Kendall even looked like one of the movie's stars, Natalie Wood (which went a long way toward explaining Dennis's attraction).

As midmorning progressed to late morning, and we all grew even more comfortable with one another, the conversation gradually became more sexual. Dennis and I shared a grin as the women talked. Neither of us felt the need to interrupt them. They made sure to keep their voices low so they wouldn't be overheard, but their conversation was animated and far more candid than I imagined possible. They didn't talk about specific details, but that seemed to be the only thing that was off limits.

By the time lunchtime arrived, I was half hard and so was Dennis. Even the women seemed excited. Then Elaine turned to me and her eyes twinkled.

"Have you ever had a threesome with two men and a woman?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"Oh," she said, a little disappointedly. Then she shook her head in wonder. "You realize you're living every man's fantasy?"

Dennis nodded with a sly grin.

"Yeah," I said. "I guess I am." Then I reached for Kendall's hand. "But I'll tell you the truth. It's a lot of work keeping up with two women."

At that, Dennis actually laughed out loud.

"Hard work, indeed," Elaine said with a grin of her own. Then she looked up as Linette walked over to us.

"Mommy, I'm hungry," the blonde girl said.

"Okay, honey, we'll go get some lunch." Then she looked at Kendall and me. "Hey," she asked suddenly, "would you guys like to have lunch with us? We'd love for you to join us."

When I looked at Kendall, she nodded.

"Sure," I said. "We'd love to."

✧ ✧ ✧

Conversation at lunch wasn't as explicit as before, since Linette and Barry were at the table, but the sexual tension was almost palpable. On the way up the hill, Kendall had given me "the look," and Dennis seemed to be getting a similar version of it from Elaine.

At that point, I began to worry about where things were headed. Elaine and Dennis were obviously interested in swinging, or at least a little experimentation. But I wasn't sure how much was safe to tell them. I mentally resolved to talk to Susan about it and get her opinion.

As we finished lunch, Kendall offered to help Elaine put Linette and Boo down for their naps. So Dennis and I cleaned up the dishes from our meal while the women headed to the Raeford's room.

"Thanks for talking to Elaine," Dennis said as we walked up the hill to the second motel-style building. "She's been excited about this since she met y'all."

I nodded.

"I thought she was crazy. When she told me you were sixteen, I thought she was gonna get us thrown out of the camp. Worse, when she told me Kendall's father was a cop, I just knew we were gonna get arrested. But you're pretty cool."

"Thanks," I said.

"Not like any sixteen-year-old *I've* ever met. You're just like us, only…"

"Only?"

"Only younger. And you're a helluva lot luckier than *I* was when I was your age," he said with a chuckle.

"I guess."

"Yeah," he said. "I figured you'd be arrogant about it. But now that I know you a little better, I can understand why a woman like Kendall is with you." Then he paused and grinned at me. "You're one lucky guy."

"Um… thanks."

When we reached his room, he turned and shook my hand. Then we looked up as Elaine came outside.

"Linette wants daddy to tuck her in," she said.

He nodded to me and then turned toward the door.

"Kendall's still inside with Boo. He wanted her to tuck him in," Elaine said.

"Ah."

"Thanks for talking with us."

"You're welcome, I guess."

"You lead a pretty exciting life," she said.

"Not really," I replied with a shrug. "I mean, I guess you're right, I do, but it seems pretty normal to me."

"Ha! You've got two women taking care of you. I wish I had two guys to take care of me."

I felt my face heating.

"I'd better get back inside," she said with a grin, "I've got an itch I want Dennis to scratch."

"Oh? You can tell me where it is," I said. "I could scratch it for you." *She didn't mean… She couldn't have… Did I just say what I think I did? What was I* thinking*?!*

"I bet you could," she said with a thoughtful glance. "Several times," she added, sotto voce.

"I… um… I mean… uh," I stammered. I must have turned six shades of red.

"That's okay," she said. "I know what you meant."

Just then, Kendall came out of the room and let the screen door shut softly behind her.

"The kids are asleep," she said to Elaine.

"Thanks for your help, Kendall," Elaine said graciously. Then she turned to me with a twinkle in her eye. "Now, I'm going to go see about that itch."

With that, she smiled, said goodbye, and turned to go. As their room's interior door began to close, she

was already dropping to her knees in front of Dennis. Kendall, who was looking over her shoulder, turned to me and smiled seductively. My embarrassment forgotten, I felt my dick twitch as I pulled her into my arms.

"She certainly had the right idea," I said softly.

"Do you think so?" Kendall asked coyly.

"Mmm hmm. I definitely think so." As I pulled her hips against me, my manhood swelled further.

"I think you do. Would you like to go somewhere a little more private?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Let's be naughty," she said with a mischievous grin.

I arched an eyebrow.

"I saw my parents walking back down to the lake. The Winnie should be… um… available."

"Are you sure?"

"Mmm hmm. My parents shouldn't be back for a while. Besides," she said, swinging her hips suggestively, "I've always wondered what it would be like to do it in the Winnie."

I think we made it there in record time. As soon as the outer door was shut, I pulled her into my arms. We kissed with growing passion for a few minutes and then I grinned and gently pushed her to her knees.

As she tucked her hair behind her ears and smiled up at me, I grasped my erection. Instead of letting her suck it, I rubbed it along her face. She closed her eyes and inhaled my scent, smiling as she did. As I slowly stroked my length, she kissed my balls and then began running her lips up my shaft. I relinquished my grip as she took over, holding me so she could kiss the underside ridge.

When she reached the tip, she opened her eyes and look up at me with a smile. Then she kissed the glans and trailed her lips down the side. When she reached my pubic hair, she pressed her face against me and nuzzled the base of my cock. Her fingers wrapped around my shaft and she stroked softly, sending shivers through my body.

As she inhaled, she tilted her head, kissed my balls again, then shifted my stiffness to the other side of her face. Once again, she nuzzled the base of my cock and then started kissing along the side, working her way back toward the crown. I reached down and ran my fingers through her hair as she swirled her tongue around the sensitive glans.

With a fascinated expression, she gripped my shaft and squeezed gently, stroking me several times. When my cock rewarded her with a drop of pre-come, she softly laughed in delight and then licked it up. Then she wrapped her lips around the head and sucked gently, her eyes closed in concentration.

I held the back of her head as she lovingly tongued the sensitive spot on the underside of my glans. When she withdrew the head from her mouth, she smiled up at me, her eyes twinkling.

"You like that?" I asked.

"Mmm hmm."

"It's different with you and Gina," I said as she rubbed her face along my length.

"Gina likes the reward," she said as she bumped her chin against my balls and then kissed them. "I like the act."

"Exactly," I hissed as she sucked one of my dangling testicles into her mouth and bathed it with her tongue.

With the hand still wrapped around my shaft, she stroked gently as she tongued and sucked my balls, moaning softly as she did. Then she planted open-mouthed kisses along the underside of my length as she moved toward the tip.

"God, I like watching you do that," I breathed.

"Mmmmm, I like doing it."

"I'm… ah… glad," I said, my muscles going taut as she tongued the underside of my head.

"I bet you are," she said, giving my glans a wet kiss while gazing up at me.

Then she opened her mouth and swallowed the first few inches. I could feel her breath on the top of my shaft as she exhaled. While I luxuriated in the warm wetness of her mouth, I ran both hands through her hair. She moaned softly and closed her eyes. She seemed to be enjoying herself as much as I was, and I

smiled to myself at the thought.

When Kendall pulled her lips back, she sucked the tip of my cock and then turned it into a kiss. Then she brought her left hand up and cupped my balls. Her fingers tickled my prostate as she stroked me with her right hand.

"I *love* watching that," she said in delight as another drop of pre-come oozed out.

Then she licked it up, her eyes aglow. I brushed her hair back from her forehead and smiled as she gazed fondly at my cock. She was right, Gina enjoyed it when I came, while Kendall simply enjoyed sucking me. Oh, Gina certainly liked sucking me, and it was obvious, but I sometimes got the feeling that she couldn't wait for me to fill her mouth with come. Kendall, on the other hand, made love to my cock because it pleased both of us.

As she engulfed me again, I shook my head to clear my thoughts and concentrated on the beautiful girl—woman, I corrected myself—kneeling before me. She lifted her chin as she slowly swallowed the first several inches of my length, running her tongue along the underside and making me hiss in pleasure. Then she wrapped her lips around me and suffused my cock with the warmth of her mouth. I groaned softly and threw my head back.

With my hands still on her head, she began sucking me in earnest, slowly bobbing back and forth, running her lips along my length and making me squirm. Her left hand fondled my balls, rolling them around and pressing gently. The feeling, coupled with her velvety lips and tongue, was exquisite.

When I looked down again, her eyes were smiling as they met mine. She held eye contact as she bobbed slowly before me, opening her mouth to swallow more of me and then languidly dragging her lips over my saliva-slick length as she pulled back. With her right hand, she slowly squeezed and stroked, alternating between the two and creating a sublimely pleasurable rhythm.

Her cheeks caved in slightly as she sucked me, and I ran the backs of my fingers along the satiny skin of her face. Her lips whitened with the slight pressure as she reached the crown of my cock and tightened her mouth into an oval.

As I gazed down at her, I marveled at the contrast between her bronzed skin, dark hair, and glittering blue eyes. It was incredibly arousing.

"I never realized how long your eyelashes are," I said softly.

She kissed the tip of my glistening shaft and smiled.

"You're so beautiful," I breathed, cupping her head and running my thumbs along her temples.

Instead of answering me, she swished her tongue around my glans and then sucked gently.

"I love you."

"I love you too," she said before closing her eyes and rubbing my slippery cock over her face. "I love the way you feel." Then she inhaled deeply. "I love the way you smell." With an open-mouthed kiss on the underside of my shaft, she said, "And I love the way you taste."

In reply, I could only groan as she dragged her tongue along the underside ridge and then flicked it against the tip of my glans. When she engulfed me again, I closed my eyes and simply enjoyed the sensations.

She bobbed back and forth for several delicious minutes, stroking me with her right hand and tickling my balls with her left. Every once in a while, she would take my shaft out of her mouth and lick along its length, kissing and breathing in my scent as she did. I gently ran my fingers through her soft hair and brushed her face, voicing my pleasure with soft groans.

My hips began rocking slowly as she increased her pace. As her lips dragged over my length and her tongue teased me, I groaned again. With each stroke, she would tilt her head back slightly and press her hot tongue against me as my shaft withdrew. Then she would open her lips again and my cock would glide back into the furnace of her mouth. For several long minutes, we continued, neither of us making any more noise than soft moans.

Finally, I felt the first twinges of my building orgasm. She must have sensed a change in my intensity, because her motions became more focused. Her hand worked the base of my shaft while her lips worked the tip, and I groaned as the pressure within me mounted. As my balls reached their boiling point and my back

and buttocks clenched, I cried out softly. Time seemed to stand still. Finally…

Snick-click.

My eyes flew open at the sound. As I stared at the ceiling of the camper, a slice of light speared out and then slowly widened. Sunlight began to pour into the dim interior of the room.

Creak.

Intense pleasure blossomed in my groin and I could almost feel the semen gushing through my shaft.

Click-clack.

My head came down slowly as the sunlight filled the room with an ever-brightening glow. To my horror, I watched the camper door open completely. Then the room darkened as a shape blocked out some of the light. The interior of the vehicle hadn't been all that dark, but my pupils contracted at the sudden influx of sunlight and I couldn't tell who was at the door.

As I looked down in shock, Kendall was just turning her head toward the interloper. My cock twitched, and a torrent of white liquid gushed from the tip, striking Kendall in the cheek. Torn between two impulses, she turned back toward me and the next spurt splashed across her forehead, cheek, and eye.

The room darkened further as the figure in the doorway started up the steps, but my cock was on autopilot. The next geyser of semen also struck Kendall's face. As my eyes adjusted, too slowly, I felt another spurt fly from my shaft. In horror, I looked down again to see a final weak spurt scatter drops of my jism over Kendall's breasts and neck. I looked back toward the figure in the doorway and froze.

"Oh, my goodness," Melissa said in astonishment.

I looked back to Kendall, my thoughts awhirl. Her face, neck, and breasts glistened with my pearly semen, and there was no possible way to mistake what it was. Worse, my cock was pulsing gently as the last few drops oozed from the tip. Kendall had barely begun to react, and it was clear that she was in complete shock.

"Oh, my goodness," Melissa said again as she stepped fully into the camper and closed the door.

Without saying another word, she took two steps toward the kitchenette. I looked down at Kendall, but she was watching her mother. In a moment, Melissa returned with a dishtowel and knelt next to her daughter.

"Your father will be here any minute," Melissa said anxiously.

To my utter surprise, she began gently wiping her daughter's face, cleaning my come from her skin.

"I know it stings, dear," Melissa said as she cleaned semen from Kendall's eye. "There now," she soothed, "look up… let me get that last bit… there."

I watched in amazement as Melissa carefully cleaned Kendall's chest. Without hesitation, she folded the towel and wiped her daughter's breasts, removing the dribbles and drops of stray fluid.

Kendall was still in a state of shock, and she wordlessly watched her mother as the older woman feverishly worked. I almost jumped out of my skin when Melissa grabbed my hard-on and gently wiped the sperm-coated tip. Not only did she clean me off, she squeezed my shaft and milked me so she could wipe away the final dribble of come.

"Oh, dear," she said as she turned back to Kendall, "it's in your hair too."

Then she carefully smoothed Kendall's dark hair, trying to wipe up the glistening droplets without smearing them. Finally, she examined her daughter, looking for any telltale signs of semen she'd missed. As she stood, she looked sharply at me.

"Adam will be here any minute," she said flatly.

I felt my world begin to crash down around me. What was she going to tell him? What would he do to me? Would I be arrested? What would he do to Kendall? If he hurt her, could I…? Could I what? Could I stop him? Could I beat him up? *He's not Drew, that's for sure,* I thought morosely. *Adam would kick my ass from here to Atlanta.*

"When he gets here…," Melissa began. Then she looked at Kendall. "Stand up, dear."

Mute and still in shock, Kendall immediately stood. Then she glanced at me nervously.

"When he gets here," Melissa repeated, "act normal." Then she looked at me and pointed to my shrinking erection. Despite the circumstances, I was still half hard. "Make sure you hide yourself," she said.

Then she looked critically at her daughter. "Oh, dear," she said, "your eye's still red. I know it stings, and it'll be red for a while, but you'll be fine."

Kendall looked back at me and blinked. Her right eye *was* red and irritated from when my semen had caught her. Before we could do anything else, however, the camper door began to open. Melissa stepped in front of me, her hip bumping my dick. She nonchalantly dropped the come-stained dishtowel to the floor and deftly kicked it into the corner.

"I was wondering where you kids had gone off to," Adam said as he climbed the steps.

"Oh, they just came back up here to get Kendall's towel," Melissa said when it became clear that Kendall wasn't going to open her mouth. "You kids run along now," she said to us.

When Kendall didn't move, I gently shoved her from behind. Adam stepped out of the way as Kendall lurched forward. My dick rubbed along Melissa's ass as I turned and stepped past her. Then I half-turned my body away from Adam so he wouldn't see my tumescent member.

Kendall fairly stumbled down the steps and I followed her, my semi-stiff dick swaying side-to-side. Treacherous organ! You'd think that it would at least have the decency to go along with the plan and get completely soft.

"What about the towel?" Adam asked as the camper door closed behind us.

I followed as Kendall stumbled toward the back of the camper in a daze. She leaned heavily on the corner of the big vehicle and I rushed to catch her before she fell.

"Oh, fuck," she said softly. "We're dead."

"Kendall," I urged quietly, "let's go. We need to get out of here."

Unfortunately, she was too addled to move. From inside, we heard Adam and Melissa walking toward the back of the camper. The window above us was open, so we could clearly hear their voices.

"What's going on, Mel?" Adam asked. Then he mumbled something unintelligible. It sounded like Melissa had kissed him. "What's gotten into you?" he asked with a low chuckle.

When we heard a soft thud, Kendall looked up sharply.

"Mel," Adam asked, "what's going…? Oh… mmm… yeah."

"You like that?" Melissa asked quietly.

"Oh, yeah," Adam said. "That feels nice."

Kendall turned to look at me, her eyes wide with disbelief.

"Oh, yeah, suck me," Adam said from inside.

For a few minutes, Kendall and I stood frozen in place. If we moved, we might get caught. We were literally right under the back window, and if we could hear her parents, they could hear us. Inside, Adam groaned faintly as Melissa undoubtedly sucked his dick. For a few minutes, all we heard were his low groans.

"What's gotten into you?" Adam asked with a self-indulgent chuckle.

"I was in the mood."

"Oh? Well, don't let me stop you… Mmrmph," he mumbled as she kissed him again. "How do you want it?"

"From behind," she said.

"Wow, you're so wet," he said in mild shock.

"Put it in," she begged quietly.

I reached around to cup Kendall's breast and then leaned close.

"See?" I whispered in her ear.

"Shhhh," she breathed.

From inside, we heard soft slapping noises as he thrust into her. Neither of them made any further sound, and the camper didn't rock (it had big stabilizing jacks), but Kendall and I could tell what was going on from the sounds alone.

I maneuvered my resurgent erection until it bumped against the crack of Kendall's ass. Silently, I reached around her and cupped her other breast, hefting their weight and gently pinching her nipples. Then I began rocking my hips back and forth, rubbing my erection along her still-slippery channel.

From inside, we heard Adam groan softly.

"Come on my face," Melissa said almost inaudibly.

Then we heard another soft thump.

Kendall turned and looked at me in shocked surprise.

Adam groaned and then suddenly grew quiet.

"Oh, yes," Melissa hissed.

Once again, Adam made a low, strangled cry.

"Oh, yes, come on my face."

Then both of them cried out softly.

"Let's go," I whispered in Kendall's ear, "while they're distracted."

"Your cabin," she breathed.

We crept away from the camper, making sure to stay out of sight of the back window. Once we were safely away, we practically ran toward my cabin. The whole time, my erection never flagged. I was afraid someone would see us, but I was more afraid that my cabin would be occupied.

Fortunately, we raced up the stairs to find the cabin deserted. Without waiting for me, Kendall retrieved a rubber from its hiding place in my dresser drawer. In a flash, she darted up the ladder to my bunk. My erection bobbed as I followed her.

In a tangle of limbs, I finally maneuvered between her legs. She frantically tore open the foil packet with her teeth and then handed the slippery latex ring to me. I slid it over my glans and then rolled it down my shaft. As Kendall lay back on the bed, she practically pulled my cock toward her. With a deep groan, I sank into her vise-like pussy in one lunge.

In a frenzy, I pumped into her. She lifted her hips to meet me, mewling softly as she pulled my head down and kissed me passionately. With each thrust, she moaned softly and urged me to go faster. My cock jackhammered into her and she arched her back, lifting her pelvis so I could plunge deeper.

With a nearly silent groan, she buried her face in the hollow of my neck and I felt her climax. Her pussy clutched at me, but I battered through and spread her with my girth. In another half-dozen strokes, I felt my own orgasm welling up. With a final, powerful lunge, I buried myself as deeply as I could and filled the rubber with semen.

When I finally regained my senses, she was holding me to her breast, breathing heavily, her legs along my sides. Her pussy spasmed and she cried out softly, tensing up as the aftershock washed over her. I kissed her ear and nuzzled her soft hair, simply holding her close.

Aftershocks from her orgasm caused her to shudder several times in the next few minutes, and I could feel the contractions transmitted through my slowly softening dick. Her belly heaved and she clenched her jaw, her eyes rolling back as pleasure overwhelmed her senses.

Finally, she relaxed and gazed into my eyes.

"Wow," she said quietly.

"Yeah."

"Did you hear my mom? Asking my dad to come on her face?" she asked in amazement. Then her face fell. "She's gonna kill me."

"She is *not*," I argued softly.

"She is too. You don't know her."

"No," I said, standing my ground. "*You* don't know her. She may be reserved, but she's not a prude. I mean, come *on*, your family comes to a nudist camp. How straitlaced could she be if she's willing to come *here?*"

"We're dead," she insisted. "She's gonna flip, and she's gonna tell my dad, and then…" At that point, she started crying. "I'm never gonna see you again," she moaned disconsolately. "I'm so dead. She's gonna kill me."

"No, she's not," I soothed. "Shhhhh."

Despite all my comforting and assertions to the contrary, Kendall was convinced that her mother was going to freak out. I was worried about it too, but I figured that if she were going to go through the roof,

she would have already done it.

By the time I got Kendall calmed down, she'd turned morose. She was convinced that her life, as she knew it, was over. She was convinced that her parents wouldn't let her go to college, would lock her in her room, and would basically take away any hope she had of leading a normal life.

"Does your house have a basement?" I asked.

She looked at me in confusion, but nodded, sniffling.

"Is it dark and damp?"

"No."

"Is it made of stone?"

She shook her head.

"No iron bars?"

"No," she said glumly.

"No torture devices? No chains?"

"No, why?"

"Well, at least you won't be locked up in a dungeon, 'cause it sounds like you don't have one."

"I'm serious," she said.

"I am too," I said earnestly. "Look, I said we'd deal with this if… when it came up. Your mom knows we're having sex. So what? What can she do?"

Kendall was unconvinced. She was positive that her life was over. I finally coaxed her to come down from the top bunk and we took a shower together. As we walked back to the road, she hung her head and took shuffling steps, as if walking to the gallows.

I don't know if it was a good sign or a bad one when we met her parents coming down from their camper. Adam was whistling merrily, but Kendall looked at him like he was her executioner.

"Hey, kids," he boomed. "What's shakin'?" When he saw Kendall's miserable expression, he grew concerned. "What's the matter, baby doll?" He asked. "Is Paul not treatin' you right?"

She looked up, prepared for the worst.

"C'mon," he said jovially as he draped his arm over her and hugged her tight. "I'll make it all right. You're still daddy's little girl." With that, he turned down the road and started walking.

With his arm around her, Kendall had little choice but to go with him. When she turned around and looked at me, she was clearly confused.

"You gotta take care of my little girl," Adam said to me, glancing over his shoulder. "She deserves the best." Then he kissed the top of Kendall's head and started whistling again.

Melissa fell in next to me as we walked.

As she slowed her pace and we fell back from her husband and daughter, I looked at her sidelong, afraid to speak.

"You take care of her," she said, looking straight ahead. "You do that, and we'll get along just fine."

"Yes, ma'am."

"His little girl isn't so little anymore," she said, nodding toward her husband and daughter. They were far enough ahead of us that they wouldn't overhear our conversation, especially with Adam whistling.

I shook my head.

"And what he doesn't know, won't hurt him," she added.

I nodded.

"I don't know what was going on with you, Gina, and Kendall…," she said softly.

I started to stammer a reply, but she waved her hand dismissively.

"To tell you the truth, I don't *want* to know. But whatever it was, Kendall is happy and she has friends." Then she looked at me and smiled sadly. "No one should be as lonely as she was."

"No."

"So," she said, her sad smile turning warm, "you take care of her, you hear. You're a nice young man. Her father and I like you."

"Um… thanks."

"But next time," she said with a pained expression, "be more careful."
"I'll try."
"See that you do."
With that, she looped her arm through mine as we followed Adam and Kendall down to the lake.

CHAPTER THIRTY

When I told Kendall about my conversation with her mother, she dropped her jaw and simply stared at me. As the day wore on, nothing was said about the Winnebago Incident. By dinnertime, she wasn't exactly relaxed, but she wasn't a nervous wreck either.

The only time her mother even alluded to the events in the Winnebago was after dinner. Kendall's eye was still red and irritated, so Melissa examined it critically. Kendall looked like she wanted to slink away and hide, but she reluctantly submitted to her mother's gentle touch.

Finally, Melissa rummaged in one of the camper's cabinets and produced some eye drops, which she delicately administered. When Adam asked what the problem was, she glibly told him Kendall had gotten sand in her eye. After that, Melissa sent us on our way with a smile. As Kendall and I walked down to the clubhouse, she shook her head in confusion.

"I know she's gonna go through the roof," she said. "What's she waiting for?"

"I told you what she said," I repeated. "I don't think she's gonna freak out."

"You don't know her."

"Well," I said evenly, trying to hide my exasperation, "if you know her so well, please explain to me why she hasn't done anything already. I mean, your dad even asked what was wrong with your eye. She could've told him then. Heck," I said, waving my arms, "she could've told him when he first got to the camper, but she didn't. Instead, you heard what she did."

"Yeah."

"I'm telling you, your mother knows you're not a little girl anymore. She *said* so. And you're always saying that your parents don't have sex, even with all evidence to the contrary. But think about this: how's your mom know what getting semen in the eye feels like?"

"I hadn't thought about that," she admitted.

"Uh-huh." Then I pulled up short and turned toward her. I gathered her into my arms and gazed at her seriously. "You know how I trust you when you tell me what other people are thinking, or why they do things?"

She nodded.

"Well, it's your turn to trust *me* on something. Your mother knows we're having sex."

"Don't remind me."

"It's the truth," I said. "So trust me when I tell you I think she's okay with it. Her only major comment was that we should be more careful. Sweetie, listen to me. She knows you're happy, and I think that's all that matters to her. She knows you're not a little girl anymore. And she knows you and I are doing things men and women do together. Heck, we're doing the same things she and your father do."

She lowered her eyes, blushing. But then she reluctantly nodded.

"She knows you're growing up, and she's treating you like a woman, not a child. Believe me, I know how weird it is. It freaked me out when my mom started talking to *me* like I was an adult. Your mom's doing the same thing with you." Then I paused and pressed my forehead against hers. "Welcome to the club," I said softly.

"But you don't know my mom," she said softly, but without conviction.

"And in a lot of ways," I replied gently, "you don't know her either. But from what I've seen, she's a pretty cool lady. Maybe you *ought* to get to know her… as an adult. I think you'd like her."

She smiled wanly and allowed me to turn us toward the clubhouse. The rest of the evening, we spent our time on a couch. Kendall lay stretched out with her head in my lap and I merely rubbed her temples or ran my fingers through her hair. We talked a little, but she was mostly pensive and quiet.

My parents joined us after a while and Kendall held up her end of the conversation, but just barely. When Elaine and Dennis joined us, Kendall actually sat up and snuggled under my arm. The Raefords had met my parents, of course, but they'd had little contact with them, so the four of them did most of the

talking. That seemed to suit Kendall just fine.

Susan returned to camp a while later and came into the clubhouse looking drawn. Despite the small size of Stacy's trailer, she had evidently accumulated quite a bit of stuff. Susan and Stacy had been packing and generally getting ready for the move for the better part of two days.

"Do you need some extra help?" Dad asked.

"No," Susan answered. "Paul said he'd help." When I nodded, she continued. "He and Jason should be able to lift all the heavy stuff. Stacy and I can get the light things."

"I'm still planning to help," Mom said.

"Me too," Kendall said.

"Thanks," Susan replied, smiling gratefully.

"Do you need any extra hands?" Elaine asked.

"Well," Susan said, "I appreciate the offer, but with the four of us, plus Stacy and Jason, we should be fine. But now it's time for me to get some sleep." Then she turned to Mom. "I'd like to leave here by seven thirty. Is that okay with you?"

"That'd be fine," Mom said when both Kendall and I nodded. "We'll meet you at your house at seven thirty. Have a nice night."

With that, Susan smiled at all of us and turned to go.

"She looks tired," Dad said, to which Mom nodded. "You sure you don't want me to help?"

"Stacy doesn't really have a lot of big pieces of furniture, Dad," I said. "And Jason sounds like he's pretty strong. I'm sure he and I can get all the big stuff."

"You and Erin can have a father-daughter day," Mom said.

"How would you feel about a father-daughter-Drew day?" Kendall joked, smiling for the first time that evening.

After that, the conversation picked up, but it was already late. Elaine and Dennis bid us goodnight and then headed back to their room. Mom and Dad headed up to our cabin a little later. Shortly before midnight, I escorted Kendall to her camper. Her parents were asleep, Drew was already home, and the universe hadn't ground to a halt.

"Listen," I said, pulling her close, "whatever happens, I love you."

"I love you too."

"You should trust me about your mom."

"I'll try."

"See that you do," I said. Then I grinned at my private joke.

She didn't understand why I was grinning, but I guess she was too sleepy to ask.

I kissed her again and then she stepped inside, turned, and smiled tiredly. With a wave and a smile of my own, I shut the door and turned for my cabin.

When I walked into the room, Mom was sitting in one of the easy chairs, next to a small lamp. She closed her book and looked up when I entered.

"Is everything all right?" she asked quietly, so as not to disturb my sleeping father or sister.

I shrugged.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Nah, it's…" Then I paused and reconsidered. "Actually, yeah. Do you have a few minutes?"

"Sure," she said, putting her bookmark in place and laying the book on the small table.

We walked out onto the porch and I leaned against the rail. Mom sat in one of the rocking chairs, crossed her legs, and looked at me calmly. In a roundabout way, I told her about the incident in the Winnebago. To my utter embarrassment, she couldn't conceal her wry grin.

"So what did you do then?" she asked. "When Melissa walked in, I mean."

"What could I do? I was… you know… close."

"Did you…?"

I nodded and felt my face heat.

"Oh, Paul," she said softly, standing. Then she moved close. "I'm sorry, it's not funny, but…" She

shrugged helplessly, her eyes glittering with mirth. When she composed herself, she looked at me seriously. "Where did you… um… you know?"

"Her face," I said sheepishly.

"Oh, Paul," she said, giggling softly and covering her mouth with her hand. "You came on her face?"

"Well, it was right there," I said, trying to keep my voice low. "Obviously."

"Obviously," she echoed with a half-suppressed grin.

"What was I *supposed* to do?"

"I'm sorry," she said, trying not to giggle. "It's just that I have this mental image of you, Kendall, and Melissa."

"Trust me," I said unhappily, "it wasn't that funny at the time."

"But you have to admit, it's pretty funny now."

Unfortunately, her quiet laughter was contagious, and I reluctantly found myself joining her.

"What happened then?" she asked when we finally quieted.

I told her about Melissa wiping us off and then covering for us when Adam came in. I left out the part about Kendall and me coming back to our cabin, but I told her about the conversation with Kendall's mom afterward.

"So Melissa wasn't upset?" Mom asked.

"She didn't seem to be. I mean, she was upset that we got caught, I guess, but not that we were… you know… doing it."

"Is that why Kendall's eye was red?" she asked suddenly.

"Yeah."

"Semen stings," she said matter-of-factly. "A lot."

"You know about that too?" I asked.

She gave me her Really Stupid Question look.

"Oh."

"Yes," she said with a nod. "Your father came in my eye once—*once*—when we were first dating. Trust me, it only takes one time for a woman to learn *that* lesson."

"Oh."

"It's okay. Kendall will be fine in a day or two," she said soothingly. "I know it wasn't your fault, and I'm sure she does too."

"I hope so."

"But let's get back to Melissa's reaction." When I nodded, she continued. "Do you want me to say anything to her? Melissa, I mean?"

I considered it for a moment but then decided against it. "No. I think that might only make things worse. But… well… if she talks to you about it… um… could you put in a good word for me?"

"I will. But I think you probably already realize that if Melissa and Adam were going to do anything, they would've done it already."

"Yeah, that's what I told Kendall."

"How's she taking it?"

"She's convinced that her parents are gonna freak out. I guess the only thing I can do is try to reassure her, and to make sure I'm there for her. You know?"

To my surprise, Mom's eyes misted as she nodded.

"What?" I asked anxiously.

"I'm just proud of you," she said, smiling warmly. "You're such a wonderful young man." Then she shrugged. "I know I'm your mother, and I'm supposed to say things like that, but it's true. I'm… I'm proud of you. That's all."

When she stepped toward me tentatively, I spread my arms and hugged her. She squeezed me tight and then pulled back.

"Kendall and Gina are lucky young women," she said, her eyes shining.

"I'm the lucky one," I replied, a little embarrassed.

"You all are," she said with feeling. Then she shivered slightly. "Okay, time for bed."

"Yes, Mother," I said with good-natured mocking.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next day, I skipped my workout. Since I'd be spending the day lifting furniture and boxes, I figured that I'd get more than enough exercise. I showered quickly and then went to the Paytons' camper. Kendall answered the door when I knocked softly.

"Morning, gorgeous," I said softly. "How'd you sleep?"

She shrugged noncommittally.

"You didn't get grounded overnight?" I asked facetiously. "They didn't clap you in leg irons?"

"No, Mr. Smug," she said with a yawn. "Come on in for a second, lemme put my bed away and I'll be ready to go."

I stepped into the quiet camper, helped her smooth the sheets out, then folded the bed into the dinette. Then she grabbed her toiletries bag and towel before we headed down to the clubhouse. While she went to the bathroom, I adjusted the shower for her. Though I'd already taken one, I joined her.

She began to relax when I took the shampoo from her hand and lathered her hair. Then I took my time and massaged her scalp, eliciting groans of approval. After she rinsed, I made sure the coast was clear and then gently pinned her against the wall with my body.

"Nothing has changed between the two of us," I said. Then I kissed her. "And whatever happens," I said as we broke the kiss, "I love you. I'll *always* love you."

"Why do I feel like nothing can go wrong as long as you're with me?" she asked with a shy grin.

"Because we support each other. We're a team. I'm brawn and you're brains. And beauty," I added. "Don't forget beauty."

"You're pretty good-looking yourself," she said, warming to the conversation. "And smart, too."

"Not as smart as you," I said. "But that's okay. I'm still stronger." With that, I suddenly lifted her into the air.

She shrieked and wrapped her legs around me to stabilize herself. Then she laughed and lowered her head to kiss me.

"Are you two at it again?" a voice asked from behind us.

Without lowering Kendall, I turned my head and gazed at Elaine.

"Sorry," Kendall said from above me.

"Oh, don't be," Elaine replied. "I just couldn't resist teasing you guys."

"Well," I said judiciously, "we *do* have a reputation to maintain."

"Ha!" Elaine exclaimed. Then she turned and playfully dismissed us with a wave over her shoulder. "I'm gonna make coffee."

"And I'm gonna make my girlfriend happy," I said as the older woman walked out of earshot. Then I mischievously sucked one of Kendall's nipples.

She shrieked again and tried to push me away, but my neck was too strong.

Finally, I grinned up at her and lowered her to the tiled floor. After that, I gently washed the rest of her. When she turned to wash me, I explained that I'd already taken a shower.

"Then what'd you take another one for?" she asked.

"I didn't have a beautiful woman in my shower the first time," I said wryly. "Now, let's get dried off. We've got a busy day."

✧ ✧ ✧

At her camper, Kendall grabbed a change of clothes (so we could shower before dinner in Columbia) and then we headed to my cabin. I stuffed a pair of jeans, a black Beatles t-shirt, and my shower kit into my backpack. Then I put Kendall's clothes on top of mine and volunteered to carry Mom's things as well. Finally, the three of us walked down the hill.

Right on time, we climbed into Susan's car and headed out. Susan and Mom chatted most of the way to

the main road, while Kendall and I were content to ride in the back seat and watch the scenery. Once we reached the highway to town, Kendall snuggled under my arm and sighed contentedly.

Just as we arrived at Stacy's trailer, Jason pulled up in a cool-looking black car. After Susan made introductions, I asked him about it. He proudly told me that it was a '69 Pontiac GTO hardtop. He even let me sit behind the wheel and start the engine, which purred like a kitten (albeit a very *big* kitten). When I looked up, Kendall, Mom, and Susan were grinning at us.

"Will you boys put away your toys so we can get going?" Susan asked teasingly.

Jason and I grinned at each other as I shut off the car. Stacy greeted us with a smile at the door and then stepped aside to let us enter. She smiled at Jason and he affectionately put his arm around her as Susan outlined the general plan. Jason and I would load the truck while Mom and Kendall "staged" things for us. Susan and Stacy would take care of any last-minute packing and basically direct things.

It was a straightforward plan, so we all got to work. After we moved cars, Jason backed the rented U-Haul into position. When we extended the ramp, the end of it rested directly in front of Stacy's door. We wheeled the dolly into the house and started loading stacks of boxes onto the truck. Jason might have looked big and soft, but he was actually pretty strong.

Under Susan's direction, we loaded things in a very specific order. She and Stacy had labeled all the boxes with their contents and which room they belonged in, so Jason and I had an easy time of it. Multiple military moves had turned Susan and Mom into moving experts, and we gladly followed their instructions. Since the furniture needed to be moved into the new apartment first, we loaded it last. By the time we finished loading the majority of Stacy's belongings, it was just past eleven o'clock.

It took us about fifteen minutes to get the final few boxes and lamps taken care of and then we were ready to go. Mom offered to ride with Jason in the truck and Susan asked me if I minded driving her car. I was more than happy to, so she decided to ride with Stacy. Then Kendall and I climbed into the station wagon and waited for everyone else to pull out.

We ate a quick lunch at McDonalds and then got on the road. Once we got on the highway to Columbia, Kendall slid next to me and I put my arm around her. With the windows rolled down and the radio turned up, we brought up the rear of the three-car caravan. The drive to Columbia was as boring as ever, but with Kendall for company, I didn't mind a bit.

Once we reached the apartment, we all got out of the vehicles and stretched. Stacy's new home was in a nice apartment complex and close to campus. She had a one-bedroom unit, which was a little smaller than her trailer. The bedroom was bigger, if only a little, but the living room was smaller.

Because she'd put down her deposit before the usual crowd of returning college students, she had gotten lucky enough to get a second-floor apartment. With a good-natured groan, Jason and I opened the back of the truck. While he extended the ramp, I grabbed the dolly. Then I set it aside so we could move the furniture by hand. Once we had all the furniture moved up the stairs and into the apartment, we grabbed the dolly and started moving boxes.

As Jason and I unloaded the truck, all four women worked in the apartment itself. The day was sweltering, but even with the stairs, it took us half the time to unload as it had to load. Soon, the place was piled high with brown cardboard boxes. Finally, I followed in the station wagon as Jason drove the truck to the local U-Haul place to turn it in.

On the short drive back to the apartment complex, we chatted. He seemed like a really nice guy, and he definitely liked Stacy. He didn't seem to know about my relationship with her, so I didn't say anything about it. If she wanted to tell him, that was fine, but I was going to leave it up to her.

When we got back to the apartment, we were amazed. The women had been systematically arranging furniture and sorting boxes while we were gone. Returning the truck had only taken thirty minutes, but they had all the furniture in place and had begun to open boxes.

With all six of us working, we quickly unpacked the kitchen, the bathroom, and the living room. Jason and I then set up the stereo (a housewarming gift from Susan) while all four women unpacked Stacy's bedroom. By six thirty, we had most everything unpacked and all the boxes collapsed. Stacy still had a lot of arranging to do, but the bulk of the work was finished.

Susan suggested that Jason and I go get some cold beers, so we headed back out. He drove Stacy's car while I rode shotgun. When we returned, Mom was just emerging from the bathroom. Susan had already showered and was helping Stacy organize the kitchen.

"Paul," Mom said as I stood out of the way, "the water should be hot in about fifteen minutes. You and Kendall can shower next."

Kendall looked at me, eyes wide. Then she leaned close. "Did she mean we could shower together?"

"Of course you can shower together," Mom said in a stage whisper from behind her.

Kendall nearly jumped out of her skin. Still laughing, Mom joined Susan and Stacy in the kitchen. When fifteen minutes had passed, I waggled my eyebrows and grabbed Kendall's hand. No one gave us a second glance as we shut the bathroom door behind us. We found the fresh towels and then grinned shamelessly as we stripped off our sweaty, grimy clothes.

In the shower, I dropped to my knees and pressed my face to Kendall's sex. With a muffled cry, she tried to push me away. Once again, I was too strong for her. I spread her labia with my tongue and then circled her hooded clit. As I sucked it gently, she hissed in pleasure and steadied herself with her hands on my head.

I knew we couldn't do more than fool around, so I didn't linger. With a final lick, I stood up, grinning. To my surprise, she grinned in reply and slowly sank to her knees. I put my hands on my hips and gazed down affectionately as she sucked me to erection. With a mischievous wink, she kissed the tip of my dick and then stood.

We finished the rest of our shower without molesting each other too much. As we dried off, we kept grinning at each other. Then she turned and started combing her hair. I looked over her shoulder at her foggy reflection in the mirror and shamelessly pressed my body against hers. She tried to ignore me as I ran my hands over her hips and then around to her stomach. When I cupped her breasts and gently pinched her nipples, she sighed and leaned back against me.

With a roguish grin, I kissed along her shoulder and then released her. She gave me a smoldering look, then resumed combing her hair. I waved my dick at her before slipping on my underwear and jeans, and she crossed her eyes in reply. Then I gave her my best lecherous expression as she slipped on her yellow flower-print panties. Finally she donned an off-the-shoulder white peasant blouse (which was deliciously translucent in the right light) and a gauzy, dark blue skirt.

"You look *really* good in jeans and no shirt," she said, admiring me.

I flexed my pecs and squared my shoulders.

"Wow," she breathed. Then she smiled mischievously. "When we get back tonight, I'll kiss all your muscles and tell you their names."

"There's only one muscle I really want you to kiss."

"Sweetie, that's not a muscle," she said. Then she stepped close and ran her hand over my chest. "But it's hard like one," she said dreamily.

"Isn't that the way you like it?"

"Mmm *hmm*."

We shared a steamy kiss that was full of promise and then separated. I grinned as I slipped my t-shirt over my head. It was a lot tighter than I remembered, but it still fit, barely.

"Wow," Kendall said. "You look good in that shirt too. It's so tight that I can see all your muscles."

"You look pretty hot yourself," I said. Then I pulled her into my arms and we kissed slowly, softly.

"We'd better get back out there," she whispered when we came up for air.

With a nod, I opened the door to the hallway. Mom looked up and smiled as we stepped into the living room.

"I could get used to being treated like an adult," Kendall whispered in my ear as she wrapped her arms around me from behind and then rested her chin on my shoulder.

When I turned my head, she kissed me and then hugged me tight.

We made small talk while the water heater cycled. Then Stacy got up to take a shower. When Jason didn't immediately follow her, she rolled her eyes and gestured for him to join her. With a shy smile, he stood and followed her into the bathroom. As Susan and Mom grinned at each other, Kendall and I made

room on the couch and then slouched there exhaustedly.

When Jason and Stacy emerged from the bathroom, we were ready to go. Jason drove Stacy's car and Kendall and I rode with Susan and Mom. Jason knew a really good seafood place, so we all followed him. Once we parked and started toward the restaurant, Kendall twined her fingers through mine and glanced at me nervously.

"Our first date," she whispered.

"Mmm hmm."

"I think we may have gotten things a little backward."

"How?" I asked quietly.

"I think it's supposed to go: dating, showering together, *then* sex."

"I thought it was supposed to go: sex, dating, more sex, showering together, even *more* sex."

"You would," she said with a laugh.

"Come on, you two," Susan said from the door.

With shared grins, Kendall and I trotted to catch up.

Once we were seated, Susan ordered a pitcher of beer and six glasses. To my surprise, the waitress didn't even ask if Kendall and I were old enough. When the pitcher arrived, Susan poured the glasses and we offered Stacy a toast to her new apartment.

For dinner, I had a huge plate of shrimp, fried oysters, breaded fish, stuffed crab, coleslaw, hush puppies, and French fries. Kendall only ate a Caesar salad and broiled salmon, but she enjoyed it. I think she was also just happy to be there with me. All through dinner, her leg pressed against mine, and she would periodically lay her hand on my arm or touch my knee under the table.

When we finally finished dinner, it was getting late. Since we still had a long drive back to camp, we needed to leave soon. Stacy was sorry to see us go, but I think she was also looking forward to some time alone with Jason. At her apartment, we gathered up our things and then said our farewells. She and Jason waved to us from the door as we got into Susan's car and drove away.

"That was fun," I said.

"It was," Mom agreed.

"Mmm hmm," Susan added. "But I'm *exhausted*."

"Me too," we all chorused. Then we all laughed.

During the drive home, Kendall fell asleep snuggled next to me, and I must have dozed off as well. When I awoke, we were just pulling up to the camp gate. Mom was driving, so Susan got out to open the lock. I sat up slowly, trying not to disturb Kendall. Then I yawned mightily.

"Did you have fun today?" Mom asked quietly.

"Yeah," I said. "I did."

"I'm going to be stiff and sore tomorrow."

"You'll have to get Dad to pamper you," I suggested.

"Now that's not a bad idea," she replied as she eased the car forward, over the lowered gate chain.

In a few moments, Susan got back in the car. Then we drove to her house and parked in the garage. I gently roused Kendall and we walked back up the hill. Mom headed to our cabin as I walked Kendall to her camper. At the door, I kissed her goodnight and then she practically stumbled up the stairs. With a grin, I closed the door behind her and headed home.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, I got up and did my regular Thursday workout. I was a little stiff from the day before, but I quickly loosened up as I started jumping rope. By the time I finished my cool-down, I felt incredibly good. I practically bounced over to Kendall's camper. Unfortunately, she wasn't up yet.

Since my family was just stirring, I decided to take a shower in the clubhouse. Elaine talked to me for a few minutes when she came in. I explained where Kendall was as I lathered my hair. Elaine chuckled about me not having a "shower buddy" and then grinned as she headed toward the kitchen area to make coffee.

The rest of the morning, Kendall and I lounged around the lake. Dad was more than happy to pamper

Mom. And when Susan ambled down the hill, he pampered her too. With grateful attention from both women, Dad looked like he was having entirely too much fun.

Kendall swam with Barry after his nap, but she was too tired to tow him around the shallow end, so she begged off. He was disappointed, but quickly forgot about it as he played with his sister and several other kids. In addition to Lon and Betty Ferguson, Elaine introduced us to another couple, Bobby and Sandra Gartner. The Gartners had three kids, all about the same age as the Raefords' and Fergusons' children. The older couples kept watchful eyes on their kids and mostly talked among themselves.

Kendall and I enjoyed ourselves quietly, simply soaking up the sun, reading, or watching the kids play in and around the lake. Later, I invited her to join us for dinner. In addition, Erin invited Drew to eat with us. Melissa got an unmistakable twinkle in her eye when she learned that she and Adam would have the evening alone. When Kendall noticed her mother's expression, she shook her head in disbelief.

"See?" I asked quietly, as we walked toward the clubhouse. "I hate to say it, but…"

"You told me so," she finished.

"And she hasn't said anything about the Winnebago Incident, has she?"

She shook her head. Then she grinned sheepishly. "I know, I know," she said. "You told me so."

"Far be it from me to rub your nose in it," I said loftily. "But…"

"You're incorrigible."

"Yep."

Then I slipped my arm around her waist and pulled her close. In the clubhouse, we learned that Mom had invited Susan to dinner as well. Since Dad, Erin, and I were the least tired of the bunch, we took over in the kitchen. We fixed chicken-fried steak, mashed potatoes, green beans, and corn on the cob. The meal probably wasn't up to Mom's usual standards, but everyone seemed to enjoy it. We had fun cooking and the women were happy for the break.

After dinner, I quietly pulled Susan aside and asked if we could talk.

"What about?" she asked quietly, sensing my pensive mood.

"Actually, I should probably get Kendall for this conversation, since she was there too."

"Oh? Is this something you should talk to your mom about?"

"Maybe both of you," I answered.

Mom and Susan had a discreet conversation while I walked back to Kendall. I explained to her that we needed to talk to Susan about the Raefords. When she looked anxious, I assured her that it was nothing bad. At some unseen signal from Mom, Dad enticed Drew and Erin into a game of Monopoly. Then Mom, Susan, Kendall, and I walked toward Susan's house. Once we reached the courtyard, we lit the citronella torches and then settled into the wrought-iron chairs.

"So what'd you need to talk about?" Susan asked. "Is everything okay between you two?"

"It's not us," I said hastily. "It's about Elaine and Dennis Raeford."

"What about them?" Susan asked, leaning forward.

I recounted the conversation from Tuesday. While I talked, Kendall held my hand and offered explanations or insights when my narrative faltered.

"So we didn't tell them about your lifestyle," I said, nodding to the two women, "but they seemed really curious. I guess I was kinda worried about what we'd do if… um… you know… if they asked us to join them or something."

"You should probably say yes," Susan said with a grin. "They're an attractive couple."

"Susan," Mom chastised gently.

"Unfortunately, your mom's right," Susan said. "It would be very inappropriate for them to proposition you."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because we're not adults yet," Kendall said. "Not legally, anyway."

"Oh. Yeah. Right."

"Exactly," Susan agreed.

"I mean, I don't wanna sound like we're rats or something," I said. "But I thought you should know that

they're curious."

"You're not a rat," Susan said. Then she turned to Kendall. "What do you think of them?"

"The Raefords?" she asked rhetorically. "I think they're curious, but not prying."

"But do you trust them?" Susan pressed.

"Actually, I do. Elaine has the hots for Paul, and Dennis has this thing for me—he thinks I look like Natalie Wood—but neither of them are overt about it. Paul didn't even notice that Elaine was interested in him."

"That's not saying much," I interjected.

"Give yourself a little more credit," Kendall said quickly. "You may not pay attention like I do, but you certainly figured out my parents."

"So you're finally coming to realize that they're not the sticks in the mud you thought they were?" Susan asked with a wry grin.

Kendall shrugged, blushing. "I guess. It's still hard to believe, but yeah, maybe I am."

"Good," Susan said. "It's about time. I think your mother has been waiting for this for a while."

Kendall lifted her eyebrows in surprise.

"Mmm hmm," Susan said with a grin. "But let's get back to Elaine and Dennis. What else can you tell us about them?" she asked Kendall.

"They love each other. They're respectful toward one another. They're faithful. I guess they kinda remind me of a younger version of Paul's parents."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. They talk to each other, they're good parents, they divide their responsibilities, and they work as a team."

"Did you really notice all this?" I asked, almost skeptically. "Or are you making it all up?"

"I'm not making it up," she said without rancor. "And yes, I really noticed all this."

"I told you she's probably more perceptive than I am," Susan said to me with a grin. Then she turned to Mom. "What do you think?"

"They seem like a nice couple. I've seen a little of what Kendall's talking about, but she's spent a lot more time with them than I have. And," she said with a soft chuckle, "she's probably more insightful than I am, too."

"Do you want to talk to them?" Susan asked her.

"I think so," Mom said. "David and I can invite them to dinner tomorrow."

"They're not gonna be in trouble or anything?" I asked, suddenly anxious.

"Oh, no," Mom said with a laugh. "We're just going to get to know them."

"What for? You're not going to have them kicked out of the camp, are you?" I asked Susan.

"Gracious, no," she said, chuckling richly. "Beth and David will get to know them, to see if they're really interested in the lifestyle."

"You mean swinging?" I asked.

"Of course she means swinging," Kendall said softly.

"When your father and I were first curious," Mom said slowly, glancing at Susan, "we had another couple get to know us and see how interested we really were."

"You mean Susan and Jack?" I asked.

"Forget what I said about giving yourself some credit," Kendall said, with an exasperated expression. "Of *course* she means Susan and Jack."

"Jeez, sorry."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Kendall said quickly. "I didn't mean to snap at you. It's just…"

"Sometimes I'm a bit slow on the uptake," I said.

"Sometimes," she agreed with an indulgent, amused expression.

"I'll try to do better," I said. I tried to look hangdog, but I ended up grinning instead.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Kendall asked the other two women. Then she smiled and squeezed my hand.

"So you'll invite them to dinner tomorrow?" Susan asked Mom.

"Mmm hmm. I'll talk to David about it later tonight so he knows what's up."

"Then we did the right thing talking to you?" I asked hopefully.

"You did the right thing," Susan agreed with a nod.

After that, we chatted about other things for a while. Around dusk, Mom decided to head up to our cabin. I could tell that Kendall wanted to spend some time alone with me, so I got up to leave as well.

"Paul?" she asked as I pushed my chair under the table.

"Hmm?"

"Do you mind if I talk to Susan for a minute?"

"Sure," I said. "No problem."

"Alone?" she asked when I started to sit back down.

"Oh! Yeah, sure."

"I'll meet you down by the lake. Okay?"

"Okay," I said.

Before I turned to go, I kissed her cheek and said goodnight to Susan. Then I draped my towel over my shoulder and walked toward the lake. It was full dark by the time Kendall joined me, almost forty-five minutes later.

"What were you talking about?" I asked. I didn't want to pry, but I was burning up with curiosity.

"A surprise," she said coyly.

"What kind of surprise?"

"A good surprise."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm," she said. "I want to fix breakfast for you. So I asked if I could borrow Susan's kitchen tomorrow morning."

"Is that the surprise?"

"It's part of it," she replied. Instead of sitting in the lounger where she dropped her towel, she climbed into my lap, settling comfortably against my chest. "So, do you think you're available?"

"I'll have to check my schedule," I said with an impish grin, "but I think I can pencil you in."

"Mmmmm, good."

"But I'd rather get my pencil in you."

"Indeed." Then she leaned in to kiss me.

After a while, we picked up our towels and walked around to the nature trail. Once there, we continued kissing, eventually ending up in a sixty-nine. I came quickly and then took my time with her. As she writhed on her back and tried to drive her hips into my face, I licked her to two powerful orgasms and then continued until she had three small, quick ones. Finally, she almost leapt off my face and then curled up on her side, smiling blissfully.

By the time I dropped her off at the Winnie, we were both tired and sated. Before she kissed me goodnight, I told her I'd meet her at Susan's at eight o'clock the next morning, after my shower. With a smug grin, she pressed her body against mine and gave me a smoldering kiss. Then she closed the door.

It took me a while to fall asleep, and if I'd been thinking clearer, I would've wondered what kind of breakfast plans took forty-five minutes. But I wasn't, and as I finally drifted off I had no idea what she had in store for me.

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Have I mentioned that I hated my Friday workouts? If I haven't, let me mention it again. I hated my Friday workouts. By the time I was done with my self-devised torture, I was already feeling queasy. I showered as quickly as I could and then headed down the hill. Curiously, Susan had the drapes pulled over the small window in her kitchen door. But when I knocked, she immediately answered.

"Wait a minute," she said, standing in the doorway.

From behind her, I heard Kendall rush into the kitchen and then say, "I'm ready."

Susan grinned wryly as she stepped back and opened the door.

Inside, Kendall was standing next to the kitchen table, with her hips turned at a slight angle and her shoulders back. She had her hair pinned up in a loose pile atop her head, with curly tendrils hanging down and framing her face. Incongruously, she wore a frilly white lace apron. She looked like a statuesque French maid. I could still see the edges of her waist chain, but the apron covered from her navel to the tops of her thighs. She smiled nervously as I stood gaping in the doorway.

"Come on in," Susan gently insisted. "You've seen a woman before."

"Yeah," I said, swallowing hard, "but none of them were as beautiful."

Kendall blushed prettily.

"Good answer," Susan whispered to me. Then she addressed both of us. "I think I'll drop in on Jeremiah and have breakfast with him. There's some camp business we need to discuss."

Kendall nervously smiled, but didn't look particularly surprised.

"I'll see you all at the lake," Susan said. "Later."

With that, she shut the door and was gone.

"You look great," I said to Kendall.

She lowered her eyes and blushed. "Thanks." Then she looked up in anticipation. "Are you ready to eat?"

"Yeah, I'm starving."

She gestured to a towel-draped chair at the kitchen table and I sat. If I'd been less hungry, I probably would've noticed that there was only one place setting at the table. But my eyes were glued to the plate of steaming-hot biscuits Kendall had just retrieved from the counter. In less than a minute, she loaded the table with the dishes. She'd made biscuits, white gravy, sausage links, scrambled eggs, grits, and French toast. Finally, she set a glass of orange juice and a glass of milk in front of me.

"Wow," I said. "That's a lot of food."

"Is it enough?" she asked anxiously.

"It's *more* than enough. Wow."

"I know you're really hungry on Fridays."

"Sweetie, it's fine. Let's eat."

To my surprise, she laughed nervously.

"What?" I asked. Then I realized that she'd only set one plate on the table. When I looked up suddenly, she grinned. I looked over my shoulder, indicating the departed Susan "Did she…?" I asked.

"Mmm hmm. When I asked her what I could do to surprise you, she suggested this."

Beneath the table, my dick sprang to attention.

"She said she calls it a B&B. Breakfast and a—"

"Blowjob," I finished.

"Mmm hmm," she said, nodding. Her eyes sparkled in anticipation. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah," I said, suddenly breathless.

"Susan said you can last a long time when you want to."

"Oh, she did, did she?"

"Mmm hmm. I hope she's right."

"She is," I said proudly.

"Good."

With a wide grin, she smoothed her apron and then knelt next to the table. Then she crawled between my legs and sat down, tucking her own legs to the side.

"Just enjoy your breakfast," she said from under the table. "And I'll enjoy my blowjob."

For several minutes, I simply reveled in the sensations as she toyed with my cock. After she got it wet with her tongue, she started teasing the tip. Then she bobbed slowly, swallowing about half my length.

"You're not eating," she said, removing my dick from her mouth.

"Sorry. I was… um… distracted. Yeah, distracted."

"Eat," she said imperiously, shaking my erection for effect.

"Yes, ma'am."

As she resumed sucking, I loaded my plate with food. I ate distractedly, paying more attention to Kendall's sucking than to what I was shoveling into my mouth. The sensations created by her lips and tongue threatened to overwhelm me, so I decided to concentrate on breakfast. With a suppressed groan, I took three biscuits and split them in half, liberally covering the halves with thick sausage gravy.

Between my legs, Kendall was running her tongue along the underside ridge and tickling my balls with her fingernails. Then she wrapped her lips around my glans and gently sucked. At last, she began bobbing back and forth, caressing me with her velvety mouth.

Even though the biscuits and gravy were excellent, it took a monumental effort of will to savor them. But when I felt close to the point of no return, I once again tried to concentrate on the food instead of the wickedly pleasurable sensations in my groin.

I chased up the last of the gravy using another biscuit and then loaded my plate with French toast. As I spread syrup over the pieces, Kendall moaned softly, causing my cock to vibrate. I gripped the edge of the table and tried to will myself not to come too soon. Then I attacked my plate with gusto, savoring the syrup-sweet pieces of toast.

I tried chewing slowly, but it was no use. I could already feel the come boiling up in my balls. With a groan, I dropped my fork and laid my hands flat on the table. Kendall sensed her victory and increased her pace. Finally, I exploded in her mouth, shooting ribbons of salty semen over her tongue and down her throat.

As I slowly grew soft, she kept sucking me, taking care to avoid my supersensitive glans. She briefly took my cock out of her mouth and encouraged me to keep eating. With a grin, I picked up my fork and finished the French toast. When I was finally stuffed (after another helping of French toast and the rest of the sausage links), I set my fork on the plate and shoved it away.

"Did you like that?" Kendall asked.

I pushed back from the table and gazed down at her. My beaming face was all the answer she needed. Then I reached down and helped her to her feet. Before sitting in my lap, she smoothed her apron, taking care to make sure it was in place. Once she wrapped her arms around me, she kissed me tenderly.

"Mmmmm," she said softly. "I like the taste of your come and maple syrup." Then she licked her lips. "Salty and sweet." With that, she kissed me again.

"That was wonderful," I said when we broke the kiss.

"Which part?" she asked playfully. "Breakfast or the blowjob?"

"The blowjob," I said with a grin. "I don't really remember breakfast, although I'm sure it was wonderful too."

"Mmmmm, thank you." Then she leaned in to kiss me again.

"Did Susan say when she'd be back?" I asked when we separated.

"As a matter of fact," Kendall said slyly, "I think she said she'd be gone all morning. She said she'd see us at the lake. Later."

"She did, didn't she?" I mused.

Without waiting for Kendall to reply, I abruptly stood, cradling her in my arms as I did. Her eyes flew wide but she hooked one hand around my neck and held her frilly apron in place with the other.

"I've got another surprise for you," she said as I carried her into the living room.

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm."

"It's not more food, is it?" I asked with a teasing grin. "I'm stuffed."

"Actually," she replied, "in a way, it is." When I arched an eyebrow at her, she explained. "I was sort of hoping I could be dessert," she said.

"Oh, I think that could be arranged."

"But that's not the real surprise," she said.

"What is?"

"You'll see."

I gently lowered her to the couch and then lay on top of her, using my arms to keep my weight off her

and spreading her legs with my hips. My resurgent erection bumped against her thigh as I settled into place. Then I lowered my head and tasted her lips. I could smell myself on her skin as we kissed, but I also smelled another fragrance.

"You're wearing perfume," I said softly.

"Mmm hmm. And eye shadow and mascara."

Once she mentioned it, I noticed the make-up.

"And I *was* wearing lip gloss, but…" She laughed softly as I lowered my head to kiss her again.

"So I guess *I'm* wearing lip gloss now?" I asked archly.

"Not on your *lips*," she said with a wry grin. Then she pulled my head down for another kiss.

We kissed with increasing ardor for a few minutes and then I pulled back. She started to whimper in protest, but I buried my face at the hollow of her neck and kissed along the smooth skin there. As I trailed butterfly-light kisses up her neck, stopping to tickle her earlobe with my breath, she sighed softly and arched her back. For a few moments, I concentrated on her ear and the highly responsive skin around it, making her squirm.

Then I kissed down the line of her jaw and turned her head with my cheek so I could repeat my kissing on the other side. Her breath came in fits and starts as I teased her with tender, breathy touches of my lips. When I moved lower, down along her elegant neck, she cried out softly and ran her fingers through my hair. I lingered for a moment at the hollow of her throat, brushing her sensitive skin with my lips and enjoying myself as she shivered in ecstasy.

When I finally moved lower, she moaned softly and arched her back. I moved lower still and then kissed all around her areola for a moment, coming close but never making contact. Then I switched to the other breast and tantalized her further. With light kisses and gentle nudges from my chin, I teased the sensitive skin of her breasts. The whole time, I never touched her areolas or the nipples themselves, which only served to drive her crazy.

Finally, she cried out softly and begged me to suck her nipples. From between her breasts, I looked up at her passion-filled face. Then I maintained eye contact as I sucked one little nubbin into my mouth and swirled my tongue around it. Her neck went limp and she abruptly lowered her head as the sensations washed through her body. For several moments, I concentrated on her nipple. With an unseen grin, I moved to the other one and sucked it to erection as well.

Then I took my time and gave her breasts lots of attention. I knew—very well—how sensitive her nipples were, and I reveled in the pleasure that came from giving *her* pleasure. I teased her pliant breasts with my cheeks and chin as I sucked and gently bit the little pebbles. Then I clamped my lips down and pulled back, causing her to moan and clutch my head.

After several minutes of lavishing attention on her breasts and nipples, I moved lower. I kissed each rib and then moved back up to the under-curve of her other flattened breast, so I could kiss the ribs on that side. When I reached the hollow formed where her stomach dipped, I put my hands on the points of her hips and gently kissed her fluttering belly.

Then I moved lower, kissing her apron-covered skin as I went. When my lips felt the small ridge of her waist chain, I lingered, pressing my face against her trembling abdomen. As I looked up, she was watching me anxiously. I smiled lecherously and then moved lower.

Instead of immediately moving the apron aside, I kissed along the inside of her thigh. The skin was soft, smooth, and flawless, tanned a rich bronze. When I reached her knee, I lightly teased the back of it with my fingers. Then I kissed the sensitive skin, inhaling her baby-powder scent as I did.

After a moment, I switched to the other leg and kissed up her thigh, toward her apron-covered sex. She quivered with pent-up desire, so I drew things out, planting open-mouthed kisses along her satiny skin. When I reached the point of her hip, I paused and looked up at her.

"Are you ready to be my dessert?" I asked softly.

She licked her lips and then nodded, her nostrils flaring with anticipation. With a flourish, I prepared to lift the apron. When I looked up at her, her eyes fairly glowed with desire.

"Voilà," I said, flipping the frilly apron out of the way. "I can't wait to taste—"

"Surprise," she said needlessly.

"Oh, my God," I breathed. "You're beautiful."

Her labia were puffy and pinkish with desire. They were also shiny from her moisture.

And her entire pussy was smooth and clean-shaven.

"Do you like it?" she asked tentatively.

"God, yes!" Since I had her legs apart, her lips were spread slightly, giving me a tantalizing glimpse of her inner labia, which were already swollen with arousal.

"Oh, thank goodness. I thought you'd like me to shave for you, but—"

I lowered my lips and kissed her hooded clit.

"Oh, my!"

Then I wrapped my lips around the little pearl and sucked gently.

"What was I saying?" she asked faintly.

"Something about what you thought I'd like," I mischievously answered.

"I thought you'd like me shaved, but—"

I sucked her again, flicking my tongue up under the hood as I pulled back.

"No fair," she breathed. "You won't let me finish a sent—"

I ran my tongue along her slit and then circled her erect clit. Her stomach quivered with excitement as I did.

"Oh, my goodness. That feels so—"

With my thumbs, I spread her labia apart and sucked her inner lips.

"Are you going to kee—"

I flicked my tongue against her hooded clit.

"Oh, Paul," she said, panting. "You're so eeeiiiyeee—"

With a lick, I interrupted her again. This time, however, I didn't pause to let her try to speak. Instead, I licked along her slit, spreading her lips and tasting the sweet-tangy moisture of her arousal. Then I sucked the wings of her inner labia into my mouth, causing her to cry out in wordless ecstasy.

Her moisture covered my lips as I pressed them to her smooth sex, nudging her clit with my nose. As I lapped at her slit and continued to tease her clit, the tip of my nose grew slippery with her wetness. She ran her fingers through my hair and squirmed when I gently flicked my tongue against her sensitive membranes.

As I spread her legs further, her small outer labia practically disappeared. Her pussy was pink and flushed with her arousal, and her inner lips became even plumper as I slowly worked them with my tongue. She cried out once as I licked between her inner and outer lips, then again as I circled her clit with my tongue.

I pressed my lips around the little pearl and moved my head side to side. Then I flicked my tongue up under the hood, tasting her sweetness. She bucked her hips against me, trying to force my mouth against her clit. I weathered her gyrations and continued licking her, my saliva mixing with her juices.

Then I slowly inserted a finger into her pussy, coating it with her moisture and spreading her open. Her smooth and freshly shaven skin brushed against my face as I pressed my lips to her clit again and inhaled her aroma. When my finger reached the second knuckle, I pulled it out slowly, feeling the slight inner ridges of her pussy. Then I shoved it back inside her and crooked my fingertip.

She thrust her hips up, hard, and my neck bent almost painfully. But I rode her heaving pelvis and kept teasing her inner spot—her G-spot, I reminded myself—with the tip of my finger. My tongue was a blur on her hooded clit, nudging it back and forth and driving her crazy. With my free hand, I reached up and tweaked one of her nipples, fondling her magnificent breast and making her moan in ecstasy.

Then I tweaked her nipple while I gently thrust my finger in and out of her slippery channel. My tongue was in constant motion over her engorged clit, pushing it one way and then another, driving her toward orgasm. Slowly, I inserted another finger into her, spreading her pussy and rubbing the sensitive inner walls.

When she started bucking her hips in earnest, I moved both hands down to cup her ass, holding her in place so I could lick, suck, and tease her clit. As I pursed my lips and sucked gently—my tongue busily flicking against the sensitive button of nerves—she cried out again, desperate for release.

I could sense the desire vibrating through her body, so I held her hips to my face and sucked her pussy. My upper lip pressed against the base of her clit and she clutched my head with both hands, moaning insistently.

For several minutes, I built her up. Then I slowed down as her orgasm approached. I kept my tongue moving constantly and never let her relax, but I could tell by her soft, almost soundless moaning that the sensations were driving her mad with lust. Finally, I pushed her over the edge by flicking my tongue against her clit and pressing it against my stiff upper lip.

She arched her back and went rigid. At the same instant, she grew completely silent. I think she was even holding her breath. With a gush of moisture, her clit retracted and I quickly inserted two fingers into her spasming pussy. Her hips trembled and shook with the force of her orgasm as I felt her inner muscles gripping my invading fingers.

When I crooked up the tips, she went wild, crying out and thrashing against my face. I kept trilling my tongue against the base of her clit, driving her onward. She rewarded me with another gush of moisture and an explosive breath. Then she clamped her mouth shut and grew silent again.

Finally, she pushed my mouth away, mewling softly with the effects of her release. I gently kissed her inner thighs and let her relax. Then, I kissed all around her mons, careful to avoid her sensitive clit. Her stomach heaved with her ragged breathing and she spasmed a few times as aftershocks washed over her.

When she finally relaxed and went limp, I smiled to myself and crawled up her body. Tears were streaming down her cheeks and she smiled as she looked up at me.

"I love you so much," she said, her voice shaky with emotion.

"I love you too," I said, holding myself above her, my hard chest crushed against her breasts.

We kissed for a few minutes, but I ended up holding her as she cried. Joy and love were the wellsprings of her tears, so I simply reassured her with the solidity of my body. When she finally pushed me back with a warm, teary smile, her mascara had formed rivulets down her face and around her eyes.

"I must look like a mess," she said quietly.

"But you're a beautiful mess," I said. "And you're *my* beautiful mess."

"I'm yours completely," she agreed. "From my toes to the shortest hair on my head."

"That's a good thing, because the rest of your short hairs are gone."

She laughed and tried to punch me playfully, but then stopped when I kissed her.

"I liked your surprises this morning," I said when I broke the kiss.

"I've got one more."

"Oh?"

She nodded. "My period starts in two days." When my brow furrowed in confusion, she continued. "I want you to make love to me without a rubber. I want you to come inside me."

"Are you sure?"

"Mmm hmm."

"I dunno…"

"Paul," she said seriously, "trust me. I know how my body works. I want to feel you inside me. I want to look into your eyes as you fill me up."

Instead of answering her, I bent down and kissed her soundly. She responded against me, her nipples hardening. Then she ran her fingers lightly down my back and cupped my ass. When we broke the kiss, she playfully dug her fingernails into the hard muscle.

"Make love to me," she said softly.

With a nod, I pushed myself upward.

"Oh, I've waited so long for this," she breathed.

"Reach between us," I said, pulling my hips back. "I want you to put it in."

Her eyes twinkled with excitement.

"One of the sexiest things in the world," I explained to her, "is seeing my cock disappear, slowly, into a shaved pussy."

"Really?"

"Mmm hmm. I dunno why, but it's incredibly arousing."

"Cock," she mused as she wrapped her fingers around me. "That's such a guy word."

I arched my eyebrows as she gently squeezed my shaft.

"None of the girls I went to school with said it," she said. She slowly jerked me and then rubbed the head around, spreading my pre-come and coating the glans with her juices. As she did, her eyes were glued to the sight. "Cock," she repeated. "I think maybe it's because those girls only knew about dicks. I've got a thick *cock*." She looked up, her eyes hooded and filled with desire. "Your cock."

Then I eased my hips lower. With a soft groan, I pushed forward and sank the first two inches into her.

"I love the feeling of your hard *cock* filling me up," she breathed.

I lowered my hips further, sliding into her steamy depths.

"Filling me up and shooting inside me," she continued softly.

Finally, I seated myself inside her.

"Oh, Paul," she moaned almost inaudibly. "Your pubic hair tickles. And I can feel every inch of you, inside and out. It's… oh, my… it's *incredible*."

"So you like being shaved?" I asked. When she nodded, I bent to kiss her. "Thank you," I said softly. "The best surprise was when you first said you love me, but this one is a pretty close second." Then I gazed at her warmly. "I love you."

"I love you too," she said. Then her eyes closed and her nostrils flared as she enjoyed the sensation of me being inside her. When she opened them again, she looked up at me in anticipation.

As I bent to kiss her, I began moving my hips and she moaned into my mouth. Even though I had been inside her before, without a rubber, I experienced a certain eagerness when I realized that I didn't have to worry about pulling out. A trace of panic welled up in the back of my brain, but I assuaged it with the knowledge that she didn't want to get pregnant either. I trusted her, and she knew a lot more about a woman's body than I did.

With a grin, I steadied myself above her and began to thrust in earnest. For a few moments, I watched my glistening shaft disappear inside her. When I looked up, I indicated the junction of our bodies with a quick flick of my eyes. Kendall grinned and lifted her head.

"It looks so sexy," she said, "seeing you enter me." Then she lifted her hips so she had a better view.

Obligingly, I grabbed one of her legs and put it over my shoulder.

"Oh, my. Yes," she hissed.

"Now d'you see why I like watching?" I asked, moving my head to the side and following her gaze.

"You can see your… *cock* spreading me open."

"Mmm hmm."

Then she let her head sag back. "It looks almost as nice as it feels."

"It feels good?" I asked with feigned innocence. Then I rotated my hips, which rubbed my shaft against the sides of her inner walls.

"Oh…"

"I take it that means yes?"

"Oh, yes," she whispered, closing her eyes and licking her lips.

With her eyes still closed, I bent to kiss her. When I pulled back, I grinned down at her and lifted her other leg over my shoulder. In a few seconds, I got myself situated again and resumed thrusting. As I did, she reached around her hips and grabbed my ass, urging me on.

I pumped into her with deep, measured strokes, burying myself fully with each one. Kendall's hands glided over my ass as she smiled up at me, her expression full of lust. Her pussy felt incredible, snug as always and very hot.

"It's like I can feel every vein and ridge," she said quietly. "My… my pussy's so sensitive now."

"Mmm hmm," I agreed, my breathing becoming labored.

I felt my orgasm building, so I stopped talking and increased my pace. My hips slammed into her upturned ass, making slapping noises. Each time I pulled back, her inner lips clutched at me and tried to keep me from withdrawing.

In a few minutes, I knew my release was imminent. I could feel my balls draw even closer to my body and then I sensed the first tingles of orgasm. One, two, three strokes and I buried myself completely. With a groan, I emptied my balls into her.

"Oh, my goodness," she cried softly. "I can feel it. I can feel you coming inside me."

I gritted my teeth and arched my back, trying to push deeper into her channel. My cock pulsed with the force of my orgasm, and it gave me an intense pleasure to know I was filling her pussy with my white-hot semen.

When my orgasm finally subsided, I sagged against her, panting. With her ankles still over my shoulders, she wiggled her toes and then smiled up at me.

"Surprise," she said softly, her eyes alight.

"Surprise," I agreed, trying to restore some moisture to my parched mouth.

In a moment, I lifted an arm to let her leg down. I repeated the maneuver with the other leg and then grinned at her when she hooked her calves over the backs of my thighs.

"I want to keep you inside me forever," she quietly declared.

"And I'd love to stay there," I said, swallowing hard. Then I had a panicked thought. "What're you gonna tell your mom? About you being shaved, I mean?"

"She'll never know a thing," she said with a smug grin. "I'll just wear my bikini bottoms, and she'll think my period started early."

"Clever."

"Thanks."

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After we rested for a while, we took a quick shower together in the hall bathroom. Then we cleaned the kitchen. Before we left the house, we made sure that we straightened everything and didn't leave any telltale signs of our tryst. Susan, of course, knew what we'd been up to, but that didn't mean we could leave a messy house.

"Whose idea was it for you to shave?" I asked as we walked down the hill. Kendall was wearing a turquoise pair of bottoms that hugged her curves. She looked devilishly cute in them, especially since I knew what they covered (or didn't cover, as the case was).

"Mine," she said. "That's why I wanted to talk to Susan. Obviously, she's got a lot more experience than I do. The B&B was her idea, though. You liked it?"

"Breakfast," I asked with a grin, "or the blowjob?"

She merely rolled her eyes.

"Yes, I loved everything about this morning," I said, conveniently forgetting my abdominal workout. "Especially the company."

Then I twined my fingers through hers and we walked in companionable silence. When we reached the lake, Susan glanced over her shoulder and smiled at us.

"Thank you," I mouthed to her.

She smiled graciously, inclined her head, then looked at Kendall.

Kendall's smile was unmistakably thankful.

Kendall's parents were talking to mine, with Susan in the middle, so we pulled two loungers next to them and joined the end of the line. Kendall sat next to her mom and I flopped into the end chair.

"Hello, dear," Melissa said to her daughter. "Hello, Paul. How was your breakfast?"

"Very good, thank you. Your daughter sure can cook, Mrs. Payton."

"Oh, please," Melissa said. "Adam's mother is 'Mrs. Payton.' You know better than that."

I nodded, blushing.

"You know you can call me Melissa. Or Mel."

"Thanks, Melissa. Mel."

"So," she asked conversationally, "are you two hiking to the quarry tomorrow?"

Kendall froze.

"We hadn't planned on it," I said cautiously. In reality, I guess neither Kendall nor I had thought her parents would let us go, especially without another couple to "chaperone."

"Oh? I thought you two would be going up there, since it's Kendall's last day and all."

"Well, we hadn't really talked about it," I hedged.

"It'd be nice to get away for a while, though. Don't you think?"

"Um…"

"You know," she said, smiling warmly, "just the two of you."

"Just the two of us?" I asked, my voice almost cracking.

"Well," she asked, almost in surprise, "why not?"

"Um… I guess we thought… I mean… well… um… I guess we hadn't thought about it."

Kendall sat immobile, too shocked to do anything more than listen.

"Kendall can make lunch and you two can have a nice romantic picnic," Melissa said without a trace of irony. "I can help you make lunch if you'd like, dear," she said to her daughter.

"What about Adam?" I asked. "I mean, I didn't think… um…" With a helpless shrug, I trailed off.

"You just leave him to me," Melissa replied evenly. Then she turned to her daughter. "Would you like some help with lunch?"

"Are you…?" Kendall asked. Then she swallowed hard and cleared her throat. "Are you serious?"

"Mmm hmm. We could make fried chicken and coleslaw, if you'd like. Or cornbread and beef stew with my special apple fritters for dessert."

When it became clear that Kendall was too flabbergasted to answer, I put my hand over hers and leaned forward. "That sounds nice, Melissa. Thanks."

"Isn't it going to be romantic?" she asked Kendall.

Kendall blinked in astonishment and then nodded.

With that, Melissa patted her daughter's hand and then turned back to the conversation with the grown-ups.

✧ ✧ ✧

That night, Kendall joined my family for dinner. The Raefords joined us as well, and my parents made sure the seating was arranged so Mom could talk to Elaine and Dad could talk to Dennis. Kendall and I volunteered to help with Linette and Boo so the adults could enjoy their conversation. Since Drew had invited Erin to join the Paytons for dinner, Melissa made an extra-large pot of beef stew. Kendall and I would be able to take leftovers on our hike.

Kendall had been dumbfounded by her mother's blithe suggestion that we hike to the quarry. While it seemed that Kendall had finally come to accept that her mother knew we were having sex, it still shocked her to the core to realize that Melissa had basically badgered us into spending Saturday alone together.

All through dinner, Kendall was thoughtful. When she looked up, she would smile, but it was clear that she was trying to figure out the dynamics of the evolving relationship with her mother. And I think she was slowly working around her blind spot, coming to see Melissa as she really was, not the straitlaced prude Kendall *thought* she was.

I paid scant attention to the grown-ups' conversation, but they seemed to be getting along well, laughing like old friends. Since the kids were comfortable with Kendall and me, we offered to put them to bed after dinner. Elaine and Dennis gratefully accepted, so Kendall and I played with Linette and Boo until their bedtime. Then we helped them brush their teeth and go potty. Finally, we headed toward the Raefords' room.

Linette informed us that her daddy always read them a bedtime story, so Kendall grinned affectionately and then handed me a dog-eared copy of *Winnie the Pooh*. While Kendall rubbed Boo's back, I read quietly. He fell asleep first, but Linette tried to hold on till the bitter end. Before half an hour had passed, however, she was fast asleep. Just before we turned out the light, Elaine quietly entered the room.

"We really appreciate this," she said softly.

"We enjoyed it," Kendall said. Then she gazed at me, her eyes soft. "Paul will make a good daddy

someday." When I blushed, she grinned unrepentantly.

Elaine laid her hand on my arm and then leaned over to kiss Linette. Then she pulled up Boo's covers and turned out the light. At her gesture, we quietly left the room.

"Is it okay to leave them?" Kendall asked.

"They'll be fine," Elaine said. "The Fergusons are next door, so they'll look in on them. Betty, Sandra, and I keep an eye on each other's kids. Besides, nothing's likely to happen to them here," she said, gesturing to our surroundings. Then she smiled at me. "Your parents are really cool," she said. "And you're just like your father."

"Thanks," I said, feeling my face heat.

"I'm going to get back to them," she said. "Thanks again." With a wave, she was gone, headed back to the clubhouse.

"You *will* make a good daddy," Kendall said as she looped her arm through mine and leaned against me.

"Um, thanks."

"When you're ready," she said, as if reading my mind.

"You know me too well."

"Better than I know my mother," she replied ruefully.

"That'll change. I told you, she seems like a pretty cool lady."

"If I hadn't heard her with my own two ears," Kendall said soberly, "I never would've believed she'd let us go to the quarry by ourselves." Then she shook her head. "As a matter of fact, it's *still* hard to believe."

"She wants you to be happy. And right now, I make you happy."

"You'll *always* make me happy," she insisted. "But going on a hike with you, alone, will definitely make me happy."

"And your mother knows that."

"I still can't believe it," she said, shaking her head.

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that night, Kendall and I grabbed a blanket from my cabin and went for a walk by the lake. As one, we turned down the path toward the clearing by the spillway stream. When we got there, I spread the blanket and Kendall went to remove her bikini bottoms.

"Let me do it," I suggested.

She grinned and waited for me to kneel before her. As she stepped out of them, I leaned forward and kissed her smooth mons. She shivered and then ran her fingers through my hair. Then I tugged her down with me.

Once she was lying next to me, I ran my hands over her stomach and breasts, gently teasing her nipples to erection. We kissed for a while, languidly enjoying each other's body. Then we made love slowly. She wrapped her legs around mine and gripped my arms as I supported myself above her. We moved together in a gentle, timeless rhythm. With a soft groan, I climaxed, filling her with my seed.

When our breathing returned to normal, I kissed her tenderly. Then I climbed from between her legs and spooned behind her.

"I wish we could stay like this forever," she said, hugging my arm.

I inhaled the strawberry scent of her hair. "Me too," I said.

"Is someone there?" a man's voice asked.

"Yes," I said. "Sorry." I could barely make out two shapes at the entrance to the clearing. Unfortunately, I couldn't see well enough to identify them.

"Paul?" a woman's voice asked.

"Yes. Who's that?"

"It's Elaine and Dennis," she said, stepping forward.

"Oh, hi."

"We're not disturbing anything, are we?"

I started to answer, but before I could, Kendall spoke up.

"Not really," she said. "Would you like to join us?"

When I looked a question at her, she merely shrugged with a grin.

"Would that be all right?" Elaine asked.

"Sure," Kendall replied.

The older couple spread their blanket and then lay down.

"We didn't know anyone else would be here," Elaine said. "We discovered this clearing about a week ago, and it's become one of our favorite spots."

"It's one of our favorite spots as well," Kendall said. "So, did you have a good time tonight?"

"We had a great time," Elaine said. "Paul's parents are really cool. It's easy to see why Paul's the way he is. He got the best of his mother *and* his father."

"Yes he did," Kendall agreed.

"And we had an… interesting conversation after you put the kids to bed. Thank you again, by the way."

"You're welcome. We enjoyed it. They're great kids."

"Thanks," Elaine said.

"So, what kind of conversation?" Kendall asked, returning the conversation to its original tack.

I knew her well enough that I could almost hear the grin in her voice.

"Dennis and I are… a lot like your parents, Paul," Elaine explained. "We… um… we seem to have similar interests."

"Oh," I said simply. Then, "Oh!"

"Yes," Elaine practically purred. "*Very* similar interests."

"Are you sure, baby?" Dennis asked Elaine.

It took me a second to figure out what he was talking about, but as I looked closer, I realized that Elaine was stroking his erection.

"I'm sure," Elaine said, her voice thick with desire.

Then, to my surprise, she turned and lowered her mouth to her husband's dick. Dennis lay back and relaxed, putting one hand on Elaine's head as she slowly bobbed up and down. When I felt Kendall's hand reach behind her for my limp member, I smiled to myself. I fervently hoped Elaine and Dennis didn't want us to join them (I knew it would cause problems), but I didn't mind watching them have sex. Evidently, Kendall didn't either. As a matter of fact, she seemed to be enjoying it.

"It took me a while to figure it out," Elaine said as she let Dennis's cock slip from her mouth, "but I finally did."

"Oh?" I asked.

Kendall grinned at me over her shoulder and kept stroking my slowly hardening manhood.

"Yeah," Elaine said, giving her husband's member another long lick. "We weren't invited to dinner with your parents by coincidence, were we?"

"No," I said simply.

"It was because of our conversation Tuesday, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"So you know about your parents?"

"More or less," I said, hedging. I got the distinct impression that Elaine was fishing for information, and I didn't want to reveal more than my parents had already.

"So what are they into? Wife swapping? Swinging?"

"I guess that's up to them to tell you," I said evenly.

"Unh," Elaine complained, taking Dennis's dick from her mouth again.

I was completely erect by then, and Kendall slowly spread my pre-come with her thumb.

"You're not going to tell us?" Elaine asked. When I let the silence draw out, she chuckled. "You really *are* discreet."

"Women don't like a blabbermouth," I replied with equanimity.

"Did your father teach you that?" she asked as she pushed Dennis to his back and straddled his hips.

"Something like that," I said. I didn't think she needed to know about Susan. Not yet, anyway.

"Well," she commented, setting the tip of her husband's manhood at her opening, "I hope we're going to be spending more time with your parents." Then she turned to Dennis. "Wouldn't you like that, Denny?" With that, she sank onto his cock.

"Oh, yes," he hissed.

I tried not to chuckle. I don't know whether he was answering her question or simply crying out in pleasure. Probably both, I thought.

"We'd definitely like to get to know them better," he said. Then he reached up and began fondling his wife's breasts.

"That looks like a good idea," Kendall whispered to me.

Without any more warning than that, she turned over, pushed me to my back, and mounted my hips. With a hiss of her own, she settled onto me, my girth spreading her smooth lips.

While Elaine rode Dennis, Kendall rocked her hips against the base of my shaft. She put her hands on my shoulders to steady herself, so I reached up to heft her dangling breasts.

Accompanied only by soft moans, Kendall and Elaine worked themselves toward orgasm. Elaine came first, panting and crying out softly. Then Dennis rolled her onto her side and started thrusting into her. Shortly after that, Kendall climaxed, clutching my shoulders and shuddering silently. Then I reached down to grip her hips as I started thrusting up into her.

Dennis came before I did, grunting with his release. Then he and Elaine stretched out to watch Kendall and me. When Kendall arched her back in pleasure, I lifted my head to capture a nipple. She gasped and clutched my head with one hand, supporting herself with the other.

I guess I was kind of showing off, but I pumped into Kendall for a long time. Whenever I felt myself getting too close to orgasm, I buried my cock inside her and held still until the feeling passed.

She climaxed a second time while I thrust into her, once again shuddering in silent ecstasy. Then I rolled us both over and began thrusting into her as she lay beneath me. Her breasts bounced deliciously and her eyes twinkled as she gazed up at me.

"Show off," she said almost inaudibly.

"You know you love it," I replied, equally quiet.

Then she closed her eyes and arched her back, nodding as she did.

For several minutes, I pumped into her. Then I buried myself in her depths one final time, letting my impending orgasm subside. While I remained still, I sat back on my haunches, my cock still ensconced in her hairless pussy. I put my hand on her abdomen and pressed my thumb against the base of her clit.

She was already close to orgasm, so it didn't take much to push her over the edge. When she came, she curled up and pulled me close, shuddering noiselessly. After her orgasm subsided, I resumed moving within her. Then I picked up my pace and thrust into her with powerful strokes, her pelvis tilted upward to receive me.

After only a minute, I plunged into her and stopped moving. In a heartbeat, I erupted, my cock swelling inside her as spurt after spurt filled her. When I finally regained my senses, I smiled down at her. To my surprise, Elaine and Dennis started clapping softly.

"Wow," Kendall said quietly.

"That was amazing," Elaine gushed. Then she turned to Dennis. "You should try that with me sometime."

"Perhaps if I'm properly motivated," he said evenly.

"Okay, buster," she said, "I'll properly motivate you."

"I'm looking forward to it," he replied, a grin clearly evident in his tone.

Afterward, we talked for a while. Elaine and Dennis had never done something like that before, but they both seemed comfortable that they'd just had sex in front of another couple. Our conversation mostly centered on ordinary things, but Elaine occasionally tried to wheedle tidbits of information out of me, mostly about my parents. When she realized that I was being intentionally reticent, she complimented me on it.

"You *are* an extraordinary teenager," she said.

"Tell me about it," Kendall said with a soft chuckle.

We talked some more and then decided to take a swim. Before we waded into the water, Kendall captured my hand and held it between her legs. Our combined fluids had run down her thigh, and she was slippery. With a grin, she kissed me fiercely.

"I *like* the feeling," she said.

"Mmmmm, me too." Then I spread our juices over her clean-shaven sex.

She hissed when I brushed her clit.

"Sorry."

"Don't be. I'm just very, *very* sensitive right now. But I enjoyed getting that way."

"Me *too*," I agreed with a roguish grin.

After our swim, Elaine and Dennis walked up the hill with us. Then they bid us goodnight at their building. Kendall and I had about an hour before our curfew, so we sat in one of the lounge chairs outside the Winnebago. She curled up in my lap and laid her head on my shoulder. We passed the time in contented silence.

When midnight finally rolled around, I kissed her goodnight and then turned toward my cabin as she closed the camper door. To my surprise, Mom was reading when I arrived.

"How was your evening, honey?" she asked.

"Really good."

"I was just about to head to bed," she said with a yawn. "You probably should too. I understand you've got a big hike in the morning."

"Oh, yeah…"

"And just *when* were you going to tell us about that?" she asked with teasing sweetness.

"Um… I… um… I mean… um… sorry," I stammered.

"Uh-*huh*." Then she grinned. "You'd better get your rest. You've got a big day ahead of you."

Grinning shamelessly, she shut off her reading light and stood. With a smug smile that I could practically *hear*, she stood on tiptoe and kissed me goodnight.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, I did a light workout of just sit-ups and push-ups, accompanied by my usual jumping rope. Then I showered, shaved, and quietly loaded the backpack. Mom got up as I was getting ready to leave. She sleepily kissed me and then walked onto the porch with me.

"Were you planning to be back at the regular time?" she asked.

"Six o'clock? Yeah. Why?"

"Well, I was going to tell you that if it's okay with Melissa and Adam, you can come back later. Say, around eight o'clock?"

"Really?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it's Kendall's last day."

"Oh."

"Just have fun. I'll talk to Melissa later this morning and find out what time you and Kendall are coming back."

"Thanks, Mom," I said. Then I kissed her on the cheek and trotted down the steps, the backpack slung over one shoulder.

At Kendall's camper, she and her mother were awake and quietly moving about. And both of them were wearing bikini bottoms. Kendall looked a little out of sorts, but I couldn't figure out what was wrong.

When I asked about the eight o'clock return time, Kendall didn't even flinch. I got the feeling that she'd already been shocked beyond reaction. Melissa agreed without hesitation.

On autopilot, Kendall helped me pack her towel, sunglasses, tanning oil, a small bag with soap and

shampoo, and then our lunch. Melissa stepped outside with us and bid us farewell.

Kendall walked in silence, and I began to worry about her. By the time we reached the trees on the far side of the feeder lake, I had decided to say something.

"Are you okay?" I asked tentatively.

"What?"

"Are you okay? You seem… distracted this morning."

She stopped and looked at me blankly. Then she blinked and seemed to see me for the first time.

"What's the matter?" I asked softly. Then I pulled her toward me and made eye contact.

"My mom knows."

"About what? About us? Of course she knows…"

"No," she said emphatically. "She knows I shaved."

"How?"

"The tampons," she said distractedly.

"Huh?"

"She started her period this morning."

"And?"

"We use the same box of tampons," she said, as if that explained everything. When she saw that I still didn't get it, she elaborated. "I'm wearing my bottoms because I'm supposed to be on my period. So if I'm on my period, why haven't I used any tampons?"

"Uh-oh. Did she say anything?"

"No, she just looked at me kinda funny when she came out of the bathroom this morning. When I saw that she had her bottoms on, I knew what must have happened." Then she frowned. "That was *dumb*. I should've thought of that."

"Hold on a second," I said, hoping to forestall her self-condemnation. "She didn't say anything about it?"

She shook her head. "She just looked at me, looked at my bottoms, and she kinda figured it out, I guess."

"How?"

"At the party," Kendall explained patiently, "she saw that Susan was shaved. And I guess she figured when I went to Susan's to fix you breakfast, that was probably what I was doing. Shaving. So when she realized that I hadn't used any tampons, I guess she put it all together."

"But she still didn't say anything about it," I said. "Right?"

"No. But that's not the weird part," she said dejectedly. "At least, it's not what convinced me she really *did* know I'd shaved."

"So what convinced you?"

"She suggested I change into these," she said, indicating her white string bikini bottoms.

"Huh?"

"She said, 'You should wear the white ones, dear. You look prettier in them. And they tie on the sides, so they'll be easier to take off.' Why would I need to take off my bottoms if I were really on my period?" she asked. When I didn't answer, she shrugged. "Exactly. So she knows," she said morosely.

"Hold on a second," I said. "She still didn't say anything about it. Except to suggest a much cuter set of bottoms, I mean. So what if she knows?"

"So? So what? What if she tells my dad? What if she grounds me or something? What if…?"

"What if she helps you prepare lunch and then sends you on a hiking trip with your boyfriend, *alone?*" I asked, interrupting her. "What if she doesn't say anything about the fact that you've done something for your pleasure as well as your boyfriend's? And what if she then says you can come home two hours later than normal, so you can spend a little more time with your boyfriend, doing whatever you're going to do while you're *alone* with him?"

"What do you mean?"

"Basically, I mean she knows we're having sex, she knows you shaved yourself so we could enjoy it

more, and she practically forced us to spend the day doing more of the same." Before she could say anything, I continued. "Besides, she's had *dozens* of opportunities to tell your father, or ground you, or worse, but she hasn't taken *any* of them." Then I grinned at her and softened my expression. "So why're you worried, O Princess of Panic?"

"Am I really that bad?" she asked miserably, tears welling up.

"No," I said softly. "But look at it this way." When she met my eyes, I smiled reassuringly. "It takes one to know one."

"Huh?"

"I'm not as bad as before, but I guess I used to be the Prince of Panic. What if my mom tells my dad? What if I don't see her again? What if she doesn't love me like I love her? What if, what if, what if. Bah!"

"Really?"

"You have no *idea* how insecure I am," I said. "But strangely, that's not the case when I'm with you."

"It's not?" she asked, sniffling softly.

"Nope. You're good for me. And I'd like to think I'm good for you, too."

"You are," she quickly agreed.

"Good," I said, pulling her against me. "Now tell me you love me."

"I love you."

"And tell me your mom knows we're having sex."

"My mom knows we're having sex," she parroted.

"Tell me your mom knows you shaved your pussy."

"My mom knows I shaved my… my pussy," she said with a blush.

"You're not going to get in trouble."

"I'm not going to get in trouble."

"You love your boyfriend," I prompted.

"I love my boyfriend."

"You want to take off your bottoms."

"I want to take off my bottoms," she repeated before she realized what I'd said.

She tried to get away from me, but I had a firm grip on her. I grinned and grabbed the bow holding the left side of her bikini bottoms. With an inexorable tug, I pulled it loose. Then I held her with my right arm while I untied the other bow. The material dropped free, leaving her clad only in a waist chain, hiking boots, and a petulant frown.

"See?" I said lightly. "That wasn't so hard."

"You're a bad man, Paul Hughes."

"Yes," I said whimsically, "but you love me."

"I can't help it!"

"Me either." Then I grinned at her. "If you'd like, I'll carry your bottoms."

"Oh, you will?"

"Mmm hmm," I said with a lecherous grin.

"You're impossible," she said. "Simply impossible."

"I aim to please. Now, let's get your unnecessary bottoms squared away and we'll be ready to go."

Suddenly, she picked up the white fabric, tossed it to me, and turned to walk up the trail. She tried not to smile when I caught up with her, but my grin was infectious, and she didn't hold out long.

"I mean it. You *are* impossible," she said, grabbing my hand and increasing our pace.

✧ ✧ ✧

The day at the quarry was blissfully relaxing. We took a swim when we first got there, reveling in the clear, cold spring water. Afterward, I had her lie on the big sloping rock next to the flattop boulder. As it warmed her back, I slowly warmed her front, licking, sucking, and kissing her body.

Then I gently spread her legs and licked her pussy, once again marveling at the smoothness of her skin. I took my time with her, enjoying myself and making sure she enjoyed it as well. Finally, she had a silent,

powerful orgasm, her legs clamped to the sides of my head.

After a leisurely lunch, we floated on the raft for a while. With my arm around her, she rested on my chest and idly ran her fingers over my muscles. Then we had a serious conversation about the end of the summer. I knew she didn't want to leave me, but I also realized how different she was from Gina when she didn't cry or get upset.

She really didn't want to break up with me, but she knew that a long-distance relationship would be hard on both of us. Especially with Gina actually going to school with me and living nearby. And doubly so with Kendall in college, surrounded by college guys. I didn't doubt she could be faithful, but it wasn't fair for me to even ask.

She wanted Gina and me to come up for the first football game if we could, and I promised to find a way to do it. Her parents always took the Winnebago to Knoxville and "tailgated" for football games (evidently, there were a *lot* of tailgate parties at UT games). So if Gina and I could make it to Chattanooga—a two-hour drive from Atlanta—we could simply ride with the Paytons to Knoxville.

We also talked about the previous night. Kendall admitted, a little guiltily, that she liked showing *me* off as much as I obviously liked showing off myself. She said it kind of excited her to know that Elaine had the hots for me. She didn't know how she would feel actually having sex with another couple, but she definitely liked watching and having someone watch us.

After a while, we took a swim to cool off and then climbed back onto the raft to float around some more. Then we talked about what *I'd* be doing for the rest of the summer. She had obviously become more and more comfortable with Susan, and even told me to make sure I got a going-away present for her.

She said she was a little jealous of the time Susan would get to spend with me, but not much. It was interesting watching Kendall analyze her own reactions. She realized she was envious, but didn't get upset about it. Instead, she joked with me.

"You know," she said with an impish grin, "I had to get you ready to have sex with a shaved woman again."

"Uh-huh. That was very nice of you. Speaking of which…," I said, rolling toward her.

She hastily succumbed to my advances, positioning herself on all fours and gazing back at me expectantly. I gripped her hips and entered her slowly from behind, taking my time so she'd enjoy it (and so we wouldn't upset the raft). When I was close to coming, I asked her to roll onto her back. When she did, she spread her legs to accommodate me, reaching for me with a smile. A short time later, I buried myself to the root, filling her with come.

As we panted and slowly recovered, we kissed languorously, simply enjoying the feeling as our sweaty bodies slid over one another. With a grin, I simply rolled us both off the raft. She came up sputtering, but smiled and then swam into my arms.

"I wasn't finished kissing you," she said as I treaded water to keep us both afloat.

The rest of the day, we mostly lounged around and relaxed. With Gina, I would've felt the constant obligation to have sex, if only to satisfy her. But with Kendall, it was different. We talked a lot more. And when we did have sex, we seemed to have some deep connection that I didn't fully understand.

When six o'clock finally arrived, we took a quick swim to cool off, spent a few minutes lazily kissing each other, then packed our belongings. As I slipped the backpack over my shoulders, she gazed at me silently. Then she stepped forward and kissed me.

"I'll always love you," she said. "And you'll always have a place in my heart. The *first* place. I may meet another guy, but he'll never be my first."

"I know," I replied softly. Then I kissed her, slowly, tenderly, but full of heat. "And I'll always love you."

"Thank you."

With that, we walked down the slope, hand-in-hand.

✧ ✧ ✧

The rest of the evening, we simply hung out together in the clubhouse. We played a game of Scrabble

with Elaine and Dennis, and it was light-hearted and fun. But the Raefords knew that it was Kendall's and my last night together, so they went to play cards with the Gartners after that one game.

A while later, Drew and Erin walked up. Evidently, they wanted to go on a walk together, alone, but my mom had said they needed to have us with them. Drew seemed to resent it, but Erin actually looked relieved. Kendall smiled at me as she took my hand and stood. Then the four of us grabbed our towels and headed down to the lake. Since the evening was still warm, we decided to swim out to the raft.

My parents had relaxed Erin's curfew, since it was Drew's last night, but she still had to be home by eleven. Kendall didn't want to cause any more friction with Drew, so she also bid me goodnight at ten forty-five. While I kissed her goodnight, Drew did the same with Erin. Then he and Kendall went inside the camper and shut the door.

"Thanks," Erin said as we walked toward our cabin. I had my arm around her and I was pretty sure she was happy for the protective gesture.

"For what?"

"For going on a walk with us."

"You're welcome." Then I paused and looked at her closely. "Is everything okay, Er?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Did Drew… um… want to do something?"

"Yeah," she said with a shrug. "He always does."

"Guys can be like that sometimes," I said.

"He's been pretty nice lately. Whatever you said to him last week really made him… um… I dunno… nicer, I guess."

"Nicer?"

"Yeah. He stopped trying to get me to… um… you know, do stuff." Then she looked at me sharply. "Did you beat him up or something?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"Well, he had skinned-up knees, and he kept rubbing his chest that night. So I figured you hit him or something."

"Not really," I half lied. "Why?"

"I dunno," she said with a shrug. "It wasn't over me, was it?"

"Let's just say we had a talk about women in general," I replied.

"Oh. Was he trying to boss Kendall around?"

"In a way."

"He tries that with me, but I'm not gonna jump every time he wants me to."

"Good," I said sincerely. "And you know you don't have to do anything you don't want to, right?"

"Yeah. Mom, Susan, and I had this big talk about it a while ago. It was kinda cool. They treated me like a grown-up, instead of a little girl."

"You're not really either, though, are you?"

"That's what Susan said," she said, looking up suddenly. Then she laughed softly. "You're a lot cooler since you and her started… um… you know."

"Thanks, I guess."

"You're actually a cool brother now. You were kind of a pest before. But now… well, now I'm glad you're my brother. Like, I know if Drew ever *did* do anything I didn't want him to, you'd beat him up or something. That's kinda cool."

"Well, I'm not gonna fight your battles for you, but if you ever need help…," I said.

"That's what Susan said," she repeated with another laugh. "She said if I ever needed help, I should talk to you."

"She knows me pretty well."

"Yeah. She's a real cool woman."

"She is, isn't she?"

When we walked into our cabin, Mom and Dad looked up from where they were talking quietly on the

couch.

"And to what do we owe the pleasure of *both* of you being home?" Mom asked with a wry grin. "And you two are getting along so well. Is everything okay?" she asked with mock concern. She could obviously tell by our expressions that nothing was *really* wrong.

"We were just having a brother-sister chat," I answered light-heartedly.

"I think they're growing up," Mom facetiously said to Dad.

"Maybe," I replied, "but don't tell anyone."

"Yeah," Erin said, grinning at me, "we wouldn't want to ruin our reputations."

✧ ✧ ✧

The next day, Kendall's family and mine had breakfast together in the clubhouse. As we ate, we laughed and reminisced about the past few weeks. After we walked back up the hill, we all helped get the Winnebago ready to travel. I helped Drew and Adam check the fluid levels and make sure the engine was ready. While Melissa and Kendall secured the inside of the camper, Mom and Erin helped gather the lawn chairs, folding picnic table, and other things outside the camper. Then Drew and I strapped all the outside furniture to the luggage rack at the back of the big vehicle.

When everything was ready to go, we all took a break and walked down to the lake so the Paytons could cool off before they had to leave. Kendall and I lingered behind the rest of the crowd, but we didn't talk much as we walked down the hill. Once we had a quick swim, she and I headed back up the hill to the camper.

We knew we wouldn't have much time alone, so we didn't fool around. Much. Then she changed out of her wet bottoms and into a pair of panties and *short* cutoff jeans.

"I started spotting this morning," she said by way of explanation.

"Oh."

"Yeah," she said, with a bit of relief. "I knew we were probably safe, since you never came inside me, not until Friday at least, but…" Then she shrugged.

"Yeah."

"And since I started spotting this morning, I know we're okay."

"Yeah, that's good."

She nodded emphatically.

After that, I put my arm around her and simply held her close. Through the screen door, we saw her parents and mine coming up the hill a little later.

"Will you write to me?" she asked.

"As often as I can."

"I don't think I'll be able to make long-distance calls, but…"

"I'll call you," I said, "whenever my parents'll let me." Then I gathered her into my arms. "You know I'll always love you, right?"

"Yes," she said softly. Then she looked up, her eyes misting over. "These have been the best three weeks of my life."

"Mine too."

"I love you," she whispered.

Then her parents reached the camper and we stood. Kendall wiped her eyes, but neither of her parents gave us a second glance when they saw us together.

Once they had their wet towels (and Melissa's wet bottoms) hung up in the bathroom, they made a few last-minute preparations, latching cabinets and securing everything for the drive. When the inside of the Winnebago was secure, I helped Drew with the leveling jacks while Adam disengaged all the plumbing and electrical connections.

Kendall and I hugged one last time and then shared a relatively chaste kiss. When Adam gave the order, they all said one final goodbye and then entered the camper. I rejoined my family and we waved to them as they pulled out.

I could see Kendall's face in the back window as they approached the top of the hill. At the same moment, we waved to each other one final time.

Then, she was gone.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

The next day, I woke up and simply stared at the ceiling. Kendall was gone. Gina was gone. And while I definitely looked forward to spending some time with Susan, I was a little depressed. I thought saying goodbye to Kendall would've been easier than it was with Gina, but I was wrong. Way wrong. In the week that we'd spent together, Kendall and I had grown unbelievably close. With her gone, it was like a piece of me was missing.

In a way, I dreaded going home. I'd have to face Amy and tell her that we couldn't be together. I'd miss Susan as well. But I was also looking forward to going home. I'd get to see Gina, and she'd hopefully get to spend some time with me at our house. But in addition, I was looking forward to the routine of school and home life. I know it sounds strange, but I think I might've had enough fun for one summer.

I think I could have lain there and ruminated all day, but a noise from below disturbed my thoughts. Mom and Dad were getting up. One of them went to the bathroom and I heard the other moving quietly about the cabin. I wondered what they were doing up so early, but then I remembered that Dad had to leave for another series of trips.

I decided to roll out of my bunk and do my workout anyway, in spite of my semi-somber mood. When I climbed down the ladder, Mom smiled at me. Once Dad finished in the bathroom, I used it myself and then grabbed my workout shorts. As I walked outside, my parents both headed back into the bathroom to shower together.

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that day, Susan, Erin, and I ate lunch together. Mom wouldn't be back from Columbia until mid-afternoon, so she'd asked Susan to make sure Erin and I had lunch. She knew we could take care of ourselves, but I think it made her feel better to know that Susan was watching out for us.

In the afternoon, Susan came down to the lake to lay out with us for a while. When she got up to head back to her house, she gestured for me to join her. Once we were at her house, she handed me an overstuffed manila envelope.

"Stacy wanted to keep them," she said, "but…"

I opened the envelope and extracted a stack of Polaroids. They were the ones Stacy and I had taken, the year before.

"She didn't think she should have them around," Susan continued. "Especially now that Jason… well… you know."

I nodded and then looked through some of the pictures.

"And she wanted to give them to you herself, but… well… I guess things were a little hectic toward the end of the move."

"Yeah."

In the pictures, Stacy was thinner, almost waiflike. And her pubic hair had been shaved at the time. Where she was almost painfully skinny, I was pudgy and soft. For a moment, I wondered what she'd ever seen in me. Then I looked at a picture of me and I knew. I was leaning against the doorframe, smiling warmly, and even *I* felt like I'd like to know the guy in the picture.

"You've changed a lot since then," Susan said quietly.

"No kidding."

"And not just on the outside, either."

"Thanks."

"Do you know what you want to do with them?"

"Not really," I said.

We talked about it briefly, then ultimately decided that I probably shouldn't keep them. When I asked if I should just throw them away, she suggested I burn them instead. Before we put them to the match,

however, we *did* use them for a bit of inspiration.

Susan wasn't as limber as Stacy, but her enthusiasm and experience *more* than made up for the difference.

✧ ✧ ✧

I'd been trying to think of a good going away present for Susan, and when I came up with one, I asked for Mom's help. The next time she went to town for groceries, I rode with her. I told her that I wanted to get Susan something living, something that would last, and Mom made a few suggestions.

Once we got to the hardware store, Mike McMasters showed us to the garden section, considered our request, and helped us make a selection. He was actually quite knowledgeable about flowers and plants in general, and he suggested bougainvillea, mandevilla, or jasmine. Mom quietly told me that Susan liked the scent of jasmine, so I bought two of them, along with some decorative weatherproof containers.

Susan's eyes grew misty when I invited her outside to show her my gift. I couldn't really gift wrap them, so I had simply affixed red bows to each of the pots. She hugged me and then looked at Mom.

"It was all his idea," Mom said, pointing at me. "I just drove."

Then Susan gave me a big thank-you kiss and looped her arm through mine. With that, Mom headed back to our car, to drive back to our cabin. Wearing a look I easily recognized, Susan practically dragged me inside to thank me again. And again. And again.

✧ ✧ ✧

During the week Dad was gone, Mom and Susan spent a lot of time with the Raefords, getting to know them. I spent some time hanging out with them, but not as much as I had when Kendall was still in camp.

I hung out with Erin. I could tell that she missed Drew as much as I missed Kendall (and Gina). I also tried to get a feel for how far Erin and Drew had gone. I guess it was half protectiveness and half curiosity.

She probably expected me to grill her about it, and when I didn't, she relaxed quite a bit and opened up. She wasn't exactly talkative about what they did together (mostly heavy petting), but she wasn't secretive either. Basically, I respected her privacy and she respected mine.

Dad returned the next Saturday. Mom got all dressed up to meet him at the airport in Columbia, and they spent the afternoon in the city. The following day, the Raefords and a number of other families left. The day after that, things began to settle into a normal late-summer routine.

Susan and I spent time together, but we weren't overt about it. My whole family knew, of course, but we still tried to be discreet. She and I basically enjoyed ourselves together, talking, lying by the lake, having sex, making love, or just plain fucking.

My family spent our last week at camp just relaxing. With so many other families leaving, the camp soon seemed like a ghost town, with a few permanent residents, the occasional weekend visitors from the surrounding towns, and retired couples.

Finally, my family had to start getting ready to go home. Susan was sad to see us leave, but she planned to visit Atlanta. When I asked her what she was going to do the rest of the time, she smiled mischievously.

"I've got a few friends who come for off-season visits," she said.

"Other swinging couples?" I asked.

"Maybe one or two."

"Oh. Cool."

"Besides," she said with a sly grin, "this is the electronic age. I've got a few toys. But they're not like you. You're… a lot more energetic."

I blushed suitably.

Teasing, she offered to show me how some of them worked.

"That's okay," I said. "I don't mind the idea, but I guess I prefer the old fashioned way."

"Oh, so do I," she said, "but toys are sometimes fun." Then she sighed with mocking wistfulness. "When my smart, funny, sexy lover isn't here, the toys'll have to do."

My blush only deepened. "So, what are you gonna do the rest of the time?" I asked, trying to change the

subject.

"I've got the boys coming home soon," she replied, "so I've got to get the house ready. And I'm going to visit Stacy."

"Oh. Yeah."

"And I suspect I'll do some traveling this fall and winter. I want to go to Houston to see Doug at school, and then I want to go to California to see some friends from the Navy. I'm planning to visit Atlanta, of course, and I'm going to go see Kirk graduate. While I'm in Annapolis, I want to go to Arlington."

"Oh? What's in Arlington?"

"Not what, who," she said.

"Okay. So *who's* in Arlington?"

"Jack."

"Jack? Who's he?" And then I Got It. "Oh… Oh! Sorry."

"That's okay," she said, caressing my face gently. "I want to visit his grave. It… it's been a while since I've been there. And… and I want to talk to him… to tell him about you and Stacy."

After that, I put my arm around her and she simply held me tight. She didn't cry, but her mind was clearly somewhere else, some*when* else.

My last evening with Susan was actually pretty quiet. My parents and Susan had talked about it, and they agreed that I could spend the night at Susan's house. Instead of wild, passionate sex, we made love slowly, tenderly. Afterward, I held her and she *did* cry. When her tears dried, she clung to me in silence. Then, softly, she cleared her throat.

"When Jack went on cruise… the last time," she said, her voice slowly gaining strength. "We spent our last night at a friend's house on the Pacific. We could hear the surf all night, and it was so peaceful. The next morning, we got up early and walked along the beach." She paused to wipe her cheeks. "That's one of my favorite memories of him," she whispered. Then she propped herself up on one elbow.

"You remind me of him," she said, gazing at me intently. "A lot. But you're also very different. He had more drive and ambition than you do right now." She placated me with a gesture. "I see it in you, but it's not ready to come out yet. You haven't figured out what you want to do with your life, and right now, that's okay."

I nodded.

"But you've got a… a complexity Jack never had. He wasn't simple, quite the contrary, but we lived in a black and white time. His choices were all fairly straightforward. Duty. Honor. Loyalty. Family. When Jack made a decision, it was based on 'the right thing to do.' You've got the same sense of what's right, but your choices aren't quite as clear-cut as his were. You have to think about what's right and then *decide* to do it. So while you're very much like Jack—and sometimes it's eerie how similar you are—you're also very different."

Then she looked at me seriously for a long moment, neither of us speaking. At last, she laid her head on my chest and rubbed my stomach. Eventually, her hand drifted lower. When she traced a finger over my penis, I rolled her onto her back and then straddled her hips.

"Sometimes," she said, reaching for my manhood once again, "you're just *like* he was."

She stroked me until I was hard, fondling my balls as she did. Then she had me scoot up so she could suck me. As I supported myself with my hands on the wall above her bed, she took her time and sucked me slowly. Occasionally, she put her hands on my ass and pulled my hips toward her face, swallowing my length.

Before I came, I moved between her legs again. She was wet and ready for me, and pulled me close when I entered her. We rocked together in a comfortable rhythm, both of us building toward our climax. Afterward, we lay panting, simply enjoying our embrace. Finally, I curled up behind her, my arms around her, and we drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, our last together for the summer, we got up early and padded onto the back porch. In the early morning light, we sat together in silence, enjoying the heady fragrance of the pine forest and the sweet, soft scent of the jasmine.

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The trip home to Atlanta was as boring as ever. We arrived—tired and cramped—at a house that had been dormant for almost three months. The air inside was stale, hot, and stuffy.

I called Amy the day after we got home, but I put off meeting with her, explaining that I had a ton of work to do around the house. It was a thin excuse, and I don't think she really accepted it, but she didn't press the issue.

As we worked around the house, I discovered I had a problem; none of my clothes fit me anymore. All of my shirts were either too tight or simply too small altogether. Even my shorts and jeans seemed tight. I was positive that Mom had secretly washed my entire wardrobe in hot water. When she discovered me in my room, standing in a pair of briefs that were too small—and way too revealing—she couldn't suppress her laughter.

"You've grown," she said, still chuckling.

"How?" I moaned. "I've been eating right. I've been working out. How could I have gotten bigger?"

"Honey," Mom said, "you're still growing. And you've gained muscle. Your chest is bigger. Your shoulders are bigger. I think your stomach's the only thing that's actually smaller."

Before I could open my mouth, I had a frightening thought. Almost in a panic, I ran into the bathroom and pulled out the scale. When I stepped onto it, my jaw dropped.

I weighed 179 pounds!

When I eventually calmed down, I turned gloomy. But instead of letting me obsess over it, Mom tugged me in front of the bathroom mirror (still in my very, very tight underwear) and stood next to me.

"Paul, your weight's not important," she said. "How you look and feel are the only things that matter."

"But, Mom," I practically whined, "what about all my clothes?"

"We can buy you new clothes, honey."

"What about wrestling? How am I gonna lose twelve pounds?"

"There *are* other weight classes," she said.

"Yeah, 185 and Heavyweight!"

"So? You can wrestle at 185."

"No, I can't," I explained, as patiently as I could. "Bruce Bollinger is our 185-pounder, and he's a lot better than me. Besides…"

"Besides?"

"Besides…," I continued, then faltered again. "Oh, yeah. He graduated last year."

"Then I'm sure Coach Simmons is looking for a new 185-pounder," she said, ending the discussion.

After that, we spent an agonizing three days replacing my wardrobe. Three days with Mom and Erin, shopping for clothes, were almost more than I could handle. With their help, though, I got a lot of cool new outfits for school.

Because Mom was buying so much for me, Erin got a lot of new clothing as well. Dad groaned when he learned how much we'd spent, then promptly said he was going to look in the newspaper for a second job. He was teasing, of course, but it still made me realize how much our parents spent on Erin and me.

✧ ✧ ✧

In addition to everything else we had going on, Mom and Dad insisted that Chris move into our guest bedroom. He'd already been working in Atlanta for a few days and was living in a hotel. He liked his new job, especially the challenge of building a team and developing shows.

And after we finished shopping for clothes, I knew I couldn't put off meeting with Amy any longer. I wanted to keep avoiding it, but when I dodged a second phone call, Mom gave me a disapproving look.

So I called Amy back and asked her if we could meet. She seemed oblivious to any problems, and was eager to see me. I borrowed Mom's car and drove over to Amy's house. It felt like I was driving to my own funeral. When I rang the doorbell, she opened the door and practically leapt into my arms, showering me with kisses. Then I drove us to the Baskin Robbins near her house.

The conversation did *not* go well. Over ice cream, I tried to explain my thoughts, but I sounded like an idiot, even to myself. I told her I cared for her, very much, but I didn't think we could be a couple anymore. I had already decided not to mention Gina, since I didn't want to use her as an excuse. If I did, I knew Amy would think I might get back together with her if I broke up with Gina. And whether I was with Gina or not was beside the point.

Once again, Amy tearfully apologized for our fight. She promised to do anything I wanted. She promised to change anything about herself that I didn't like. I told her there was nothing wrong with her, we just couldn't be together. She didn't understand. At first, she seemed lost. But as she slowly realized I wouldn't be tempted, begged, wheedled, convinced, or cajoled into a relationship with her, she turned nasty. Since we were in a public place, I thought she wouldn't make a scene.

I was wrong.

Her ice cream cone hit my chest and splattered across my shirt, covering me in sticky, melting ice cream. Then, at the top of her lungs, she screamed at me that I was a worthless asshole and she never wanted to see me again.

Needless to say, the other patrons of the ice cream shop were completely nonplussed, simply staring at her in shock as she stormed out the door. As I hastily followed her, I tried to clean myself up. But I was more worried about her than anything else. When I got outside, she was already stalking toward the pay phone at the gas station next door.

I offered to take her home. She told me to leave her alone. I pleaded with her to let me take her home. She told me to drop dead. I tried reasoning with her. She told me to fuck off. I may be slow on the uptake, but I know when I'm not wanted.

While she made her call, I walked back to the station wagon. No matter how angry she was, I wasn't going to abandon her. While she glowered at me, I waited fifteen minutes, until a car pulled into the gas station. I recognized Tony Malone and Becky Leonardi. Amy got in, slammed the door, and they took off in a screech of tires. Becky flipped me the bird as they did. With a sigh, I started Mom's car and drove home.

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that night, I called Scott Anderson.

"So, man," he said, "good to hear from you. You survived your summer?"

"Yeah. My aunt's place is nice."

"That's cool," he said. I could almost hear the anticipation in his voice. "So," he asked, "you broke up with Amy?"

"You heard?"

"Yeah. Shannon called a while ago. Becky called her."

"Super," I said in resignation.

"Yeah. Becky's already stirring up trouble," he said.

"And the hits just *keep* on comin'."

"Becky's a bitch," he said. "She's got Tony so whipped, he doesn't know which way is up."

"You wanna hear my side of it?"

"Don't need to."

"Huh?" I asked, confused.

"You didn't hit her?"

"No."

"She's not pregnant?" he asked.

"God, no."

I could almost hear him shrug over the phone. "Then I don't need to hear what happened."

"Oh."

"I know you. I know you wouldn't screw her over just for fun. If she's not the girl for you, then she's not the girl for you. If she can't handle it, that's her problem."

"Thanks, Scott," I said.

"No problem, man. Shannon said Amy was a little psycho anyway. I mean, after that… um… you know… problem last year."

"Don't remind me," I said sullenly.

"Yeah, sorry. But Shannon said Amy was gonna be trouble back then."

"Why didn't you *tell* me?"

"'Cause you two seemed happy. I thought Shannon was nuts, but she was right."

"Yeah."

"Shan hasn't said 'I told you so,' but she knows I'm gonna pay attention next time she tells me something like that."

"Well," I said, "next time, tell *me* too."

"It's cool, man. So, do we need to find you another girl? What about Eileen Cooper. She's got a hot bod. Nice tits, too. I think Shannon was in her English cla—"

"No way, man," I said a little too quickly. Then I explained about Gina and her family moving to Atlanta.

"You mean Gina's for *real?*" he asked, somewhat astounded.

"What? You think I made her up?"

To my surprise, he chuckled. "Shan called that one too."

"Huh?"

"I thought you were making up the whole 'beautiful girlfriend in another state,' but Shannon said you weren't."

"You really should listen to Shannon more," I said, trying not to sound too caustic.

"You got *that* right, buddy," he replied. "Anyway, when's she get here? Gina, I mean."

"I have no clue. Things are kinda crazy around here. And they're probably even worse with her family. You know, since they're packing and moving from Charleston."

"No kidding."

"So I don't know. Before school, though."

"Cool," he said. "'Cause there's this party s'posed to be the Friday before school starts. At Don Meeker's grandparents' barn. You up for it?"

"Yeah."

"Cool." Then he paused for a few moments. "So, what've you been up to?"

I told him a little about my summer, but not much. Just the mundane stuff. I also told him about buying new clothes, and probably having to move up a weight class.

"Hey," he said, "that's actually good news."

"Huh?"

Then he told me about talking to Coach Simmons over the summer. Evidently, some new guy and his family had moved down from Ohio. The new guy was a 167-pound wrestler.

"Do you know anything about him?" I asked.

"Coach said he was fifth in the state when he was a sophomore. That was last year. Coach was also telling me about wrestling in Ohio. Man, those people are some serious wrestling nuts. This guy started when he was six."

"No shit?"

"No shit, man. He's been wrestling for ten years. So that's why I was talking to Coach. He wanted to know if I knew how to get in touch with you. I think he was gonna try and get you to bulk up and take over Bruce's weight class."

"Well," I said, "he doesn't have to worry. I weigh 179."

"179?! Man, you must be a tub," he said, the grin evident in his voice. "What'd you do all summer at your Aunt's, eat bonbons?"

"No, man," I said. "I was working out."

"*Sure* you were. Now you're gonna tell me you look like that German guy. What's his name? Schwarzenegger! Yeah, Arnold Schwarzenegger."

"Seriously. I was working out."

"Right. Whatever. You were what, 155 when you started wrestling last year?"

"Yeah," I said.

"And now you're 179? You're a tub, man. I had to eat night and day to stay above 140, and you come back from vacation all heavyweight on me."

He continued to tease me for a while, and I was defensive at first. Then I realized he was just trying to get a rise out of me, so I stopped worrying about it. He'd see the truth for himself soon enough. I invited him over to hang out, and he accepted. When he arrived, his eyes nearly bugged out.

"Shit, man," he said. "You *are* Schwarzenegger! Coach is gonna have kittens when he sees you."

"Well," I said with a grin, "I'm not Shannon, so… I *told* you so."

When we stepped inside, Mom said hello to Scott and volunteered to fix us Cokes. After that, we hung out in the living room. He told me all about the goings on of the summer. Our friend Kelly Duchesne now had a serious girlfriend, Livy Phelps. I knew *of* her, but I hadn't ever talked to her. She was a cute blonde who was a year younger than us. Scott and Shannon had been out with them a couple of times, and Livy sounded like a nice girl.

"So, I know about Tony," I said, mentally writing him off, "but what about Scotty?"

"Oh, man, you haven't heard? Oh yeah, that's right, you've been gone since right after school got out."

"What happened?"

"His family moved to Phoenix, Arizona, man. Two months ago, I think. His dad's company transferred him."

We reminisced about Scotty for a while, but then Scott had to go. He had to stop by Shannon's house on the way home. He wanted to tell her about Gina, and about how much I had changed.

"Shannon's gonna freak when she sees you," he said at the door. Then he held out his hand. "Hey, man, it's good to have you home."

"Thanks," I replied, gripping his hand. "It's good to *be* home."

"With Tony and Becky being so stuck up, Shan and I have been kinda avoiding them. Kelly and Livy are fun, but Livy's mom won't let 'em go out more than once a week. So I'm glad you're back. And now we can finally meet the make-believe girl, Gina."

"Something like that," I said with a grin.

"Cool. Well, I'll call you tomorrow."

"'K. I'll talk to you then."

"Damn," he said, shaking his head as he walked out to his old Buick. "179!"

✧ ✧ ✧

Elizabeth came to visit a few days later. She and Chris spent the entire weekend with a realtor, looking at houses. They didn't find a single one that fit all their criteria: four to five bedrooms, three or more full bathrooms, a pool or hot tub (preferably both), located in our school district, which cost less than a small fortune. We lived in a pretty nice neighborhood, so a lot of nearby houses fit most of those criteria, but some of them were really expensive.

They did find one house, but it was only for rent. They talked it over Sunday night and decided to rent the house for one year, then continue their new home search at a more leisurely pace. The rental house had four bedrooms, three baths, and a hot tub (but no pool). When they told us where it was, I realized it was in Scott Anderson's subdivision.

Then Chris and Elizabeth called home to tell the girls about it. Afterward, they let me talk to Gina. She sounded tired, but was happy to talk to me. She said they'd been packing almost day and night. The third time she yawned, I told her I loved her and said goodnight.

Before Elizabeth went back to Charleston, she, Chris, and my parents sat down and planned their schedules. Dad had a set of trips to fly, so he'd be in and out of town on an irregular basis. Chris, of course, was working hard at his new job with the news station. That left Mom and Elizabeth to do most of the actual coordinating.

The Coulters already had a buyer for their house, so they needed to be out of it by the end of August. Unfortunately, their new rental house wouldn't be available until the day after Labor Day. They planned to spend a few days living in a hotel, thinking that all four of them would be an imposition on my family. Mom and Dad didn't even argue about it, they simply insisted that the Coulter family stay with us. With that, the discussion was effectively closed, but I could tell that Chris and Elizabeth were relieved.

After that, Elizabeth flew back to Charleston. Because Chris was living with us, we got regular updates on their progress with the move and sale of their house. I talked to Gina almost nightly. We could only talk for five or ten minutes, but we made the most of the time we had.

Gina's and my parents had talked it over and decided that since the Coulters were only staying with us for four days, it would be all right for Gina and me to sleep in my bedroom. Chris and Elizabeth would stay in the guest bedroom, of course, and Leah would sleep in Erin's room. So Gina and I had even more reason to be eager for her to arrive.

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The Coulters closed on the sale of their house the final week of August. Chris flew to Charleston for the day, signed the papers, then returned to Atlanta. They also bought a used Chevy Monte Carlo for Kara and moved her into an apartment near campus.

Finally, the professional movers arrived and packed all the family's belongings in a large moving truck. It was due to arrive at their new house the day after Labor Day, September 4.

Elizabeth, Gina, and Leah drove in from Charleston at the end of August. They arrived late in the evening after a long and exhausting trip. Gina hugged me tiredly and then practically stumbled into the house. Dad was gone on a trip, so Chris and I unloaded the heavily laden station wagon.

When we had everything inside, we all sat around and talked for a while instead of going to bed. But after about fifteen minutes, Erin and Leah retired for the night. One minute, they didn't seem tired, and the next, they were both yawning and telling us goodnight. Gina and I lasted a little longer, but not much. She hugged her dad and then her mom. I kissed Mom's cheek and then took Gina's hand.

Before I led her toward my room, Mom and Elizabeth made sure we understood that these were special circumstances, and we normally wouldn't be allowed to spend the night together. When we nodded our understanding, they told us goodnight.

I had cleared out my top dresser drawer and a section of my closet for Gina, but she didn't bother unpacking. Instead, her eyes came alight as soon as my bedroom door was shut. Then she flowed into my arms. I wrapped my arms around her as she hugged me tight, her head on my chest.

Then we undressed and climbed into bed. It felt a little weird, but it also felt grown-up, like we were a married couple or something. Both of us slept in the nude, so we simply crawled under the sheets. She lay with her head on my chest and idly ran her fingers over my stomach. Then she reached down and fondled me until I was erect.

For a while, she stroked my hard-on, but she kept nodding off. Finally, she fell asleep for good, so I gently rolled her to her side. Then I snuggled behind her and closed my eyes, nestling my dwindling erection against her ass.

As I'd already discovered, sleeping with someone took some getting used to. I woke up a couple of times during the night, bound up in the sheets or with my arm asleep. Each time, I either untangled myself or gently moved my arm out from under Gina, then went back to sleep. In the morning, after I'd finally gotten a few hours of uninterrupted sleep, I was a little annoyed at being awakened.

My irritation quickly faded, however, when I figured out that Gina was playing with my morning hard-on. When she realized I was awake, she flashed me a brilliant smile and then disappeared under the sheet. As she licked around the head of my cock, I threw the covers back.

I came fairly quickly, but Gina didn't immediately swallow. Instead, she glanced at me, smiled tightly, then opened her mouth to show me the small white lake of semen. With another tight grin, she stroked my erection a couple of times and then dribbled the come onto my shaft. Then she cleaned my still-hard dick, licking her sperm-covered fingers as well. Finally, she began sucking me again, taking her time and enjoying

herself. It took me a while to come the second time, but she didn't seem to mind.

"Do I need to put on a shirt or something," Gina asked, sitting up and stretching, "before I go to the bathroom?"

As a rule, we usually weren't nude around the house, since there was a danger (albeit slight) of visitors who didn't understand about our lifestyle. In addition, Mom didn't want to have towels covering all her furniture, so we usually wore casual clothes most of the time. But there wasn't any real taboo against walking around nude. I guess it was the difference between living in the textile world and living at a nudist camp.

"Since it's just us here," I said, "you're probably okay without it."

"That's what I figured, but I thought I'd ask."

I nodded.

"At home, back in Charleston, I mean, we usually put on *something*, but not always."

"Same here," I said.

Then she chuckled and told me about the time—when she was thirteen and Kara was sixteen—they had walked in from the pool and surprised their mom as she was signing for a delivery. Needless to say, the deliveryman had been *very* startled to see two nude teenage girls. Their mom had simply finished signing for the package and then politely shut the front door.

Still chuckling, Gina got up, kissed my forehead, then headed to the bathroom. Later that morning, Mom drove Elizabeth and Gina to my high school to register Gina for classes. I decided to tag along. During the short drive, we talked about the school itself and various teachers.

When Gina heard what classes I was taking, she talked me into changing some of them to match a few of hers. Mom thought it was a great idea, since being in more advanced classes would challenge me. I didn't think I needed any challenging, but then I remembered Susan's remark about finding my drive and ambition. Without an argument, I agreed.

It was kind of weird walking into the school without any students there. The faculty and staff had been there for a week, getting ready for school, but the buildings still seemed empty. I took the lead and we soon reached the guidance counselors' offices.

While Elizabeth filled out the enrollment paperwork and provided copies of Gina's permanent record, Gina and I looked over the class schedule. Mom had once again talked me into taking Honors English, so Gina simply signed up for my class. Then she convinced me to take the more difficult Honors American History class with her. That meant I had to move my Algebra II class, but she needed to take the same class, so we signed up together.

The rest of our classes were separate. She signed up for Latin III, while I moved my Spanish I class, which had been displaced by Algebra. I had to get my creative arts requirement out of the way, so I'd be in Art class while she was in the required one-semester Civics class (or the required Health class, the following semester). And finally, she signed up for Chemistry, which I had taken the previous year. While she was studying hydrocarbons, exothermic reactions, and other fun stuff, I'd be across the hall in Physics class.

My friends and I always carefully engineered things so we'd have the same lunch. For the upcoming year, we'd settled on the third of four lunches, C lunch. Gina and I were in different classes for fourth period (Chemistry and Physics), but since we were in the same building, we'd have the same lunch.

When we finished picking out—and in my case, rearranging—our classes, the guidance counselor filled out the forms. Then she filed Gina's records, updated mine, and made sure everything was in order. Gina and I would obviously have different homerooms—since they were assigned alphabetically—but we did manage to get as many classes together as possible.

On the way home, I asked Mom and Elizabeth if Gina and I could go to the party at Don Meeker's. Mom grilled me about who was driving (Scott), where was the party (Don's grandparents' barn), what time we'd be home (midnight), if there was going to be beer (probably, I answered honestly, but we'd be careful), and if there'd be drugs (probably, I answered honestly again, but we didn't mess with them at all). I knew she trusted me, but she always asked, so her questions didn't ruffle me. After a quick conversation with Elizabeth, they agreed to let us go.

That afternoon, while our moms and sisters were at Erin's school, signing Leah up for eighth grade, Gina and I had the house to ourselves. To my surprise, we actually talked. Oh, we had sex (on the couch, in my room, and in the shower), but we spent most of our time talking about school, friends, wrestling, after-school hangouts, and a myriad of other things. I also called Scott to let him know that we were going to the party. He said he'd pick us up around seven.

When our moms and sisters got home, Gina and I were sitting in the kitchen, simply relaxing and drinking Cokes. Leah's registration had actually been easy. Since she and Erin were friends, the guidance counselor had simply duplicated Erin's schedule for Leah. In eighth grade, they didn't have a lot of different course choices—just the basics, English, math, science, history, etc.—but they did have six classes a day, in different classrooms, just like the high school students. Once they got Leah registered, Mom drove them around and gave her a tour of the surrounding area.

After dinner, Gina and I took a shower together and then got dressed for the party. While I shaved, she gathered her hair in a ponytail and put on lip gloss and eye shadow. She wore a white sundress that really showed off her body. I wore a pair of Bermuda shorts and a blue rayon shirt that she helped me pick out (she said it made my arms and chest look good).

Instead of the expected car horn from the driveway, Scott and Shannon actually rang the doorbell. I let them in and introduced them to Gina. Once again, Scott's eyes nearly bugged out. I had said she was beautiful, but I don't think he really believed me. He even managed to blush when Shannon grinned insufferably and punched him in the shoulder.

Then I introduced them to Gina's parents. I explained that Scott was the guy who'd gotten me started in wrestling. After a little small talk, we headed out to Scott's monster Buick. It was as big as I remembered. Together, Gina and I took up only half the back seat.

"We're also gonna pick up Kelly and Livy," Scott said as he backed out of the driveway.

At Kelly's house, Scott merely honked the horn. Kelly came running out, grinning at us. I introduced him to Gina as Scott put the car in gear. On the way to Livy's house, Kelly and I chatted (we had talked on the phone a couple of times, but not as much as Scott and I had). Kelly went to Livy's door to pick her up and then they practically skipped back to the car.

They didn't want to split up—one of them sitting up front while the other sat in the back with us—so they started to climb into the back seat. To make room for them, Gina climbed into my lap. My hand rested comfortably on her upper thigh as we headed toward Don's grandparents' house. Shannon had a hand-drawn map, and we made it there in thirty minutes.

The party was really cool. I got to see a lot of my friends from school, people I hadn't seen in months. I introduced Gina to everyone and she seemed to be having a good time. Don had gotten a keg of beer, so Scott, Kelly, and I each coughed up a few bucks to help pay for it and then grabbed cups for ourselves and our girls.

Tony and Becky were there as well, although Amy wasn't. I felt a little sorry for her, but as I thought about how she had acted in the ice cream parlor, my sympathy waned considerably. Tony glared at me whenever I looked his way, but Becky was even worse. She seemed to be talking to all the girls, occasionally glancing or pointing at Gina. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but I recognized her expression. Trouble.

"Nobody listens to her," Shannon said quietly, following my glance. "Don't let her get to you. Gina seems real nice." Gina and Livy had gone to find the bathroom, and Scott and Kelly were getting more beer, so we were alone.

"Thanks," I said.

"I'm sorry about Amy."

"Yeah, me too."

"She was psycho, though. She got really into you, really fast."

"No kidding."

"And she used to be a really nice girl," Shannon said. "But she's been hanging out with Becky most of the summer, and she's… changed."

Just then, Scott and Kelly came back. A few minutes later, Gina and Livy returned as well. After that, we

mingled and enjoyed ourselves. There was good music blaring from a set of big speakers Don had set up, and the beer was cold. I still didn't like the taste much, but everyone else was drinking, so I was too.

Since Livy's curfew was eleven o'clock, we left about a quarter past ten. The girls all had a good buzz going, but Scott, Kelly, and I were sober. We laughed and generally acted like teenagers during the drive home. After we dropped Livy and Kelly off, we had about an hour until our curfew. Scott pulled the car into the little park near his house. He and Shannon made out while Gina and I did the same.

Since Scott and Shannon didn't know Gina all that well, I guess they decided to keep things tame. From the backseat, I could tell that Shannon had her shirt up and her bra unclasped, but she didn't actually remove any clothing. Gina and I fooled around as well, but I couldn't do anything more than fondle her through her sundress. She had fun teasing me as well, and squeezing my erection through my shorts.

Eventually, our midnight curfew drew near. We composed ourselves and then drove to my house. During the short drive, Shannon and Gina chatted. Shannon thought it was really cool that Gina's family was staying with us. She and Scott teased us about me sneaking into Gina's room late at night, but Gina and I didn't mention our actual sleeping arrangements.

When we pulled into my driveway, I thanked Scott for driving. Gina and Shannon shared a friendly goodbye and then I got out of the car. I extended a hand to help Gina out, pulling her toward me with a grin of anticipation. We waved to the other couple as they backed out. Then we headed inside.

Once there, Gina poked her head into the guest bedroom to let her parents know we were home safely. I knocked on Mom's bedroom door, opened it a crack, and told her we were home.

"Did you have fun, honey?" she asked.

"Yeah, thanks. We're kinda tired, though. So we're gonna head to bed."

"Okay. Sleep tight. Night."

"Night."

Back in my room, Gina was sitting on the bed, waiting for me.

"Did you have fun?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Me too," I said. "But we've got some unfinished business."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm," I said, unzipping my shorts and stepping close to her.

She grinned when I fished out my stiffening prick. "That looks like *serious* business," she said with a smile.

"It's very serious, miss," I replied. Then I put a hand on the back of her head. Willingly, she wrapped her lips around my erection and began sucking me. "Very serious," I breathed. "Very serious indeed."

It was after three when we finally curled up together and fell asleep. Sleeping with someone may take some getting used to, but I decided it was *more* than worth it.

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina and I spent the weekend relaxing. We enjoyed our time together and especially enjoyed sleeping together. Saturday night, as we lay together after making love, she told me that her mom had explained to Leah why our parents were letting us sleep together.

"I don't think Leah cared, though," Gina said.

"Why not?"

"'Cause she gets to spend the night with Erin."

"Huh?"

"You mean you don't know about Leah and Erin?" she asked in disbelief.

"Know *what* about them?"

Instead of explaining, she just chuckled. "You need to pay more attention to what's going on around you."

"I do."

"You really don't know about Leah and Erin?"

No, I thought, *but I'm beginning to get a clue.*

"Paul," she explained, "they've been fooling around since we were at camp." Then she gazed into my eyes. "You really didn't know?"

I shook my head.

"You're such a goof." Then she stroked my cheek fondly. "But you're *my* goof."

As she pulled me between her legs, my mind was going a million miles an hour. My body was on autopilot as I moved within her, but she didn't seem to notice. I'm ashamed to say that while I was having sex with her, I was thinking about Erin and Leah.

I guess I'd been in my own little world at camp, because I honestly had no clue that my sister and Leah were fooling around. But as I thought about it, a lot of little things clicked into place and suddenly made sense.

By the time I groaned and spurted into Gina, I had decided that as long as Erin and Leah were enjoying themselves and not hurting anyone else, whatever they did was their own business.

I was still a little shocked, though. Okay, maybe I was a *lot* shocked. But I definitely wasn't worried. If Gina knew about what our sisters were up to, then the chances were good that our mothers did as well. I knew they'd avert any problems before they came up.

✧ ✧ ✧

Later that weekend, I got a call from Jenny. When she had given me her phone number, her last day at camp, I had palmed it and then thrown it away at my first opportunity. Needless to say, I was surprised to hear from her.

"How are you?" she asked.

"I'm cool. How're you?"

We talked for a few minutes about the end of summer, and what she had done after their family returned from camp. I told her a little about my last weeks at camp, but it was mostly routine stuff.

"So," she ventured, "I've been thinking about you."

"Oh?" I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Uh-huh. I thought maybe we could, you know, get together. I only live in Buckhead. You could come see me. If you want."

"Yeah," I said, my mind working frantically, "that'd be great. Gina and I would love to see you."

From the other end of the line, silence greeted me. Then, "Gina?"

"Yeah. Her dad got a job with some new TV station here in Atlanta. They moved here. I'm sure she'd love to see you, too."

"Oh. Um… yeah."

"But things are kinda hectic around here," I explained. "Do you want me to call you once school starts?"

"Yeah, whatever," she said. "That'd be great."

"Cool. I'll call you."

"Okay. Bye."

"Bye."

"Who was that?" Gina asked, walking up as I hung up the phone.

"Oh," I said, choosing my words carefully, "just one of those contests. You know the kind where they want you to enter a bunch of times, but it's almost impossible to win."

She nodded.

"I told 'em I wasn't interested."

"Oh," she said. "Okay."

✧ ✧ ✧

The first day of school was frenzied, as it always was. Scott usually picked me up in the mornings, but I asked him to get there a little early so I could give Gina a tour of the school before the first bell. When the

homeroom bell rang, she gave me a kiss and headed toward her building.

In our English and American History classes, we got seats together. Our Algebra teacher did the seating chart alphabetically, so we were a couple of desks apart. We ate lunch with Scott, Shannon, and Kelly. Livy hadn't been able to match her lunch schedule to Kelly's; she was in A lunch.

Of course, we came home with homework. When we walked into the house, we discovered that no one was home. So we changed out of our school clothes and then fooled around on my bed for a while.

An hour later, Erin and Leah got home. Just before six o'clock, Mom and Elizabeth returned from the Coulters' house. They were exhausted. The movers had taken almost all day unloading the truck.

Chris and Elizabeth had originally planned for their family to move into the new house that night, but since it was basically filled with boxes, the Coulters were clearly going to have to alter their plans. Because Mom and Elizabeth were so worn out, Gina and I fixed dinner. As we ate, we talked about how we could get their house into a livable state.

Mom suggested that they spend the remainder of the week with us. On Saturday, we'd all go to their new house and unpack. Dad was due to return on Thursday, so he'd be able to help too.

Gina and I, of course, were more than happy with the change in plans. It meant we'd be sleeping together for several more days. Erin and Leah gave each other the same look that Gina and I exchanged. Once I knew what was going on, it was easy to see the signs.

For the rest of that week, Mom and Elizabeth spent most of their time at the Coulters' new house. They sorted and arranged boxes, and unpacked a few things, but left most of the heavy lifting for the weekend.

At school, Gina slowly got used to the campus and her class schedule, and started making friends. Tony Malone was in my Spanish class, but he wouldn't have anything to do with me. He told me I was a worthless prick. After two days of being rebuffed, I decided he wasn't worth the effort. I'd always been fairly friendly with Tony, but I wasn't as close to him as I was to Scott or Kelly. I hated losing a friend, but it was his choice, not mine.

When the weekend arrived, Scott and Shannon came over to help with the unpacking. Shannon was in Gina's Chemistry class, and the two were rapidly becoming friends. Chris and Elizabeth were more than happy to have the help. While the men moved the furniture into place, the women concentrated on one room at a time, beginning with the kitchen. Midday, Elizabeth and Mom went to a nearby deli and came home with a huge platter of sandwiches.

Surprisingly, we were mostly finished by the end of the day. When we finally got the dining room set up, Chris called and ordered pizzas. Dad and I went to pick them up and then stopped to get a couple of six-packs of beer on the way back. The refrigerator had been running all day, so there were a couple of six-packs of cold Cokes as well. When Dad and I returned, we were nearly mobbed by the hungry crowd.

The next day, Scott and Shannon came over again. While the men hung pictures and did any necessary heavy lifting, the women cleaned, scrubbed, and polished. We had a quick lunch of deli sandwiches and then went back to work.

By mid-afternoon, we were mostly done. Elizabeth still had a lot of decorating to do, but the house was no longer a box-choked maze. In appreciation of everyone's hard work, Chris offered to take us all to dinner.

The Coulters still had to move the last few things from our house, so they drove over with us. Scott and Shannon planned to go to Scott's house (right down the road) and shower. Afterward, they'd meet us back at the Coulters'.

At my house, I helped Gina pack her things. We were each a little gloomy, since we wouldn't be sleeping together anymore, but it was something we'd known was coming. I helped Chris load their station wagon and then they drove to their own house, to shower and get ready for dinner.

Chris took us to a really nice steakhouse downtown. Exhausted but happy, we enjoyed our "great, huge, barbarian hunks of dead cow," as Elizabeth put it. After the plates were cleared away, we lingered, relaxing.

Later, Gina and I rode back to her house with Scott and Shannon. At her door, it took us a long time to say goodbye. We'd gotten used to living together—and getting ready together in the mornings—so it would be odd not having her around all the time. After several long moments, she kissed me goodbye and I walked

back to Scott's car.

"She's a really nice girl," Shannon said as I flopped into the back seat.

"Not psycho?" I asked.

"*Definitely* not psycho."

"And she's hot, too," Scott said, grinning. "A total fox—" He oofed as Shannon elbowed him in the ribs.

"She *is* cute," Shannon agreed.

"Thanks," I replied. "I think so too."

During the rest of the quick drive to my house, we were mostly silent.

"Thanks again, y'all," I said when they dropped me off.

"It was fun," Shannon said.

"Yeah," Scott agreed. "See you tomorrow morning, bright and early."

"Bright and early," I groaned.

✧ ✧ ✧

On the fourth Saturday in September, Gina and I drove to Chattanooga so we could ride with the Paytons to see the first UT home football game. We were on the road by six in the morning. Almost as soon as we reached the Paytons' house, we piled into their RV and headed toward Knoxville.

Adam and Melissa were both dressed in orange and white, head to toe. It was almost scary. Drew wasn't as festive as his parents, but he still wore a UT shirt and cap. We arrived in Knoxville and Adam maneuvered the Winnebago into a spot between two other campers.

Evidently, several other Chattanooga police officers came up for the games, and they ended up parking with their local fellows in the Knoxville PD. At first, I wondered why the locals would still bring their campers to a football game. Once I saw the crowded parking lots, however, I understood.

Football time in Tennessee was synonymous with party time in Tennessee.

While Adam and Melissa greeted their friends, Drew and I set up a big charcoal grill. Then he showed me how to stack the briquettes so they'd form the best coals. Finally, he lit the fire and closed the grill.

Then Melissa introduced Gina and me to the other cops and their families. I shook a lot of people's hands but didn't remember half their names. They seemed a little surprised to actually meet some of Kendall's friends. Nonetheless, they all had good things to say about her, and were happy to meet us.

After the introductions, Gina and I wanted to go find Kendall, but her mom said she would meet us at the camper. About thirty minutes later, Kendall showed up.

When she saw us, she ran over and gave me a big hug. I lifted her into the air and swung her around, kissing her soundly as I did. When I set her down, she blushed prettily. To her tremendous embarrassment, several of the guys hooted and clapped. She was a lot more circumspect when she greeted Gina, but just as warm.

Since the game started later in the day, Kendall wanted to show us her dorm room. Drew wanted to go with us, but before Kendall could protest, Melissa stepped in.

"Your dad said he needed help with the barbeque, Drew," she said.

As if on cue, Adam turned from the grill. For a half second, he looked at Melissa. Then, without seeming to pause, he asked Drew to start getting the meat ready. Drew immediately headed for the camper.

When Melissa's eyes met mine, she smiled warmly and gestured for us to go. I thanked her with a nod as we headed toward Kendall's dorm. Kendall, who'd seen the whole exchange and probably understood it better than I did, merely shook her head in wonder.

We trekked across the campus, which was already filling with football fans, then crossed a pedestrian bridge over a busy street. Kendall's dorm, Clement Hall, wasn't near the rest of the dorms. When we entered, she suddenly stopped, turned to me, and smiled nervously. Then she began thinking intently, her eyes darting side to side as she silently considered options.

"Um, Paul?" she asked.

"Yeah?"

"It's not visitation yet, so we'll have to sneak you in."

At my confused look, she explained about visitation hours. The residence hall had two sides, one for men and one for women. Except at certain times, men weren't allowed on the women's side, and vice versa. On Saturday, visitation was from noon until two in the morning. Since it wasn't yet noon, I couldn't enter the women's wing.

Then Kendall told me about the outside fire exit and gave me directions. I walked around the building and nervously stood by the nondescript steel door. I loitered for what seemed like an eternity—but was probably only a few minutes—until the door opened. To my relief, Kendall motioned me into the building. Then we jogged up four flights of stairs. At the door to the hallway, Kendall cautiously opened it and peered out. The coast was clear, so we dashed to her room, which was only four doors away.

Panting and grinning, we practically huddled in her room, trying to discern if anyone had heard us. Then I looked at my watch and burst out laughing. When the girls looked at me in shock, I simply held up my wrist and pointed at the time. It was a quarter 'til twelve; in fifteen minutes, we would've been able to skip the clandestine stairwell trip.

"My roommate's gone home for the weekend," Kendall said, still panting. "The girls in the other side of the suite are pledging sororities, so they're probably gonna be gone all day." Then she gave us a tour, such as it was.

The room had a long dresser immediately to the right of the door, with a two-person desk opposite it. To the left was the door to the bathroom, which contained a toilet, sink, and shower. There was a door on the other side of the bathroom. It led to the other room in the suite. The main part of the dorm room—with two beds—was beyond a partition wall behind the desk.

Kendall's roommate, Abby, liked disco music. Her walls were covered with Abba, Bee Gees, and Donna Summer posters. Kendall had a big poster of Albert Einstein—the one where he's sticking out his tongue—above her bed. She had a nice flower-print comforter on the bed itself, complete with several throw pillows. Much to my surprise, she also had a big stuffed bear. When she saw me looking at it, she blushed, grinning sheepishly.

"Paul," she said, "meet Paul."

"You have a bear named Paul?" I asked. "Cool. What a coincidence."

Kendall merely rolled her eyes and threw her hands in the air. "I named him after *you*, silly," she said with amused exasperation.

Then she and Gina simply grinned at each other in shared sufferance.

"Your mom seemed to be pretty cool about us coming here alone," I said, trying to change the subject.

"Oh, my goodness," Kendall said, all of a sudden. "You're not going to believe what she did."

"What?" Gina and I asked simultaneously.

Kendall told us about how she'd been planning to get on the pill as soon as she came to college. The student health clinic, she explained, offered free birth control. Guys simply had to watch a movie about sexually transmitted diseases, read a pamphlet, and then they could get free rubbers.

For women who wanted birth control pills, it was almost as simple. In addition to the movie and pamphlet, they had to have a doctor's exam (to make sure they didn't have a cervical cancer or high blood pressure). After that, the doctor wrote the woman a prescription for birth control pills, which the health clinic provided for free. It wasn't really free, but since most students had no income, the county health department basically picked up the expense.

Kendall wanted to take advantage of the service, until she met an almost insurmountable obstacle. In order to set up the appointment and get the free pills, she had to be eighteen. She'd been dejected about it, but saw no way around the problem. That is, until her mother stepped in.

While Kendall was still in Chattanooga, her mother had come to her room and talked about "seeing the doctor." It had taken Kendall a few minutes to figure out what her mom was talking about, but once she did, she was dumbfounded. Melissa had basically offered to take Kendall to the doctor and get her birth control pills.

"Did your dad know?" Gina asked.

Kendall shook her head emphatically. "He'd kill me if he did. But that's not all. The really freaky part about it," she said, "is that my mom told me I should go ahead and get several months' worth of pills. Then after my birthday, in February, I could get my next month's prescription from the student health clinic. But there's no possible way she could've known about that."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Because," Kendall said, as if the answer were self-evident, "I made sure she never knew about the pamphlet I got from UT, about the birth control pills."

At that point, I laughed. When the girls both looked at me curiously, I explained. "You remember I told you I didn't get away with *half* the things I thought I did?" I asked Kendall. "That my parents usually knew what I was up to?"

She nodded.

"I told you, your parents are probably the same way."

"No way," she said. "You don't know my mom."

I looked at her skeptically, until she blushed and looked down.

"Okay, okay. Maybe you're right," she said at last.

"So you're on the pill now?" Gina asked.

"For almost three weeks," Kendall replied, grinning shamelessly.

"Cool," Gina said. "Then you know what I wanna do?" she asked, her voice suddenly sultry.

Before Kendall or I could answer, Gina dropped to her knees in front of the taller girl and flipped up her skirt. Completely shocked, Kendall merely stood there as Gina kissed her panty-covered crotch. Then Gina pulled aside the pale blue panties and gasped in surprise.

"When did you shave?" Gina asked. Without waiting for an answer, she moaned low in her throat and began tonguing Kendall's smooth labia.

When Gina fumbled for me with her right hand, I obligingly stepped forward. With one hand, she unzipped my shorts and roughly extracted my hardening manhood. I let her stroke me for a few seconds and then I stepped toward Kendall. I caught the older girl in an embrace and kissed her with growing heat.

"Sometimes," Kendall whispered with a grin, "I miss Gina." Then she closed her eyes and moaned softly as Gina undoubtedly sucked her clit.

After several minutes, Gina took her hand off my dick and lowered Kendall's panties. I used her distraction to move behind the taller girl. Gina moaned in surprise when I lifted Kendall's skirt and pushed my dick between her soft thighs. Then Gina alternated between licking my shaft and sucking Kendall's pussy. With my arms around Kendall's body, I supported her while cupping her ample breasts.

Then I tilted my hips and aimed the head of my dick at Kendall's slippery opening. Gina helped insert my cock and then I eased into Kendall's tight pussy. While Gina continued licking and sucking Kendall's clit, I fucked the taller girl from behind.

When I came, I buried myself in her steamy depths and clutched her to me. Then I held myself immobile within her while Gina drove her over the edge. Kendall was completely silent as her orgasm washed over her, her pussy clamping and releasing my cock as she climaxed.

Finally, I slowly withdrew my shrinking member. Gina moaned hungrily when a dribble of semen came with it, hurriedly pressing her lips to Kendall's leaking sex. Kendall arched her back and leaned against me as Gina's lips and tongue worked their magic. Gina moaned softly as she cleaned Kendall's and my combined fluids.

As Gina gripped Kendall's hips, I ran my hands under her shirt and then pushed up her bra, palming the soft skin of her breasts. As soon as my fingers tweaked her nipples, her breathing became even more ragged. Together, Gina and I drove Kendall toward another orgasm. With a nearly silent cry, she came again.

When her orgasm finally subsided, Kendall sagged against me.

"I've really missed you two," she sighed. When she turned her head, I kissed her tenderly.

"Us too," Gina said.

Then Gina stood and looked at me, licking her lips suggestively. Kendall caught the look and stepped to the side. Instead of moving out of the way, she walked behind Gina, reaching around the darker girl to pop

the snap on her shorts. Without ceremony, she swept them and Gina's panties downward. As Gina stepped out of them, my cock began to harden again.

As Gina bent over the bed, I fucked her from behind. While I did, Kendall ran her fingers over the darker girl's body, teasing her nipples and occasionally caressing her clit. Gina came twice and was working on a third orgasm when I felt my own climax building.

Instead of coming inside her, I pulled out, turned her around, and pushed her to her knees in front of me. Kendall was there immediately, fingering Gina's pussy as the darker girl sucked my slippery manhood. As soon as the first gush of my semen hit the back of Gina's throat, she climaxed, moaning in ecstasy.

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By the time we cleaned up and made it back to the tailgate party, the food was almost ready. The game didn't start until much later that afternoon, so we had time to enjoy ourselves in the company of the cops and their families. Everyone was very friendly and the beer flowed freely. It was raucous, but that seemed to be the general tone of the tailgating crowd.

Kendall had gotten us tickets in the students' section, so Gina, Drew, and I would watch the game with her. Since the season opener was against Utah (*not* a powerhouse team), Adam and Melissa were going to stay at the camper, listen to the game on the radio, and continue to party with their friends.

About a half-hour before the game started, Kendall, Gina, Drew, and I said goodbye to Adam and Melissa and then headed toward the stadium. Inside, thousands of fans in orange and white thronged the concourses. We eventually found our seats and sat down, eagerly anticipating the kickoff.

Drew was having a good time checking out the cute older girls in the sections near us. When he saw me gazing calmly at him, he grinned sheepishly, but didn't stop looking.

The game itself was a blowout. The Volunteers beat Utah, 51–18. We screamed, cheered, and generally had a blast. Whenever the other team had the ball, we would shout as loud as we could. With all those people in the stadium—and there were *a lot*—the noise was almost deafening. Football was fun to watch on TV, but it was an absolutely amazing experience seeing the game in person.

When it was over, we threaded our way through the stream of humanity, steadily moving toward the cops' tailgate party. It was already pretty late when we got there, but the party seemed to be going strong. Worn out, we simply relaxed for a while.

Since her roommate would be gone, Kendall had asked her if a "couple of friends" could spend the night in the room. She had neglected to mention that one of her friends was a guy, so Abby had agreed.

Then Kendall asked her mom if Gina and I could spend the night in the dorm. She told Melissa that Abby's boyfriend had offered to let me spend the night in his room, in the men's wing. Gina, of course, would spend the night in Kendall's room. Kendall had obviously put a lot of thought into concocting a plausible story.

Melissa talked it over with Adam, and they agreed. He was reluctant at first, but she assured him that I would be sleeping in the men's wing. I had a sneaking suspicion that Melissa knew *exactly* what Kendall was trying to get away with. And when Kendall wasn't looking, Melissa confirmed it by glancing at me and mouthing, "You're welcome."

With that, we headed back across campus to Kendall's dorm. This time, the trip to her floor was simpler, since it was during visitation hours and we could simply take the elevator. Once we shut the door behind us, Gina practically threw Kendall on the bed and pulled off her panties. Then she went nuts over Kendall's shaved labia.

She asked all sorts of questions about if it had hurt, did it itch, was it more sensitive, how much time did it take, etc. Unfortunately, Gina asked most of her questions while she was actually *fingering* the pussy in question, so Kendall had a hard time answering.

For the rest of the night, we licked, sucked, and fucked each other silly. When we finally got to sleep, we were all drained. Gina graciously insisted I sleep with Kendall. The bed was too narrow to sleep two people, but Kendall and I weren't interested in maintaining separation. With a very contented sigh, she pulled my arms around her, snuggled her ass against my semi-hard dick, and fell asleep.

The next morning, I got up early and had to go to the bathroom. Not two seconds after I finished, the opposite door opened. Before I could scamper back to the safety of Kendall's room, I came face to face with a very sleepy redhead. She looked at me, her eyes going wide as she realized I was completely nude. Then she stammered an apology and shut the door.

Kendall heard the door slam and immediately came to see what was the matter. When I told her about her suitemate, she shooed me back into her room, where I tactfully closed the bathroom door behind me.

Then I began to worry. If her suitemate told the Resident Assistant that I was there—in violation of visitation hours—Kendall could get in a lot of trouble. With barely concealed anxiety, I waited for her, gathering up my clothes and getting ready to make a run for it. When she returned, instead of being distraught, she was grinning.

"Is everything okay?" I asked.

She nodded. "Toni was just a little shocked, that's all."

"She's not gonna get us in trouble, is she?"

"No, but she asked about a million questions about *you*," she said, her grin widening. "Where did I meet you? Which fraternity are you in? Do you always walk around naked? Do you have a twin brother?"

"Do I have a twin brother?!"

"I think she liked you," she said, flowing into my arms. "But you're *mine*."

While Gina was still asleep, Kendall and I made love quietly, slowly. When she came, she held me tight and buried her head in the hollow of my neck. A few moments later, I spurted inside her, holding her just as tight in return.

Afterward, I enfolded her in my arms and we talked quietly.

"Do you remember I told you I get bad cramps before my period?" she asked me, her voice soft, so as not to wake Gina.

I nodded.

"Before I left camp, I didn't cramp up. I didn't realize it until a couple of days later, but I didn't hurt at all. Sometimes, the cramps are really bad, but I've never had a period where I didn't get them at all."

While I knew a little bit about how women's bodies worked, it was still a vast uncharted area for me, so I kept my mouth shut and nodded for her to continue.

"I think it has to do with you," she whispered, grinning.

"Me? How?"

"Making love to me. Instead of having cramps before my period, I was having orgasms."

"Oh. Cool."

She nodded happily. Then she smiled and looked down shyly. "Even my body knows you're good for me," she said softly.

"My body *definitely* knows you're good for me," I replied, pressing my resurgent erection against her thigh.

"So good," she sighed, rolling to her back and reaching for me.

After we made love the second time, we lay together, quietly catching our breath and simply grinning at one another. Sooner than we wanted to, we got up, woke Gina, took our showers, and headed out to meet Kendall's parents.

We went to a cafeteria-style restaurant in the basement of the University Center, Smokey's, and had a huge breakfast. Later that morning, Adam and Melissa made sure Kendall had everything she needed. Then, with only a moderately tearful goodbye, we boarded the Winnebago and left.

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Since the beginning of school, I'd stopped by Coach Simmons' office twice, but each time, he'd been out. So when I did finally manage to make it to his office while he was there, he didn't recognize me. When he *did* finally figure out who I was, his jaw dropped.

"Scott Anderson told me you'd put on weight, but hell's bells, son, what'd you eat over the summer?" he asked. "A horse?"

"No, sir," I replied with a grin. "But I worked out a lot."

"*I'll* say you did. How much d'you weigh?"

"179."

"D'you know about the new guy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Scott told me about him. He also told me about you wanting me to move up to 185," I said. "I don't think I'll have any trouble making weight."

His short bark of laughter was a welcome reply. Then he smiled and gestured to a chair. When I sat down, he told me about the new guy. Mike Gee and his family had moved from Dublin, Ohio, which was a suburb of Columbus. According to Coach Simmons, Mike was a superlative wrestler: smart, fast, tough, and strong. Then he looked at me appraisingly.

"How much do you bench now, son?" he asked.

"About 200, sir. Although I'm just guessing about that. I don't have a bench press bar at home, just dumbbells and a curling bar."

"So you added a lot of muscle this summer," he mused, rubbing his jaw absently. Then he fixed me with a steely eye. "Do you really want to wrestle at 185? It's harder than what you're used to. Oh," he said, holding a hand up, "don't get me wrong, 167's no cakewalk. It's faster and there's more rolling around, but the real power, the real test of brains and brawn is at 185 and heavyweight. Are you serious about it?"

"Yes, sir," I answered almost immediately.

"Good. Mike and Doc have already started strength training, before regular practices begin."

Doc Rivera, a senior, was our varsity heavyweight wrestler. His real name was Alonso, but his girlfriend was the only one who called him that. We all called him Doc because, strange as it seems, he was really into philosophy. And despite his size, he was a soft-spoken, gentle guy. He simply stood 6'4", weighed 240 pounds, and looked like a tank. A quiet tank, but a *very* muscular one.

"Are you interested?" Coach asked, breaking my reverie.

"Yes, sir. Could Scott Anderson come too?"

"I don't see why not. I'll see you in the weight room after school, then," he said.

And so began my after-school strength training. Scott was more than happy to go to the workouts with me. We also talked our 155-pound wrestler, Sandy Victor, and several of the other guys into joining us. Gina and Shannon weren't exactly thrilled with the idea, but they knew how much wrestling meant to Scott and me. Besides, we told them, they had us the rest of the time.

When I finally met the much-lauded Mike Gee, I was unimpressed. I guess I expected someone built like a Greek god, with the arrogance to match. Instead, he was shorter than me, wiry, and quiet. He had olive skin and dark hair, and his dark eyes were disturbingly piercing. But as I got to know him, he seemed all right. And as he got to know us, he slowly opened up.

To my surprise, I discovered that what I thought was snobbishness on his part was actually an acute case of shyness. But all that shyness disappeared when he was on the wrestling mat. Even though practice hadn't officially started, we would occasionally roll out the mats and goof around. That's where I truly grew to appreciate Mike.

He was like a mongoose, *quick*. And I mean Q-U-I-C-K. A couple of times, he put me on my back so fast I *still* have no idea how he did it. And he seemed to have this sixth sense about what I was going to do next. While he wasn't as strong as me, he certainly wasn't a pushover. I could simply out-muscle him, but I usually got pinned in the process.

By the time regular wrestling practice started, I'd actually grown to like Mike. He still didn't talk much, but he was an incredibly talented wrestler. He was a good teacher as well. Any time he beat me with a move I hadn't seen before, he almost immediately let go of me and showed me what he'd done, including the best counter-moves.

I also think he liked wrestling me. I was quicker than most 185-pounders, but still a lot stronger than him. So he had to be careful not to let me use my strength against him. He also taught me to think about the match, four, five, six, or more moves ahead. I lost every single time we wrestled one another, but I *learned* something each time, which was worth much more than winning.

We also began our regular Saturday practices. All of the varsity wrestlers were there except for our 105-pounder, Donny Lester, who had to work. A bunch of the junior varsity guys joined us as well. I wasn't surprised when Coach turned over half of the practice to Mike, in order to have the quiet wrestler work with the lighter guys. Coach Simmons, however, always worked with the 185-pounders and heavyweights. There were only four of us, but he pushed us hard.

In the weight room, I generally worked out with Doc and two other guys, our JV 185-pound and heavyweight wrestlers. Doc could lift a stupendous amount of weight, and he quietly drove me to lift more as well. I discovered that I could actually bench press more than 220 pounds. But that seemed a pittance when I realized that Doc maxed out at 350!

I also realized that my summer spent jumping rope and jogging had paid off; I found that running was actually easier than the previous year. I'd never be a sprinter, but I didn't feel like puking whenever I finished a three-mile run. Mike didn't like to run much either (neither did Doc), so the three of us generally hung near the back of the group and talked while we ran.

At first, talking was a major pain, and we were always gasping. Then Doc laconically told us that the ancient Greeks actually *sang* as they marched into battle. And they did it wearing seventy pounds of bronze armor and carrying a hoplite shield. After that, our huffing and puffing conversations didn't seem so dire.

In talking to Mike, I learned that his family had moved to our part of town for one and only one reason, Coach Simmons. Mike's father was an advertising executive, and when he'd gotten a job in Atlanta, Mike had been disappointed by the prospect of leaving his high school in Dublin. But as soon as he started looking at the wrestling programs here, he immediately wanted to attend my high school.

"Why?" I asked him as we were cooling down from our run.

"Coach," he said.

"What about him?"

"He wrestled at Nebraska."

"So? I mean, I already knew that," I said with a shrug.

"He was a two-time NCAA Division I national champion. Then, he was assistant coach for the U.S. Olympic team."

"You're kidding me."

He shook his head.

"What weight class did he wrestle?"

"Yours," Mike said with a slow grin.

"185?"

"190," he said, shrugging. "Same thing."

"Holy shit."

"Mmm hmm," he said. "He's good. Like, *really* good."

In the weeks that followed, I got to see what "really good" meant. Mike helped me with speed and technique, Doc helped me with strength training, and Coach simply demanded more and more from me.

He also gave me all sorts of little pointers: before a take-down, watch the other guy's hips, not his shoulders; press the bone of your chin into the other guy when you're riding him (it *hurts*, and it breaks his concentration); tuck your thumb when you cross-face him, so you hit him with the hard bone of your hand, which *also* hurts (not bad, but it's not a pleasant feeling); and many other things.

For our first wrestling match, the first weekend in November, we again hosted an invitational tournament for several schools in the area. This time, there were two more schools than the year before, bringing the total to eight. Gina and Shannon were there, of course, as were our friends Kelly and Livy.

In addition, Gina's new best friend, Heather Wellesley, was there. Heather and her family had moved from Scipio, Kansas. We all wondered what kind of goofy name Scipio was, but Heather was a really nice girl. Her older brother, Chuck, played on the football team. He was one of the few guys who made Doc look small.

Like Chuck, Heather had light blue eyes and wavy blonde hair. But where Chuck was tall and massive, Heather was curvy, buxom, and very cute. She and Gina had naturally gravitated toward one another, since

they were both new girls. In looks, they were opposites, but their personalities were so similar that it sometimes scared me.

When the tournament started, I got to see Mike Gee wrestle—competitively wrestle—for the first time. He was matched against a guy that had beaten me soundly the year before. In a word, Mike was *phenomenal*. I don't think the other guy knew what hit him. As I watched Mike effortlessly work the other guy—who was a very experienced wrestler—I was suddenly happy that I'd gained weight and gone up a weight class. If I'd stayed at 167, I would've been wrestling JV.

By an incredible fluke of random scheduling and weight gain, my first match was against Emmett Carstairs (the arrogant prick). He had also moved up a weight class, and he looked as egotistical as ever. He remembered me from the year before, and practically sneered when we shook hands. I couldn't resist staring him down and squeezing his hand as hard as I could.

"Save it for when I blow the whistle," the referee cautioned.

I quickly released Emmett, but not before I got the satisfaction of seeing him cringe. When the whistle blew, I immediately locked up with him, hooking my right hand over the back of his neck and pulling him close. He did the same to me, and I gripped his right triceps with my left hand. In that position, our heads were very close.

"I'm gonna pin you fast this year," he said.

I didn't say anything.

"Okay, fag boy, I'm gonna shoot a single," he said. "Are you ready for it?"

Before he even finished speaking, he moved. His shoulders swiveled right, but I'd been watching his hips. Just as Coach predicted, Emmett went where his hips pointed. And they *didn't* go right.

As if in slow motion, I stepped to my right, opposite the direction he was moving. Then I let go of his arm as he started to drop. Like flowing water, I slid behind him and let him move past. With my left hand on his stomach, I kept him from dropping further. Then my right arm circled him and I pressed my chest against his back.

When my hands locked, I pulled my arms tight, iron bands constricting around his midsection. Then I sank my hips, arched my back, and easily lifted him off his feet. I let my momentum carry me backward, twisting as I did.

Emmett hit the mat with a resounding thud.

I hit *him* with a resounding whoosh.

The entire maneuver had taken less than two seconds. After that, it was practically over. He struggled. He flailed. He tried everything he knew, but I was everywhere he wanted to be, *before* he got there. As we say in the South, I was on him like white on rice.

One minute and seventeen seconds into the first round, I hooked my arm behind his knee and inexorably pulled toward the other arm, which was around his neck. Then I clasped my hands, locking them together, and rocked him into a cradle. As an added precaution, I propped him up with my knee at the small of his back. Then I smoothly rolled his shoulders to the mat.

The boom as the referee's hand slapped the mat—indicating I'd won with a pin—was the sweetest sound I'd heard all day.

I sprang to my feet, arms shooting into the air. And then Coach's words echoed in my mind, "*Always* help the other guy to his feet." I extended a hand to Emmett, but he contemptuously glared at me and got to his feet on his own. By the unwritten rules of good sportsmanship, he was forced to shake my hand, but he didn't do it with good grace. Then the ref turned us toward the gym bleachers, holding each of us by the wrist.

As he lifted my arm into the air, I looked into the crowd, searching for Gina. She and Heather were with my parents. They were on their feet, clapping and cheering. Still panting, I felt my chest swell as the referee held my hand aloft for a few seconds.

After the ref lowered my hand, I got Emmett's attention.

"Good match, Emmett," I said, my chest still heaving. "I thought you had me when you caught my leg and tried to reverse."

"Man, fuck off," he spat.
"Son," the referee warned him, "you'd better *check* that attitude."
"Sure. Right, pops," Emmett said, stalking off.
The referee and I shrugged and shook our heads in bewilderment.
That's the last time I try to be nice to Emmett Carstairs, I thought. *The arrogant prick*.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

On November 4, 1979, Iranian militants stormed the U.S. Embassy in Tehran. My family spent a tense night at the Coulter house, watching satellite TV and the local news. Everyone in the U.S. seemed to be furious at the Iranians, and with good reason; they were holding U.S. citizens hostage.

In addition, my life turned into a minor hell. Gina's life was worse, but that was the problem. Because of her complexion, she took a lot of abuse. No one seemed to care that she wasn't Iranian. No one seemed to care that she wasn't even Middle Eastern. She was as American as I was, but the color of her skin made her stand out.

She tried to be philosophical about it, but I could tell that it really hurt her feelings. Heather, Shannon, Scott, and I were as supportive as possible, but Gina was still miserable. We spent Monday night on the couch, watching TV with Scott and Shannon. The whole time, Gina seemed distracted and melancholy.

Who could blame her?

Leah was in a funk too, for exactly the same reason Gina was. My emotions were simmering, but I knew it was worse for the two of them. Not only were they angry and worried about the American hostages, but they had to deal with bigotry and hatred closer to home.

The Tuesday after the hostages were taken, I got in a minor scuffle when someone shoved Gina into her locker. I didn't even know the guy, but I pushed him so hard that the lockers on the other side of the hall boomed when he slammed into them.

When I turned to Gina, she was trying to choose between being angry at me for my overreaction or grateful for my support. I put my arm around her, glared at the guy I'd shoved into the lockers, and we headed off to class.

Later that same day, three guys asked me why I was dating a "filthy Iranian whore." As calmly as I could, I told them she was Indian, not Iranian. They didn't seem to care. They told me they'd "kill that worthless cunt" if they had the chance. At that point, I lost my temper and hit the ringleader. Hard. He went down and then I rounded on his two friends.

Coach Nagle, the basketball coach, broke up the ensuing scuffle, but we all ended up in the vice-principal's office. We each got three days of detention. When I had to explain to Coach Simmons that I'd be late to wrestling practice, he nearly bit my head off.

From that point on, things only got worse.

Becky Leonardi started it, but Tony Malone and I finished it. Becky and Amy had tried to stir up trouble for Gina when school first began, but they hadn't really succeeded. With tensions running as high as they were because of the hostage crisis, it seemed like our school was a ticking bomb.

That Friday night, at the school football game, Becky "accidentally" spilled Coke on Gina. Then she and Amy had the nerve to stand back and laugh about it. Scott and Shannon tried to drag me away, but I'd had all I was going to take from Becky Leonardi. As I stalked toward her, Tony made the mistake of getting in my way. He told me to take my "little Iranian slut" and get lost. Three of his friends stepped up behind him.

I was ready to take on all four of them, but after my detention and the ass-chewings from both my father and Coach Simmons, I didn't want to get in another fight. For a moment, I simply glared at Tony, seething with fury. But he'd found his courage—somewhere—and he wasn't backing down.

We glared at each other for a long, hate-filled moment. I wanted to smash the smug expression off his face. But I also wanted to stay on the wrestling team and not go to jail. With a contemptuous snort, I turned and started walking back toward Gina, Scott, and Shannon.

That's when Tony shoved me from behind and called me a pussy. I was bound and determined not to get into another fight, I told myself. Without looking back, I kept walking. When he shoved me again and told me to go back to my whore, I whirled, furious. My vision focused on him, and the world seemed to narrow. My voice was deadly calm as I told him not to say another word about Gina.

Instead of backing down, he swung at me. I think he actually hit me, but I honestly don't remember. I certainly didn't feel it. All I remember is grabbing his wrist, twisting his arm behind him, and running him full-speed into a chain-link fence. From behind, I hitched up his arm, painfully, my face only inches from his ear.

"If you ever talk about her like that again," I fumed, "I'll rip your arm off and beat you to death with it."

"Fuck you, asshole," he said. Then he tried to twist loose.

When he did, I heard a pop and he started screaming his head off. I let him go and he sagged bonelessly to the ground, still screaming in pain. Becky glared at me murderously, but no one made a move toward me. I don't know what they saw in my eyes, but it stopped them in their tracks.

Incongruously, the football game was still going on, the sound of the announcer blaring in the background. Around me, there was a ring of students, inevitably drawn to the fight. The three guys who'd originally stood with Tony tried to look as inconspicuous as possible. I looked each of them in the eye, silently daring them to come at me. In turn, they each looked down and shuffled nervously.

"She's not Iranian, you fucking idiots," I said to the crowd in general. "She's American."

About that time, the security guard showed up. Then someone called the police. Tony was still moaning in pain, so they called an ambulance. While the police questioned me, the medics treated Tony; he had a dislocated shoulder and a broken wrist.

I don't remember breaking his wrist, but I figured he deserved it.

Becky told the police I just attacked Tony, unprovoked. To my surprise, when the officer questioned Amy, she told him the truth. Gina, Scott, and Shannon told the same story: I faced four to one odds, and Tony hit me first.

After talking to several other witnesses who corroborated my story, the policeman came back and told me how lucky I was. Since Tony hit me first, and I still tried to walk away, it was clearly self-defense. Another "mitigating factor," the officer said, was that three other guys had been with Tony.

About that time, my parents showed up. My dad talked to the police while Mom made sure I was all right. I was sitting in the police car with the door open, but I wasn't under arrest.

That weekend, I wasn't exactly grounded, but I couldn't leave the house. In addition, practically everyone I knew called me. I was amazed at how fast the news spread, and how distorted most of it was. Some people heard I'd broken all the bones in Tony's hand. Others heard I'd ripped his arm completely out of its socket. And a few even heard I put him in a coma. Mom finally took the phone off the hook, tired of its incessant ringing.

I got the expected lecture from my parents. And on Monday morning, I was summoned to the vice-principal's office. Tony was there as well, looking sullen. His face had a big bruise from the fence, his arm was in a sling, and his wrist was in a cast. I planned to apologize to him, but when he saw me, he practically snarled.

"Suit yourself," I said, taking the seat on the other side of the door.

Since the fight was actually on school property, the vice-principal had to punish us. For starting it, Tony was suspended for three days. I was given three days of in-school suspension. So while Tony would be out of school completely—and would receive failing grades for any homework, quizzes, or tests he missed—I would be in a room by myself, doing all my assignments.

That afternoon, Coach Simmons called me into his office before practice even started. With a gesture, he commanded me to shut the door. Then he told me to sit down.

"I don't want to know who started it," he said. "I don't care."

"Yes, sir."

"Fighting is unacceptable, son." He paused to let that sink in. "I try to teach you boys control and discipline, both on the mat and off. Now, I understand schoolyard politics, but you've got to use your head, son, even when the other boy hits you first."

So he does *know what happened!* I thought.

"No one wins a fistfight. And I have no room on my team for someone who can't keep his temper under

control. Do I make myself clear, son?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he regarded me levelly. Finally, he said, "You'll practice with the rest of the team, but you're suspended for the first two meets. Eric Greene will take your place on the varsity squad and we'll forfeit his JV matches."

I knew better than to protest.

"Now," he said, his face inscrutable, "get out there and warm up. And you'd better practice as hard as usual. If you slack off one bit, you're off the team. Got it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can go."

Before I walked out the door, I turned to him, my chest tight. "Coach?"

"Yes?"

"I… I'm sorry."

"I know you are, son. Just keep your nose clean. You'll be all right." Before I could turn to go, he stopped me with a gesture. "This Iranian business is bad all around. But that's no reason to pick on an innocent girl," he said. Then he turned serious. "How's your girlfriend?"

"She's all right, sir," I said. "No one's bothered her since… well… since the other night."

He chuckled darkly. "No, I suspect they wouldn't." Then his face turned hard again. "Go on, now. Get warmed up."

With a nod, I headed toward the locker room.

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Later that week, Gina and I made the trip to Knoxville with the Paytons, for the Notre Dame game. Most of the furor over my fight had died down, but we were still happy to get out of town. About an hour north of Atlanta, Gina's mood brightened. I think she was excited about seeing Kendall, but she was also relieved to get away from school and all its problems.

Since Kendall's roommate didn't go home for the weekend, we couldn't spend the night in her room, but we had fun nonetheless. When Kendall's suitemate Toni saw me, her eyes widened and she giggled. Then she whispered to her roommate, Bridget. To my embarrassment, Bridget's eyes widened as well.

"I think you made an impression," Kendall teased.

After the football game, Gina and I got to spend some time alone with Kendall, but we didn't have sex. Mostly, we talked about school. Kendall enjoyed her classes, and for the first time, she was being challenged by her professors. Gina and I talked about our classes as well, but the difference between college and high school made our courses seem tame.

Gina wasn't feeling very well, so she headed back to the camper. She insisted that I stay and spend some time with Kendall. Once we were alone, Kendall seemed happy, very different from the girl who wrote me letters each week. In her letters, she wasn't exactly miserable, but she did sound lonely. She didn't say she still had trouble making friends, but I knew.

Most of the guys who asked her out were "frat rats," who only had one thing on their minds. "Two, actually," she had joked in one letter. "I think I'm going to name my tits Tallulah and Betty, so I can actually tell the guys who they're talking to."

Sometimes she wrote me three letters a week. When she was busy, I'd get a monogrammed card telling me how much she loved me and how much she missed me. I wrote her as often as I could, at least once a week. I told her about school, wrestling, friends, and things I couldn't tell Gina.

In our letters, we got to know each other even better. As I learned more about her life, I got to see inside her head and feel some of her insecurities and yearning for friendship. She had friends, but none of them were very close. Not like me, at least. And while she had gone on a few dates, she didn't go out with any guy more than twice. For one reason or another, they didn't appeal to her.

In person, she was as warm and loving as ever, the loneliness banished for a time. I knew how isolated she felt, and I was determined to make her feel like she was a part of something. So we spent our time

together simply lying on her bed, my arm around her.

All too soon, though, I had to meet Gina and the Paytons. Kendall wiped her cheeks, kissed me, and then we walked hand-in-hand to the stadium parking lot.

✧ ✧ ✧

Susan flew in for Thanksgiving. Since Kirk didn't think he could make it home from Annapolis and Doug was studying for exams, she accepted our invitation to come to Atlanta.

The day before Thanksgiving, Doug decided he could study at our house as well as he could at school, so he flew in from Houston. Kirk hitched a ride to Atlanta on a Navy ferry flight bound for Pensacola, and arrived late Wednesday evening. Susan was overjoyed to see them.

The Coulters ate Thanksgiving dinner at our house, so we had an enjoyable day of family, food, floats, and football. Over the long weekend, Susan and I didn't get to spend as much time alone together as we would have liked, but we did manage to get together twice.

The first time was late Thursday night. My bedroom door quietly opened and then shut. When Susan gently shook me, I popped my eyes open, startling her, and then pulled her to me. It was exciting making love to her in my own bed, and I think she felt it too. Finally, in the early morning hours, she got up, kissed me, and went back to the guest bedroom.

The second time was Friday. Elizabeth and my mom were shopping with Erin and Leah. Kirk, Doug, and Kara (who had also come home for Thanksgiving) wanted to go see a movie. They invited Gina and me, but we declined. Dad and Chris were working on a project at our house—a barbeque grill made out of a 55-gallon steel drum—so Gina and I offered to show Susan the Coulters' house. It was pure pretext, but I'm sure Gina's and my parents understood what was really going on.

At Gina's house, we started the hot tub. It was about twenty feet from the back porch, surrounded by a high privacy hedge and trellises. From the house, you could only see the steps up to the deck surrounding the tub. After Gina took off the cover and turned on the jets, we gave Susan a tour of the house. Before long, however, we headed out to the secluded tub, took off our clothes, and eased into hot, swirling water.

"I've been wanting to do this since last summer," Gina said.

"I'm sorry things worked out like they did," Susan said. Then she shrugged. "But I just didn't think it would be right."

I nodded my agreement.

"Well," Gina said, "it's okay now."

Susan grinned at me as Gina reached for my dick. Then the older woman sat on the edge of the tub and spread her legs, revealing her smooth pussy. Still stroking me, Gina leaned over and began tonguing Susan's slippery channel. Then I gently pulled Gina's hand off my erection, moved behind her, and slid into her pussy while she continued licking Susan.

A little later, Gina marveled that Susan could take me all the way down her throat. Gina wanted to learn how to do it herself. Unfortunately, her gag reflex was too strong, but she had fun trying (and so did I).

By the time we dragged ourselves out of the bubbling water, shriveled and sated, we'd been gone almost three hours. We joked about our "three-hour cruise" as we dried off and got dressed. I smiled to myself, since I had my very own Ginger and Mary Ann. Dad and Chris didn't say anything when we returned, but they both smiled knowingly.

For the rest of the weekend, Gina seemed to be in sexual overdrive, keeping me busy any time we could sneak away. The rest of the time, we simply relaxed and enjoyed the holiday. It was a weekend of contrasts: sexual frenzy and absolute indolence.

On Sunday afternoon, all three families made a trip to the airport. Doug had a flight back to Houston, and Kara boarded a plane bound for Charleston. Since Kirk couldn't hitch a ride with another Navy flight, he bought a commercial ticket and flew to Annapolis via Washington, DC. Over a two-hour span, they each boarded their respective flights (after much hugging, kissing, and waving goodbye).

Susan spent one more night with us. The Coulters planned a party at their house for her and my parents. Gina and I, of course, knew what was going on. But before Gina even asked if we could join them, our

parents sat us down and we all had a long talk.

Somewhat conveniently, Susan had gone to the local mall with Erin and Leah, so we wouldn't be disturbed. I easily recognized the signs of Mom, Elizabeth, and Susan in collusion.

Elizabeth very reasonably explained to Gina that even though we were allowed a lot of freedom, we weren't adults yet. Consequently, we couldn't participate in the group swinging.

"Kara joined you," Gina argued.

"Kara's an adult. She's over eighteen and she can make that decision for herself."

"So? We're mature enough."

"In some ways," Elizabeth replied, "but in many ways, you're still sixteen."

"It's not *fair*…"

"Life's like that sometimes," Elizabeth said. "When you're both eighteen, you can join us."

"But Mom—"

"Gina," Elizabeth cautioned.

I simply watched the whole explanation with equanimity. I knew where the discussion was headed almost before Elizabeth started talking. With a small sense of satisfaction, I noticed that Mom and Dad didn't seem to be worried about *my* reaction.

Note to self: Maybe acting like an adult really does *mean they treat me like one.*

"If you want to whine about it," Elizabeth continued, unperturbed, "then you can stay *here* tonight… by yourself."

That got Gina's attention.

"But if you'd like to act like an adult, we'll treat you like one," Elizabeth said.

"So you'll let us join you?" Gina hoped aloud.

"No, but your father and I were going to let you and Leah spend the night at the Hughes's house. Unless," she added, trying to hide a smile, "you want to continue whining about what's not fair."

"No," Gina said. "I want to stay with Paul."

"I *thought* you'd see it our way," Elizabeth said without a trace of smugness. Then she looked at me and winked.

When Mom saw the gesture, she rolled her eyes at Elizabeth's antics. Elizabeth only grinned wryly and then turned back to her daughter.

"You all can order pizza," Elizabeth said, "and watch TV… or… whatever."

Gina and I both nodded our assent.

✧ ✧ ✧

The week before Christmas, Gina's friend Lisa McGrath came from Charleston to visit. Gina wanted me to come over and meet her after lunch. Elizabeth and Leah had gone Christmas shopping with Mom and Erin, so I asked to borrow Dad's car, a '76 Corvette. It was painted Orange Flame—an incredibly cool-looking fiery color—and I rarely got to drive it.

I called Gina before I left, and she told me to simply come inside when I got there. She and Lisa were in her room. I took the long way to her house, and arrived about fifteen minutes later. (What did you expect? I was driving a *Corvette!*)

When I arrived at the Coulters' house, I walked around back and entered through the kitchen door. Gina's room was upstairs, so I called out and then headed up. Her door was shut, so I knocked softly and told her it was me. I heard movement inside, but it stopped almost immediately. Then Gina told me to come in.

"Paul," she said, when I opened the door, "this is Lisa."

Lisa had medium-length light blonde hair, clear blue eyes, and a sultry smile (as well as lips that looked like they were *made* to give blowjobs). She was about as tall as Gina, although a little less curvy. Where Gina's breasts were full and round, Lisa's were quite a bit smaller, with light brown nipples. Her pubic hair was also light blonde, and trimmed into a neat, narrow triangle.

Both girls were nude. They stood posing for me—their arms around each other's waists—smiling

mischievously. When I gazed at Gina, she arched an eyebrow and smirked.

"It's nice to meet you," I said to Lisa, holding my hand out and trying to maintain my composure.

"Nice to meet you too… finally," she said. "I've heard wonderful things about you."

"Same here." Then I looked her in the eye. "So," I asked, as conversationally as I could, "do you always meet new people like this? Or is this something special for me?"

"You don't like my outfit?" she asked with an impish pout.

"Actually, your outfit's really cute."

"I told you he'd like you," Gina said to the other girl, her eyes glittering with barely suppressed anticipation.

"But," I continued, "it's not the kind of thing I see everyday."

"We were hoping you had a similar outfit," Gina said.

"Oh, I do," I said, "but Lisa and I have only just met. I don't know if…"

Before I could finish, the two girls looked at each other, grinned, and came at me. Of course, I didn't even try to fend them off. While Gina kissed me passionately, Lisa lifted my shirt out of my jeans.

"God, I'm so hot for you," Gina said, pulling back so they could lift my shirt over my head.

Between the two of them, they quickly had me out of my clothes.

"You're right, he's gorgeous," Lisa said, kissing my chest.

"Didn't I tell you?"

Then they dropped to their knees in front of me and Gina showed Lisa how I liked to have my dick sucked. From there, we quickly progressed to the bed. In many ways, Lisa was quite a bit like Gina. The blonde girl had a lot less experience, but no less enthusiasm. It was like having sex with two nymphs; I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

I hadn't brought any rubbers—not realizing I'd need them—and I didn't know if Lisa was on the pill or not, so I made sure not to come inside her. Almost as soon as I pulled out and came on her supple stomach, Gina realized why.

"She's on the pill," she said, to which Lisa nodded.

For the next hour and a half, the girls wore me out. They sucked me. I licked them. I fucked one while she ate the other. One straddled me while *I* ate the other. They licked each other while I was recovering. They licked *me* while I was recovering.

When I finally *had* to take a break, Gina pouted. Then she looked indecisive for a moment. Finally, she reached into her nightstand drawer and retrieved a pink plastic vibrator. It was only a little smaller than my dick, but smooth and tapered.

"Pinky!" Lisa cried.

"Kara gave it to me before we moved," Gina explained. "She said she'd get a new one." Then she looked at me and blushed.

I merely shrugged and gestured for her to enjoy herself. Gina obviously liked my dick; I didn't feel threatened by plastic, electronics, and a pair of C-cell batteries.

"I didn't know if you'd like me having this," she said, relieved. Then she rolled her eyes. "If my mom knew how many batteries I go through…"

"I've missed Pinky," Lisa said, her eyes alight.

"C'mere, I'll do you first."

As I watched, idly playing with my semi-hard penis, Gina took great delight in slowly working the vibrator into Lisa. After a few minutes, they switched positions and Gina spread her legs. Her dark, slippery labia parted as she did, revealing the deep pink of her inner folds.

For the next fifteen minutes, they plunged the buzzing toy into one another. While they did, I stroked myself. When Lisa realized I was completely hard, she practically pounced on me. That started another round of fucking and sucking (and vibrating). By the time we fell back on the bed, exhausted, I had come five times. In two hours!

While we were catching our breath, the phone rang. It was Gina's mom. She, my mom, and our sisters were going to eat dinner out, since they were near downtown Atlanta. Gina's dad was going to meet them

at the restaurant.

Elizabeth suggested that Gina and I take Lisa out to dinner. After Gina hung up, I called my dad. As long as I was responsible, he said, I could drive the Corvette when I took the girls out to eat. I promised to be extra careful and he seemed satisfied.

So I had a hot car, two *super*-hot girls, and a dinner date. The girls would have to share the passenger seat in the two-place car, but I was sure they wouldn't mind.

Until then, however, Gina pointed out that we had several hours. Then she got a playful look in her eye. She had been teasing me about shaving her pubic hair ever since our afternoon in the hot tub with Susan. When Gina told Lisa about it, the blonde enthusiastically agreed to shave herself too. I rolled my eyes and wondered just what I'd gotten myself into. Then Gina jumped up and practically dragged us toward her parents' bathroom.

Once there, she filled the large bathtub and retrieved several fresh razors. Gina wanted to go first, so Lisa and I carefully shaved her, taking our time to spread her open and get every last hair. Then Lisa hopped onto the side of the tub and spread her legs for us. Her labia were smaller than Gina's, but just as cute. She watched eagerly as we ran the razor over her.

When Lisa was as clean and smooth as Gina, the girls insisted on shaving me. Who was I to refuse? Since we weren't at camp and I wouldn't have to wear swim trunks, I lifted myself onto the side of the tub and spread my legs. Then the girls took their time lathering my cock and balls.

"Be careful," I warned as they lifted my penis to shave the base. "I'm planning on using that thing."

"So are we," Lisa said.

While they shaved, they talked, and I learned a lot about Lisa. She was dating Joey Annecchiarico (Joey Whatshisname). She said she'd been having sex with him, but he wasn't nearly as good as me. And he wasn't as big, she said, idly stroking my slippery, half-hard cock.

"So you didn't miss anything," Lisa said to Gina.

Gina blushed and quickly changed the subject.

While they ran the razor over my scrotum, I silently cringed. But they were as careful with me as I'd been with them, and I was soon hair-free as well. When they rinsed off the last of the shaving cream, they admired their work.

"It looks bigger, doesn't it?" Gina mused.

"Yeah," Lisa agreed.

Then I realized she was playing with herself with her other hand.

After that, the girls wanted to see what it looked like when I slid my cock into their shaved pussies. So we quickly dried off, rinsed the hair out of the bathtub (Gina's idea), and headed toward Gina's room. Before we got there, however, she suggested we head outside to the hot tub.

Once there, we fooled around in the water for a few minutes. Then Gina hopped onto the deck at the edge of the hot tub, shivered in the cold air as her nipples immediately grew erect, then spread her legs. Steam was coming off her café au lait body, and with her legs spread, her shaven pussy seemed to beckon to me.

For the next hour, I fucked both girls almost non-stop. Neither of them seemed to get enough of the sight of my cock plunging into them and spreading their pussy open. It *was* an incredibly erotic sight, seeing the clean-shaven base of my cock with a beautiful pair of shaved labia wrapped snugly around it.

When we finally dragged ourselves out of the water, I had come twice more—once in Gina's mouth, and once deep inside Lisa. Then we took a shower together. As the girls got ready for dinner, I relaxed in Gina's room. When I heard them emerge from the bathroom, I started gathering my clothes.

Then I helped them select outfits for our date. Gina decided on a white turtleneck. Without a bra, her nipples were clearly visible through the thin fabric. Then, she got a bright idea and rushed off toward her parents' room. When she returned, she got Lisa to help with the garter belt and silk stockings.

She looked incredible. The white fabric of the garter belt accentuated her dark skin and neatly framed her shaved labia. Almost reluctantly, she put on a dark red skirt and vest outfit, in keeping with the season.

Lisa picked out a pale pink fuzzy angora sweater, which buttoned up the front. It matched her full, pink

lips almost perfectly. She also went braless, picking out a cute dark blue ruffled skirt to round out her ensemble. As the girls modeled their outfits, I realized that neither of them had put on panties.

"Don't put your underwear back on," Gina begged as I picked up my clothes.

With a shrug, I tossed the white briefs on her bed and stuck my leg in my jeans. Then I carefully tucked my dick into my fly and zipped it gently. Before I put on my shirt, the girls pressed themselves against me, both their hands running over my muscular chest. Finally, I talked them into letting me put on my shirt.

For our dinner out, I decided on an Italian restaurant a couple of miles away. It had some fairly private booths in the back, and I hoped one was available. When we entered the restaurant, I asked the hostess about them. The restaurant was almost empty and all the back booths were free. As she led us to one, the girls smiled devilishly.

Almost as soon as we sat down, Lisa unbuttoned her sweater all the way to her navel. When she leaned forward, I could see all of her right breast. Not to be outdone, Gina unbuttoned her vest, revealing two very hard, very noticeable nipples. Fortunately, the booth was situated so most of the patrons couldn't see it, with a screen of plants hiding it from all but the table by the kitchen. And since the restaurant was almost deserted, no one was sitting there.

During dinner, the girls teased me mercilessly, lifting their skirts and showing me their bare pussies. We ordered tiramisu for dessert, with three spoons, and then acted goofy trying to feed each other. The girls looked fantastic, but after our marathon afternoon of sex—not to mention a heavy Italian meal—I wasn't ready to do anything more than simply look. Luckily for me, I think the girls were probably as worn out as I was. I don't know what I would've done if they *were* still in the mood to do more than tease me.

A while later, I asked for the bill. Gina and Lisa had cash, but I insisted on paying for dinner. I left a healthy tip and we put on our coats. Before going back to Gina's house, we drove around for a while. Even though they were a little cramped in the passenger seat (Lisa was sitting on Gina's lap), they enjoyed riding in the Corvette. But after thirty minutes, I dropped them off at Gina's house and then headed home.

✧ ✧ ✧

Even during the Christmas break, we had wrestling practice. Scott, Mike, and I had become good friends, so we rode to practice together. (Mike was in my Physics class, and had started eating lunch with us. He was still shy, but he was slowly opening up.)

The reason we still had wrestling practice was that we still had meets. The final meet before Christmas was against our rival school. Gina, Lisa, and Heather came to see me wrestle. Dad was out of town, so only Mom came with them. Not surprisingly, Heather got along great with Lisa. Scott's parents were there too, and sat with Gina, Lisa, Heather, and Mom.

During the meet, Scott actually lost his match. He wasn't as good as Mike, but he was still a very good wrestler. He was real depressed about it, too, but Mike promised to show him how to counter the move the other wrestler had used to pin him. Mike, of course, won his match. When he returned to the bench, he grabbed my arm before I could head onto the mat for my match.

"Watch these guys," he said, panting. "They're good."

I nodded and settled the protective headgear over my ears.

"And your guy," he added, "looks stronger than you. Don't lock up with him. Use your speed."

My opponent, whose name was Pete Yeager, looked to be pushing the 187-pound weight limit for the class, which meant he'd have an almost ten-pound advantage over me.

Our match went nearly the full three rounds—six minutes. He was enormously strong, and it took all my cunning and finesse not to get into a position where he could out-muscle me. I was quicker, and because I was smaller, I actually had a few tricks up my sleeve.

In the end, one of them paid off. He had me on the defensive, but I managed to get my knees under me and come up to all fours. His arm was around my waist, tight, and he was trying to sweep my near arm out from under me.

Dimly, I remembered a crazy move Mike had taught me, weeks before. It was called a Granby roll, and it was very tough to do correctly. If I didn't do it right, I'd practically pin myself. And even if I *did* do it

right, Pete could still escape simply by letting go of me. But at that point in the match, he had worn me down and was simply biding his time until he won by points.

I decided to go for it.

I pushed up into a tripod with my legs, stepped through with my near leg, and let him chop my near arm out from under me. I'd been expecting the move, however, and ducked my head, rolling to my shoulders. With my right hand, I caught his wrist, the one around my waist, and gripped it fiercely.

Then I shoved hard with my left leg. My momentum rolled me onto my shoulders, pushing his body away from me in the process. But I kept my grip on his arm. My body pivoted over his, using his shoulder as a fulcrum and driving him into the mat. When I finished the move, he was flat on his face and beginning to react. I had his arm locked in a death grip, stretched out practically in my lap. In a flash, I pulled it into a chicken wing and used it for leverage to roll him to his back.

When the ref's hand hit the mat with a boom, Pete relaxed, knowing he was beaten. Carefully, I extracted my arm from beneath him and then struggled to my knees. As the adrenaline stopped pumping into my bloodstream, I suddenly felt weak. Before I even stood, I reached down to Pete and helped him up. Still on our knees, he shook my hand.

"I didn't think a guy your size could do a Granby," he said, panting heavily. "*I* can't do one."

"I didn't think I could either," I said with feeling.

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After the wrestling match, Gina, Lisa, and I headed back to Gina's house to enjoy the hot tub. The girls invited Heather to join us. We also invited Scott, Shannon, and Mike Gee, but none of them could come. Scott and Shannon had plans with her parents and Mike had to go home and pack; his family was going to Ohio, to visit relatives for the holidays. So it would just be me and the three girls.

Poor me.

At Gina's house, the girls went upstairs to Gina's room, ostensibly to change into their bathing suits. A few minutes later, Gina came downstairs with a towel wrapped around her. She grinned when she saw me, then opened the towel to give me a tantalizing glimpse of her body. My eyes automatically dropped to her smooth vulva. Much to my delight, she and Lisa had both kept themselves shaved.

Out of necessity, I had as well. I had started to itch, and shaving eliminated the problem. It was a pain, but Gina and Lisa enjoyed playing with my smooth cock and balls. I only encountered one problem. I hadn't thought about showering after a wrestling match, and I had to take care not to advertise that I was now completely hairless.

I don't think anyone noticed, and if they had, they hadn't said anything. Guys generally don't look at other guys' dicks, but someone *would* have teased me if they'd noticed, so I thought I was safe. But in the future, I decided to keep at least a *little* pubic hair, no matter what, if only a well-trimmed patch above my dick itself.

"We're trying to talk Heather into going nude with us," Gina said, breaking my reverie. "She seemed kinda excited when I told her that if we did, you would too. Do you mind?"

"Who, me? In a hot tub with three nude girls? Not a problem."

"Well, Lisa and I will probably be nude. But Heather's still a little shy. She might only go topless."

"Whatever makes her comfortable," I said.

She nodded. "She's got great boobs, doesn't she?"

"Not as nice as yours," I said. "I get to touch yours."

"Mmmmm, yes. And you get to touch Lisa's." Then Gina opened her towel and pressed her body against me. When she tilted her head back, I bent down to kiss her. Our kiss heated, and in a moment, she was grinding her hips against me.

"God, you make me so hot," she said. Then she pulled back, her eyes smoldering. "I'll go tell Heather. You go ahead and hop in the tub." With another kiss, she headed back upstairs.

I wasn't worried about Gina's parents coming out and catching us unaware. Since Gina and I often went out there, she and her parents had developed a code, of sorts. Before they came out, they'd turn on the

porch light. We could see it from the hot tub, so we had time to compose ourselves.

When the girls came out, I was already in the tub, relaxing and letting my muscles un-kink from the tough wrestling match. The girls unwrapped their towels. Gina and Lisa sort of pranced into the tub, clearly for my benefit.

Heather was shy, at first, but quickly relaxed. She did go topless, but steadfastly refused to take off her bottoms. I didn't mind. I couldn't see anything but her breasts anyway. But what a view! They were larger than Gina's, with pink nipples and creamy white skin. They weren't as big as Kendall's, but they were firmer.

When Gina slid next to me, I put my arm around her and simply relaxed. I'd had more than enough sex over the past couple of days, so even with three sets of beautiful breasts floating a few feet away, I wasn't really horny. Below the level of the water, however, Gina slowly stroked me to erection. At the same time, she carried on a conversation with Lisa and Heather.

When Heather shivered and complained that her shoulders were cold, I offered to put my arm around her. She looked uncertainly at Gina. Gina only nodded and said it was nice of me to offer. So Heather slid next to me, her breast touching my side as I draped my arm over her shoulders.

Judging by Heather's expression, she figured out what Gina was doing with my dick. Lisa certainly knew what was going on; her eyes practically smoldering. Soon enough, Gina worked me to the point of no return. I tensed up when I came, inadvertently letting a soft, low groan escape. Heather was squirming with barely suppressed horniness.

After that, however, we simply relaxed. When we did finally get out of the hot tub, Heather surreptitiously glanced at my dick. Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped when she realized I was shaved. Gina grinned broadly when she saw Heather staring. With an almost audible clomp, Heather shut her mouth, blushing.

With the sexual tension in the air, I wanted to take Gina and Lisa upstairs. Unfortunately, I still had to take Heather home. From the looks the other two girls were giving each other, though, I suspected that "Pinky" would be seeing some action as soon as I left.

On the way back to her house, Heather was quiet, but kept stealing glances at me. I smiled and chuckled to myself. By the end of the school year, if Gina wasn't into the busty blonde's panties, I'd be surprised. And judging by Heather's speculative glances, she was definitely interested in me.

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For the remainder of Lisa's visit, she, Gina, and I got together as often as we could. Lisa's lips really *were* made to give blowjobs, and she quickly got to the point where she could swallow more of me than Gina. Between the two of them, they kept me almost constantly drained.

We also hung out together most of the time, even when we weren't having sex. It gave me a thrill to know I was fucking Joey Whatshisname's girlfriend and doing a much better job of it that he'd ever done. Although Joey wasn't going to be her boyfriend for long. She mentioned that several times, usually when I was thrusting into her.

Eventually, it came time for her to return to Charleston and her family. Two days before Christmas, we took her to the airport and waved as she boarded her flight.

✧ ✧ ✧

For Christmas, Gina's parents got her a car. It was a yellow '72 Volkswagen Super Beetle convertible, with a black top. Gina was excited, and called it her "Bumble Bug." My parents got me a really nice set of chrome weights and bars, complete with a new incline bench and several bench accessories. And for once, I didn't get many new clothes. I got the obligatory sweaters from my grandparents, but I think even Mom was tired of buying clothing, much to my relief.

After Christmas, the Coulters and my family went on a snow skiing vacation to Salt Lake City. Kara, who was home for the holidays, flew out with us as well. We stayed in a big chalet at one of the ski resorts, Park City.

Dad, Chris, and Elizabeth had skied before, but none of the rest of us had. The first day, all of the non-skiers took lessons. Snow skiing was a blast. I quickly mastered the technique, and was off the beginners' slopes in a day. I still wasn't ready for the black diamond trails, but I had a blast speeding down the intermediate slopes. Kara was also a quick learner, and she often skied with me. Gina, Mom, Erin, and Leah stuck mostly to the "bunny slopes," but they seemed to have fun.

Each night, we ate dinner and then lounged around the chalet or relaxed in its big private hot tub. Gina's parents and mine talked to the two of us, and agreed that while we still couldn't participate *with* them, we didn't have to leave the room (or the hot tub) when things heated up. Most nights, Erin and Leah went to bed early, so our parents usually fooled around in the hot tub or the large downstairs living room.

Kara was the exception to the rules, since she was both an adult and only a few years older than Gina and me. A couple of nights, Kara joined my parents. Sometimes, she joined Gina and me. A few nights, things were relaxed and casual, with maybe only the women giving blowjobs. Other nights, things really heated up and it seemed like everyone was fucking and sucking someone else.

It was fun, but a little surreal.

Sitting on the edge of the hot tub while my girlfriend gave me a blowjob wasn't all that unusual. Sitting there while my girlfriend's father got a blowjob from my mother *was* a little unusual. And while all that was going on, Elizabeth and Kara were sucking my father, to our right. So it was a lot of fun, but not something I'd have ever imagined would happen to me.

Elizabeth and Mom also seemed to get a thrill out of watching Kara and Gina double-team me. By then, I had let my pubic hair start growing back, but it was still short. Gina had started letting hers grow out as well, although she kept her labia shaved. To my delight, Kara had also adopted the shaved-labia look. With so little pubic hair between the three of us, our parents had a good view as I had sex with the two gorgeous dark-skinned girls.

Dad and Chris certainly seemed to enjoy it when their wives got worked up watching Gina, Kara, and me. Watching our parents have sex was incredibly arousing. Elizabeth and my mom were beautiful women who enjoyed sex, and it was fun watching them take such pleasure in their bodies.

We celebrated New Years Eve at the chalet with champagne, party hats, and noisemakers. When Erin and Leah went to bed, the *real* party started. I ended up with Gina impaled on my dick while Kara straddled my face. Then they switched places. Finally, I stood up and had them kneel in front of me. I came in Gina's mouth and then she and Kara shared my come in a kiss. When I looked up, still in an orgasmic daze, our parents applauded quietly.

After that, Gina wanted me to fuck her from behind while she and Kara sixty-nined. When Gina wanted me to fuck her in the ass, Kara quickly got up and ran to her room, returning with her vibrator (the one she'd bought to replace the donated "Pinky"). As I fucked Gina's tight ass, Kara fucked her younger sister with the vibrator. I could easily feel the vibrations through the thin wall separating Gina's ass from her pussy, and it quickly drove me over the edge.

At the end of the night—almost three in the morning—I spread Kara's legs and fucked her slowly. For the past half-hour, she and Gina had been taking turns sucking me, and my balls felt like they were ready to explode. Dad and Chris were worn out by then, so Elizabeth and Mom came over to suck Kara's nipples. As I thrust into Kara, Gina watched from a few feet away, playing with her pussy as she did.

I stopped two times to let my impending orgasm subside, burying my cock in Kara's steamy pussy until the feeling passed. For her part, Kara was in heaven, with both her breasts being suckled and her pussy full of my cock. When I was ready to come, I pumped into her with long, deep strokes. But instead of coming inside her, I decided to do something mischievous.

As I felt the come surging up my shaft, I pulled out and hurriedly stroked myself. The first spurt arced out and hit Elizabeth in the cheek. She cried out in surprise as the next spurt splattered over her *and* Mom. The third spurt also hit both women, but most of it fell short. The next two spurts were weaker, and simply coated Kara from her stomach to her pussy. After that, I squeezed the last few drops onto her mons, where the excess ran down her shaved slit.

Mom and Elizabeth started laughing, teasing each other about the power of young balls. Then, to my

delight, they cleaned each other with their fingers, licking my semen off them as they did. Mom hesitated at first, but then Elizabeth wiped up a large drop of semen and held it up to her. She smiled at me as she tasted my semen for the first time in over a year. Then Gina came over and began licking Kara's breasts, stomach, and pussy. A few minutes later, as Gina licked her clit, Kara came explosively.

For a while, we all lay around and relaxed, sated. Then our parents headed upstairs to their rooms. Gina and I had a room with a king-sized bed, so Kara asked if she could sleep with us. We readily agreed and then headed upstairs ourselves.

In the morning, I had not one but two horny girls to take care of my hard-on. After I came in Gina's mouth, I was still hard, so I spread Kara's legs and eased into her. It took me a long time to build to my climax, but Kara was lost in her own pleasure. Right before I came, I pulled out and quickly straddled her chest. She lifted her head and sucked my dick as I jerked off. With a low groan, I filled her mouth with come. Then the two girls moved into a sixty-nine and licked each other to orgasm.

After breakfast, we had to pack for the flight home. Chris had to go back to work and school started on Wednesday. Park City had a shuttle bus that took us down the canyon and then on to the airport. The flight home was routine, and Gina and I slept through most of it. My Christmas break had been full of fun and sex, but I was ready to get back to school and wrestling.

I guess I needed a vacation from my vacation.

✧ ✧ ✧

When school started after Christmas break, Gina drove us in the Bumble Bug. At school, Shannon gushed over how cute the little Beetle was. Scott gave me a hard time about being chauffeured around by a girl, but I knew he was just teasing.

The Iranians still held the American hostages, but the burning anger had settled to a dull, seething resentment. After my "fight" with Tony Malone, no one bothered Gina or me, which was all I really wanted. I didn't want to get into another fight, and I *certainly* didn't want to be suspended for any more wrestling matches.

When Gina's parents got her the car, my parents started talking about buying one for me as well. They told me if I got a 3.5 grade point average for the semester—which was a B plus—they'd buy me the used car of my choice. Even though they put some restrictions on the offer (no used Porsche 911 for me), it was still very fair. But it was also going to be tough, especially with my honors classes and wrestling.

The previous semester, I'd gotten a 3.1 average, which was better than a B. Gina had to help me a little with English, but I found that I actually enjoyed it. I liked writing and my vocabulary was improving. I didn't think I'd ever get to actually *use* words like perspicacious, recherché, or many others, but at least I knew what they meant.

The rest of my classes were pretty easy, so I wasn't worried about them. I had a penchant for history, and my Physics class was basically just a lot of math.

I also loved my Art class. I'd probably never be able to draw the human figure or a bowl of fruit, but I could do geometric shapes and architectural-type drawings with ease. I also liked the history of art, and enjoyed learning how the different artists and styles had influenced subsequent generations. Never in a million years did I imagine that Art class would be an easy A, but it was.

As the semester progressed, I spent most of my spare time either at wrestling practice or doing homework. Gina and I often studied together, and she was extremely serious about her schoolwork. Generally, whenever we did our homework together, we'd fool around beforehand and then get to work.

I wrote to Kendall as often as I could, and talked to her on the phone whenever I had the chance. She was still lonely, but she was beginning to make some close friends. Her roommate and suitemates had basically adopted her; they took her to parties and introduced her to their friends. I was happy that she had people to spend time with, but I know she still missed me.

✧ ✧ ✧

Ever since the Coulters moved to Atlanta, they had been searching for a home to buy. They expanded

their search to include the entire school district, but nothing appealed to them. Finally, at the end of January, they found something they liked.

It was a vacant lot in a new subdivision. Actually, it was *two* vacant lots, both at the end of a cul-de-sac. They quickly bought both of them. At the same time, they talked to the man who owned the property behind theirs. When the negotiations were complete, the Coulters owned the two half-acre lots and the three acres of forest directly behind them.

Chris and Elizabeth began interviewing architects, and finally settled on a man named Steve Easterbrook. The first time I met him, I thought he was incredibly cool. I was studying at Gina's house when he pulled up in a big Chevy Blazer. He looked like an upscale construction worker, wearing jeans, work boots, a comfortable sweater, and a leather jacket.

When Gina went downstairs, she tugged me with her. Chris introduced Steve to Gina, Leah, and me. Then we sat around their big dining room table. Steve laid out site surveys to show potential house placement. Then he began flipping through his large sketchbook, showing Chris and Elizabeth some of his concept ideas.

Both of them liked a style he called "Jeffersonian," and he made a note on his pad. Then he started asking them questions about the house they envisioned. They wanted two stories, with the master bedroom on the main level and three bedrooms upstairs. They wanted at least three full baths and perhaps a half-bath near the kitchen. They also wanted a large kitchen, a living room, an entertainment room, a downstairs office/study, and a three-car garage (with a bonus room above it).

Steve made notes as Chris and Elizabeth thought out loud. Gina and Leah added their comments, and he noted them as well. The family also wanted an in-ground pool and a large hot tub. Finally, Chris mentioned that he wanted a two-bedroom poolhouse/guesthouse.

Once Steve finished writing down their ideas, he spent a few minutes making some quick sketches. Then he flipped to a clean sheet in his sketchbook and started drawing. I was amazed. In less than fifteen minutes, he sketched the front of the house, with graceful columns, large windows, and two wings spreading from the central structure. With input from the Coulters, he altered things slightly to suit them.

Then he flipped to another page and began sketching out the interior. In another fifteen minutes, he roughed out the basics of the layout. Once again, the Coulters made suggestions, which he duly noted on his pad. I mostly kept my mouth shut, simply gawking as he effortlessly laid out the house plan.

By the time I looked at my watch, we'd been sitting there for two hours. It seemed like only twenty minutes had passed. I should have been home a half-hour earlier, so I got Gina's attention and pointed to my watch. The entire drive home, I couldn't stop thinking about the architect, and how easily he made the house come to life.

As I lay awake that night, unable to sleep, I kept thinking about Steve Easterbrook. He owned his own company. He got to work outdoors, but he got to work with clients as well. And he got to design, no *create*, beautiful houses. In that moment, I knew what I wanted to do with my life.

I know it probably sounds very "Brady," but I wanted to be an architect.

For the next two weeks, the design of the new house progressed. Every time Steve visited the Coulters, I made sure I was there. Gradually, the house took shape as he refined his sketches and began creating actual design drawings. Then he created watercolor drawings of the house from different angles, with landscaping and other details.

In Art class, I found myself doodling house designs and trying to duplicate Steve's effortless style. I discovered that looking effortless takes a lot of effort. My drawings were crude and plain, but I kept at it.

I checked out books on architecture from the school library. I read up on Thomas Jefferson and the architectural style he inspired. I began to see all the little things that made the Coulters' new house *Jeffersonian*: the portico and pediment (I had to learn what those words meant); the slender columns; the simple, classical moldings around the windows and doors; even the arched window in the pediment. I marveled at how such small details came together to create a magnificent whole.

By the time the Coulters went over the final drawings and plans, I think I was as excited as they were. I wanted to see the house come to life. I could already imagine what it would look like. The night after I saw

the final plans, I lay awake in bed, taking a mental tour of their new house. In my mind, I could walk from room to room and envision it.

I was also excited because I finally felt like I had some direction in my life. I was doing well in school. I had finished the wrestling season with an 11–2 record (since I'd been suspended, I had missed two matches), and I was going to compete in the regional tournament. Gina and I were getting along great, and Kendall and I talked on the phone almost weekly.

All in all, my life was going pretty well.

✧ ✧ ✧

In the regional tournament, I advanced to the finals, where I had to wrestle Pete Yeager. Whoever won the match would go on to the state tournament in Macon. He grinned good-naturedly as we shook hands. Though he was from our rival high school, I was growing to like him. He had none of the arrogance of Emmett Carstairs (the pathetic prick). Emmett was actually wrestling JV for Pete's school, because Pete was a better wrestler. I got the feeling that win or lose, Pete was looking forward to wrestling me.

"No Granby this time," he said.

"I dunno, Yeager. It worked last time."

"Last time, I didn't think you could pull it off. This time, I know better."

"This time, I've got a few *other* tricks to show you," I said with a grin.

"We'll see," he replied. "Anyway, good luck, Hughes."

"You too."

"Are you gentlemen ready?" the referee asked.

"Yes, sir," we both answered.

With a final shared grin, we put on our "match faces" and squared off. As soon as the ref blew the whistle, Pete lunged at me, trying for a quick takedown. He knew I wasn't going to lock up with him, so he simply decided to try and drop me quickly. I was too fast for him and sprawled, shoving him to the mat before me and then landing on top of him.

For the first round, I was mostly in control, fighting hard to keep him from escaping or reversing on me. But I never could get enough leverage to overmatch his strength. When the round ended, we separated, breathing hard.

For the beginning of the second round, I started down. I surprised him and quickly escaped, rolling out of the ring in the process. The ref stood us both up and we squared off. I locked up with Pete, hoping to let him get overconfident and make a mistake. He was stronger than me, but I held my own against him. Then he made the mistake of trying an overhook and I took him down with a fireman's carry. Unfortunately, he quickly reversed on me and put me on the defensive. By the time the round ended, I wasn't exactly fighting for my life, but I was definitely working hard.

We started the third round with Pete down. As soon as the whistle blew, he did a sit-out and I didn't counter fast enough. Instead of letting him reverse on me and gain control, I pushed him away. He got the escape points and we both lumbered to our feet. Then we locked up. I was surprised that either of us had as much energy as we threw into the lock-up, but we were both straining hard. When I tried to duck under, he went for a body lock.

I knew the perfect counter: a Farside Metzger. I caught my balance, circled Pete's head with my left hand, and reached for his inner thigh with my right hand. I stepped to the left—blocking his right leg with my left—so he couldn't adjust his balance when I threw the Metzger. Then I heaved, pulling his head to my left and lifting his leg. As he came up, I fell back, twisting as I did and continuing the motion I'd started when I pulled his head. He flew into the air and landed on his back with a resounding thud. Unfortunately, he quickly flipped to his stomach.

In the end, I made one mistake. Sometimes, that's all it takes. I got sloppy trying to prevent an escape and we rolled out of the ring. He got the point for the escape and the ref restarted us both up.

Then Pete caught me with a simple double underhook takedown, which brought him within one point of me. As long as I could hold him off, I'd win on points. But he was still stronger than me, and that strength

paid off. He scored a two-point near-fall, but I bridged out. If I could escape, I'd tie the match.

I couldn't. Pete's strength was too much.

When the buzzer sounded, ending the match, I sagged to the mat.

Pete had won, 11–10.

Before I could even lift my head, he pulled me to my feet, grunting as he did.

"Good God, Hughes," he gasped. "Why you gotta make each match a fight to the death?"

When I looked up, he was grinning from ear to ear. It wasn't a smug grin though. It was bemused, a little bit surprised, and a lot tired.

"If you get even a little stronger," he said, his chest heaving, "I'm screwed." Then he shook his head. "Damn. I can hardly stand up."

"Good match, gentlemen," the ref said. "Congratulations, son," he said to Pete. Then he turned us toward the crowd and lifted Pete's arm into the air.

Afterward, I shook Pete's hand again. "Good match, man," I said.

"Talk to me when I recover," he said with a grin. "Good move with that Metzger."

I merely shrugged.

"I didn't even think of it when I went for the body lock."

"Yeah," I said with a grin as we walked off the mat, "I wish I had a picture of you flying through the air." Then I paused, turned to him, and held out my hand. "Good luck at the state tournament."

"Thanks, man," he said, gripping my hand. "I think I'm gonna need it."

Pete ended up making it to the state finals, where he lost to a wrestler from Savannah. Pete fought hard, but he ended up getting pinned early in the third round. So even though I placed second in the regionals, I had the (small) satisfaction of losing to the number two guy in the state.

To no one's surprise, Mike was the 167-pound state champion. Scott had also lost in the regionals, but Doc had made it to the state tournament. In the quarterfinals, he was beaten by a wrestler who was twenty pounds lighter but almost as strong. The other guy was simply too fast and too good for Doc, who ended up placing seventh in the heavyweight division.

For the off-season, I vowed to work even harder on my strength training. Pete was right; if I were just a little stronger, I think he'd be outmatched. And I was determined to see that happen.

✧ ✧ ✧

Kendall's eighteenth birthday was on February 23rd. Since it was on a Saturday, I arranged a surprise for her. I talked to my parents, and they agreed to let me fly to Knoxville and return on Sunday. The only stipulation they made was that I had to finish all of my homework before I left. Gina wanted to go too, but she had a Latin project due the following Monday. Her entire project group would be at her house both Saturday and Sunday.

I called Kendall's room when I knew she'd be in class, and talked to her roommate. Abby and I worked things out to make sure Kendall spent Saturday morning away from her room. Since I was coming into town, Abby planned to spend the weekend at home, so Kendall and I would have their room to ourselves.

On Saturday morning, Mom took me to the airport. Kendall's suitemate Bridget picked me up at the Knoxville airport when I arrived.

"Wow," she said. "You look nice."

"Thanks," I said. "I gotta wear a coat and tie when I fly."

"Why?"

"'Cause my dad works for the airline, and we get to fly for free. But since we're 'representing the company,' we need to dress up."

"Oh. Cool."

On the drive back to campus—the airport was in another county entirely—Bridget subtly quizzed me.

"Are you really still in high school?" she asked.

"Yep."

"Gosh, most of the guys I went to high school with were dorks."

I shrugged. "I guess I'm just grown-up for my age."

"I mean, even my boyfriend acts like a jerk sometimes. And he's a junior."

I nodded sagely and said a silent "thank you" to Susan and my parents.

"Kendall's always talking about you," she said. "She gets really homesick sometimes, but we can always tell when she gets one of your letters."

"Really?"

"Yeah," she said, "she gets all cheerful and stuff."

"Cool. I feel the same way about her."

"That's *so* cool. All of us think it's really wonderful what you're doing for her. Flying up and bringing roses. And spending the night. That's *so* romantic." Then she frowned. "I wish *my* boyfriend did stuff like that."

"Speaking of which," I said. "I need to stop and pick up the roses. They're at… um… Couch florist?"

"Crouch," she corrected. "Yeah, it's right on the Strip."

The rest of the way to campus, we talked about UT. Bridget and her roommate, Toni, were in a sorority, Delta Delta Delta (the Tri-Delts). They both really liked it, and had tried to talk Kendall into pledging, but she hadn't been interested in joining. I heard all about their winter formal dance and Greek Week.

By the time we got to the florist, I understood why Kendall didn't want to join a sorority. Bridget wasn't shallow, not by any means, but she and Kendall were very different people. After we picked up the dozen red roses, Bridget drove us to the dorm.

She parked in a side lot and we headed toward the building. I thought I looked incongruous, wearing a coat and tie, carrying a dozen roses, with a backpack slung over my shoulder. But as I looked around, I realized that I could've been a normal college student, except for the coat and tie. And the roses.

Bridget escorted me upstairs and we entered the suite through her room. Toni was waiting for us, and she grinned when she saw the flowers. Both girls said I looked good in my coat and tie, so I didn't take them off. Then I waited for Kendall to return.

When the phone rang, I nearly jumped out of my skin. Bridget dashed to answer it. She nodded once, twice, and then grinned.

"She's coming," she said.

I stood waiting, hoping Kendall would be happy to see me. When the door opened, I tensed up, suddenly nervous.

"—I don't see why we had to stay there," Kendall was saying to Abby. "We could've come back here with… the… book…"

"Happy birthday," I said simply.

She raced into my arms, and I nearly fell over backward from the impact. I almost lost my grip on the roses, too. But I held on to them, and with one arm around Kendall's waist, I lifted her off her feet as she kissed me soundly. When I set her down, Abby, Toni, and Bridget clapped and cheered.

"You *all*," Kendall said, blushing. Then she looked at Abby. "So *that's* why you kept me at the library all morning."

"Mmm hmm," Abby said, beaming.

"Happy birthday, sweetheart," I said, handing Kendall the roses.

"Oh, Paul, they're beautiful."

"Come on, girls," Abby said. "It's time for us to go."

"Just a minute," Kendall told me shyly. When I nodded, she slipped out of my arms and hugged the three other girls, one by one. Then she sniffled and wiped her cheeks. "Oh, bless your hearts," she said, her voice husky with emotion. "Thank you."

"I'm gonna spend the night with my parents tonight," Abby said. "Will y'all be okay here? Alone?"

Kendall nodded, smiling tearfully.

"Don't do anything we wouldn't do," Toni said with a playful grin.

Then Abby chivvied the girls into the other side of the suite, shutting the bathroom door behind her.

"How long can you stay?" Kendall asked tentatively.

"My flight leaves at 4:35 tomorrow," I said.

"So you can spend the night?" she asked, her eyes twinkling hopefully.

I nodded.

"Oh, Paul," she said, hugging me tight. "This is the best birthday present *ever*. Thank you so much."

"I've got more," I said. "I—"

"I don't care what else there is," she said, sniffling again. "Having you here is enough. Oh, I love you so much."

"And I love you." Then I pulled her toward me and tilted my head to the side. Our lips met and she pressed her body against mine. Then she pulled back suddenly.

"Oh, no," she said.

"What?"

"I…" When she glanced at me, she looked abashed.

"What is it?"

"I… I'm a mess. I haven't taken a shower today, I haven't shaved… um… down there in a week, I…"

"Shhhhh," I whispered. "You're not a mess. You're beautiful. And we can take a shower together. Besides, I can't wait to get out of this coat and tie."

"Oh, my goodness," she said suddenly. "I didn't even pay attention." Then she stepped back a little. "Wow, you look so handsome."

"Thanks, but this collar is killing me."

With a grin, she kissed me tenderly and then loosened my tie. Then she deftly unbuttoned my collar. From beneath lowered lashes, she glanced at me.

"Does your mom do that for your dad?" I asked quietly.

She moistened her lips and then nodded.

"I like it when you do it for me."

"Me too," she whispered.

I simply held her for a while, delighting in the feel of her body next to mine.

She put her arms around my body, inside my coat. Then she pulled back and grinned at me.

"Are you ready for a shower?" I asked.

She nodded and then smiled at me, her tears already drying. "I want to see your new, ahem, hairstyle," she said with a mischievous grin.

She knew about my shaved pubic hair, but she hadn't seen it yet. I wasn't as bare as I'd been when Gina and Lisa first shaved me, but I was still pretty smooth. I had finally settled on a simple patch of hair above my dick. I only shaved the base of my shaft, my balls, and the area immediately behind them. Gina liked the feeling of my smooth cock and balls, but she also liked how the patch of pubic hair tickled her face when she nuzzled me.

In the shower, Kendall was just as appreciative. It wasn't a large stall, so we had to press close together, but neither of us minded. I washed her hair, gently massaging her scalp while she moaned in appreciation. Then she shaved her legs and underarms. Finally, she leaned against one wall and propped her foot on the other, stabilizing herself so she could spread her pussy. When we were done, we shut off the water and reached for our towels.

We spent the rest of the afternoon in bed. Sometime before dinner, I gave her the rest of her gifts. Gina and I had gotten her a silver ring, with "P-G-K '80" engraved inside the band. It was a little too big for her finger, but that didn't stop her from wearing it. I told her we could have it sized, but she wasn't ready to let go of it yet.

I also got her a white silk robe and negligee set. The nightgown was very short, and the silk was so fine that it was almost sheer. When she put it on, it left just enough to the imagination. Needless to say, my jaw fell open. When she put on the thigh-length robe, it hugged her curves and looked incredibly sexy.

Before she could thank me properly, the phone rang. It was her parents, calling to wish her a happy birthday. She talked to them for about ten minutes, never mentioning that I was there. When she hung up, she gave me a sultry look, opened the robe, and pushed me back onto the bed.

That night, I took her to dinner at a restaurant on the Strip (the main road with all the bars, restaurants, and stores). We had a really good time, and ended up walking back to her dorm arm in arm. In her suite, we spent some time with Bridget and Toni. Kendall showed them her presents and they cooed appreciatively.

Around nine, Gina called to wish Kendall a happy birthday. Kendall thanked her for the ring, but didn't mention the negligee set. (I hadn't told Gina about it, since I didn't want her to feel like she also had to get Kendall a personal gift.) The two girls talked for a few minutes and then hung up.

We stayed up talking with Bridget and Toni until almost midnight. Both of them said we made a cute couple. And it made me feel grown-up to sit on Toni's bed—with my arm around Kendall—and talk about college. Then, with a bashful grin, Kendall tugged me back toward her room. Bridget and Toni teased us, but I could tell that they were happy for Kendall.

The next day, Kendall's suitemates drove us back to the airport. They walked me to the gate, where I checked in with the gate agent. She had my name on the stand-by list and I showed her my dependent ID. Then she looked up at the three girls, who were standing about ten feet behind me.

"Which one's your girlfriend?" the agent asked. Then she smiled and held up her hand to forestall my answer. "Let me guess," she said. "The tall, distraught-looking brunette."

I looked over my shoulder and followed her gaze. Then I turned back and nodded.

"She's very beautiful," she said.

"Um… thanks. I think so too."

"If you're leaving your girlfriend," the agent said with a smile, "then I think the least we could do is upgrade you to first class. If you have to be unhappy, then at least you'll be comfortable."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome." Then she handed me my boarding pass. "We'll be boarding in about an hour."

"Okay. Thanks."

I sat down and put my arm around Kendall. She wasn't very talkative, so Bridget, Toni, and I ended up carrying the conversation. They told me all about Knoxville, and the cool things to do in town. They also talked about UT and their sorority. The plane arrived and disgorged its load of passengers, which only made Kendall hug me tighter.

Because I was flying stand-by, I had to board last. But that actually turned out to be a benefit, because I got to spend an extra few minutes with Kendall. At the gate, she kissed me goodbye, her body pressed against mine. I didn't want to let her go and I knew she felt the same way, but I had to board the plane. With a final kiss, I turned and handed my pass to the gate agent. I waved to Kendall one last time and then continued down the jetway.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

In the months since Christmas, Gina and I had grown closer. She didn't get possessive and she didn't turn petulant when things didn't go her way. I think it was because we could have sex on a regular basis. It certainly wasn't like being together for a month (or less) over the summer.

Instead, Gina knew that if we didn't have sex one day, we could still get together the following day. So she relaxed and we talked a lot more, instead of simply fucking like bunnies. She was still selfish sometimes, and she occasionally treated me like an object, but she was apologetic when I pointed it out to her. She genuinely seemed to want to improve.

We got together with Heather a few more times and finally talked the blonde girl into going nude in the hot tub. She had a cute patch of dark blonde pubic hair and a gorgeous, full ass. Gina told me that the few times she tried to do anything sexual with Heather, the blonde girl balked. Instead, Heather wanted to learn how to give a blowjob. When Gina told me, I offered to provide the practice equipment.

"Heather was hoping you would," Gina said, grinning unabashedly.

"And you?" I asked.

"I was hoping you would too."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm," she said, nodding. "I can't wait to see her lips wrapped around you."

A few days later, Gina, Heather, and I gathered at the Coulter house. It was a Saturday, and Elizabeth and Leah were out shopping with Mom and Erin. They were going to see a movie as well. Gina's father was in New York City on a business trip, so we'd have the house to ourselves for the entire afternoon.

Ostensibly, Heather was there to work on an English paper, but we were more interested in chemistry: *sexual* chemistry. We dropped our books on the kitchen table and then immediately headed toward the hot tub. Once there, Heather shed her clothes and slipped into the water. Then she watched as I took my time removing my clothes. Gina merely grinned, slipped out of her clothes, and stepped into the water with her friend.

Once I was nude, I sat on the edge of the tub, my legs dangling in the water. The sun was shining and the day was pleasantly warm. It was still a little chilly, but not so much that I minded. Almost casually, I fondled my limp member. Then I made eye contact with Heather. She looked nervous, but excited.

"Are you sure it's all right?" she asked.

I nodded.

She looked nervously at Gina. "Are you sure?"

I tried not to smirk as Gina hid her enthusiasm.

"I'm sure," she said instead, keeping her expression serious.

Since Heather was still a little timid, I decided to slow things down. "Why don't I just sit here for a while," I suggested. "And you can just look at it. Would that be okay?"

Gratefully, the blonde nodded.

When she leaned forward slightly, I flexed my buttocks and made my penis twitch. She jerked back as if scalded, but quickly recovered. She blushed when she saw me grinning.

"You can touch it, if you want," I said.

Tentatively, she reached out, glancing up at me as she did. I reassured her with a smile and she returned her concentration to my dick. She'd seen it before, but she had never *studied* it. Her expression was rapt, and I toyed with the idea of startling her again. I decided against it, since she was already nervous enough.

"What if your mom comes home early?" she asked, suddenly pulling back and turning to Gina.

"She won't," Gina said. "They're going to the matinee movie. They won't be home 'til after six."

Heather licked her lips and then nodded.

"So go ahead," Gina continued, "touch him. He likes it."

Heather smiled shyly and then reached for me again. As soon as her fingertips touched the soft glans, she

pulled back. Then she mustered her courage and touched me again, trailing her fingers along my shaft.

"It's getting harder," she said.

"It's because he likes it," Gina said. "I told you he would."

Heather merely nodded and returned her attention to my manhood. Then she gripped my shaft, squeezing gently as it filled with blood. Tentatively, she stroked me, the loose skin sliding along the hardening tissue beneath.

"That feels good," I reassured her. "Keep doing that."

Obediently, she kept stroking me. When I reached full erection, she leaned closer.

"Wrap your fingers around it," I said. "Here, like this." I showed her how to grip me.

From behind Heather, Gina flashed me a brilliant white smile.

"Do you like how it feels?" Gina asked her friend.

Heather nodded and kept stroking me. Her grip was hesitant and slack, but she was growing more confident.

Gina slid forward and started telling the blonde girl about my cock: what felt good, which parts were sensitive, how I liked to be squeezed and stroked. Heather paid attention, but her eyes were riveted to my erection. At Gina's suggestion, the busty blonde started fondling my balls.

"Oh, yeah," I said. "That's nice." Then I groaned semi-theatrically. "You're a natural."

"I am?" Heather asked, excited.

"Mmm hmm. Just keep playing with my balls." I leaned back and propped myself up with my arms. While Heather stroked me with increasing confidence, I made appreciative noises. What she was doing felt good—not great—but I knew she needed the encouragement.

"Do you wanna kiss it?" Gina asked Heather after several minutes of stroking.

I opened my eyes and looked down at the two girls.

"Is that what I should do next?" the blonde asked.

Gina nodded.

Heather glanced at me nervously and then leaned forward. I spread my legs wider. Her kiss was soft and hesitant, right on the tip of my erection.

"That felt nice," I said. "Thanks."

Her face lit up with a smile, her blue eyes sparkling as her cheeks turned pink.

"Do you want to kiss it again?"

She nodded.

"Open your mouth when you do," I suggested. "Just a little."

She did, her lips lingering on my glans.

"Did you like that?"

"Uh-huh. It doesn't taste bad or anything."

"Suck on the head," Gina suggested.

Gaining confidence, Heather wrapped her lips around the crown and sucked gently. With Gina quietly coaching her, the blonde girl started using her tongue to tease the underside of my glans. Then she opened her lips and slowly engulfed more of my shaft. She could only take about two inches, but I let her know how good it felt.

As her self-assurance grew, she started moving her lips back and forth. Her teeth grazed me a few times, but Gina noticed and quietly gave her a few pointers. At Gina's suggestion, Heather wrapped her fingers around my shaft and started stroking me as she sucked.

For her first blowjob, she was doing fine. Her teeth scraped my shaft a few more times, but I kept up a patter of encouraging words and happy moans. Gina could tell I was slightly exaggerating things, but I don't think Heather figured it out.

"Oh, God," I groaned, "you're gonna make me come." I wasn't really getting close, but I could tell that her jaw was getting tired. Gina could suck me for thirty minutes at a time, but Heather didn't have that kind of stamina. Yet. So I gently pushed her hand out of the way and wrapped my own fingers around my shaft. "Do you want to swallow?" I asked.

Heather pulled back and licked her saliva-shiny lips. "It just tastes salty, right?" she asked Gina.

"It tastes great," Gina said, nodding. "I love the taste of his come."

"You said he shoots a lot, right?"

Gina nodded again. "But it's not gallons or anything. You might have to swallow a couple of times, but it's not that much."

While Gina assuaged Heather's fears, I kept stroking my shaft, building myself toward release. Heather asked Gina questions about what it was like when I came; she seemed to be worried about the amount more than the taste.

"Can you just shoot a little?" she asked me.

I chuckled and shook my head as I continued stroking. "It doesn't really work like that. I can't really turn it on and off, like a faucet."

"Yeah," she said, shrugging. "I want to taste it, but I don't wanna get too much in my mouth and gag or something. I mean… you know."

"Yeah. Why don't I spurt once or twice in your mouth and then you can pull back. Gina can swallow the rest."

Gina's eyes lit up at the prospect.

"I mean, some might hit you in the face," I continued, glancing back at Heather, "but just keep your eyes closed and you'll be cool."

"I'm sorry," Heather said. "I just don't wanna get too much. I'm not sure I can swallow your… um… your stuff. You know. Is that okay?"

I nodded. "I'm pretty worked up, so that's probably a good idea. I mean, your lips and tongue felt really good, especially for your first time."

Positive reinforcement—Pavlov would be proud.

Then I closed my legs to let the girls move closer. Heather's buoyant breasts pressed against my left leg as she leaned forward. Then Gina moved close, her breasts pressing against my right leg. Almost casually, Gina put her hand on Heather's arm. I shared a knowing smile with Gina and continued stroking myself. After a minute, I got Heather's attention.

"Would you suck the head?" I suggested. "That felt really nice."

"It did?"

"Uh-huh. And you look really cute when you're sucking me," I added.

She blushed and quickly locked her lips around my shaft. I warned her when I was about to come, and she looked up nervously. The first spurt must've been a lot more than she expected, because she jerked back in surprise. The next spurt landed on her cheek and chin.

Gina lunged forward as I shifted my aim. When her lips wrapped around my girth, I moaned softly. Two more spurts filled her mouth and then my climax dwindled. She greedily swallowed and then replaced my hand with hers, hoping to squeeze more semen from my shaft.

As Gina sucked, I turned to look at Heather. She glanced up at me and then closed her mouth, swallowing the small pool of white semen. With my left hand, I cupped her cheek, using my thumb to wipe the errant trail of sperm. While she paused to consider what my semen tasted like, I unobtrusively wiped my thumb on my towel. Gina would have greedily licked it clean, but I don't think Heather was ready for that yet.

Since I didn't get soft, Gina kept sucking me. I was more than happy to let her. I gestured for Heather to sit next to me on the edge of the tub, which she did. Her body was warm from the water, and she felt good next to me. I wrapped my arm around her and leaned in to kiss her. She eagerly responded against me.

"Thank you," I said, when we broke the kiss.

She licked her lips, opened her eyes, then smiled shyly.

When she looked into my eyes, I said, "And any guy who won't kiss you after you've sucked him off isn't worth another blowjob."

She blushed and lowered her gaze.

"You did real well," I said, "especially for your first time. Did you like it?"

"Yeah. I think I see why Gina talks about it all the time."

I nodded. Then I pulled her close and kissed her again. She responded instantly, pressing her ample breasts against my side. I turned her body slightly and started fondling her breast, teasing her nipple. In between kisses, she panted with growing passion.

"Later," I said, "we can go to Gina's room."

Heather nodded, leaning forward to kiss me again.

I dropped my hand from her breast and let it rest on her thigh. As I resumed kissing her, I moved my hand up her thigh and gently parted her legs. When she didn't protest, I slid my hand higher, finding her steamy pussy.

"In Gina's room," I said, teasing Heather's outer labia with my fingertips, "I'll go down on you." I found her clit and circled it with my thumb. "Would you like that?"

"Oh, God," she panted. "Yes."

We continued kissing as I teased her pussy. Between my legs, Gina was trying to swallow me whole. With steady pressure on the spot behind my balls, she brought me to the point of no return. I groaned into Heather's mouth as I emptied my second load down Gina's throat.

When I came to my senses, I suggested we go inside. We picked up our clothes, but didn't even bother putting them on before we raced across the short distance between the hot tub's privacy hedge and the back porch. Once inside, we immediately headed for Gina's room.

There, I directed Heather onto the bed and then turned to Gina. She flowed into my arms and I kissed her. Then I brought my right hand to her lips, letting her taste Heather's juices. Gina eagerly sucked my fingers, closing her eyes and savoring the flavor.

"I promised Heather I'd go down on her," I said. "Do you want me to take care of you first?"

Gina shook her head. "I want to watch. Besides," she said, "I want you inside me." Then she reached between us and grasped my flaccid length. "You won't be ready for a while."

I nodded in agreement. When I turned to Heather, I had to stifle a chuckle. She looked horny, nervous, desperate, and shy, all at once. As I moved next to her, Gina sat on the other side. Tentatively, I put my hand on the blonde girl's calf.

She didn't flinch, so I slid my hand higher. Our eyes met and she smiled, a shy, excited smile. I continued moving my hand up her leg, caressing the back of her knee. She shuddered and closed her eyes. With slow, gentle touches, I persuaded her to lie back and relax. When my fingers found her moist sex, she gasped. I started to remove my hand, but she quickly covered it with her own.

"Don't stop," she breathed.

I bent my head to suckle her nipple and continued teasing her fleshy labia, parting them with my fingers and rubbing my thumb over her hooded clit. When I gently rolled the little pearl between thumb and forefinger, she gasped in pleasure.

I took my time with her, building her up. Her pussy reluctantly opened when I first slid my finger into her, but she begged me to keep going. While Gina watched—playing with herself as she did—I kissed and caressed Heather, working her into a frenzy.

Then I moved between her legs and used my lips and tongue to continue what my fingers had begun. I parted her damp pubic hair with my nose, inhaling her virginal, fresh aroma. When I kissed her arousal-swollen pussy, she moaned and clutched at my head.

Using long licks, teasing the sensitive area between her inner and outer labia, I drove her higher. She cried out as I wrapped my lips around her clit. Then I flicked my tongue under the protective hood. With my hands, I held her legs apart and began buzzing my lips against her clit. As I did, she gasped and moaned in ecstasy, her orgasm building.

When I finally pushed her over the edge, she shuddered and bucked her hips against my face and softly cried out. I held on and flicked my tongue against her clit, driving my finger inside her, feeling her muscles spasm. With a heaving, trembling sigh, she went limp.

I looked up, turned to Gina, and grinned. "I think she liked it," I said.

Instead of answering me, Gina simply leaned forward and kissed me, tasting the other girl's juices on my

lips. When Gina and I separated, Heather moaned softly as an aftershock coursed through her body. Using my resurgent erection for leverage, Gina pulled me from between Heather's legs.

"God, you make me so hot," she whispered. "Every time I see you with your face between another girl's legs, I get all wet."

I reached between her legs and rubbed a finger over her slippery labia. She was open and *very* ready. With a hungry grin, I moved between her legs.

"I can't wait to feel you inside me," Gina breathed.

"Do you want me to leave?" Heather asked quietly.

At the sound of her voice, I looked up and immediately had to stifle a grin; she was trying not to stare at us. As I tried to compose myself—I didn't want to embarrass her—I hovered between Gina's spread, upthrust knees, my erection poised at her opening.

"Do you want me to leave?" Heather repeated. "I can go, if you want some privacy."

"Do you *want* to?" I asked.

She blushed, but didn't reply.

"You can watch, if you want," I said.

Gina reached down and started gently squeezing my erection. Her grip was firm and insistent.

"I can?" Heather asked.

"Do you want to?"

Once again, she blushed. But this time, she nodded as well.

With a barely suppressed grin, I told her she could stay. Then I turned my attention back to Gina. I lowered my hips and she set the bulbous head of my dick at her opening. With gentle pressure, I eased into her. She closed her eyes and savored the feeling as my girth spread her open. When I bottomed out, she groaned deep in her throat.

With that, I began thrusting, making sure Heather had a good view of my cock pistoning into Gina. Gina was hot and very wet, and soon began lifting her hips to meet my thrusts. For only a moment, our thrusts were out of synch, but we quickly settled into a comfortable rhythm.

She ran her hands over my arms and shoulders, urging me to pump her harder. Then she trailed her fingers over my ribs and down my flanks, clutching at my thrusting hips. When I looked at Heather, her eyes were glued to where Gina's and my bodies were joined.

I pushed myself back on my haunches, the tip of my erection still spreading Gina open. Then I ran my hands over her thighs, teasing her hot skin with gentle caresses. When I began thrusting again, her chest and face flushed a darker shade. With a low moan, she closed her eyes and moistened her lips.

I teased her clit with my left hand, using my thumb to draw small circles around it. Her nostrils flared as she inhaled sharply. I took my time with her, making sure she enjoyed herself, and making sure to put on a good show for Heather.

After several minutes, I pulled out. Gina's eyes popped open, but she quickly realized what I wanted. With a wry grin, she flipped her leg over me and rolled to her side. Then she rose on all fours and flipped her hair back. With a sultry expression, she glanced at me over her shoulder. I scooted forward, set my rod at her opening, and entered her from behind.

It was one of her favorite positions—my dick bumped into her inner spot with each thrust—and she quickly began panting and whimpering in pleasure. I increased my pace, my hips slapping into her round ass. She hung her head and moaned softly, thrusting back at me with each stroke.

When I felt her pussy start to spasm, I reached around her hip and teased her clit. With my fingertips, I put pressure on the base, gently pressing and releasing, driving her toward her climax.

When she came, she tensed up and cried out, arching her back. I kept thrusting, my fingers dancing over the sensitive pearl at the top of her slit. Her pussy spasmed and clutched at me. She moaned again, deep in the throes of her orgasm, and I slammed into her a final time. Her climax washed over her, her body quivering with pleasure. When her orgasm subsided, she hung her head and panted, her back heaving as she drew shuddering breaths.

I started to thrust again, but she practically lunged forward; her pussy was too sensitive. In a blur of

motion, she spun around and wrapped her lips around my slippery shaft. With one hand wrapped around the base, she jerked me off, flicking her tongue against the head.

In a few moments, I came, semen gushing over her tongue as she moaned and swallowed. She massaged my balls, hoping to squeeze more semen from them. With the pleasure of my orgasm still tingling along my nerves, I sank back on my haunches, panting.

"Wow," Heather said. "That was *so* cool."

"Mmmmm," Gina sighed. "Yeah." Then she languidly rolled to her back. "You should try it."

Heather quickly shook her head.

"You'll like it," Gina said.

I recognized Heather's apprehension, but I don't think Gina did. "It's okay," I said, interrupting Gina. "You don't have to if you don't want to."

Heather breathed a sigh of relief, but Gina tensed up.

"You can when you're ready," I said.

"I dunno if I'll ever be ready," Heather said. "I mean, I want to, but…"

I arched my eyebrows.

She blushed.

"What?" Gina asked, rolling to her stomach. "You told me you wanted to."

"I know," Heather said quickly. "It's just…"

"Just what?" Gina asked, a touch of exasperation in her voice.

"Isn't Paul's… um… dick… pretty big?" Heather ventured. "I dunno if it'll fit."

"It'll fit," I said with a laugh. "But we'd have to go slow the first time." She was genuinely anxious, but Gina seemed determined to talk the blonde girl into having sex with me. So I decided to forestall the conversation; Heather wasn't ready, and Gina would only get frustrated when she didn't get her way. "C'mon," I said before either girl could say anything, "let's get cleaned up and at least *look* like we're working on our English paper."

✧ ✧ ✧

Heather really *wasn't* ready to have sex yet. She was worried about not being on the pill, about the pain, and about countless other things. But she definitely liked watching Gina and me have sex. She liked giving me blowjobs, and she liked it when I went down on her. But more importantly, she knew I was discreet, so she didn't have to worry about getting a bad reputation.

In school, she was as demure as ever, but when she came over to Gina's house, she was almost a different person. She was enthusiastic and eager to explore (within her limits). Slowly, Gina and I also started working on her aversion to girl-girl sex. Her Midwestern values were at odds with her growing desire. Surprisingly, Gina was patient and didn't try to force the issue.

The one thing I initially worried about was Heather becoming attached to me or falling in love. Thankfully, she only wanted to be friends. She realized how committed I was to Gina, but that didn't have anything to do with her desire to remain only friends.

I asked Gina about it once, and she told me that Heather said I wasn't her type. Heather liked me as a friend, but as far as she was concerned, I wasn't boyfriend material. I guess she thought of me as someone she could fool around with whenever she wanted, and I was more than happy with that relationship. And since Heather was beginning to see the possibilities of girl-girl sex, Gina was happy too. Impatient, but happy.

✧ ✧ ✧

For spring break, Gina and Leah were going to visit their grandparents in Richmond, Virginia, so I made plans to fly up to Knoxville. Kendall's spring break was the week before mine, but she said she could afford to skip one or two classes and spend a few days with me. We'd be together from Saturday till mid-Wednesday.

Bridget even offered to let us use her car and her family's cabin in the mountains. Kendall and I would

have almost five days to ourselves. She was looking forward to it as much as I was.

During one of our phone conversations, shortly before our spring break together, I mentioned Heather. Kendall immediately discerned that Gina and I were fooling around with the blonde. In bits and pieces, she dragged the story out of me. I think she could hear in my voice that I wasn't in love with Heather, and that seemed to satisfy her.

Once I realized Kendall wasn't upset that Heather was giving me blowjobs, I told her more about the relationship. She confirmed my suspicions about the blonde girl; I *was* merely a good friend.

"You're her blowjob buddy," Kendall teased.

"You're not upset?" I asked.

"Maybe a little," she said, "but not really. Not when I think about it rationally, at least. My initial reaction is 'No, no, no! I want you all to myself.'" Then she laughed. "But then I calm down. I know the difference between love and sex. There are only two women you love."

"Three," I corrected.

"Yeah, Susan. But she's a special case. You don't love her like you love Gina and me."

"Yeah."

"Besides, I've known you were having sex with other women."

"Yeah. But that doesn't bother you?"

"Sometimes it does," she said, and I could almost hear her shrug. "But I know you love me," she continued, "and I know I'm not going to lose you to Heather."

"True."

"And I know how Gina is."

"What d'you mean?" I asked.

"Do you think it's a coincidence that Heather's a *lot* like Lisa?"

"No," I said in sudden realization.

"Uh-huh. Gina likes sex, and she usually has a best friend who's a lot like her. But she's not going to be best friends with a girl who's going to be competition."

I found myself nodding as Kendall spoke.

"So I'm not worried about you having sex with Heather," she continued, "as long as you're careful."

"Oh, I will be," I said distractedly.

"Good. I don't want anything bad to happen to you. You're too smart for that."

"Thanks."

"And if anything *did* happen, I'd never forgive you," she said, teasing me. "Because then you wouldn't be able to ravish me."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm," she said, almost timidly. "I was thinking…"

"Yes?"

"When you come up for spring break, I want you to do something."

"Uh-huh?"

"I… I want you to tie me up and… um…"

Even though her roommate was gone, I heard her cup her hand around the phone mouthpiece.

"I want you to… um… rape me."

"You want me to *what?*"

"Not for real," she said hastily. "Just for fun. We'll have the cabin to ourselves, and I've been there. The nearest neighbor is about a half-mile away. So you could… um… you know… tie me up and do whatever you want."

"I dunno."

"Oh, Paul, please. I want you to. I want you to… to rape me."

"Not for real, right?"

"Oh, no. Just for play. But I really, really want you to."

"Okay," I said softly. "I think I can do that."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you, Paul. I love you so much. I'll make it worth your while."

"Of course you will," I said roguishly. "You'll be tied up."

"Paul!" my mom called from the kitchen. "Dinner!"

"You'd better go," Kendall said.

"Yeah. I love you."

"I love you too," she said. "And… thanks. For understanding about… you know."

"You're welcome. Thank *you* for understanding. About Heather and everything else. I really don't know what I'd do if I didn't have you," I said sincerely.

"Oh, Paul," she whispered. "You don't know how good that makes me feel."

"I mean it. I'd be lost without you."

"I love you," she said. "Now go eat. You've got to be healthy and strong when you ravish me."

"Oh, don't worry. I will be. And I love you, too. Bye."

"Bye."

✧ ✧ ✧

In Atlanta, before my flight boarded, the gate agent talked to the flight's head stewardess and they upgraded me to first class. They knew I was flying to Knoxville to see my girlfriend, and I was beginning to figure out that a lot of women had a soft spot for romantic guys. I didn't *mean* to get upgraded to first class when I talked to the agent; it was just a lucky break.

Since I flew stand-by, I had to check in an hour before departure. As a result, I usually ended up chatting with the gate agents and stewardesses. Dad would say that being polite is its own reward, but I certainly got enough *other* rewards to make it worthwhile, even if it hadn't made me feel good in the first place.

When the plane came to a stop at the gate in Knoxville, the head stewardess, Bonnie, asked me to wait to disembark. Evidently, the flight crew had a layover in town. When the captain and first officer came out of the cockpit, carrying their jackets and Jepps cases, they glanced at me.

"You're David Hughes's son?" the captain asked.

"Yes, sir," I said, shaking his proffered hand. "Paul Hughes."

"I'm Art Maxwell," he said. Then he pointed to his co-pilot. "This is Stu Pfefferman. We both know your dad."

"It's nice to meet you," I said.

"Bonnie tells us you're meeting your girlfriend," Art said.

"Yes, sir."

"Sir? I'm Art," he said, pointing to himself. "This is Stu." Then he grinned at me. "When you say 'sir,' I think I'm back in the Air Force."

"God forbid," Stu teased. "That's just what this country needs, more half-crazed pilots with missiles."

"Mud mover," Art said to the first officer, winking at me as he did.

"Fighter puke," Stu replied without heat.

The two of them continued hurling epithets as we walked up the jetway. Bonnie merely grinned at me and shook her head. Then she introduced the other two stewardesses, Marybeth and Grace.

When we reached the concourse, I almost laughed when I saw Kendall. She looked beautiful, but she also looked frantic. As soon as she saw me, she ran toward me, her relief evident.

"Oh, my goodness," she said, hugging me tight. "When all those people got off the plane and I didn't see you, I thought you weren't coming."

When she pulled back, I grinned at her. She was wearing a blue wrap-around dress that clung to her curves and matched her eyes. Her hair was pinned back on one side, and someone had obviously helped her do it. She was also wearing subtle eye shadow and lip gloss.

"Jeez, Paul," Art said. "*This* is your girlfriend?"

"D'you miss the days when you were young and good-looking, Art?" Stu asked. "And had beautiful girls waiting for *you?*"

"I'm still young and good-looking," Art said, trying to sound injured, "and I still have beautiful girls

waiting for me."

"Well, one out of three isn't bad," Stu said, glancing at Marybeth.

For her part, Marybeth blushed bright red.

"Gentlemen," Bonnie asked, "are you going to take us out to dinner? Or are you going to make us stand here while you play the 'bigger dick' game?"

Marybeth and Kendall *both* blushed at that.

"Killjoy," Art said under his breath.

"Spoilsport," Stu muttered.

"What's your name, dear?" Bonnie asked Kendall as we walked down the concourse.

I shouldered my carry-on bag and put my arm around Kendall's waist. Then I introduced her to the flight crew.

"Would you like to join us for dinner?" Art asked. "The company's paying."

"You just don't want to say goodbye to the pretty girl," Stu said.

Kendall blushed when she realized they were talking about her.

"Of course I don't," Art countered.

While they bantered back and forth, I leaned close to Kendall. "We don't have to, if you don't want to," I whispered.

"They're fun," she said. Then, "Sure! What the heck."

We decided to eat dinner at the flight crew's hotel. They all went upstairs to change clothes while Kendall and I waited in the lobby. I told her how beautiful she looked, and how much I was looking forward to our time together.

While we ate, Art and Stu tried to outdo each other by telling the funniest, raunchiest, most outrageous jokes. I can't remember ever laughing so hard. Bonnie rolled her eyes at their antics, but she was having as much fun as the rest of us.

We sat and talked with the crew for a while, listening to their stories and simply enjoying ourselves. But since Kendall and I still had about an hour's drive to the cabin, we thanked the flight crew for the meal and took our leave. As we walked out to Bridget's car, I put my arm around Kendall and pulled her close.

Before we drove up the mountain to the cabin, we stopped for groceries at a little market. Mom and Dad had given me a hundred dollars for the weekend. Kendall had saved some of her spending money, but I wouldn't let her pay for anything.

"You take care of the cabin rental," I said. "I'll buy the food."

"But the cabin's free," she replied.

"Then you're in luck."

The cabin itself was amazing. It was constructed of heavy log timbers, with a steep roof. Perched on the side of the thickly forested mountain, it had a great view of the valley below. Except for a big satellite dish standing in a cleared area to the side of the cabin, it was very rustic-looking. Inside, it was actually fairly modern.

"Wow," I said. "Bridget's family must be pretty rich."

"They are. Her family's got lots of old money."

"Then why's she live in the dorms?" I asked.

"You have to," Kendall said. "If you're a freshman and you don't live at home, you have to live in the dorm." She shrugged. "It's the rule. And since Bridget wanted to join a sorority, she chose to live on campus so she'd be close to her sorority sisters."

"Oh."

We chatted as we put away the groceries and then explored the house. Upstairs, it had three bedrooms, a large master bath, and another full bath. The main level was mostly one big open room, with a few partition walls and large log columns supporting the second story. The main floor contained a kitchen, half-bath, fully stocked wet bar, dining area, and a huge living area—complete with a pool table at one end and a large sectional couch with a big projection TV at the other.

Along the wall facing the valley, it had a large row of doors with big plate-glass windows. They all

opened onto the deck, which spanned the width of the house. Kendall and I took a blanket outside and curled up on one of the deck chairs, simply enjoying each other's company and gazing at the stars.

"Paul?" she said a little while later.

"Yeah?"

"I still want you to… um… you know…"

Since I had *no* idea what she was talking about, I waited for her to finish. When it became clear that she wasn't going to continue, I prompted her, "You want me to…?"

"I want you to… um… you know… rape me," she said.

"I remember," I said.

"You can do anything you want. And I mean *anything*."

"Anything?" I asked, smiling at the possibilities.

"Anything."

"Okay, but we gotta have one rule," I said seriously, thinking back to a conversation I'd had with Susan. "You need to have a safe word."

"A safe word?"

"A safe word," I repeated. "I mean, I'm basically gonna act like a… well… a rapist. So you can struggle and cry out and fight back all you want, but I'm not gonna let you go."

She nodded.

"But what happens if I'm really hurting you?" I asked. "Or I do something you really, *really* don't wanna do?"

"Like what?"

"I dunno," I said, shrugging. "I can't think of anything right now. But still, what if I hurt you? If you're in pain, or afraid, then I need to stop. So you gotta have a safe word. If you use it, it means 'for real,' so I'll stop."

"Oh, I get it."

"So, what's a good safe word?" I asked. "Something you'd never normally say?"

She thought about it for a moment and then grinned. "Stop?"

"That's not a good safe word," I chided.

"Yeah, I know. I was just having fun." Then she turned thoughtful again. "How about 'Cleopatra'?"

"'Cleopatra'? What made you think of her?"

"She was supposed to be really good at giving head."

"You're kidding, right?"

She shook her head. "Seriously, women in ancient Egypt used to wear lipstick to advertise their… um… talents. I read somewhere that Cleopatra once gave blowjobs to a hundred Roman noblemen in one night."

"Wow."

"No kidding. So, I guess I'd never *say* 'Cleopatra,' unless we were talking about her, but I sure think about her a lot."

"Oh you do?" I asked, my curiosity piqued.

"Mmm hmm."

"Well, that's a good safe word. Now," I said, running my hand up her leg, "let's talk about this… um…"

"Affinity?" she suggested.

"Yeah, let's talk about this affinity you have for Cleopatra."

"I could put on some nice red lipstick."

"To advertise your talents?"

"And to mark my territory," she said.

I think we made it inside in record time.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next night, after dinner, we decided to build a fire. While I fetched firewood from the rack on the

back deck, she changed clothes. When I came inside with the second armload of wood, I froze in my tracks. Kendall had pulled her hair into a ponytail and was wearing a dark sweatshirt and a pair of panties. That's all. The shirt ended at the tops of her thighs, and didn't quite cover her panties. When she struck a model pose, my penis twitched in anticipation.

"Wow," I said. "You look great."

"Thanks."

"That sweatshirt really shows off your legs."

"That's why I wore it," she said.

For a moment, I simply stood there and admired her. When she shivered, I belatedly realized that I was standing in the open doorway. "Oh, sorry," I said.

Once I got the fire going, I sat on the couch and Kendall curled up next to me with a blanket covering her legs (mostly). It was actually very comfortable, but I couldn't keep my mind on my book. Instead, I was thinking about what was about to happen.

"I'm gonna get some more firewood," I said. "I'll be right back."

"Okay."

Once outside, I hid in the shadows by the door. I slipped a dark ski mask over my head, pocketed the few things I'd hidden with the mask, and waited. The night had turned chilly, and after five minutes, I began to wish I'd brought a coat. But then the door opened and I saw Kendall silhouetted by the light from inside.

"Paul?" she called.

I didn't answer. Since her eyes hadn't adjusted to the darkness, she couldn't see me.

"Paul?"

When she stepped outside, I slipped behind her and grabbed her. At first, she struggled and tried to cry out, but I was far stronger (and I had my hand clamped over her mouth). Even with her height, she was no match for my wrestling-honed muscles.

With one hand around her middle and the other still covering her mouth, I half-dragged her inside. Then I kicked the door shut. She started struggling again, so I picked her up and headed for the kitchen. That was a mistake. As soon as her feet left the ground, she started kicking. When her erratic movements threatened to throw me off balance, I set her down again.

"If you keep this up," I hissed, "you'll regret it. Now, fucking settle down."

Instead of submitting, she started struggling again, so I clumsily wrestled her to the floor. Once she was facedown with my full weight upon her, she stopped thrashing. Then I sat up and pulled her arms behind her. She immediately started screaming for help.

"Keep screaming," I said over her histrionics. "You know as well as I do that the nearest neighbors are a couple of miles away."

At that, she stopped yelling.

"The house up the mountain is empty," I continued, "so scream all you like. No one's gonna hear you, and your boyfriend won't wake up any time soon."

"What've you done to Paul?"

"Him?" I mocked. "He's out like a light."

"You didn't hurt him, did you?"

"You should probably be worried about what I'm going to do to *you*," I said as I pulled a scarf from my back pocket. I'd stashed it with the mask, because I knew it would come in handy.

"What are you going to do?" she asked as I tied her hands.

"Nothing you didn't do with your boyfriend last night," I said. At her shocked surprise, I continued. "Oh yeah, I was watching. I saw you blowing him, with your bright red lips."

"How did you…?"

"And I watched him fuck the hell outta you afterward." Once I secured her hands, I slid backward and lifted her sweatshirt over her ass.

"What do you want?" she asked, her voice quavering.

"The same thing you gave your boyfriend."

At that point, she started begging me not to rape her. I ignored her pleas and took the small pair of scissors from my back pocket. Then I unceremoniously cut off her panties.

"Last night, you looked like an Egyptian whore," I said.

At my indirect mention of Cleopatra, she gasped in surprise and clenched her buttocks.

"Oh, you like that, do you?" I taunted. "What was her name?"

"Who?" she asked.

"The Egyptian whore."

"She wasn't a whore," she said defiantly. "She was a queen."

"What was this queen's name, then?" I asked.

She remained silent.

I leaned close, the jeans-covered bulge of my erection pressing into her bare ass. "Are you going to tell me her name?" I asked, my voice deceptively soft.

She shook her head.

"Why not?" I asked. Then I lifted my hips and reached between her legs.

She gasped as my fingers found her damp slit.

"She sure makes you wet," I said. "You won't tell me her name?"

"No."

"That's too bad," I said. "'Cause I know all about Cleopatra. She gave head like a champ, I hear. Do *you* know about Cleopatra?" I asked softly, as I played with her slippery labia.

Grudgingly, she nodded.

"I thought you would. You looked just like her last night," I said. "With your bright red lips wrapped around your boyfriend's cock." Then, for almost a minute, I described the blowjob from the night before, but from the perspective of someone looking in through a window. As I teased her with my words and fingers, her pussy grew even wetter.

"Please stop," she finally begged.

"Why?"

"Take whatever you want," she said. "I don't have much money, but my purse is—"

"I don't care about money," I said softly, dangerously. "*You're* what I want."

She swallowed audibly.

"Now, let's roll you over and take a look at those tits. Your boyfriend sure enjoyed 'em last night. I think I wanna see what he likes so much." Then I roughly rolled her onto her back.

When she saw my masked face, her eyes widened in fear and she began to plead again.

"Save your breath," I said. "I told you, I'm here for one and only one thing: *you*." Then I grasped the bottom edge of her sweatshirt and slowly lifted it above her navel.

As I revealed smooth skin, she shivered. Then the underside curve of her breasts came into view. With her sweatshirt bunched at her chin, her nipples crinkled and hardened in the cool air of the cabin.

I reached down and touched her left breast. She flinched at the touch, but didn't speak. Then I moved my hand to her right breast and lightly tugged on her nipple. She tried not to react, but I could easily tell how much she enjoyed it.

"Let's see what else you have here," I said. Then I trailed my fingers down her fluttering stomach to the junction of her thighs. "Oh, so you shave," I said. "I couldn't tell last night. I'm glad I decided to take a closer look."

"Please, why are you doing this?"

"Because I want to," I said, looking her in the eye. "And you can't *stop* me."

"Please, don't," she whispered.

Instead of answering her, I wormed a finger between her slick, smooth pussy lips and began to rub her inner folds.

She closed her eyes and tried not to moan.

"You *like* this, don't you," I said.

She compressed her lips and shook her head.

"Yes, you do. I can feel it," I said, sliding my finger further into her.

"Please… please stop." Then she cried out as I tweaked her engorged clit with my thumb. "Please don't. If you leave now," she said, "I won't tell anyone you were here. I swear."

"I'll leave when I'm ready," I said coolly. "And I won't be ready until I've made you beg me to fuck you."

"I never will," she said. "Never."

"Oh," I assured her, "you will. You just don't know it yet."

With that, I picked up the scissors and brandished them in front of her face. Then I cut the fabric of the sweatshirt, straight up the middle. The cool metal of the scissors touched her skin and she flinched. When I finally cut through the thick neckband, I flipped the sides of the shirt open, completely exposing her.

As she watched, wide-eyed, I cut the sweatshirt's neck in two more places, at the shoulders. Then I rolled her onto her stomach. She hissed when her breasts pressed against the cold, hard wood of the floor. I straddled her upper thighs and then cut the sweatshirt down each sleeve. When I made the last cut, I pulled off the remains and tossed them aside. I hated cutting up the shirt, but it seemed like the thing to do.

At that point, I stood and looked at her nude, bound, facedown figure. Then I stepped toward the couch.

"Where are you going?" she asked nervously.

I ignored her and kicked off my shoes. Then I took off my clothes. When I looked over at her, she was watching me nervously. I left the ski mask on and then turned to her, my erection swinging gently.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, her eyes locked on my swollen cock.

"What*ever* I want," I said. Then I lifted her to her feet and dragged her in front of the couch. "Stand here," I said. "Good, now bend over." When she didn't move fast enough, I slapped her ass. "I said *move!*" To my surprise, she moaned and then immediately bent over.

The tip of my hard-on pressed against her inner thigh as I moved behind her and loosened the knot in the scarf binding her wrists.

"If you try to run," I said, "I'll catch you, and you'll regret it. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"And even if you *do* get away, your boyfriend's still here, unconscious on the deck. You've got to think about him, too."

Once again, she nodded. With her hands free, she rubbed her wrists and started to stand up.

"I didn't tell you to stand up," I said harshly. "Bend over. Put your hands on your ass. Pull your cheeks apart."

She immediately complied.

Then I sat down on the couch and pulled her back toward me. Between her dangling breasts, she watched me. When I began playing with her pussy, she shivered and closed her eyes. Then she opened them again and watched my face. As I ran my finger along her slippery channel, I started stroking my erection.

Surprisingly, I enjoyed the mounting tension. In her role as the victim, she'd never ask me to fuck her, but I was determined to break her resolve. I don't know where she came up with this fantasy, but I was really enjoying it.

"All right, Cleopatra," I said, "don't move." Then I stood and walked over to her purse. When I returned, she was in the same position, as ordered. At first, she didn't recognize the slender tube I extended to her. "Put it on," I said.

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"Because I told you to, that's why. Now stand up and put it on."

She stood and reached for the tube of bright red lipstick. Then she took a deep breath.

"Yeah," I said, "you know what's coming. Don't you?"

She remained mute.

"*Don't* you?" I prompted.

Instead of speaking, she merely nodded.

"Say it."

She shook her head.

"*Say* it."

"You're going to make me suck you."

"I'm going to make you suck my *cock*," I said. "Now put on the lipstick, Cleopatra."

"Please don't call me that," she said, but her heart wasn't in it. I could tell by the way her breathing skipped a beat when I said "Cleopatra."

"Put… it… on," I said again. With the bright red lipstick on her lips, it was all I could do not to tell her to drop to her knees and suck me. Instead, I sat on the couch, my erection pointing straight up. "Now," I said, "kneel in front of me."

She took a hesitant step toward me.

"Do it!"

She knelt between my legs, her eyes on my cock.

I think she expected me to order her to suck me. Instead, I started stroking myself.

When the first drop of pre-come oozed out, she unconsciously licked her lips.

"Play with your tits," I said.

She shook her head.

I snapped my fingers to get her attention and then held her gaze. "Do you want to find out what'll happen if you *don't* do it?" I asked.

Meekly, she shook her head and looked away. Then she tweaked and gently tugged her nipples. The whole time, her eyes were glued to my erection.

"Do you want to suck me?" I asked.

Still playing her role, she shook her head.

"Suit yourself," I said indifferently. "But if you're not going to suck me, get on your back."

Her eyes widened.

"Get on your back and spread your legs," I said. "I want you to spread that shaved pussy for me."

"It's not *for* you," she said.

"I don't care *who* it's for," I said dispassionately. "But it's mine now, and I want to see you play with it."

Feigning reluctance, she lay on her back and spread her legs.

"Play with it!"

She reach down and tentatively ran her finger over her mons.

"I said play with it, not tease it," I ordered.

She immediately started rubbing her fingers in small circles around her clit. After several minutes, she started rocking her hips. Then she looked at me, her eyes pleading.

"Are you ready for me to fuck you?" I asked.

"Never," she said.

"Suit yourself."

Despite her words, her eyes never left my dick. As she fingered herself, she hungrily watched me jerk off.

"Get on your knees," I said at last. When she hesitated, I stood. "I said get on your knees. Kneel in front of me, Cleopatra."

Her eyes sparkled with anticipation as she eyed my erection. When she sat up and got to her knees, she licked her lips.

"Keep playing with yourself," I ordered. Then, much to her surprise, I started stroking myself instead of telling her to suck me.

Her hand dropped to her pussy and she sighed with a mixture of frustration and pleasure. When I stepped forward, she looked up hopefully, but then quickly suppressed the emotion.

I continued stroking myself and reached down to cup her breast. She whimpered when I teased her nipple. Then I rubbed the semen-slick head of my dick on her cheek. Her nostrils flared as she inhaled the scent of my manhood.

"If you want to suck my cock," I said, "just ask."

She pursed her lips and shook her head.

"Okay," I said mildly. "But I don't know how long I'll last."

She rigidly held herself in check, and I almost smiled as I realized the internal battle she must have been waging. On one hand, she was the victim of an intruder and she'd never willingly submit. But on the other, she almost desperately wanted to suck my dick. Watching the struggle was incredibly arousing. Finally, she compressed her lips into a defiant line and shook her head.

"Keep playing with your pussy," I told her. Then I rubbed my cock over her face, leaving a glistening trail of pre-come.

Her nostrils flared again and she opened her mouth, her red lips glistening in the reflected firelight.

"Are you ready to suck me?"

Once again, she shook her head and then closed her mouth.

A few minutes later, I felt my orgasm building. She must've sensed it too, because when I increased the pace of my stroking, her eyes popped open and suddenly focused on my dick.

"Do you want to suck me?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"You don't want to wrap your lips around my cock and let it fill your mouth?" I asked, tormenting her.

"No," she whispered.

"Then close your eyes," I ordered.

Reluctantly, she obeyed.

Then, with a low groan, I aimed my cock at her face and erupted. The first spurt arced out and splashed against her cheek. She flinched, but didn't pull away. The next spurt landed on her nose and forehead, barely missing her closed right eye. The third spurt coated her lips and chin, while the final gush landed on her chest. When I shook my cock, drops flew off, spattering her neck and chest.

As I stepped back to admire her glistening face, she moaned and the hand on her pussy went into high gear. I didn't want her to come so soon, so I ordered her to stand up. She whined in protest, but I reached down and practically jerked her to her feet.

"What are you doing?" she asked plaintively.

Instead of answering her, I marched her upstairs to the master bedroom. As she tried to wipe my come from her face, I stopped her. "Leave it," I said. "You had your chance to suck me. Since you didn't, you're going to have to wear a reminder." When we reached the bedroom, I shoved her onto the bed roughly.

"What're you going to do?" she asked, her eyes wide.

"Get in the center of the bed. Now!"

She immediately obeyed.

I reached into a trunk at the foot of the bed and pulled out three silk scarves. I had found them in the top of the closet that morning and then stashed them in the trunk. I'd also had the foresight to tie slipknots in the end of each one.

She made a dash for the door as soon as she saw the scarves, but I easily caught her. Then I frog-marched her back to the bed, where I threw her on her back. She struggled briefly, but I subdued her by straddling her chest. My erection nestled between her flattened breasts as I calmly overpowered her and bound her wrists with one of the scarves.

Once I pulled the slipknot tight, she stopped struggling, her eyes wide with affected fear. Then I leaned forward—stretching her arms above her—and tied the other end of the scarf to the stout crosspiece at the head of the bed. As I looked down at her, I was forced to smile: in her struggles, she'd smeared my come all over her face and chest. Fortunately, she couldn't see my expression because of the ski-mask.

For a moment, I teased her nipples and made her squirm. Then I rubbed the head of my cock over them. She gasped and tried to keep from moaning. I teased her for another minute or two and then used the remaining scarves to tie her legs to the bedposts.

"Are you ready to beg me to fuck you, Cleopatra?" I asked.

"Please don't call me that."

"Call you what?" I asked innocently.

"That name," she said after a moment's hesitation.

"I'll call you what I want," I said. "So, are you ready to beg… Cleopatra?"

"Never," she said. "You'll never get me to beg."

"We'll see," I said.

With that, I knelt between her legs and started playing with her pussy. She was even hotter than before. As I teased the delicate folds of her shaved labia, she whimpered again.

"You get pretty worked up when I call you Cleopatra," I said. To prove my point, her pussy practically gushed around my finger. "Is that because you like sucking cock?" I asked.

She remained mute.

"You looked like you enjoyed it last night. And you look pretty good with my come all over your face. How do you like it?"

Once again, she said nothing.

"I bet you want me to fuck you."

She shook her head.

"Then why's your pussy so wet?"

Nothing.

At that point, I eased forward and rubbed my still-erect cock over her swollen labia.

She moaned and rocked her hips against me.

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Never," she whispered unconvincingly.

When my bulbous head slid along her channel, it nudged her engorged clit and she cried out softly.

"Please stop," she whined. "Please."

"You don't want me to shove it in your pussy?"

She shook her head adamantly.

"You don't want me to fill you with my hot, hard, thick cock?"

"No, please. Stop."

"You don't want me to fuck you good and hard, my hips slamming into yours as my cock… violates you?" Almost as soon as I said the word "violate," she arched her back and moaned. The temperature in her pussy went up a degree or two as well.

"Please," she whispered.

"Please what?"

"Please stop."

Instead of stopping, I reached up and tweaked her nipples.

She moaned deep in her chest.

Then I slid my length along her slick channel, teasing her clit with the fat tip.

"Please," she begged again.

"Please what?"

She pressed her lips together and shook her head.

At that point, I pulled back a little and pressed the head of my cock against her opening. I didn't enter her, but I put enough pressure on her to let her know I was there.

"Please," she whispered again. Her pussy lips parted under the pressure, but I made sure not to slide into her.

"Please what?" I taunted.

Her chest and face flushed a deep red, and her hips gyrated as her excitement reached a fever pitch.

"Please what?" I repeated.

"Just do whatever you're going to do," she pleaded. "Don't make me say it. Please."

"Please *what?*"

Somewhere, a dam burst within her. She bucked her hips toward me, trying to force me to enter her.

I was ready for her, so I pulled back.

She moaned in frustration.

I rubbed my cock along her slit and gently tugged her nipple.

"Oh, please," she said hoarsely, "don't make me do this."

"Say it," I commanded.

"Please, no."

"*Say* it."

Her hips bucked again, but I pulled back.

When she settled down, I set the tip of my cock against her slippery opening. With my thumb, I teased her clit, driving her crazy.

She tried to wriggle free.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Untie me, please."

"Uh-uh. You know what you want," I said. "All you have to do is beg."

"Don't make me beg," she asked, her eyes beseeching me.

"Beg."

"Please?" she implored.

"Please what?"

In a voice that was scarcely above a whisper, she said, "Fuck me."

"What?"

She moaned in frustration.

"Say it," I commanded.

Once again, she moaned inarticulately.

"You have to say it out loud," I said.

"Fuck me," she whispered.

"Louder."

"Please, no."

"Louder," I demanded.

"Please fuck me," she begged. "Please, stick it inside me. I can't take it anymore. There! Are you happy?!"

In lieu of an answer, I rammed into her and she closed her eyes in ecstasy. Without speaking, I began fucking her with long, hard, steady strokes. Her tight pussy gripped me like a volcanic glove and she moaned with each thrust.

"I hate you," she said in between strokes. "I hate you, I hate you."

I didn't answer. Instead, I concentrated on where our bodies joined. Her smooth labia parted as I thrust into her, then held on as I pulled back. For a few moments, I watched, mesmerized, as my cock pounded into her.

Then her pussy clutched my invading member.

"Are you going to come for me?" I asked.

She shook her head defiantly. "Never. I hate you." Her chest, neck, and cheeks were flushed and rosy, belying her words. Even her eyelids had turned a dusky hue. When her pussy clenched again, she moaned in pleasure.

At that point, I pulled my knees in and sat back on my haunches. Then I scooted forward—re-burying my cock inside her—and reached under her. She moaned when I lifted her ass off the bed. My fingers dug into her soft flesh and her waist chain tinkled as I resumed thrusting. In that position, my dick raked over her sensitive inner ridges, and she went nuts.

Her head thrashed from side to side as her climax neared. I continued pumping into her, the heat and moisture in her tight pussy assaulting my cock as I did. With each thrust, her internal muscles clenched and unclenched. One moment, they held onto my manhood and tried to prevent me from pulling out, and the next, they clamped down and my dick bent as I tried to enter her.

Finally, she cried out and a rush of moisture flooded her channel. With one final, powerful lunge, I overcame her internal muscles and buried myself in her depths. As successive waves of pleasure battered her

senses, she pulled against her bonds, her muscles taut.

As soon as she began to relax, I resumed thrusting. She cried out and tensed up again, her orgasm drawing out and resurging. I was close to my own release, and wanted to fill her with my seed. I gazed down at her as a bigger, more powerful orgasm built within her. Even with dried come on her face, she seemed to glow with a breathtaking beauty.

With each thrust, I felt my come boiling up, but I wanted to wait so we could climax at the same time. Reluctantly, I slowed my pace and began taking measured strokes. While I caught my breath, I teased her clit with my thumb, driving her even higher.

Then, after less than a minute, her pussy spasmed again and she cried out. Instead of two orgasms, she was actually experiencing one long one. When she tensed up and her pussy gripped me again, I quickened my pace. With each thrust, I buried myself as deeply as I could, filling her with my entire length. Finally, she screamed in ecstasy and pulled at her bonds.

When her pussy rippled with her release, it triggered my own orgasm. I thrust into her and felt my cock swell with the first spurt. She cried out as the heat of my semen bathed her inner recesses.

It felt like my entire body was being drained through my cock, and I closed my eyes so tightly that I saw stars. The next spurt was like a physical blow, hammering my senses with pleasure. I heard a ringing in my ears and the world went dark as I clamped my eyes shut. When I opened them, only a few seconds had passed. We were both panting, our bodies covered with a fine sheen of sweat. Her stomach quivered with the aftereffects of her orgasm, sending jolts of pure pleasure up my cock and into the rest of my body.

"I hate you," she whispered feebly.

In response, I clenched my buttocks and made my cock swell.

"I hate you, I hate you," she said without heat.

I love you too, I thought affectionately.

A few minutes later, I reluctantly pulled my erection from within her. With the heat and tightness of her pussy—not to mention the sight of her glowing face as the aftereffects of her cataclysmic orgasm surged through her—my dick hadn't gone soft.

I left her tied to the bed and walked unsteadily toward the bathroom. Then I had to resist the urge to laugh out loud when I saw myself in the mirror. Clad in only the dark ski mask, I looked ridiculous. I shut the door behind me and pulled it off. It was hot and itchy, and I was glad to be rid of it, if only for the moment.

I looked at my watch and was shocked to realize that more than two hours had passed since I first "attacked" her. I needed to get dressed and get back outside, resuming my normal role as boyfriend. Before heading back out, I took a quick shower to rinse off the smell of sex. I didn't want to leave Kendall tied up too long, but the thought made me smile. After I dried off (I hadn't wet my hair), I donned the itchy ski mask and emerged from the bathroom.

"When I leave," I said to her as I untied her legs, "count to a thousand slowly and then come out. Do you understand?"

Meekly, she nodded.

As soon as I shut the master bedroom door behind me, I tugged off the ski mask and trotted downstairs to the living room. Once there, I hastily put on my clothes. Then I headed out into the dark night, hoping it wouldn't be too long before Kendall discovered my "unconscious" body.

About fifteen minutes later, I felt her hand on my shoulder.

"Paul? Are you all right?" she asked.

"What? Huh?" I said groggily.

"Are you all right?"

"I dunno," I said, doing my best impersonation of someone who'd been hit over the head. "One minute, I came out to get more firewood, and the next…" Then I shrugged.

"You must've fallen and hit your head," she said.

"Yeah."

"Can you stand up?"

"I think so," I said. "How long have I been out?"

"I don't know. Maybe twenty minutes. After you went out to get firewood, I went upstairs to take a quick shower. When I came back and you weren't here, I got worried. Does your head hurt?" she asked.

"Not really."

"We'd better get you back inside," she said.

"Hey, why didn't you put your sweatshirt back on after your shower?" I asked, trying to stifle a knowing grin.

"Um… I dunno," she said. Then she glanced down at her sweater and jeans. "I just wanted to wear something different."

When I sat down on the couch, she curled up next to me. All signs of our earlier adventures were gone.

"I forgot to get firewood," I said suddenly.

"Don't worry about the wood," she said. "We've still got a few logs in here. I'll throw them on. Don't move." Without waiting for me to answer, she jumped up and tossed the remaining wood onto the glowing coals. Then she did a model-turn and gazed at me, her eyes sultry and inviting. "Is your head really okay?"

"I think I'll live," I said.

"Good."

"Oh?"

Instead of answering, she knelt between my legs and ran her hands up my thighs. Then she moved closer, her head tilted up for a kiss. As our lips met, she leaned in and gripped my hips. Our kisses heated up and then she moved my hands to her breasts. Through her sweater, I felt her nipples harden.

"What's got you so worked up?" I asked. I was partly playing the role of the clueless boyfriend, but I was also genuinely surprised. After her powerful orgasms, I didn't think she'd still be horny. Boy, was I wrong.

"I don't know," she said. "You just make me so hot."

Instead of replying, I reached down, lifted her sweater, and pressed my lips against hers. As our kisses heated up, I fondled her bare breasts. She mewled blissfully when I began gently twisting and tugging her nipples.

As our kisses grew more passionate, I pulled her into my lap. Then I broke the kiss long enough to pull her sweater over her head and completely free her breasts. When our lips met again, I pulled her to me and reached behind her head. Her hair cascaded over her shoulders when I pulled the rubber band from around her ponytail.

"I've been thinking about you all night," she said in between kisses. Then she tilted her head to the side and trailed her lips down my neck. "You make me so hot. I don't know what it is about you, but I can't resist," she said as she reached for the bottom of my shirt. In one smooth motion, she lifted it and began kissing my chest.

I pulled the fabric over my head as her lips latched onto my nipple and gently sucked. At first, I was shocked, but then I realized how good it felt. She flicked her tongue against the puckered little bud and then switched to the other side, kissing and teasing it as well. Then she raised her lips to mine and her breasts crushed against my chest, her hard nipples boring into me.

As we kissed, she reached between us and fumbled at my zipper. I unsnapped my jeans and she quickly pulled them open. Then she reached inside and pulled out my hard-on. While she ran her hands up and down its heated length, she kissed me passionately.

"I want to suck you," she said breathlessly. "I've been thinking about it all night. Would you like that?"

I nodded and kissed her again.

"I want to put on some lipstick and play Cleopatra," she panted as she ran her hands up my super-hard shaft. "I can't wait to feel you in my mouth."

With that, she slid to the floor and practically jerked my jeans down my hips. Then she pulled off my shoes and socks, tossing them to the side haphazardly. My balled-up jeans quickly followed.

"Look what I found," she said, holding up her tube of red lipstick. "I wonder how it got here."

Without waiting to put it on, she wrapped her lips around my shaft and then moaned.

"I don't know what's gotten into me," she said, feigning innocence.

I know, I mused.

Then she pulled the top off the tube, turned the base, and began applying the bright red lipstick. As she re-capped the tube and tossed it aside, she gave me a hungry look and then took a deep breath. With that, she tucked her hair behind her ears and plunged her mouth onto my cock.

I groaned as she took me to the back of her throat. She still couldn't swallow all of me, but that wasn't for lack of trying.

When she pulled back, my dick sported a red ring about three-quarters of the way down. For the next twenty minutes, she sucked, licked, and teased my cock. When I was finally ready to come, she pulled back and started stroking my shaft.

"Come on my face," she begged. "Please come on my face."

Instead of answering, I groaned as the first spurt blasted from the tip of my cock.

Kendall cried out in surprise and aimed my squirting manhood at her face. Then she pressed her cheek against my shaft and the next spurt coated her satiny skin. When I finally stopped shooting, she rubbed my glistening crown over her face, coating herself with my seed. Finally, she wrapped her lips around my cock again.

As she slowly calmed down—while she sucked—I shook my head and wondered what had just happened. Normally, I initiated things with Kendall. But this time *she* had started things. I was definitely surprised; she must've been a *lot* more worked up than I'd thought.

"Let's close up the fireplace and go upstairs," she said after several minutes of just sucking me.

"Oh?" I asked, arching my eyebrows.

"I'm so horny right now, I think I'm gonna explode. I want you inside me."

"Your wish is my command," I said.

She didn't even bother gathering our discarded clothes as I shut the fireplace doors to let the fire die down. To my surprise, she stripped off her jeans before she even reached the stairs. By the time I reached the master bedroom, she was just emerging from the bathroom. Her face was clean-scrubbed and ruddy, but also eager.

She practically dragged me onto the bed—which had clean sheets, I noticed—and started sucking my cock back to life. As soon as it was fully hard, she straddled my hips and eased herself onto my erection.

"Oh," she moaned, "you feel *so* good inside me." Then she looked down at me, her eyes full and round. "I love you so much, Paul."

"I love you too."

With that, she collapsed against me, her chest pressed against mine. As she rocked her hips, she began kissing my neck, shoulders, and face.

The rest of the night, she was in sexual overdrive. Over the next few hours, she rode me to two more orgasms of her own, and even coaxed another from me. When we finally collapsed, exhausted, we both fell asleep almost immediately.

For our remaining time at the cabin, we were a normal couple. We cooked together, watched TV, read, relaxed, snuggled, talked, made love, showered together, and generally enjoyed each other's company.

We even talked about our sexual fantasies. I was surprised by some of hers—not because they were all outrageous (although some of them were), but because some of them were so unlike her. I guess that's why they were *fantasies*. Regardless, they were all imaginative. Mine were somewhat more conventional, but I could tell that some of them really turned her on.

Too soon, though, she had to go back to class and I had to fly home. She dropped me off at the airport and walked me to the gate. Before I got on the plane, she straightened my tie and gave me a quick kiss. Then, with tears welling up, she kissed me again and waved as I entered the jetway.

✧ ✧ ✧

Since both of Susan's sons were away at school in April, we invited her to Atlanta for her fortieth birthday. We had a big party with cake, ice cream, and balloons. The cake had a headstone on it, the

balloons were black, and a few of her presents were gag gifts (Geritol, a cane, and denture cream), but she took it all in stride. But when Dad and Chris teased her about being over the hill, Elizabeth rounded on them.

"*You* two can't keep up with her," she said, piqued.

Dad and Chris looked at each other in surprise and then burst out laughing. Then they started teasing each other.

Privately, I got Susan a charm bracelet with six silver letters. The jewelry store clerk looked at me funny when I told her I wanted six copies of the same letter, but she sold me what I wanted.

That night, after the Coulters left and my family went to bed, I knocked on the guestroom door. Susan opened the door and beckoned me inside. With a sly grin, I gave her the box containing the bracelet.

"Oh, Paul," she said as she opened it, "thank you." When she looked closely at the bracelet, she creased her brow in confusion. Then her confusion turned to puzzlement. "Are they all supposed to be the same letter?" she asked.

"You and I kinda have this thing for Ps," I said, trying not to smirk.

Then she burst out laughing and hugged me. Our hugs led to kisses and caresses, and we were soon in bed. I lay between her legs, nuzzling her smooth pussy and teasing her with my tongue. She ran her fingers through my hair as I gently licked her. I took my time with her, sucking her inner labia and swirling my tongue around the hooded pearl of her clit.

When she came, she arched her back and held my head in place. Once she relaxed and sagged against the bed, I came up for air. Then I crawled up her body, planting kisses as I went. My hard-on slipped into her easily, and I paused for a moment to savor the feeling of her warm wetness surrounding me.

As I began moving inside her, she stroked my face. I was already pretty worked up, so I came a lot quicker than I wanted to, despite stopping twice to let my orgasm subside. But when I finished spurting, my dick was still hard. So I rested for a moment and then began moving inside her again.

She rolled over and I fucked her from behind for a few minutes, gripping her hips and gently stroking into her. Then I leaned forward and cupped her swaying breasts, pinching her nipples as I did.

Our pace slowly increased until I was slamming into her, our bodies making slapping noises as they connected. Then she pulled forward and had me lie on my back; she wanted to ride me. Her pussy practically gushed around my cock as she moved atop me.

Finally, she leaned forward and I held her close, her breasts flattened against my chest as I thrust into her. With a silent shudder, she came, her internal muscles rhythmically gripping me. A moment later, I emptied my second load into her.

Panting, she rolled to her back.

"You don't mind that I'm old?" she asked, still breathing heavily.

"You're not old. You're just old*er*. There's a difference." Then I rolled toward her and placed my hand between her flattened breasts. "In here, where it really counts, you're not old at all. You're a young girl at heart, full of love for life."

"That's a pretty profound thing to say," she said.

"I had a good teacher."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." Then I grinned. "Down here," I said, reaching between her legs, "you're a young girl too, but full of heat."

"I'm full of come," she said, chuckling. "That's why it's so hot."

Then she rolled toward me and languidly draped a leg over my own. We lay like that for a while, neither of us feeling the need to speak. Later, she told me about her trip to Arlington. She wasn't troubled by her relationship with me, but I think she somehow *needed* to talk to Jack, even if it was only in her mind. It settled her. At last, she kissed me goodnight and shooed me back to my own bedroom.

Before she returned to South Carolina, we had a big party at the Coulters' house. Once again, Gina and I didn't get to participate, but we didn't have to leave the room either. Gina still wasn't very happy about it, but she knew her mother well enough that she didn't balk at the restriction. Leah was spending the night

with Erin at our house, so the party at the Coulters' started horny and quickly heated up.

We watched the grown-ups play some fun sex games, most of which involved blindfolds and guessing who was touching/sucking/fucking you. Except for Susan's shaved pussy, the three women were similar enough that the guys had a hard time telling who was who.

Gina and I had a good time, even if she did chafe at not being allowed to participate. Before the end of the night, Gina's and my parents went out to the hot tub, leaving us alone with Susan. While I fucked the older woman, Gina straddled her face. After about ten minutes, we switched positions and Gina got on the bottom.

Gina wanted to watch Susan take me all the way down her throat, so we moved to the couch. With the two of them sucking my dick, it took all my self-control not to erupt, especially when Susan swallowed me whole.

Finally, I reached the point of no return and held Susan's head down as I filled her mouth with my cream. Gina looked disappointed that she didn't get to taste me, but then Susan turned to her and grinned tightly. When she opened her mouth, she held a small lake of semen on her tongue. Gina's eyes practically burned with desire. Then the two of them kissed, sharing my semen between them.

After that, Susan got on the couch and nursed my shrinking cock while she spread her legs to give Gina access to her pussy. Gina played with herself while she ate Susan. Not surprisingly, they came within seconds of each other.

Since it was a Saturday, I spent the night with Gina. My parents and Susan drove back to our house for the night. Gina and I tiredly crawled into bed and fell asleep almost immediately.

The next morning, I awoke to the pleasant sensation of Gina's warm breath on my morning hard-on. I laced my fingers behind my head and simply relaxed. Gina was in the mood for a long, slow blowjob, and I wasn't about to complain.

After almost thirty minutes, she started bobbing up and down, jerking me off at the same time. With an inaudible groan, I stiffened and erupted. She moaned when the first spurt hit her tongue. Then she squeezed and milked my cock, draining me dry.

With a smug grin, she crawled next to me and lazily cuddled against my side. We dozed for a while, comfortably sated. Unfortunately, she had to go to the bathroom, and she tugged me out of bed too. I playfully smacked her ass as I followed her into the bathroom.

In the shower, we fooled around some more, but didn't do anything more than that. After we dried off and got dressed, we rode with her parents to meet Susan and my family. We had brunch at an upscale restaurant, complete with champagne and a palatial array of food.

Later, we took Susan to the airport for her flight home. She thanked us for the party and gifts. After hugs and kisses, she boarded the plane with a final wave.

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Prom.

No other word excites a high school girl like that one.

Our school's junior/senior prom was in early May. It was held at the Peachtree Plaza—the tall, round hotel in downtown Atlanta. Gina and I were going, of course, as were Scott and Shannon. Kelly and Livy planned to go with us as well. Heather Wellesley and Mike Gee were going together, as friends.

Heather and I still hadn't had sex, but more often than not, she initiated things, instead of Gina. The busty blonde actually seemed more interested in girl-girl sex, but she was still very hesitant. Gina didn't seem to mind. Much. She enjoyed watching Heather and me together, so I think she didn't fixate on getting between Heather's legs herself.

I wanted to ask Dad if I could take the Corvette to the prom, but Scott talked me into getting a limo. Since there were eight of us going together, I acquiesced.

We also started crafting elaborate schemes to get the girls' parents to let them spend the night out. In Gina's and my case, it was easy. We simply asked our parents if we could get a hotel room and spend the night together. After some discussion—and our promises not to drink too much and not to touch any

drugs—they agreed.

Scott and Shannon proved almost as easy. The two of them had been dating for three years. And Shannon's parents really liked Scott, so I think they were simply willing to believe that Shannon and Gina were going to stay in one room while Scott and I stayed in another. In reality, I think they knew what was going on, but willful ignorance is a powerful thing.

Kelly and Livy were another matter altogether. Under no circumstances were Livy's parents willing to let her spend the night out. When they threatened not to let her go in the first place, she and Kelly gave up trying to convince them to let her stay out. Since Mike and Heather were going as friends, the two couples could ride home together in the limo.

Scott and I had actually been making our prom plans for a couple of months. Because of our foresight, we were able to get dinner reservations for all of us at the Sun Dial, the revolving restaurant atop the Peachtree tower. We also got adjoining rooms, so we'd be able to move between them without using the hallway.

Gina, Shannon, Heather, and Livy got together and went dress shopping. For us guys, it was a little easier. We simply went to a local formalwear shop and rented tuxedos. All of us chose classic black ones, instead of the tacky pastel ones that a lot of guys wore. Surprisingly, our tuxes were each different in subtle ways.

The woman fitting me suggested I get a double-breasted jacket, to "accent my shoulders and define my narrow waist." (My waist was the *only* thing that seemed to be narrow; my shirts were getting tight again.) It sounded good to me, and I looked *cool* in the jacket. With that choice out of the way, I decided on a traditional wing-tip formal shirt with a black bow tie and black cummerbund.

Scott also chose a double-breasted jacket, but he went with an emerald green tie and cummerbund. He knew Shannon well, and she was sure to get an emerald green dress. Kelly went with a traditional single-breasted jacket, but chose a dove-grey bow tie, with a matching vest, instead of a cummerbund. Mike went pure traditional, with a single-breasted jacket, black bow tie, and black cummerbund.

When the big day finally arrived, Gina and I drove downtown, followed by Scott and Shannon. We checked in at the Peachtree and took the elevator to our rooms. Once there, we marveled at the view from the rooms and then left our overnight bags. We left Scott's car in the garage (we'd need it to get home the following day). Then the four of us had lunch before heading back to our houses.

Later that night, dressed in all our finery, we all ended up at the Coulters' house. Gina wore a sequined off-white dress with a beautiful pearl necklace and earrings (courtesy of my mom). The dress hugged her curves and was split to mid-thigh. Two thin straps held up the bodice, and I could easily see the sides and inner curve of her dusky breasts.

Predictably, Shannon wore an emerald green dress. It was strapless and made from a satiny material that shimmered in the light. Livy's dress was slim and black, with sheer material covering her shoulders and upper chest. Heather wore a red sequined dress that showed off her creamy skin, healthy breasts, and shapely figure.

Altogether, there were eleven teenagers (including Erin, Leah, and Livy's younger sister) and eight sets of parents. We posed for pictures. Then we posed for some more pictures. As a finale, we posed for even *more* pictures. Everyone seemed to have a camera and they all wanted pictures, pictures, pictures.

Finally, we all climbed into the limo and headed downtown. There were a lot of other prom couples at the restaurant, mostly in smaller groups. Dinner was superb, the view of the city skyline was magnificent, and we had a lot of fun. Finally, we went down to the ballroom.

At the dance itself, we stood in the obligatory long line to have our pictures taken, again. Afterward, we danced and enjoyed ourselves. Gina and I danced together most of the time, but I also danced with Heather a few times. While I was with Heather, Gina dragged Mike onto the dance floor, despite his protests.

Doc Rivera and his girlfriend, Veronica, were there as well, and we spent some time with them. Tony Malone and Becky Leonardi were there, but they avoided us. I was also surprised to see Amy there with a guy I knew only vaguely. When she and I made eye contact, she didn't exactly smile, but she didn't glare either. I also noticed that she didn't spend any time with Tony and Becky.

After a while, I looked around and realized that Kelly and Livy were gone. When I asked Scott about it, he grinned and then leaned close.

"I gave them the keys to my room," he said.

My eyes widened in surprise.

He nodded smugly.

"Cool," I said.

When Gina asked what we'd been talking about, I told her. She didn't look surprised, so I asked her about it.

"Livy's been planning this for a while," she said.

"Really?"

She nodded. "That's why she was so angry when her parents wouldn't let her spend the night 'with the girls.' You can't tell anyone, though. Okay?"

I made a zipping motion over my lips and then tossed an imaginary key over my shoulder.

"Livy was really excited," Gina said. "And really nervous. It's her first time."

"How do you know all this?" I asked.

"She talked to Shannon and me about it. But don't tell anyone that either."

"What did you tell her?"

"I said she should suck him off first, so he wouldn't be in a hurry." When my eyes widened, she grinned. "Shannon agreed." Then she laughed. "I wish you could've seen her face when she asked if she should swallow or not."

"What did you say?" I asked.

"What do you *think* I said?"

"Oh. Yeah."

"Shannon agreed."

I nodded.

"So, hopefully, she sucked him off and then he took his time with her."

"Why didn't Kelly ask *me* for advice?" I wondered aloud. But I knew the answer almost as soon as I asked the question. Guys just aren't like that. We want other guys to think we're the world's best lovers, even though it actually takes practice. With a chuckle, I thought back to my first time, with Susan, and realized how clueless I'd been. "Never mind," I said before Gina could answer.

About an hour later, Kelly and Livy returned to the dance. As soon as the slim blonde girl saw Gina and Shannon, she rushed over, a smile on her face. Kelly walked toward Scott and me. He didn't look smug so much as he looked dazed. Surreptitiously, he passed the room key back to Scott.

"Everything cool?" Scott asked with a grin.

"Holy shit," Kelly said, grinning stupidly. Then he suddenly looked serious. "Don't tell anyone. Okay?"

Scott and I quickly nodded in agreement.

"Listen," I said seriously, "if we went around blabbing about what we did with our girls, do you think they'd still *be* our girls?"

Kelly shook his head.

"So we're cool," Scott said.

"We're cool," I echoed.

"We're *very* cool," Kelly said, resuming his slack-jawed, goofy-happy expression.

Scott and I chuckled richly. Then we all three turned to watch our girls. They were having an animated conversation, off by themselves, and Livy seemed to be blissfully cheerful.

The limo driver returned to the hotel at eleven o'clock sharp. Gina, Scott, Shannon, and I escorted the other two couples to the big black car. While the girls hugged, the guys shook hands. Then Kelly, Livy, Mike, and Heather got in the car and headed home.

Upstairs, Scott and I opened the doors connecting our rooms. Scott had somehow procured a bottle of champagne, and it had been chilling in the ice-filled bathroom sink for a couple of hours. He opened the bottle and poured us each a glass. By the time we finished the bottle, the girls had a good buzz going.

"I've got a great idea," Gina said. When we all looked at her expectantly, she continued. "I wanna wear Paul's tux shirt." Then she looked at the other couple. "We'll be right back."

With that, she practically dragged me back to our room. Without shutting the adjoining door, she began to strip off her dress. She wasn't too drunk, because she hung it carefully in the closet. Next, she took off her panties and pirouetted for my pleasure, wearing only her pearls, her pumps, and a brilliant white smile. Then she knelt in front of me and lowered my zipper with a grin.

When she fished out my stiffening cock, she immediately wrapped her lips around it. She didn't suck me for long, though, looking up and promising more—for later—with her eyes. Then she sensuously took off my tux. She grabbed my shirt and put it on, kicking off her shoes as she did. I carefully slid my semi-erect cock back through the fly of my briefs and took them off. Then I put on a comfortable pair of shorts and a t-shirt.

We walked back into Scott and Shannon's room; they had changed into more comfortable clothes as well. But when Shannon saw Gina, wearing only the tux shirt, the other girl immediately went to the closet. We'd all seen each other naked before, so Shannon simply pulled off her shorts and t-shirt and then grabbed Scott's formal shirt. Like Gina, she only fastened the bottom few buttons.

I'll tell you here and now that there are very few things more beautiful than a girl wearing only your tux shirt and a smile. *Very* few things.

Scott had brought half a bottle of Bacardi rum and some Cokes with him, so we filled four glasses with ice and then mixed drinks. Sitting in the luxurious hotel room, with the curtains open and Atlanta's night skyline twinkling, we drank and talked like grown-up couples.

Soon enough, however, Shannon and Gina were more than a little tipsy. Gina climbed into my lap, straddling my legs, and began kissing me. Not to be outdone, Shannon did the same with Scott. In a few minutes, Gina and I were kissing passionately and she had the tux shirt completely unbuttoned, baring her breasts. Shannon unbuttoned her shirt as well, then began grinding her hips against Scott's cloth-covered erection.

Things quickly progressed to the point where the two girls simply slid to their knees—at almost the same moment—and extracted our cocks. The four of us had fooled around before, either in Scott's or Gina's hot tub. We'd never traded partners, but we were no strangers to seeing the other couple having sex. Scott and I shared a silly grin and then returned our attention to the girls.

Later, Gina and I returned to our room, closing the connecting doors behind us. She turned out the room lights and we stood in front of the window simply enjoying the view. Finally, we went to bed. We didn't get much sleep, but we certainly enjoyed ourselves.

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May 17 was Gina's seventeenth birthday, and we had a big party at her house. Chris and my dad had built another steel-drum barbeque for the Coulters, and we got to be barbarians for the day, grilling steaks and chicken.

Scott, Shannon, and Heather came over as well. Heather, of course, had known we were nudists for a while. Gina had also told Shannon, so Scott knew. But they were the only three classmates who knew. Far from being shocked, they were intrigued, which is why we felt safe telling them in the first place.

Gina's birthday party was the first time we'd invited any of our friends to a nudist social event. Several months before, with the approval of the owner, the Coulters had installed a privacy fence around the rental house's backyard. Consequently, we had our party without worrying about the neighbors.

Scott was anxious at first. He wasn't nervous about taking his clothes off—shower with twenty other guys on a wrestling team and you'll lose any nudity taboo pretty quickly—but he *was* worried about getting a hard-on. I told him not to worry about it, but he was still nervous. So I matter-of-factly suggested that he go to the bathroom for a few minutes and "take care of things."

"I've got a better idea," he said with a sly grin.

He and Shannon discreetly slipped inside and then headed for the bathroom. When they emerged, fifteen minutes later, Scott looked relaxed. Shannon grinned as she surreptitiously wiped the corners of her mouth.

"Was that your suggestion?" Gina asked quietly.

"Not exactly," I said. "But it worked. Did anyone else see?"

"I don't think so," she said. "Everyone's outside."

For the rest of the party, we had a blast. Heather was obviously enjoying the sight of the four nude men, and I caught Shannon checking out Dad and Chris a couple of times. Shortly before the steaks were ready, Shannon dragged *Scott* into the bathroom.

After dinner, Gina opened her presents. Her family gave her clothes and several record albums: Captain & Tennille, Elton John, and Rod Stewart (whom I *still* don't like). My family gave her a cultured pearl necklace, which my father had bought in San Francisco. Scott and Shannon got her a really nice pair of tiger's-eye earrings. Heather gave her a matching tiger's-eye pendant on a silver chain. Heather also whispered to Gina that she had another gift, "for later."

Kendall and I went in together and—ingeniously—got Gina a silver ring, with "P-G-K '80" engraved on the inside of the band. When Gina finished opening her gifts, I quietly walked into the kitchen and called Kendall, in Knoxville.

In our weekly phone call, a few days earlier, I had told her when I'd be calling. She and Gina talked for a few minutes, mostly about their rings and how much we were looking forward to seeing each other over the summer.

A little later, Lisa McGrath called from Charleston. She and Gina chatted for almost half an hour, catching up, giggling, and sharing gossip. A few minutes after they hung up, Susan called to wish Gina a happy birthday as well.

Around nine o'clock, the party broke up. Scott and Shannon donned their clothes, said goodbye, and headed home. Leah was spending the night with Erin, so they rode back to our house with my parents. Since Heather was spending the night with Gina, I couldn't spend the night too—Gina's parents had a rule about me not sleeping over if the family had company—but I could stick around until midnight. Chris and Elizabeth retreated to their bedroom, so Gina, Heather, and I could pretty much do what we wanted.

For her private gift, I gave Gina a pair of white silk stockings and a white garter belt. To my astonishment, the salesclerk at the store had offered to model a pair for me. I don't think she realized I wasn't yet seventeen. (I hate to say it, but I let her do it! I was simply so stunned that I didn't have the presence of mind—or the willpower—to turn her down. By the way, she looked fantastic. But that's all I did: look.)

When I gave Gina the stockings, she tried them on immediately. Her pubic hair was still trimmed very close, and she looked fantastic. Then she glanced at Heather, who was also still nude.

"What's your mysterious present, 'for later'?" Gina asked.

Instead of answering with words, Heather merely climbed onto Gina's bed, lay back, and spread her legs. Then she crooked her finger in a come-hither gesture. Gina almost leapt on the curvy blonde, burying her face in the other girl's pussy. With a chuckle, I moved behind Gina and started playing with her already slippery labia.

I took my time with Gina, teasing her as she licked Heather. When I finally slid into Gina from behind, she moaned in ecstasy. Heather writhed on the bed as Gina pleasured her. With deliberate strokes, I pumped into Gina and watched as Heather grew flushed and then shuddered with her climax.

By the time we exhausted ourselves, it was nearly midnight. The girls and I dressed quietly. Then Gina drove me home in the Bumble Bug. I kissed them goodnight and then watched as they drove into the night.

Heather looked like she was too tired for another round, but Gina had a way of getting what she wanted. I suspected that the blonde girl was in for more than she bargained for. With a silent chuckle, I headed inside.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

The last half of May, 1980, it seemed like Gina's father worked seven days a week. His new TV station planned to go on the air June 1, and they still had a lot of work to do. Gina and I studied for our exams and looked forward to the end of school.

In addition, I spent as much time as I could at the construction site of the Coulters' new house. Steve Easterbrook was often on-site, and I had a bad habit of following him around like a puppy. Gina and I stopped by every day on our way home from school. Gina wasn't all that interested in the dirt and construction mess, but she knew how much I looked forward to our afternoon visits.

Every time Steve was there, I felt a rush of anticipation. He could tell how excited I was, and he always took the time to answer my questions, show me drawings, or explain what was going on. They were a little behind schedule because of rain delays (it *was* spring, after all), but the weather had turned nice and the house was finally "under roof."

When the brick masons arrived to start laying the house's façade, I immediately thought of Dennis Raeford. Watching the masons work was actually cool, so I asked them if I could try laying a few bricks. Since I was with Steve, the lead mason didn't object. The man even took the time to show me how to do it.

It didn't take many bricks before I gained an appreciation for how difficult their work was. It took me ten minutes to lay ten bricks. When I stepped back, proud of my line, I realized that in ten minutes, one of the professional masons had laid more than *fifty* bricks. And where his were razor-straight, mine were an uneven mess. In short, my bricklaying skills left a lot to be desired.

"You'd better go ahead and take those down," I said to the lead mason. "I guess they're a disaster."

He grinned at Steve and then began pulling my bricks off his neat, orderly wall. "It takes practice, sonny," he said with a grin. "Layin' brick ain't easy."

"I bet you can lay bricks almost as good as he can," I said to Steve, dismayed. If I couldn't do something as seemingly simple as put one brick next to another, how could I ever hope to be an architect?

"Not on your life," he answered immediately. "Oh, I *can* lay brick, but I'm not much better than you."

"Then how'd you become an architect?"

"Paul," he explained patiently, "I know *how* to do most of the different jobs, but I'm not an expert at any of them. My skill is design, and knowing what needs to happen, and when. I understand building codes, and design techniques to create a desired effect. I may not be able to lay bricks like Jimmy, but I can tell you about load-bearing walls, residential traffic patterns, and stuff like that. It's my responsibility to get the overall project done, not each individual job. I see the *whole project* in my head."

"I do that *too!*"

"Do what?"

"See the whole thing," I said, my excitement building. "The very first time I saw the plans, I knew what the house was going to look like. I could see it, in my head!"

"*That's* what it takes to be a good architect, Paul."

"Really?"

He nodded reassuringly.

"Cool."

When we looked up, Gina was grinning at us.

"Are you ready to go, pitter-pat man?" she asked me, her eyes twinkling. "We have an English final to study for. And I'll be worse than Lady Macbeth if we don't get to it soon."

"'Out, damned spot!'" Steve quoted with a grin, making a shooing motion. "'Out, I say!'"

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina and I spent the rest of the weekend studying. To my surprise, I actually made an A plus on my English final. I did well on my other finals too. And when it became clear that I was probably going to

succeed at my parents' car-for-grades challenge, I started looking in the newspaper for used cars. Mom and Dad told me how much I could spend, and I diligently began making a list.

At the end of the school year, when I got the rest of my grades, only one of them surprised me. Instead of making a B in Spanish, I actually made an A minus. I made an A in Honors American History, an A plus in Honors English, an A in Art, a B in Physics, and a B plus in Algebra II.

That was a 3.67 GPA, and I was getting a car!

Actually, I didn't really want a *car*. I wanted a Jeep CJ-5. I found a couple I liked, but I kept coming back to one in particular. It was a '74 CJ-5, with a V8 and a 3-speed transmission. It had bigger tires and a couple of inches of lift, but nothing too redneck-looking. It was midnight blue, with the original tan soft top, doors, and bikini top.

It was at a used car dealer's lot, so my dad went with me to look at it. When we took it to our family mechanic, he examined it and said it was in good condition. It would need to have the brake pads and air filter replaced, but other than that, it was fine.

Dad started negotiating with the car dealer, and ended up getting the Jeep for $200 less when he agreed to buy a *second* car. Dad hated leaving his Corvette at the airport whenever he flew long trips, so he wanted to get something cheap to use as an "airport car." In addition to my Jeep, we bought a '65 Volkswagen Karmann Ghia (which the mechanic also said was in good condition).

Dad and I drove our new cars home and then I took him back to get his Corvette, which the dealer had diligently tried to get Dad to trade in. When we returned the second time, Mom and Erin came out to admire the two new cars.

Gina knew I wanted a Jeep, but she was pleasantly surprised when she saw it. I guess she probably thought I wanted some goofy Army jeep, or a mailman's Jeep. When she saw what I had actually picked out, she thought it was cool.

"It fits your personality," she said.

"Thanks."

✧ ✧ ✧

For my seventeenth birthday, we had another big party, this time at our house. Once again, we cooked out and invited Scott, Shannon, and Heather. The three of them seemed to be getting used to being nude—Scott and Shannon only had to slip away to the bathroom once.

Susan called while we were still cooking, and I talked to her for about ten minutes. She said she was looking forward to seeing all of us in a few weeks. And she said she had a big surprise—sort of a birthday gift—for me at camp. A few minutes later, Gina came into the office, so I let her talk to Susan for a few minutes.

When Gina handed the phone back to me, she looked around carefully. Our families and friends were all outside, so no one could see us. With a grin, she dropped to her knees and took my limp penis into her mouth. On the phone, I could almost hear Susan grinning at me.

"Is she sucking you?" the older woman asked.

"Oh, yeah," I half-grunted.

"I asked her to give you a blowjob for me, since I can't be there to do it in person."

"Oh… thanks."

For the next few minutes, Susan merely listened as I groaned softly, lost in the sensations as Gina ran her lips and tongue over my length. Where we were standing—or kneeling—I had a good view of the back door, and I would *probably* be able to see anyone coming into the house before he saw us. But the danger added to my arousal, and I came quickly.

"Happy birthday," Susan said over the phone.

"Happy birthday from Susan," Gina unknowingly echoed with a satisfied grin.

Gina and Susan talked for a couple of minutes, and Gina lovingly described the taste of my semen. The two of them were teasing me, but I enjoyed it. Finally, Susan wished me a happy birthday again, and we hung up.

When we came back outside, Mom glanced at my red cock and then looked at Gina. Instead of reproaching us, Mom merely rolled her eyes and grinned.

Later, Mom and Erin put a big red ribbon on my new Jeep and my parents ceremoniously gave me the keys. The Coulters got me a really nice backpack with a compact aluminum frame. The new pack held twice as much as my daypack, and with the frame, the weight was distributed better, so it felt lighter.

Scott and Shannon gave me a couple of albums I wanted, Blondie and Queen. Heather's present was the coolest "game" I'd ever seen, a Rubik's Cube. My dad finally had to tell me to put down my new toy and pay attention to our guests. I hate to say it, but I think he only wanted me to put down the Cube so *he* could play with it.

And even though I expected it, I acted surprised when I opened Gina and Kendall's gift, a silver ring with "P-G-K '80" engraved inside it. Since Gina wore my class ring—heavily padded so it wouldn't slip off her finger—she knew what size ring to get me. Gina and Heather also whispered that they had another gift for me, once again, "for later."

A little later, Kendall called. I went inside to talk to her in private. She was home from school and was really looking forward to seeing me when her family came to camp.

"What are you doing before then?" I asked.

"Nothing really. Just helping around the house. Why?"

"Why don't you come spend a week down here? My dad's got to fly about two weeks of trips, so we won't be leaving for camp until almost the end of June. If it's okay with your parents, you could stay in our guest bedroom."

"Really?"

"Sure," I said confidently. "I don't see why not. I mean, I'll have to ask my parents, but I think they'd love to have you."

"Oh, my goodness, Paul, that would be wonderful!"

"I could even drive up and get you," I said. Then I told her about my new Jeep.

"Let me ask my parents. Can I call you back? Later tonight?"

"Sure."

"Oh, Paul," she said, "I love you so much."

"I love you too, sweetheart."

"I'll call you. Later."

After the party, all the teenagers hopped in my new Jeep and went to meet Kelly, Livy, Mike, and his new girlfriend, Debbie. At our favorite pizza parlor, we hung out for a while and talked about the end of school—which had been two days before—and what it felt like to be seniors.

Later, we returned to my house so Scott and Shannon could pick up his car. Then, Gina and Heather looked at me with matching twinkles in their eyes. Gina asked me to drive us to her house. Once there, we almost immediately headed up to her room. Her parents had taken Erin and Leah out to a movie, so we had the house to ourselves.

In Gina's room, she and Heather showed me the first of their private presents, a pair of silk pajama bottoms. At their urging, I put them on. I especially enjoyed it when the girls decided to see how they felt and started fondling me. Then they pushed me onto the bed so I could watch their slow striptease. When they were nude, they dragged me into the master bathroom.

Once there, my second private present was to watch them shave themselves. Heather was getting comfortable with Gina touching her, but the blonde girl still didn't seem to be interested in returning the favor. While they spread themselves open, I unbuttoned the pajamas' fly and extracted my erection. Once they were both clean-shaven, they took me back to Gina's room for my third and final private present.

Heather wanted me to take her virginity.

Over the final weeks of school, I had realized that Heather was working up to something big, but I had no idea *how* big. I thought it had been letting Gina go down on her, but I was wrong. I wanted to simply jump in bed with her and screw her silly, but my conscience kicked in, and I asked if she was sure.

"I'm sure," she said.

She was as horny as I'd ever seen her, and I quickly realized that she wanted to have sex because she was ready, not because she thought that's what I wanted. Heather had seen Gina and me together—many times—so she decided I would be The One.

The two girls had been using "Pinky" for several months. In addition, Heather had been giving me blowjobs and I had gone down on her almost as often. So she thought she knew what to expect. But when she spread her legs, she looked a little nervous.

I slowed down and kissed up her body, taking time to tickle the backs of her knees, the sensitive skin on her inner thighs, the insides of her wrists. With my erection bumping her inner thigh, I nuzzled her neck and kissed her earlobes until she gasped, clutching my head and grinding her hips against my stomach. Then I moved lower and sucked her nipples, marveling at how firm her breasts were despite their size. When I began licking her freshly shaved slit, she quickly grew slippery.

As I looked up, Gina was smiling at us and playing with herself. At her gesture, I returned my attention to Heather. Fifteen minutes later, the curvy blonde gasped and shuddered with her first orgasm of the night. When I continued licking her smooth pussy, she begged me to fuck her.

I moved between her legs and teased her with my hard shaft, rubbing its length along her channel. Then I set the tip at her opening and eased forward. She was so worked up that her pussy was practically gushing. My cock slid home with ease, spreading her virginal lips and caressing her sensitive inner ridges.

"Oh… my… God," Heather gasped.

"See what I mean?" Gina asked the blonde girl.

"Oh, yes," Heather hissed, lightly clawing my back. "This is *so* much better than your vibrator."

She wasn't on the pill, so I needed to be careful and not come inside her, but I knew I could keep things under control. Her pussy quickly adjusted to my girth and she urged me to start moving within her. When I did, her fingernails dug into my back and she moaned in pleasure.

For the next couple of hours, Heather, Gina, and I enjoyed ourselves. Heather's pussy was a little sore after the second time we had sex, but she was more than happy to help Gina suck me off. Gina stayed dripping-wet the entire night, and once again seemed to be in sexual overdrive. When I finally drove home, a little before midnight, I was completely drained and Heather was a very satisfied non-virgin.

When Mom heard me at my bedroom door, she came out of her room and walked toward me, rubbing her eyes sleepily.

"Did you have fun tonight?" she asked, standing on tiptoe to kiss my cheek. Then her eyes widened as she smelled Gina and Heather on my face. "I guess you *did*."

I felt my face heating.

"Kendall called," Mom continued. "She sounded pretty excited. She wanted you to call her back, if you got home before midnight."

I quickly looked at my watch. I had about five minutes.

"She mentioned something about coming to visit," Mom prompted.

"Oops."

"Was there something you wanted to ask us?"

"Um, yeah," I said. Then I asked if Kendall could come visit for a week and stay in our guest bedroom.

"Sure," Mom said without hesitation. "We'd love to have her." Then she paused, thinking. "Do you want me to talk to her mother, to make sure everything's okay?"

"Do you mind?"

"Not at all. But I'll do it in the morning." She kissed me on the cheek again. "I don't know how you keep so many women happy at once, but they're certainly lucky you do."

"I dunno how I do it either," I replied with a shrug. "I guess my parents raised me right."

With that, she squeezed my arm and silently padded back to her room.

Once inside my bedroom, I quickly called Kendall. She answered, sleepily, on the first ring. As soon as she heard my voice, she perked up. I apologized for calling so late, and explained that I'd been out with Gina, Scott, Shannon, and other friends. I decided to tell her about Heather some other time.

While we talked, I took off my clothes and climbed into bed. Kendall's parents had agreed to let her

come visit, as long as it was okay with my parents. I told her about my mom's offer to call her mom, and she said it was a good idea.

Then what we both intended to be a short conversation turned into four hours. We talked about UT, about the end of my junior year, about my SAT exam—I was surprised that I scored a 1350—and more. We also talked about her parents. Her father still didn't realize she was having sex, but her mother obviously knew what was going on.

"I had no idea that my mom understood so much about me," she said.

"See?"

"She's been really cool about it too," she said. "My dad didn't want to let me come spend the week with you, but my mom talked him into it." Then she sighed in wonder.

I chuckled softly.

"Yeah, Mr. Smug. I know, I know, you told me so."

After that, we talked more about her relationship with her parents. With her away at school, she and her mother had grown very close. She still seemed to have a blind spot where her own emotions were concerned, but it was gradually shrinking as she began to "overcome some of her presuppositions," as she put it.

Toward the end of our conversation, we were both joking about dirty phone calls, and one thing led to another. While I listened to her masturbate, I stroked myself. At my urging, she told me what she was doing, in a husky whisper. When the phone grew silent, I knew she was coming.

"It's still better when you're inside me," she said, panting softly. Then, in exquisite detail, she told me how she wanted to straddle me and slide her pussy over my cock. She told me she'd hold my hands over her breasts and let me play with her nipples while she rocked against me.

"Oh, God," I groaned. "I'm gonna come." With a rush, I erupted, hot come splattering onto my stomach.

"If I were there," she said, her voice sultry, "I'd clean you up."

"If you were here, I wouldn't *need* to be cleaned up. I'd've come inside you."

She laughed tiredly and told me she loved me. I said I loved her and we talked for another fifteen minutes. But by then, 4:18AM, we were both incredibly sleepy, so we said goodnight.

My life was so hard. My parents were going to kill me for the four-hour long-distance phone call, but I was too happy to care.

✧ ✧ ✧

The next week, I put the doors and top on the Jeep and then drove to Chattanooga to pick up Kendall. At first, my parents weren't going to let me drive that far by myself, especially since I'd only been driving the Jeep for less than two weeks. But I promised to drive the speed limit and be careful, so they ultimately consented.

At Kendall's house, we spent the afternoon with her mom and then had dinner with the entire family. Immediately after we finished eating, Drew got on the phone with his girlfriend. Adam, Melissa, Kendall and I then talked for a while in the living room.

About an hour later, we loaded Kendall's suitcase into the back of the Jeep. When Adam asked me about it, I explained the car-for-grades challenge. Not only did he approve of my GPA, he even liked my choice in cars (since he drove a International Scout, which was similar to my Jeep).

After a little more small talk, Kendall and I said our goodbyes and climbed into the Jeep. It wasn't the quietest or most comfortable car in the world, but Kendall thought it was great.

At my house, we unloaded Kendall's things and I called Gina to let her know we were home safe. I invited her over, but she was cleaning house, and said she'd see us the following day. Lisa McGrath was supposed to come for a visit the next day. She planned to stay for a few days and then she and Gina were going back to Charleston for a week, to visit Lisa's family.

After Kendall and I took a shower and got cleaned up, we fixed some popcorn and settled onto the couch to watch TV. My father had already left for his trip, but Mom joined us. On the way back from

Chattanooga, Kendall and I had talked about how to ask my parents if she could spend the night with me. As it turned out, that wasn't necessary.

"I saw you put your suitcase in the guest bedroom," Mom said to Kendall. "Did you want to stay in there?"

"We thought… I mean…," Kendall said.

"I guess we were wondering if she could just sleep in my room," I said. "But we didn't know what you and Dad would say, so…"

Then Mom grinned at us. "You know you're going to cause all sorts of problems for me, don't you?"

"If… I mean… um… if you don't want us to…"

"It's not that," Mom said with a grin. "What am I going to tell Erin when she has a boyfriend she wants to sleep over?"

"Oh," I said. "We hadn't even thought of that." Then I looked at Kendall. "Don't tell me you did," I accused.

Her shrug said she *had* thought about it.

"Don't worry about it," Mom replied, smiling to let me off the hook. "Your father and I have talked about it. When Erin has a boyfriend she's having sex with, we'll see. But he probably won't be allowed to spend the night until she's sixteen, and only if we know and trust the boy's parents."

"I guess it's too bad Gina doesn't have a brother," I said.

"Good God, no," Mom blurted. "Heaven help us if she did!" She and Kendall grinned at each other. "I'll make sure Erin understands," Mom continued. "So you two can sleep together, or not. You're an adult," she said to Kendall. Then she turned to me. "And you're close enough. So I'll leave it up to you to decide."

"Oh," I said. "That's easy. I want Kendall to sleep with me."

Kendall nodded in agreement.

The next day, Kendall, Gina, and I picked up Lisa at the airport. When we got back to Gina's house, our sisters and a couple of their friends were there, lying out topless. As soon as their friends saw me, they immediately covered up. Erin and Leah merely grinned.

Since the four younger girls were at Gina's, we decided to go hang out at my house. On the way there, I showed Kendall and Lisa the Coulters' new house, which was still under construction.

Gina seemed bored with the house, but Kendall listened attentively as I pointed out little design features and details. Afterward, we climbed back into the Jeep and headed to my house. Mom was out shopping with Elizabeth and Scott Anderson's mom, so we had the place to ourselves.

Since we had a privacy fence around the back yard, Gina and Lisa wanted to sunbathe nude. Kendall and I joined them. Soon enough, Gina and Lisa started fooling around. The rest of the afternoon was pretty much a blur of breasts, legs, and asses. I came three times and finally had to take a break. Kendall curled up in my lap and we snuggled as Gina and Lisa kept going.

The next two days were more of the same. One afternoon, when Mom and Erin were out shopping, Heather came over. I had my hands full with four girls. Fortunately, we only had a couple of hours. Otherwise, I think they would've kept going. Kendall realized I was getting tired and suggested that we relax and simply soak up the sun.

To be honest, it was a relief when we dropped off Gina and Lisa at the airport. Kendall and I spent the rest of our week relaxing. We enjoyed sleeping together and ended up talking about a lot of things: Gina, college, my last year in high school, wrestling, Kendall's friends, her home life, and more.

When I finally drove Kendall home, I felt closer to her than ever. She wasn't as sexually adventuresome as Gina, but we seemed to have a deeper connection. I loved both girls very much, but I was beginning to see major differences between them.

✧ ✧ ✧

The last week of June, my family headed to camp. Susan was happy to see us, and I was looking forward to spending a week alone with her. The present she told me about turned out to be a new exercise building,

on the shoulder of the hill the clubhouse sat on. Over the winter, construction workers had removed one of the shuffleboard courts and replaced it with a small, screened-in building with an Astroturf-covered floor.

In addition to a stationary bicycle, it had a complete set of free weights, with nearly a thousand pounds of plates and two racks of dumbbells. A friend of Susan's from town had helped her pick out the equipment, including several weight machines and a treadmill.

It was partially a birthday present for me, but she knew the other camp members would benefit from it as well. She had even bought special chrome-plated weights and machines, to survive the humid climate in South Carolina.

After she showed me the weight room, we headed down to the lake to soak up some sun. We pulled loungers next to my parents and Susan told us about what was going on in her sons' lives. She had gone to Annapolis for Kirk's graduation and commissioning as a Navy Ensign. Following in his father's footsteps, he had been selected for flight training, and was currently stationed at NAS Pensacola.

Once Doug graduated, he planned to get a job with a microchip company in Austin and work on his Masters degree at UT. (When *Susan* said UT, she meant the University of Texas. When *I* said it, I meant the University of Tennessee. We had a few interesting misunderstandings before we straightened out our vocabulary and decided to call them simply Tennessee and Texas.)

Susan also told us about Stacy and Jason. They were living together in a small apartment in Columbia. Stacy was doing well in school, and had made the dean's list both semesters. She had also earned a second year of her scholarship. Jason had finished his MBA and was studying to become a CPA.

Then Susan told us about her plans for her house and the camp in general. At her house, she wanted to replace the back porch roof with a pergola—with latticework sides—for her jasmine to climb. She also wanted to buy a hot tub to put under the new pergola.

For the camp itself, she planned to remove the remaining shuffleboard court and add an in-ground hot tub. In addition, she'd have the space to add an outdoor shower, which would serve the volleyball court, the hot tub, and the exercise building.

She and Gunny had also decided to start installing window-unit air conditioners in the motel-style buildings. Air conditioning the cabins would be trickier, because they would require larger units, but she planned to add ceiling fans to all of them.

Finally, Susan wanted to completely remodel Bernie Kestrel's old house. Dwight Delozier had offered to take a look and give her an estimate on the cost of the job. He owned a small construction company in Spartanburg, and he'd be able to tell her what she needed to have done. Dwight had also offered to tear down her porch and build the pergola for her. When I immediately volunteered to help, she grinned.

"I was hoping you would," she said.

"I like working with Dwight. Besides, it'll give me some good experience."

Then I told her about how I wanted to be an architect. My parents had heard it all before, but they still smiled at my enthusiasm. Susan listened attentively as I talked about the Coulters' new house, how cool Steve Easterbrook was, and how I'd already learned a lot about different architectural styles.

When she asked me what made me decide to be an architect, I told her about how I could "see" the Coulters' new house in my imagination. I couldn't explain it very well, but whenever I thought about designing a building, or when I recognized an architectural style, it somehow felt *right*. Even though she grinned at my zeal, she took me seriously.

"So you're really serious about becoming an architect?" she asked when I finally wound down.

"Oh, yes," Mom interjected with a grin. "Sometimes, that's all he talks about."

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Gina's family arrived a week later. Unfortunately, her father had to stay in Atlanta and work. He would fly to Columbia and then drive to camp for the weekends, but he wouldn't be able to spend more than a couple of days at a time. Kara was taking summer classes in order to graduate sooner, so Elizabeth, Gina, and Leah came to camp by themselves.

The same day, the Delozier family, the Dunbars, and the Nolan family arrived. Later that evening, Norm

and Dee pulled in with their Airstream trailer.

Gina and I spent most of our time relaxing and enjoying the sun. We got together with Susan a couple of times, but Gina didn't seem to be in sexual overdrive, which was nice. Mostly, we spent our time like the grown-up couples did: reading, sunning ourselves, swimming, and relaxing.

Dwight and I also took a look at the Kestrel house. Inside, he showed me all the things that would need to be replaced: most of the major appliances, most of the plumbing fixtures, and all the flooring. He explained each step of the proposed remodeling, which I soaked up like a sponge.

Then we locked the house and headed back to Susan's. There, we looked at her back porch. Dwight said we could use the existing roof posts to support the pergola, which we'd build with pressure-treated four-by-fours for the headers and rails, and two-by-sixes for the actual rafters.

When Susan stepped outside, Dwight gave her a rough cost estimate on refurbishing the Kestrel house. Since the project would involve a crew of workers, Susan wanted it done in the off-season. She also gave us the go-ahead to build her pergola. That afternoon, Dwight and I borrowed Gunny Kershaw's pickup truck and drove to town. At McMasters' Hardware, we picked up the necessary building supplies.

As usual, Dwight had brought his tools with him to camp. (Since he often did projects for Susan, his family always stayed rent-free.) He even had an extra tool belt for me. In a day, we demolished the existing porch roof, squared off the support posts, and built the pergola. Susan and Gina kept us liberally supplied with lemonade, and we finished shortly before dinner.

Before the sawdust even settled, Susan thanked us with big hugs. Afterward, Dwight and I admired our work. He told me I'd be wasted as an architect. According to him, I needed to become a construction worker. At first, I thought he was serious, but then he clapped me on the shoulder and laughed.

"Son," he said, "you've got a knack for seeing the big picture. Construction work's an honest trade, but what this world needs is more architects with a good head on their shoulders."

"Uh, thanks," I said. "I guess."

"Don't mention it," he replied as we cleaned our work area.

✧ ✧ ✧

For the Fourth of July, we celebrated with a barbeque picnic and fireworks. The Fourth was on a Friday, and since Chris had the day off, he flew over early. Dwight and I cooked immense quantities of pork ribs, pork shoulder, and chicken. Dwight's son Jonathan and Alan Nolan were our helpers. Most of the men in camp congregated around the barbeque, drinking beer and shooting the breeze.

Compared to the previous year's Fourth of July, I actually enjoyed this one. The year before, Gina had been petulant and aloof. This year, she was as loving as ever, with no sign of the girl who'd once left the table in disgust. Obviously, I liked the new Gina much better.

Once again, my dad, Chris, Dwight, and I launched wave after wave of fireworks. Chris served as the emcee, announcing what we were about to fire and generally entertaining the crowd while we readied the next round.

When we lit the big finale, everyone applauded and cheered. Afterward, Gina neatly slid under my arm and put her arm around my waist. Later, we slipped away for a much quieter evening of our *own* fireworks.

The next day, Manfred's family arrived. Later that afternoon, the Jordans arrived as well. Much to my relief, Jenny hadn't called me again. I guess she had realized that I wasn't interested in her. I certainly *hoped* she had, at least.

The Tharp twins and their family arrived too. Several families with younger kids also arrived, but I only vaguely remembered any of them.

In addition, two new families arrived. Edward and Deirdre Sullivan were from Charlotte, like Manfred's family. They had a daughter, Maureen, who was our age, and a son, Sean, who was Erin's age. Maureen had beautiful strawberry-blonde hair like her mother. She was also as sunburn-prone as Manfred was, with pale, smooth skin. Her brother had dark hair, blue eyes, and long, long eyelashes (the longest I'd ever seen on a guy—don't ask me why I noticed).

The other new family was the Zacharys: Brad, Allison, Mark, and Todd. They had moved from Los

Angeles to Atlanta, and the Jordans had invited them to camp. They were all blonde and tan. Mark was eighteen and Todd was fifteen.

With the arrival of new families, there were a lot of teenagers in camp. Unfortunately, trouble started almost immediately—Mark and Todd were arrogant assholes. Even though I was from one of the largest cities in the U.S., they treated me like a hick. As far as they were concerned, California was the center of the universe.

I would've been fine with them deriding me if they hadn't treated my friends the same way. Worse, Jenny and Jill were obviously hot for the blonde brothers. I thought Manfred would be crushed, but he was mostly angry at being treated like a dumb redneck. Evidently, he and Jenny had drifted apart over the past year (which, knowing Jenny, was probably a good thing).

The group of teenagers quickly polarized into two cliques, which was fine by me, since Mark and Todd usually managed to irritate me whenever I talked to them. To make matters worse, every time I was around either of them, they inevitably muttered "hyuck, hyuck" (like the cartoon character Goofy) as soon as I walked away. They didn't even have the tact to do it when I was out of earshot. So it was all I could do not to simply punch one of them.

Fortunately for Manfred, he was more interested in Maureen Sullivan. And *boy*, was she interested in him. Like the rest of us, she didn't like Mark and Todd. Moreover, when she learned about Manfred and Jenny, she was livid. At first, I thought she was mad at Manfred, but I quickly realized that she thought Jenny was being "a no-good tramp." Needless to say, I kept quiet on the issue, but privately agreed with her.

Things came to a head when I had to listen, again, to "the right way to do things, like in California." When I tossed my pool cue on the table and turned to leave, Mark did his "hyuck, hyuck" thing.

"Gonna go screw yer sister?" he asked, in his annoying faux-hillbilly voice.

I don't think he realized I could move as quickly as I did.

I'm ashamed to say that I lost my temper. Worse, I got a lot of satisfaction from seeing his alarmed expression when my arm shot out and pinned him against the wall, by the throat. He struggled for breath and tried to get my hand loose, but he might as well have been clawing at an iron statue; I was *far* stronger than him.

Before I could do anything more than glare at him, Gina pulled me off, telling me he wasn't worth it. I stepped back and stared him down. Then I realized Manfred was right behind me, ready to back me up. He was glaring at Todd, making sure I wasn't jumped from behind.

"As soon as I leave, Mark," I said evenly, "you're probably gonna spout some shit about 'I was just about to kick his ass.'"

He didn't say anything.

"But you and I both know the truth." I paused to let that sink in. Then I continued coldly, "So if you *really* think you can kick my ass, now's your chance. If you wanna start something, go ahead. But if you *do* start something with me, you can bet your ass that I'll *finish* it."

He simply glared.

"That's what I thought," I said contemptuously. Then I started to turn away from him. But before I completed the motion, I stopped and fixed him with a steely glare. "And if you think your little Goofy bit is funny, think again. If I hear 'hyuck, hyuck' one… more… time, you'll regret it."

"Yeah?" Todd jeered. "What're you gonna do?"

I leveled my gaze at him. "Do you *really* wanna find out?" I asked, still icy calm.

When Todd started to reply, Mark savagely cut him off.

"Shut the fuck up, Todd," he said.

I smiled tightly at Mark, but the smile never touched my eyes. "Y'all have a nice day now, y'hear," I said, mocking him with an exaggerated Southern accent.

After that, I stayed away from them and they stayed away from me. The Tharp twins, who'd seen the whole thing, avoided Mark and Todd as well. Maureen gushed about how Manfred hadn't even hesitated when he moved to watch my back.

Gina was a little upset that I'd lost my temper, but she only mentioned it in private. Both in public and in private, however, she was grateful that I'd said something about the Zachary brothers' arrogance and baiting.

Jenny and Jill didn't want to have anything to do with us either, but I couldn't have cared less. In the end, only the four of them hung out together. Basically, it was the California teenagers in one corner and the Southern teenagers in the other.

That seemed to be fine with everyone concerned.

A couple of days later, Gina, Maureen, Manfred, and I hiked to the quarry. Maureen and Manfred had grown very close, and I could tell they were looking forward to the time away from camp. On the hike up, Manfred pretended to re-tie his hiking boot and then hung back with me for a few minutes.

"Dude," he said softly, "Maureen told me she's on the pill."

"Yeah?"

He nodded emphatically. "She's really cute," he said. "Don't you think?"

"Yeah, she is, Manfred."

"And she goes to school about fifteen minutes from where we live."

"*Very* cool."

Practically brimming with enthusiasm, he jogged back to the head of our little line. When he passed Maureen, he turned and trotted backward for a few feet, grinning like an idiot—until he tripped over a tree root, that is. He caught his balance before ending up on his ass, and he managed to look good doing it, even with the goofy smile he was sporting. For her part, Maureen turned to Gina and rolled her eyes, grinning and blushing as she did.

Once we reached the quarry, Maureen practically dragged Manfred into the water. While Gina and I swam out to the waterfall, the other couple made out in the shade of the big rock. After lunch, Maureen asked Manfred to show her the top of the falls.

"And maybe you should bring the raft," she suggested.

Manfred, grinning from ear to ear, picked it up, grabbed a blanket, and took her hand. About an hour later, Gina and I smiled at each other as Maureen cried out in pleasure. When they came back down, shortly before we had to return to camp, Maureen blushed, but didn't let go of Manfred's hand.

All the way back to camp, Maureen and Gina hung back, chatting and giggling. Manfred was incredibly sanguine about it, merely grinning and looking over his shoulder occasionally. Maureen seemed to be a lot better for him than Jenny. And the perky redhead was enthusiastic about dating him after their families returned to Charlotte.

Good for Manfred, I thought. *And good riddance to Jenny. I hope you enjoy her, Mark, 'cause sooner or later, she'll screw you over, too. I guarantee it.*

✧ ✧ ✧

While we were at the quarry, Kendall's family arrived. When we returned to camp, she greeted us warmly. After dinner, we filled her in on the Zachary brothers and then introduced her to Maureen.

When Drew heard about Mark and Todd, he scowled. Evidently, he thought he and Jill would pick up where they'd left things. Trish Delozier, however, was more than happy to fill the void. Over the past year, Trish had filled out a lot, and that seemed to suit Drew just fine. Erin and Leah were more interested in the quiet, sensitive Sean Sullivan, so everyone seemed happy.

Later that night, when Mark saw Kendall for the first time, he started hitting on her. I wanted to tell him to get lost, but Gina held me back and told me to just watch. From the way she was grinning, I think she had an inkling of how Kendall would handle herself.

Mark, looking confident as ever, chatted with Kendall for a few minutes. But when he invited her to join him and Jenny at the pool table, she laughed at him. Then she talked to him for a minute, looking as sweet as I'd ever seen her. But while she talked, Mark's face got progressively darker. Then, with a flip of her hair she turned and walked toward me. I shook my head in wonder when I realized she was doing her "model walk," more for Mark's benefit than mine.

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"I told him I don't date *boys*," Kendall said with an artfully innocent expression. "'And bless your heart,' I said, 'but my boyfriend keeps me *very* happy, thank you.'"

She kissed my cheek, stepped close, and slipped her arm around my waist. Then she smiled wryly at Mark, lifted her hand, and waggled her fingers at him in a little wave.

"If I've learned nothing else in college," she said, still smiling sweetly, "at least I know how to put frat rats in their place."

I could barely contain my laughter as Gina, Kendall, and I headed to the lake to meet Maureen and Manfred.

✧ ✧ ✧

For the next couple of weeks, the summer was mostly the same as the year before. While Gina, Kendall, and I didn't relive the sense of wonder and discovery, we more than made up for it in the quality of the time we spent together.

Maureen and Manfred were inseparable, and I think it irked Jenny to see how happy Manfred was without her. Maureen sensed the other girl's pique and doted on Manfred, who was obviously enjoying himself.

Manfred took to heart the advice I'd given him the year before—he actually paid attention to what Maureen wanted and liked. He didn't smother her, but it was obvious that he was well and truly smitten.

The day before his and Maureen's families left, we hiked to the quarry again. Maureen wasn't the exhibitionist Jenny was, so she and Manfred fooled around in private. But from the sound of things, she was a very happy girl.

The next day, their families packed up and left, driving back to Charlotte together. I felt certain that Manfred had found happiness, and I was perversely glad that it wasn't with Jenny. The Jordan family left as well, leaving two very lonely Zachary brothers.

I couldn't bring myself to feel sorry for them.

Once again, Mark tried hitting on Kendall, but not only did she turn him down flat, she told him that she didn't think he could "satisfy her" like I could. After that, I quit trying to protect Kendall, since she was doing just fine on her own!

✧ ✧ ✧

When Dennis and Elaine Raeford arrived at camp, they were happy to see us. They were happy to see my parents as well. A few days later, they all got together for a party at Susan's house.

Gina, Kendall, and I knew what was happening, so after dark, we snuck around to Susan's porch to watch. To our disappointment, the curtains were closed.

The next day, Susan teased me about it, saying that she wanted the Raefords to have some privacy for their first time swinging. Susan, of course, knew about our peeping, but I didn't realize she was so deliberate about leaving the curtains open or not. With a grin, she told us that the Raefords were coming over again, that night.

"And I think I'll leave the curtains open," she said with a wink.

Needless to say, Gina, Kendall, and I were there.

Elaine really liked having two men at once, and she clearly enjoyed my dad. After a while, Susan left the room. Then she nearly scared us out of our skin when she appeared behind us.

"I thought I'd come see what was going on out here," she said mischievously. "Ooooh, doesn't that look nice," she cooed, pointing at my erection. "Isn't anyone going to do something about that?" When neither Gina nor Kendall uttered a word, Susan sank to her knees before me.

Gina and Kendall started fooling around as Susan expertly sucked my dick. With a muffled groan, I clutched her head and climaxed. Grinning, Susan gave my dick one final suck, wiped her lips, and stood.

"I'd better get back inside," she said. Then she kissed me on the cheek and turned to the girls. "Take care of our man."

"Oh," Gina replied, "we will."

Kendall nodded in agreement.

Once inside, Susan winked and surreptitiously waved to us through the sliding glass door. Then she and Mom double-teamed Dennis while Dad fucked Elaine from behind.

Gina, Kendall, and I wanted to watch, but we also wanted to fool around. We didn't want to make too much noise—and alert the other adults to our presence—so I ran up to our cabin, grabbed a blanket, and met the girls at the nature trail clearing.

I wanted to take my time and get the girls really worked up, but they had other ideas. I lost track of who was fucking me and who was straddling my face, but I didn't really care. By the time we took a swim to cool off and clean up, we were exhausted. I walked Kendall to the Winnie and then dropped Gina at her cabin. At my own cabin, I climbed into the upper bunk and was asleep in minutes.

✧ ✧ ✧

Before Gina's family left camp for the summer, Susan asked us if we wouldn't mind spending the Saturday at camp, instead of hiking to the quarry. She had something special in mind. Then she talked to Kendall privately. Afterward, Kendall wouldn't tell us what was going on, merely smiling and saying, "Wait and see."

After lunch on Saturday, Susan asked us to come help her with some things around the house. I wanted to grumble, but I'd been raised to be more polite than that. I wondered what she needed help with that couldn't have waited a day—Gina and I wanted to hike to the quarry with Kendall.

The surprise, however, was even better. Susan had decided she was ready for a foursome with us (since Kendall had turned eighteen). So she had talked with Kendall, to make sure the older girl was comfortable with it. Kendall still preferred men to women, but she was more than happy for the four of us to get together.

Most of the afternoon, Susan and Gina were together, but once, while I was recovering, the three women formed a triangle and ate each other as I watched. Afterward, I fucked each of them from behind, finally burying myself in Susan and shooting deep inside her.

We spent the rest of the afternoon together, fucking, sucking, and doing anything else we wanted. When I was finally too worn out to continue, Kendall and I took a shower together and then snuggled while Gina and Susan played with each other on Susan's bed.

The next day, Gina's family returned to Atlanta. She wanted to stay at camp and return with my family, but she and Leah were going to visit her grandparents in Richmond, so she had to go. Because we knew we'd be seeing each other again in a few weeks, her departure was less bittersweet than previous years.

Kendall's remaining week at camp was a lot slower-paced. We got together with the Raefords once, but it was the same as the year before, with each couple simply watching the other. Elaine did come right out and tell me she was looking forward to when I turned eighteen. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out why.

Kendall said she was looking forward to the same thing. To my surprise, she said she wanted to swing with the Raefords. She loved me very much, but she wanted to experiment with another man while I watched.

It was a fantasy she'd told me about when we spent spring break at Bridget's cabin, so I wasn't surprised when she told me she wanted the other man to be Dennis. For the same reason Elaine was attracted to me—she said I reminded her of Dennis—Kendall thought Dennis was handsome.

✧ ✧ ✧

After my family returned to Atlanta, in August, the Coulters' new house was ready to move into. It looked exactly as I had imagined it. The guesthouse, swimming pool, and hot tub were still being built, but they were shaping up exactly as my mind's eye pictured them.

For the move from their rental house to their new home, the Coulters once again hired a moving company. Our family, of course, helped. Scott, Shannon, and Heather came over to help as well. The whole

move took two sixteen-hour days, but by the time we were done, the Coulters were in their new house.

Gina and Leah had big bedrooms upstairs, with a large shared bathroom between them. There was also a guest bedroom with a private bath. The master bedroom, downstairs, was positively palatial, with twelve-foot ceilings (like all of the first floor), a sitting area, a walk-in closet with a dressing area, and a bathroom that had both a Jacuzzi tub and a large walk-in shower.

After the guesthouse, pool, and hot tub were completed, the contractor would install a privacy fence around the back yard. Since the Coulters had a double lot, with forest behind them, they would be well out of sight of the neighbors.

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For my senior year in high school, I had registered for some challenging courses: Advanced Placement English, AP Physics, Pre-calculus, AP Government & Politics, Spanish II, and Typing/Drafting. Typing was a one-semester required course, so I opted to take Drafting opposite it. The class was geared more toward engineering than architecture, but a lot of the same principles applied.

Gina and I had three classes together: AP English, Pre-calculus, and AP Government & Politics. Her other classes were AP Biology, AP Latin, and the requisite one-semester Typing (which we didn't share). She would spend the other semester as a teacher's aide for Biology classes.

The AP classes were going to be tough, but if we did well enough on the official college board exams, we'd get college credit. We both had D lunch, along with Scott, Shannon, Kelly, Livy, Heather, Mike, and his girlfriend, Debbie.

In addition, Erin and Leah were freshmen and excited about the prospect of high school. I was torn between wanting to help Erin and not wanting my little sister hanging around all the time. Fortunately, she and Leah both had A lunch and our schedules had us in completely different parts of the school most of the time. So I could be a helpful big brother, but I didn't have to worry about having two fifteen-year-old girls pestering me.

✧ ✧ ✧

Since Doc Rivera had graduated, we had a new varsity heavyweight wrestler, Eric Greene. He had gained weight and muscle over the summer and would be taking Doc's place on our varsity squad.

When I weighed in with Coach Simmons, I tipped the scales at 184½ pounds, almost the perfect weight for the 185-pound weight class. It gave me a little room for normal weight fluctuations (the class limit was 187 pounds), but still put me at the top of the weight range.

Over the past year, I had also increased my bench press to 275 pounds. Coach was impressed with both my weight and strength gains. Soon after school started, Scott, Mike, Eric, and I began strength training, three days a week.

In between practice and homework, Gina, Heather, and I got together as often as we could. Heather had gone to the Planned Parenthood clinic and gotten on birth control pills, so I no longer had to be careful when we had sex. She was as enthusiastic as ever, and even seemed to be warming up to girl-girl sex with Gina.

Over the summer, Heather told us, she had even pulled a monumental prank. She had been at a party where she realized she didn't know anyone. She knew she'd had far too much to drink, but she was horny. So she gave blowjobs to the host and his two best friends. She had promised to fuck them, too, if they called her after the party. Then, as the coup de grâce, she'd told them her name was Becky "Blowjob" Leonardi.

Gina and I howled with laughter when Heather told us the story. Among a lot of guys we knew, the rumor was that "Becky Blowjob" was a major slut, who'd do anything. Needless to say, the story had grown in the telling, and when I actually heard it, "Becky" had sucked and fucked every guy at the party.

As with most rumors, the people telling it had a friend of a friend who said they'd been there and gotten blown, and swore it was true. But I never met *anyone* who'd actually been at the party in question.

The real Becky was incensed. Tony was almost as livid. In a way, I actually felt sorry for Becky. She was a caustic bitch, but she wasn't a slut. Unfortunately, I couldn't bring myself to actually downplay the

rumors. I know it was petty of me to take such delight in Becky's humiliation, but I guess I'm a petty person sometimes.

✧ ✧ ✧

Wrestling season started with our customary invitational tournament. Emmett Carstairs had graduated, but I did get to wrestle Pete Yeager. Our match went the full three rounds. I beat him on points, and he was panting and drained as we walked off the mat together.

"You're a *lot* stronger than you were last year," he gasped, holding his side. "It was all I could do to keep from being pinned. And I *know* I'm a better wrestler than last year."

"You're really good," I said, panting as well.

"Not as good as you. Not anymore."

"Thanks, Yeager," I said, "but you're still really good."

To my surprise, I ended up winning the tournament. Mike won the 167-pound weight class, and Scott took second place in his 145-pound class.

✧ ✧ ✧

Whenever we could, Gina and I visited Knoxville. More and more, I was coming to love the campus, as well as the town itself. Knoxville was a *lot* smaller than Atlanta, and much quieter. It didn't have nearly the number of things to do that a larger city would, but it was a very friendly place.

When the UT Volunteers came to Atlanta to play the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets, we invited the Paytons to come down and stay with us. They drove their RV and parked it in our driveway. While Adam and Melissa stayed in our guest bedroom, Drew was content to spend the night in the camper. Kendall and I wanted to spend the night together, but we knew it would cause problems, so she spent the night in the camper as well. Erin and Leah were excited to see Drew, and we spent a lot of time just hanging out together.

A few weeks later, we drove up to Chattanooga and then rode in the Winnebago to Knoxville for the Virginia game. Kendall was living in Clement Hall again, and we worked the scam whereby we told her parents that Gina was spending the night with Kendall and I was going to sleep in the men's wing. Kendall and Abby were once again roommates, and Abby went along with the plan. (Since UT didn't have sorority houses, Bridget and Toni were living on one of the sorority floors in another dorm.)

Susan came to visit us for Thanksgiving. Doug and Kirk flew in as well, but they stayed in the Coulters' guesthouse. We had a huge Thanksgiving dinner with Gina's family and then relaxed for an afternoon of football and friends. The Coulters had cable TV, of course, and since they also had a satellite dish, we had all sorts of channels to choose from, just in case we tired of football.

✧ ✧ ✧

For the first week of Christmas break, Kendall came to stay with my family. She got to hang out with Gina, Heather, Scott, Shannon, and me. We had a blast. We went to a couple of parties, and Kendall wasn't nearly as shy as she had been before. She thought our high school parties were a little tame, though. Compared to college parties, I suppose they were.

To my chagrin, Scott figured out that I was involved with both Gina and Kendall. (Although I think Shannon might have clued him in.) When he asked me about it, I simply grinned as enigmatically as I could.

His eyes nearly bugged out. "You mean you're…?" he asked, incredulous. "With *both* of them?!"

I facetiously used my standard line: "C'mon, Scott. Do you *really* think I'm doing it with either of them? We're just good friends."

"Good friends?! *Good friends?!*"

I grinned and nodded. Then my smile widened further.

"You *are* doing it with both of them," he accused.

"Yeah," I admitted. "But you know how it is. Don't tell anyone. Okay?"

"Sure, man," he said, shaking his head in wonder. Then he gave me a bewildered look. "*Both* of them?"

I shrugged. "What can I say?"
"Holy shit, man."
"No kidding."

✧ ✧ ✧

A week before Christmas, I lost my only regular-season wresting match. It was a fluke. At the beginning of the first round, I was controlling the other guy with an overhook that I quickly turned into a headlock. When I went to take him down with a hip-toss, I heard a loud pop. Pain lanced through my leg and up my side.

Gina heedlessly rushed to the edge of the mat as soon as I went down. Fortunately, my mom had the good sense to stay in the bleachers. I can't conceive of the embarrassment I would've suffered if my "mommy" had come running to my aid. (Today, as a parent, I can't *imagine* the willpower it must have taken for her not to rush to my side.)

I wanted to continue the match, but when I tried to stand up, my ankle turned and I collapsed under my own weight. I had to forfeit. Coach and Mike helped me hobble off the mat. Then Coach gingerly manipulated my ankle and quickly determined it was sprained. Mom, Gina, and Heather took me to the emergency room.

After x-rays, the doctors diagnosed a moderate sprain—not bad enough to warrant a cast. They simply wrapped my ankle and put a brace on it. I couldn't walk on it, so they gave me crutches. They said as long as I stayed off the ankle, it would heal in several weeks.

Two days later, I had to skip an invitational tournament, which was disappointing. But I watched from the bleachers as Pete Yeager won it. When I congratulated him afterward, he even wished me a speedy recovery.

"I'd hate to win regionals if you weren't there," he said, grinning.
"Don't worry, Yeager," I assured him. "I'll be there."
"Good. I could use the competition."

✧ ✧ ✧

For Christmas, our family and the Coulters bought a big combined present: an airplane. Over the previous summer, flying back and forth to camp had really taken its toll on Chris. In addition, my dad was getting tired of the long drives to and from Columbia. So he and Chris became partners in a 1965 Cessna 182.

Chris planned to learn how to fly, so he and Dad could shuttle between home and camp. Within a one-hour drive of the camp gate, there were literally dozens of small airfields. My dad looked at his charts and found an airfield only fifteen miles from where the camp road met the main road.

Until Chris had his pilot's license and a sufficient amount of experience to feel comfortable making the trip, however, the plane would be at my dad's sole disposal. As soon as they showed us pictures of the plane, I had the urge to learn to fly as well. I can't really explain it; I just wanted to fly.

My parents agreed to pay for my flying lessons, after wrestling season, and as long as I kept up my grades. Chris was going to take lessons at the same time, and my dad wanted to renew his Flight Instructor and Instrument Instructor certifications. Dad wouldn't teach us, but he wanted to get some more time in light aircraft, which were very different from the commercial jets he flew for the airline.

The day after Christmas, our two families headed to Salt Lake City again. We stayed in a chalet similar to the one from the previous year. Because of my ankle, I didn't get to ski at all, and I was pretty depressed about it. Fortunately, Gina spent a lot of time with me. She liked skiing, but not as much as I did. So she was more than happy to give up the bunny slopes and take care of me.

Since only my ankle was sprained, she spent a lot of time trying to sprain *another* body part. But try as hard as she might—and believe me, she did try—she couldn't sprain my dick.

When we weren't having sex, Gina and I spent a lot of simple quality time together. We had a hefty reading list for AP English, and we took turns reading out loud to each other. We also had fun cooking for

ourselves while our families were on the slopes. Even though I was more than capable of taking care of myself, Gina pampered me.

We also explored Park City. The resort was fairly large, and included a number of shops and restaurants. Since my arms were so strong, I didn't have any trouble getting around on my crutches. So Gina and I got to act like a grown-up couple. Almost.

We spent New Years Eve at the chalet and our families threw a big party. By then, Erin and Leah had discovered our parents' swinging, but they were still more interested in each other. They both had boyfriends, but after a few hurtful incidents, they decided not to let the guys come between them.

I knew Gina still chafed at not being able to join the adults' swinging, but she didn't challenge her mother. We contented ourselves with remaining at the periphery of the group and fooling around with Kara. Actually, *Gina* contented herself. I just had fun. I learned long ago that Gina and I had an extraordinary number of freedoms, and I was happy with what our parents allowed us. Compared to most of our friends, we had blissfully enlightened parents.

Finally, however, our Christmas break was over. My ankle was still very tender, but at least I could put more weight on it, and I could tell it was healing.

When school started after the break, I was down to only one crutch, but walking to class was still tedious and painful. My classes were tough, but I really enjoyed them, especially English and Government & Politics. Where school was concerned, Gina was very good for me. She pushed me to do better, to work harder, and she helped me develop a lot of good study habits.

She might have been impetuous and constantly horny, but when it came to schoolwork, she was incredibly focused. She really wanted to be a doctor, and nothing was going to stand in her way. A lot of her drive and determination evidently rubbed off on me.

Once I was cleared to start wrestling practice again, I worked hard, both in the weight room and on the mat. Coach worked with me, showing me a lot of advanced take-downs. In turn, I practiced those moves with the other guys in the 185-pound and heavyweight weight classes.

Gina came to every match and Heather came to most of them. I went 14–1 over the season, suffering my only loss when I sprained my ankle, before Christmas.

In the regional tournament, I wrestled Pete Yeager in the finals and beat him. It wasn't easy, and I had to work for the pin, but I won. A true sportsman, Pete congratulated me and wished me luck in the state tournament.

✧ ✧ ✧

Kendall's nineteenth birthday fell between the regional and state tournaments, so Gina and I flew up to Knoxville for the weekend. Even though they no longer shared a suite, Kendall and Bridget were still good friends, and we got to spend the weekend at Bridget's family's cabin in the mountains. Bridget even let Kendall borrow her car for the weekend.

Gina baked Kendall a birthday cake and we celebrated Sunday morning.

In mid-December, Susan had found a 1918 edition of *Gray's Anatomy*. She had originally thought I might like to get it for Gina as a Christmas gift, but I had already bought all of Gina's presents. So I talked it over with Gina, and we got it for Kendall, as a birthday present. When Kendall unwrapped the present and read the book's cover, she looked up with misty eyes.

"Oh, my goodness," she said. "Thank you so much." She looked up, beaming. "Where did you all ever find this?"

I explained how Susan found it at an antique bookstore.

Oblivious, Kendall reverently leafed through the book. She apologized for being preoccupied with it, but Gina and I didn't mind.

Around noon, we fixed lunch and talked about school while we ate. The girls talked about how difficult it was to get accepted to medical school. I didn't really have anything to add to the conversation, so I politely listened.

All too soon, however, Gina and I needed to catch our flight. We hurriedly cleaned up the cabin and

then packed our clothes. We loaded Bridget's car and Kendall took us to the airport. Then she walked to the gate with us. With hugs and kisses, we said goodbye.

✧ ✧ ✧

Once again, the city of Macon hosted the state wrestling tournament. Like Pete Yeager, the year before, I made it to the finals. And also like Pete, I lost to the wrestler from Savannah. Unlike Pete, I didn't get pinned. For a full six minutes, I gave as good as I got. But in the end, the other guy scored two take-downs while I only scored one. We each had reversal, near-fall, and escape points, but his extra take-down made the difference.

He won, 10–8.

Mike Gee was once again state champion, and he got scholarship offers to several Division I schools. Since his family had moved from Columbus, the only one he really cared about was Ohio State. He got a full athletic scholarship from them. After he signed the papers, he called his girlfriend, then me.

Surprisingly, I got a couple of scholarship offers as well. The scouts had come from all over to see Mike wrestle, but they'd also been impressed by my performance. When they talked to me, I was polite and interested, but I was still a little surprised. As much as wrestling meant to me, though, I didn't know if I wanted to wrestle in college.

I thought about it a lot. I talked it over with Gina. I talked it over with Kendall. I called Susan to get her opinion. I even talked to my parents about it. In the end, my decision was heavily influenced by something Coach Simmons once said. He'd been berating me about my grades, and he said, "Wrestling is a good sport; it'll teach you a lot of the things you'll need to be successful in life, but you need an education if you wanna be something someday."

I knew I wanted to be an architect. Since I first met Steve Easterbrook and saw the plans for the Coulters' house come to life, I knew what I wanted. Architecture was a five-year degree. I'd talked to one of Kendall's friends, an architecture major, who told me about long hours spent on projects and all the work involved. I wasn't afraid of the effort, but it would take a lot of time and dedication.

Being a student athlete would divide my time and energy, especially if my scholarship depended on it. I enjoyed wrestling, both the competition and the strength training. But did I enjoy it more than the promise of being an architect? I could attempt both, but I felt certain that I'd quickly run myself ragged.

In the end, I turned down the wrestling scholarships. Fortunately, I had that option. My parents could afford to pay for college, and that gave me a lot of freedom. I didn't want to capriciously spend my father's hard-earned money, but my parents made sure I understood that I could attend any college I got accepted to. I knew they took good care of Erin and me, but never before had the evidence been so overwhelming.

My parents supported my decision, even if it meant they'd have to pay for college. Gina and Kendall supported me, of course. But to my surprise, Coach Simmons, Scott, and Mike supported my decision as well.

I knew what my goal was, I knew how to achieve it, but unfortunately, wrestling wasn't part of the process.

✧ ✧ ✧

All through March and April, Chris and I learned to fly. Three times a week, in the evenings, we drove to a local airport to attend ground school classes. The classes covered a wide range of general aviation subjects, from weather patterns to radio procedures. It was a lot of work and studying—on top of all my schoolwork—but I enjoyed it. I'd been around pilots all my life, and had heard a lot of the jargon, but I still got a thrill when I *understood* the reasons behind the procedures and terminology.

On Saturdays, Sundays, and a few Tuesdays, we took flying lessons. When Chris flew, I sat in the back. After an hour, we'd land the plane so Chris and I could switch positions. Then we'd spend an hour with me flying and Chris in the back. It was like a double lesson, with both hands-on and observational instruction. The lessons were designed to complement our ground school classes, and we quickly developed our skills. By early May, we were both ready to solo.

Gina, Elizabeth, and my parents came to watch. I didn't realize how scared Gina was until later. Neither Chris nor I were concerned, since we each had more than twelve hours of flight time. That might not sound like a lot, but it is. I told Gina that our flight instructor wouldn't even let us attempt to solo unless he thought we were ready.

Chris and I decided to let chance determine who would go up first. Grinning, Dad pulled out a quarter and flipped it into the air. Chris called heads. Dad caught the coin and slapped it against the back of his hand. Then he looked up, his grin widening. When he didn't immediately lift his hand, Chris and I both glared at him.

"Boys," Elizabeth chided as Dad continued to tease us, "if you want to be magnificent men in your flying machines, get on with it."

Dad and Chris rolled their eyes and then smirked at each other. But Dad moved his hand and we all stared at the revealed coin.

Tails!

I'd get to solo first.

Under the watchful eye of both the instructor and my father, I walked around the plane, doing the preflight check. Then I got into the cockpit, buckled the seat belt, wiped my hands on my jeans, and began reading from the placard on the instrument panel.

Half to myself, half out loud, I repeated each item on the list as I did it: preflight, complete; seatbelt, adjust and lock; brakes, tested and set; avionics master switch, off; and so on.

When I completed the list, I silently went through it again, double-checking everything. At last, I glanced outside the plane for the first time in several minutes. Then I checked to make sure no one was near the propeller.

"Clear prop!" I called.

My heartbeat thudded in my ears as I turned the ignition switch to Start. The engine cranked once, sputtered, then roared to life. When I finished the Engine Start checklist, I glanced nervously at the empty seat beside me and then took a deep breath. After listening to the ATIS weather information a final time, I changed the radio frequency to ground control. Finally, I adjusted the boom mike and pushed the transmit button.

"Peachtree Ground, Cessna 4619 Tango," I said in my most professional voice, "requesting clearance to taxi for takeoff with information Foxtrot." I was nervous, but the familiar rhythm of the radio call focused my attention. I waited for what seemed like forever, but was probably only five seconds.

"Cessna One Niner Tango, Peachtree Ground," crackled in my headphones. "You are cleared to taxi runway one six. Hold short of runway and contact Tower on 120.9 for takeoff clearance."

"Peachtree Ground, Cessna One Niner Tango," I responded, "understand I have clearance to taxi runway one six."

The next few minutes were a blur of activity. I'd done everything before, but always with the instructor watching and listening, ready to take over if something went wrong. This time, I was alone.

At last, I received takeoff clearance from the tower and pulled onto the runway. I can't really explain the nervous exhilaration I felt when the plane's wheels left the ground, but it was heady and almost overwhelming.

I know it sounds trite, but for the next fifteen minutes, I was on autopilot; I did the things I'd learned and practiced so many times. When I completed a circuit of the airport, I called the tower for landing clearance. As directed, I got in the pattern after a Beech Baron and began mentally going through my landing checklist. I probably flared too high on landing—the plane bounced twice—but otherwise, I think I did a pretty good job.

Finally, I taxied back to the FBO (the airport's base of operations). Then I went through the checklist for killing the engine. At last, I relaxed and looked around.

My heart was beating a million miles an hour and I felt ten feet tall.

I had just flown an airplane!

By myself!

My instructor was waiting for me when I opened the plane's door. He shook my hand and congratulated me. Gina rushed up and practically leapt into my arms. As I set her down, I looked up and saw my dad's proud expression. I never really thought about earning his admiration, but at that moment, it was the most important thing I could think of.

As I walked back to my family, Chris began his own pre-flight inspection of the plane. He would go through the exact same routine I just had. Gina clung to me the entire time her father was in the air. When he taxied up to the FBO and killed the engine, we all clapped and cheered for him too.

Dad and the instructor took uncommon glee with the final ritual of our solo flights: they cut off Chris's and my shirttails. We both knew it was coming (we'd worn old shirts), but it still came as a surprise when Dad grabbed me and began cutting.

After that, we taxied the plane back to its parking spot, tied it down, and then headed into the FBO. Chris and I diligently filled out our logbooks, grinning the entire time. Afterward, Dad took us all out to lunch for a celebration.

For the rest of May, Chris and I would continue our ground school classes and flying lessons. By the time we finished our instruction, we would each have about fifty hours of flight time. We still had to pass the FAA Airman Knowledge Test, as well as our instructor's practical test, but soon, we'd be licensed pilots.

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina and I took our SATs again, and both of us improved. Her score went from a 1450 to a 1490. Surprisingly, mine jumped from a 1350 to a 1470. When I told Kendall about it, she was very impressed (and very happy for me). But then I asked about *her* SAT score. Sheepishly, she told me she made a perfect 1600. The second time, she hastily added. The first time she only scored 1540.

1540? And she took it again?!

I shook my head in wonder.

After we took our SATs, Gina and I started looking at colleges in earnest. The University of Tennessee was due to complete its new Art and Architecture building, and their architecture program was one of the best in the country. So I really wanted to attend UT-Knoxville. Prophetically, they didn't even *have* a varsity wrestling team.

Gina and I wanted to go to college together, so we tried to find schools that fit three criteria: a good pre-med or biology program, a good architecture program, and a school we were both interested in. We argued back and forth over colleges, but we couldn't agree on more than a few. In reality, I wanted to go to Tennessee and she wanted to go to UCLA. So the two schools formed the core of our college applications.

I also applied to Georgia Tech and Auburn. My backup school was Virginia Tech. As a last resort school, I applied to Georgia. It's not that I really had anything against UGA, but it seemed like all the party animals from high school were simply going to Athens to resume their activities with older, more experienced party animals.

Gina and I thought about attending Emory and Georgia Tech, which were both in Atlanta, but she really wanted to move away from home and experience new things. So in addition to Tennessee and UCLA, she applied to Columbia University and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Her backup school was the College of Charleston. Her last resort school was the same as mine, UGA.

With our transcripts and SAT scores, we got accepted at all of the schools we applied to. I knew she really wanted to go to school at UCLA, but personally, I had my heart set on Tennessee. I wanted to take classes in their new A&A building. In addition, I wanted to be with Kendall, who would be at UT for another two years.

Gina and I had one of our rare fights about which college we would attend. I thought we would break up over it, but in the end, she chose UT. Unfortunately, she didn't seem happy about it. I couldn't think of a way to tell her to go to UCLA; not without sounding like I *wanted* to break up with her. I just wanted her to be happy.

I talked to Kendall about it, and her advice was to talk to Gina's mom. Elizabeth said she'd talk to Gina, but the talk didn't change Gina's mind. I loved her, and the last thing I wanted to do was break up with her,

but I understood that we wanted different things. I was happy she'd be going to UT with me, but it seemed like she was making the decision for the wrong reasons.

In the end, Kendall told me that it was Gina's life, and she had to make decisions for herself. She understood what Gina was going through, but couldn't really help her. Gina wanted to be with me more than she wanted to go to UCLA, so I let the matter drop. As soon as I stopped pestering her about her choice of colleges, her mood brightened considerably. For that, I was grateful.

Gina and I also took several AP exams. We each scored 4s and even a few perfect 5s (both of us in English, and Biology for her). I was surprised that I did so well on all the exams, but Gina wasn't. She had studied with me, and said she knew how well I understood the material. Our classes were geared toward scoring well on the AP exams, but I guess I'd become a serious student when I wasn't looking. Thanks, Gina.

The last month of school was mostly occupied with talk of prom, graduation, and colleges. Scott had decided to follow in his father's footsteps, and had been accepted to the Air Force ROTC program at Arizona State. Shannon wanted to get a history degree, so she had also chosen ASU. Both of them would be moving to Tempe.

Since Livy Phelps still had another year of high school, Kelly wanted to stay in Atlanta. So he enrolled at Georgia Tech. He didn't know what kind of engineer he wanted to be, but he'd narrowed it down to mechanical, aerospace, or industrial engineering.

Mike, of course, was headed back to Columbus and Ohio State. His girlfriend, Debbie, still had another year of high school, but they were going to try to stay together. I wished them luck, but I knew firsthand how difficult a long-distance relationship could be.

Heather wanted to go to UGA. Originally, she'd thought about going back to Kansas and attending K State, but she liked Georgia. Besides, her brother, Chuck, had gotten a football scholarship to play for the Bulldogs. So she was going to head east, to Athens. She had no idea what she wanted to major in, and I think she was looking forward to the parties more than anything else.

✧ ✧ ✧

For our senior prom, Scott and I once again reserved rooms at the Peachtree Plaza. We also had reservations at the Sun Dial and a limo for the evening. For a couple of weeks before the dance itself, Gina, Shannon, Heather, Livy, and Debbie sunbathed at Gina's house. Livy and Debbie only went topless, but the other girls lay out nude.

For the dance, Gina picked out a backless lavender dress. She planned to wear the pearl necklace my parents had given her and a matching pair of pearl earrings I'd bought her. The woman who altered Gina's dress saved some of the material and made a matching bow tie and cummerbund for me.

Shannon picked out a dark green sequined dress and Scott got a matching bow tie and cummerbund (both sans sequins, thankfully). Livy's parents actually let her get a dress that showed off her lithe body. It was dark blue and accented her wheat-blonde hair.

Heather picked out a bold red strapless dress that really showed off her body. Her date, a friend of hers named Conner Micks, picked out a traditional tux with a white dinner jacket. In addition, she told her parents that she'd be spending the night in "Gina and Shannon's" room. In reality, she'd be spending the night with Gina and me.

Debbie had chosen a sunflower-yellow spaghetti-strap dress. She was a very petite girl, and she looked like a flower herself. Mike picked out a traditional tux, with a bow tie and cummerbund made with extra material from Debbie's dress.

On the day of the dance, Scott and I drove downtown to drop off his car. By then, his old Buick Electra had died and his parents had replaced it with a '78 Datsun 280Z. That evening, we once again ended up at Gina's house and took pictures out by the pool. Then we took some more pictures. Finally, we posed for *more* pictures. After smiling and posing for what seemed like an eternity, we climbed into the limo for the ride to the Peachtree Plaza. (Mike and Debbie took his car to the dance.)

Dinner was a lot of fun, but somewhat nostalgic. This would probably be the last time our group of

friends would be together. After the summer, Gina and I were going to Knoxville. Scott and Shannon were going to Tempe. Mike was going to Columbus, and Debbie was staying in Atlanta. Kelly and Livy were staying in Atlanta as well, but Heather was going to Athens and Conner had been accepted at West Point.

We enjoyed our dinner, talking about our plans for the summer, parties, and friends. Down in the ballroom, we had our pictures taken, said hi to some of our friends, danced to a few songs, but then headed back up to our rooms. Once there, we opened several bottles of champagne—which Scott had once again magically acquired—and toasted our upcoming graduation.

After Kelly, Livy, Mike, Debbie, and Conner left, we kept drinking and partying. The girls all had very good buzzes going, and they eventually talked Scott and me into standing up and unzipping our trousers. Then all three of them shed their dresses in a sensual striptease.

Scott was a little surprised when Shannon sank to her knees in front of me. I'd seen her give him countless blowjobs, but she'd never sucked me. It was the first time we'd ever had any sexual contact at all, but it seemed natural. When Gina and Heather plastered themselves against Scott and Gina gave him a smoldering kiss, any objections he might've had died unspoken.

With only our erections sticking out of our tuxes, Scott and I stood there grinning at each other—and drinking our champagne—while the girls sucked us.

Gina and Heather took turns sucking Scott's dick, and he merely closed his eyes and lolled his head back. Before me, Shannon stared up at me, her eyes glassy with lust. I smiled at her and brushed an errant lock of hair out of her face. She wrapped her lips around my glans and tongued me lightly. Her technique was subtly different from Gina's, but just as enjoyable.

With both Gina and Heather working on him, Scott came quickly. Then the duo teased his dick back to life. Because of the alcohol, it took me a little longer to come, but Shannon eventually pushed me over the edge.

After I came, Scott and I took off our tuxedos. While Gina and Heather double-teamed Scott and pushed him onto the bed, Shannon gave me a sultry look and pulled me into the other room.

"Gina and I have been planning this for a while," she said, speaking slowly, to avoid slurring her words. "It's kind of a graduation present for you and Scott."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm. My Scotty's never said anything, but he gets really hard whenever we watch you and Gina have sex. I know he's wanted to do it with her for a while, but he's been a good boy."

I nodded.

"'Sides, he wants to try it up the butt, but I don't want to. When I tol' him Gina likes it that way, he almost came right then and there," she added.

"Ah." In the other room, I could hear the sounds of Scott thrusting into one of the girls.

"So, now I want *my* graduation present," Shannon said, pulling me onto the bed.

"You do?"

She nodded enthusiastically. "I've seen how you keep going and going. Sometimes, it takes a long time for me to get off. I love Scott, an' he makes me real happy, but he comes quicker'n I do. I want you to fuck me 'til I can't take it anymore." Then she reached for my erection. "I want you to do that stop an' start thing you do with Gina, the one that makes her really go crazy."

"I think I can do that," I said with a roguish grin.

In the other room, Scott groaned as he emptied his balls into the girl he'd been fucking. With both Gina and Heather working on him, he'd soon be hard and going at it again.

I took my time with Shannon and enjoyed myself. From what I'd seen, Scott was a good lover, but I had an edge on him in experience, and I put it to good use. Because I'd already come once, and because I had a good buzz going, it took me a long time to come. Shannon and I changed positions several times, and she built up slowly, but she was soon thrusting back at me as hard I was pounding into her.

I felt her pussy begin to contract and then she had a small, quick orgasm. I was about to stop, but she urged me to keep going. Then she came again, short and quick. When she opened her eyes, she told me to keep thrusting. I did, and her chest and face flushed a deep red.

She let out an explosive groan as her pussy contracted around my dick. I tried to keep thrusting, but it felt like my cock was going to bend in half. Then a gush of moisture flooded around my dick. Shannon clutched me and cried out, held in the throes of a powerful orgasm.

Afterward, she was so sensitive that she pushed me from between her legs. Then she rolled me to my back and began sucking me. While teasing me with her tongue, she used her own juices for lubrication and jerked me off. It felt incredible, and I soon filled her mouth.

Later, Scott got his wish. With Gina and Heather in a sixty-nine, he fucked Gina until his cock was nice and slippery. Then he pulled out and eased into Gina's ass. Shannon and I were sitting on the couch in their room, simply watching.

Soon enough, though, Shannon started jerking me off. As she stroked me, we continued watching Scott fuck the two girls on the bed. She was still too sensitive to have sex, but I sucked her nipples while she masturbated me.

Finally, at three in the morning, we all went to our own beds. When the clock radio's alarm went off, six hours later, we all had hangovers. The rooms looked like a tornado had come through. Champagne bottles were strewn about, clothing was spread over each room, and the bedspreads were tossed haphazardly at the foot of each bed.

Silently, Scott and I stood and looked out the window, drinking glasses of water to help ease our headaches. Both of us knew what it felt like to be dehydrated, and we knew the cure was plenty of liquid. Our expressions were part remembered excitement and part grimaces of pain.

The girls looked worse than we did, except for Heather, who didn't seem to have a hangover at all. Fortunately, she repressed her usual chipper attitude. Once everyone was awake, we showered and dressed in our everyday clothes. Then we bagged our formal outfits and checked out of the hotel.

The five of us had known each other long enough that no one had any regrets or jealousies. And Gina was smugly happy that we'd managed to swing with another couple our age. I merely shook my head in wonder and then immediately stopped; my headache threatened to come roaring back if I moved too quickly.

We all crammed in Scott's 280Z, but no one minded. Scott dropped off Heather and then took Gina and me to my house. Gina kissed Shannon on the cheek as I shouldered our formalwear bags and shook Scott's hand.

"Wild night," he said.

"No kidding."

"Um… thanks," he said. "For… you know."

"Don't thank me," I replied. "It was all the girls."

"Yeah," he agreed with a nod. Then he shook his head in disbelief.

"Uh-huh. Tell me about it."

With a grin, he shook his head again and then got back in the car. I slipped my free arm around Gina and she waved as they drove off. Once inside the house, we promptly headed for my room. Without even taking off our clothes, we flopped onto the bed and were asleep in minutes.

✧ ✧ ✧

For Gina's eighteenth birthday, in 1981, we had a pool party at her house. Since we invited lots of people who didn't know about our nudism, we had to wear swimsuits. Gina wore a very cute white string bikini and enjoyed playing hostess. I had fun cooking on the grill and playing host. It was like we were grown-ups, hosting a party for our grown-up friends.

Gina's parents gave her a really nice set of luggage. Her friends gave her record albums, earrings, clothes, and things like that. I got her a diamond pendant. Kendall had scraped together some of her spending money and had gotten Gina matching diamond earrings. I had offered to pay for half (as long as I kept my grades up, I had a really good allowance), but Kendall wouldn't let me. The diamonds were all small, but it was the sentiment that counted more than the size.

For Gina's private gift, I got her a diaphanous white silk peignoir set. It cost me more than a month's

allowance *and* I had to dip into some of my summer savings, but she looked stunning in it.

That night, I spent the night at her house. We were both worn out from hosting the party, but we started snuggling, and one thing led to another. We made love slowly, gently, with none of the rush-to-orgasm that often dominated our sex. Finally, she rolled to her side and I entered her from behind. We drifted off to sleep with my slowly shrinking erection still inside her and my arms wrapped around her.

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Between Gina's birthday and my own, we graduated from high school. Susan even came to Atlanta to attend the ceremony. Later that night, Gina and I hosted a small graduation party for our friends. We invited Scott, Shannon, Kelly, Livy, and Heather to the Coulters' guesthouse—Susan and our parents promised to stay in the main house. We also invited Mike and Debbie, but Mike told us that his family was throwing a party for him.

Gina's and my parents had decreed that as long as we stayed at the Coulter house, we could drink and enjoy ourselves. Mom and Elizabeth had also insisted that we tell our guests' parents that we'd be drinking, and that we'd all spend the night in the guesthouse. Scott's and Shannon's parents agreed, as did Kelly's and Heather's. Surprisingly, Livy Phelps' parents agreed as well, but not before talking to both Mom and Elizabeth.

At the party, we swam, drank rum and Cokes, and had fun. None of us drank too much, but we enjoyed ourselves. After dark, we turned on the pool lights and went skinny-dipping. Kelly and Livy were a little shy at first, but the other girls had seen Livy topless before. And Kelly quickly realized that if *he* was naked, the girls would be too. So they took off their suits and joined us.

Afterward, we hopped in the hot tub. When it became obvious that Gina was stroking my erection, and that Shannon was playing with Scott, Livy threw caution to the wind and began playing with Kelly. None of us could see *exactly* what was going on beneath the swirling bubbles, but we all knew what the other couples were up to.

Heather complained good-naturedly about not having anyone to play with, but I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing. She was sitting between me and Scott. Not only did she have her hand on my balls, working in concert with Gina, but from the look on Scott's face, I was pretty sure she was doing the same thing with *him!*

When we finally headed into the guesthouse to go to bed, we were waterlogged, still buzzed, and worn out. Gina, Heather, and I took one of the bedrooms while Scott and Shannon took the other. The couch in the living room was a hideaway sleeper, and Kelly and Livy took it. We didn't want them to figure out that Heather would be in the same bed with Gina and me, though, so we took some extra blankets into our room and made a pallet on the floor.

Our friends had told their parents that we'd have a girls' room and a guys' room, of course. What parents didn't know wouldn't hurt us. I grinned to myself at the thought that whether they wanted to admit it or not, our friends' parents probably knew what was going on.

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For my eighteenth birthday, my parents gave me a set of luggage, too. In honor of earning my pilot's license, Dad gave me his Breitling watch. He'd had it cleaned up and serviced by a jeweler. Only a few years before, the big stainless steel watch had seemed huge, but now it fit my arm and didn't look out of place at all. When I realized Dad had just given me his watch, I looked up in surprise. He grinned and pointed to his own wrist, where he wore a new model of the same watch.

Susan gave me a Commodore VIC-20 computer and a color TV monitor. She grinned as I tore the wrapping paper from the computer and then stared at the box in confusion. I wasn't sure exactly what I'd do with a computer, but her son Doug had assured her that I'd enjoy it.

Gina got me his and hers gifts: a matching pair of orange Tennessee t-shirts. She also got me a really cool pair of aviator's sunglasses, like my dad's. My private gift from Gina, which she gave to me later that night, was a handmade coupon book.

Some of the coupons were obvious, like "good for one blowjob," or "good for one night of hot sex." But others were more subtle, and much more surprising. I had coupons good for "a backrub," "a kiss," "an evening of snuggling," "a candlelight dinner," and "a relaxing night on the couch," among others.

Kendall had mailed her presents about a week earlier, and I opened them as well. The first was a white silk pilot's scarf, and the second was a Waterman fountain pen. I also got the usual assortment of gifts from family and friends, such as record albums, clothes, and cash.

Since my birthday was on a Saturday, we combined it with a family graduation party for Gina and me. Susan gave us each a $1000 U.S. savings bond, and we thanked her profusely. Then our parents gave us our graduation presents.

"We wanted to get you something special," Mom said.

"Something you'd remember the rest of your lives," Elizabeth added.

"Something that wasn't disfiguring," Chris said with a straight face.

"Chris!" Elizabeth and Mom exclaimed together.

"Well, we wouldn't want to maim the poor kids," he deadpanned.

"Ignore him," Elizabeth said, rolling her eyes and trying not to smile.

Then she and Mom produced two fat envelopes, which they handed to us.

"Congratulations," they each said.

"Happy graduation," Dad added.

Gina and I glanced at each other in anticipation and tore open the envelopes. Mine contained a first-class round-trip ticket to London and $1000 in American Express traveler's checks.

"Is this…?" Gina asked tentatively. For a moment, I panicked and thought she might've gotten a different gift.

"A month in Europe," Elizabeth said.

"And spending money," Dad added.

"You can see London, Paris, Rome, or anyplace you want to," Mom said.

"You'll stay with my parents, in London," Elizabeth said. "At least for the first couple of days. And then your flight back to Atlanta is from London, a month later."

"I asked a couple of the pilots who fly international routes," Dad chimed in, "and they said a lot of people vacation in Tenerife or Ibiza. Both places are supposed to have some great beaches."

"Ah," Chris added wistfully, "good topless beaches, with lots of cute European girls."

"Will you *behave*," Elizabeth said, playfully slapping his arm. "You already have a European *wife*."

Chris grinned, completely unabashed.

Gina and I were stunned, simply grinning nervously and clutching the envelopes.

"Well?" Mom asked.

"Wow," Gina whispered. "Thanks."

"Thank you *very* much," I said. Then I put my arm around Gina and squeezed her.

"You're welcome," our parents said in unison.

"You only get one chance to see Europe for the first time," Elizabeth said.

"Same with the European girls," Chris quipped.

"You are *incorrigible*," Elizabeth said, her British accent becoming more pronounced.

As Chris and Elizabeth bantered, I quietly asked Gina, "What do you think?"

When she looked at me, her eyes were moist with tears. "I'm so excited," she breathed. "Oh, Paul." Then she paused and looked down at the ticket, as if it might disappear. "We're going to Europe," she said. "Isn't it going to be romantic?"

I nodded and then kissed her forehead. I was as excited as she was.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Our flight to London departed on June 19, and we had a lot to do before then. We spent most of the time getting ready, shopping for travel essentials and trying to decide what to take with us. We also had to get our passports in a hurry. Chris made a few calls and we had to pay a rush fee, but we got them with time to spare.

Finally, the day of our departure arrived. My family had delayed their trip to camp so they could see us off. Erin and Leah were also excited about us going (and bringing things back for them, of course). We had a care package for Gina's grandparents, including pictures and other mementos.

Gina and I had used some of our spending money to buy new clothes, and I bought a 35mm camera. I wanted to take pictures of European architecture, or anything else that caught my eye. We also bought a Berlitz guide to Europe. We spent an entire night looking through the book, searching for the best vacation spots in southern Europe. Finally, we decided to spend a few days on Ibiza (an island in the Mediterranean, near Spain), but we hadn't decided where else to go.

On the flight over, we could barely contain our enthusiasm. As was my habit, I quickly befriended the stewardesses, and they suggested a few cool nightspots in London. The women thought it was wonderful that our parents would give us a trip to Europe as a graduation gift.

When the after-dinner movie was over, the crew dimmed the cabin lights and Gina and I tried to get some sleep. Unfortunately, we were both too keyed up. When I felt her hand creeping toward my zipper, I looked around. Most of the other first-class passengers were asleep, and the stewardesses were back in the galley, so no one would see us. Gina had figured out the same thing.

Slowly, she extracted my erection, then ducked under the blanket and sucked me into her mouth. In the dim cabin, her head bobbed up and down as she quietly fellated me. I tried to stifle a groan as I came, but I wasn't all that successful. Fortunately, no one was awake to hear it.

Gina sat up and wiped the corners of her mouth, smiling smugly. Then she guided my hand under her skirt. The crotch of her panties was soaked. Both of us knew we couldn't actually have sex in the seats, so she talked me into joining her in one of the lavatories. I tucked my saliva-slick manhood back into my pants and stood up.

The younger of the two first-class stewardesses looked up as we entered the galley. When Gina put a finger to her lips and gestured toward the lavatory, the stewardess simply smiled and put her own finger to her lips, admonishing us to be quiet.

Sex in an airplane lavatory is cramped. It's awkward as well. But it's also incredibly exciting. Gina merely slipped her panties off, unbuttoned my pants, and then sucked me for a few minutes. When she had me hard again, she stood up and turned around. As she bent over, she looked over her shoulder at me. Her expression was smoldering.

I slid into her pussy with ease and then grabbed her hips. With practiced, measured strokes, I fucked her. Her hand was a blur on her clit as she drove herself toward her own climax. She came quickly—and quietly—but I kept thrusting as her internal muscles clenched me. Finally, I buried myself deep inside her and filled her with my seed.

After we cleaned up, we tentatively opened the lavatory door. To our relief, no one was in sight. Much to our surprise, however, the young stewardess brought us two glasses of champagne after we reached our seats.

"Welcome to the mile-high club," she said softly, grinning.

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We arrived in London and Gina's grandparents, Ramesh and Arundhati Narayan, met us at the gate. Gina simply called them "Nana" and "Nani." From the airport, we took one of London's famous black taxis to a house in a very nice neighborhood. To my surprise, her grandparents rather casually ensconced

Gina and me in the same bedroom. When I asked Gina about it when we were alone, she actually blushed.

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"What?" I pressed.

"Nani called the day before we left Atlanta," Gina explained. "She wanted to know if they should put us in the same bedroom or not."

"What did you tell her? Oh, duh. Never mind."

She rolled her eyes. "You're such a goof." Then she smiled to take the edge off her words. "Nani told me, 'Now that you're a woman, you should enjoy a man. They're good for a few things now and then.'"

"Your *grandmother* said that?"

"Uh-huh. I told you she's cool."

"No kidding."

After relaxing a little bit, to get the kinks out of our muscles, we unpacked a few things and then went downstairs. Gina's grandmother had fixed lunch—rice, chicken, and flatbread—so we sat down to eat. The food was *very* good, with just the right amount of spice and exotic flavor. While we ate, we talked.

Gina's grandfather was a doctor, with a normally serious demeanor that hid a playful sense of humor. Her grandmother was a quiet woman. At first, I thought she was shy, but I quickly realized she was merely thoughtful. And she never missed an opportunity to tease her husband, puncturing his ego whenever she thought he was being too clever. They were a very loving, open couple, and I could see where Gina's mom got her personality.

"I'm sure you're completely knackered after your trip," Gina's grandmother said after lunch. "Why don't you go lie down and have a nice nap."

"That sounds like a great idea," Gina said, stifling a yawn as she stood.

I stood as well and thanked Gina's grandmother for lunch. Then we headed upstairs. Once in our bedroom, we shed our clothes and slipped into bed. I wrapped my arms around Gina and was asleep in minutes.

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For the first few days of our visit, we took the usual tours: Big Ben, Parliament, the Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, and too many other places to list. We rode the famous double-decker buses and had fun riding the Underground. (Well, we didn't really have *fun* riding the Tube, since it was always so crowded—something to do with new ticket prices—but we had to ride it, just to say we'd done it.)

In addition, the city was positively awash with news of the royal wedding. Prince Charles and Lady Diana had their pictures everywhere. Selfridges, a big department store, had three *huge* commemorative banners hanging from the front of their building. Gina thought the wedding was romantic, and I could see how it would be easy to get caught up in the excitement of it all.

In the evenings, we planned the rest of our trip. First, we wanted to spend a few days in Paris. Neither of us spoke a word of French, but between Gina's Latin, my rudimentary Spanish, and a good Berlitz dictionary, we knew we'd survive.

From Paris, we planned to travel south, to the island of Ibiza. It was a very popular destination for a lot of Europeans. Many British tourists went to Tenerife, in the Canary Islands, but Ibiza appealed to us more. Since the island was a protectorate of Spain, I'd hopefully get to try out my Spanish.

After Ibiza, we didn't really know where we wanted to go. We definitely wanted to see Rome and Venice, but we also wanted to see a lot of other places, like Greece (I *really* wanted to see Greek architecture firsthand). In addition, we wanted to see places like Mozart's home in Salzburg and the Gothic cathedral in Cologne.

We thought we'd lie on the beach in Ibiza and decide where all we wanted to go. When we leafed through our Berlitz guide to Europe, *everyplace* looked cool. We didn't argue about it at all. Far from it. We simply wanted to see too many things, and we fed on each other's enthusiasm.

Finally, we re-packed our things for the trip to Paris. We promised to call Gina's grandparents regularly, to let them know how we were doing (and where we were). We also told them we'd let them know when to expect our return to London.

Gina and I both wanted to do some shopping in the city's major department stores, as well as some of the smaller shops. So we planned to return to London several days before our flight back to the U.S.

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Paris was amazing. We saw all the touristy things: the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame, Sacré Coeur, the Louvre, Montmartre, and the Jeu de Paume with all the Impressionist art (Gina was surprised that I could tell her so much about the artists).

Paris in late June is usually hot, but the weather was actually fairly cool. In the mornings, we needed to wear jackets (which we'd had to buy in a local shop). Toward the afternoon, it usually warmed up and the weather was beautiful, almost spring-like.

The franc was at a new low versus the dollar, so we got a lot of souvenirs and shipped them back to Gina's grandparents. We even got these really cool little cassette players with lightweight headphones. We could wear the players on our belts and listen to music any time we wanted. Needless to say, we kept those with us.

Paris was a very different city than we were used to. We drank wine with lunch and dinner, but it was almost impossible to get a Coke with ice. I remembered how much it irked me when Mark and Todd Zachary blathered about "how they do things in California," however, so I kept my mouth shut about "how we do things in America."

We picked up a few phrases in French, but we were hopeless when it came to understanding the flowing, lively speech of Parisians. We quickly realized, though, that as long as we *tried* to speak French, people were eager to help us. With only a limited vocabulary and a good attitude, we got around with ease and had a blast.

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On Ibiza, we found a hotel near the beach. Gina went topless on the beach itself, like the majority of the women under forty. Our second day there, our plans for the rest of the trip changed drastically—we made some new friends.

When Gina and I were having lunch at a beachside café, she noticed another couple our age. They were just coming up from the beach, walking toward us. Gina flicked her eyes toward the attractive—and topless—girl, inviting me to look. When I raised my eyes, the chestnut-haired girl gazed right at me and we made eye contact.

I was busted.

I momentarily panicked, but then smiled to cover my embarrassment. To my relief, the girl smiled in return. Then she and the guy sat at a table next to ours.

Gina resumed our conversation, but I wasn't paying attention. I tried not to seem distracted as I surreptitiously checked out the newcomers. The girl was a couple of inches taller than Gina, but curvy and lush, with full, round breasts and a flat stomach. The guy was tall, dark-skinned, and aristocratically handsome. When Gina asked me a question, I turned to ask her to repeat herself, but the girl at the next table interrupted me before I could open my mouth.

"Excuse me," she asked in British-accented English, "are you American?"

Gina and I were taken by surprise, but nodded.

"I don't mean to interrupt," the girl said, "but I heard you talking about the nightclubs."

Was that what Gina had been talking about? I wondered.

"Some are cool," the girl volunteered, "but some are more for old people. If you like, we can tell you which are the good ones."

"Cool," Gina said. "That'd be nice, thanks."

The girl told us about some clubs, and Gina asked a few questions. When it looked like the conversation

was picking up, Gina paused.

"Would you like to join us?" she asked the other couple, gesturing toward the two empty chairs at our table.

"Thank you," the girl replied, smiling as she did. Then she and the guy stood and moved to our table. "I am Annika," she said. "This is Tomás."

"My girlfriend, Gina," I said, gesturing. "And I'm Paul." Then I reached across the table to shake Tomás's hand; his grip was firm and a little challenging. I made eye contact with him and gave a little squeeze of my own. His smile flashed even, white teeth, and then he released my hand.

When I turned to shake Annika's hand, she arched an eyebrow. I tried not to blush at her appraising glance. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Tomás kiss Gina's hand. I released Annika's hand and she smiled again. Then, with confident ease, Tomás pulled out the chair next to Gina and sat down. Annika moved her chair closer to mine—ostensibly to get out of the walkway—and sat down.

"Are you here on holiday?" Annika asked.

"Yeah," I replied, nodding. "We're here for a month."

"A month on Ibiza?" she asked.

"No," Gina explained, "we're in Europe for a month."

"In reality," I added, "we're just on Ibiza to relax for a couple of days while we figure out where we want to go next."

"This is your first time in Europe?"

Gina and I both nodded.

"What about you?" I asked. "Do you live here?"

"Sometimes," Annika said.

"Sometimes?"

"My father has a house here," Annika said, shrugging. "But most of the time, I live in Amsterdam."

Gina turned to Tomás and asked him, "Are you from Holland, too?"

He shook his head. "España," he said. "Uh… Spain."

"Oh?" Gina said. "Where in Spain?"

Smiling, he told us he was from Barcelona. His English was heavily accented and slow, but understandable. I wanted to try out some of my Spanish, but I didn't want to make a fool of myself. When Gina told Annika that I spoke the language, they coaxed me into saying a few things in my halting high school Spanish. Tomás complimented me, but I could tell he was just being polite.

As the afternoon progressed, we had a few more drinks and talked about all sorts of things, from the beach and the island itself to the nightlife and clubs. Annika and Tomás were an interesting couple, although I wasn't sure if they were boyfriend-girlfriend or not. Tomás wasn't rude about it, but he didn't make it a secret that he was interested in Gina. Under the table, Annika occasionally rubbed my lower calf with her foot. The contact wasn't overt, but it was certainly suggestive. So I began to wonder exactly what kind of relationship the two of them had.

I was hoping to steer the conversation in that direction when Annika suddenly said, "Let's have a party tonight, Tomás, in honor of our new American friends."

Tomás flashed a brilliant white smile in Gina's direction and then nodded.

"We can get the gang together," Annika said to Tomás, "at the villa."

He nodded again.

"The villa?" I asked.

"My father's house," Annika explained. "So, you will come?"

Gina looked at me questioningly. I didn't have to be a mind reader to know how much she wanted to go.

"Sure," I replied.

"Cool," Annika said, laying her hand on my arm. "It will be fun."

While Annika and Tomás retrieved their things from one of the kiosks with lockers, Gina and I slipped back to our hotel room and quickly changed clothes. Then we met the other couple back at the café.

"I will take you, Paul," Annika said. "Tomás can take Gina. Okay?"

At first, I wondered what she was talking about. Then I saw the row of scooters we were walking toward.

"Sure," Gina said, before I could answer.

Tomás hopped onto his scooter, and Gina got behind him without hesitation. Annika climbed onto her scooter and looked at me expectantly as Tomás and Gina zoomed off. When I settled behind the Dutch girl, she wiggled her ass against my crotch and then laughed playfully.

"Put your arms around me to hold on," she said.

"Oh, sorry."

Annika's stomach was smooth and firm, and I was sorely tempted to move my hands higher, to the softness of her breasts. She wore a loose pair of shorts and a light top, but her breasts were free beneath it. I could feel them sway as she negotiated the turns out of the resort town.

Thinking about her breasts, I felt myself begin to stiffen. She must have felt it too, because she turned to me and smiled. I tried to think about mundane things (like nuns playing baseball), but my dick refused to cooperate. Since Annika didn't seem to mind, I ignored my half-hard manhood and simply enjoyed the ride.

When we got to her father's house, we pulled into a small carport. I got off the scooter and stared at the house, although "house" might be an understatement. Palace might be a better word. Estate might be the best word, though. As Annika gave us a tour, Gina asked her about the house.

"My father owns a shipping company in the Netherlands," Annika explained.

"It must be a big company," I half-muttered.

"It is the largest in northern Europe," she said.

"So how do you and Tomás know each other?" Gina asked, changing the subject.

"My father was married to his mother," Annika explained. "When I was thirteen and Tomás was fourteen."

"So you're step-brother and step-sister?" I asked.

"We used to be," Annika said with a shrug, her eyes twinkling.

That *almost* explained their attitude toward each other, but it was obvious they'd probably been much closer.

"We should plan our party" Annika said suddenly. "Tomás, you and Gina go out and see who you can round up. Paul and I will ring up Mia. She should know where to find the rest of the gang."

Tomás nodded, smiled at Gina, and offered her his hand. Gina looked a question at me and I nodded in reply. In a moment, they were back out the door, headed for Tomás's scooter.

When Annika got off the phone, she joined me at the back of the house.

"Mia and the others will be here soon," she said, slipping her arm through mine.

"Cool," I said distractedly. She had taken off her blouse, and I decided to focus on the scenery instead of the softness of her breast. "If you've got a private beach like this," I asked, pointing over the veranda to the Mediterranean beyond, "why do you go to the public beach?"

"Tomás was bored," she said. "We like to go where there are other people, to hang out. It is a good thing, you know? Besides, if we had not gone, we might not have met you."

"Yeah." I paused for a moment to compose myself and then asked, "So what's up with you and Tomás? Are you two boyfriend-girlfriend or what?"

"You mean, 'Are we lovers?'"

I felt my face heat.

"We used to be," she said frankly, chuckling. "Does that bother you?"

I quickly shook my head.

"Good," she said, giving me another appraising look. Then she grinned mischievously. "I want to cool off before the party. Come on."

With that, she headed for the pool, shedding her clothes as she went. Her full breasts bounced as she turned to make sure I was following her. Then she took three quick steps and gracefully arced into the bright blue water, raising hardly a splash. When she surfaced, at the other end of the pool, she beckoned to me.

When in Rome…, I though with a grin.

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At the party, there were about fifty people. They were all our age, give or take a few years. As far as I could tell, no one was over the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, except for a few household staff members. When I asked Annika where her father was, she explained that he was in Bali with his new wife.

"He hardly ever comes here, though," she said. "He only keeps the house because I like it."

I looked at her blankly, wondering how much money it took to maintain the villa.

"Come on," she said, grabbing my hand and smiling seductively. "Dance with me."

The music was loud and fast—a mixture of European dance music and American disco—and Annika pulled me onto the improvised dance floor, a trellised porch with flashing lights and a large stereo. I'm not a great dancer, but Annika didn't seem to mind. Near us, Gina and Tomás were dancing as well.

Once I coaxed Annika off the dance floor, she fixed us drinks (something fruity, but with a healthy alcoholic kick). Gina and Tomás joined us after a few minutes, breathing hard from their dancing. Around us, the party swirled, with people on the dance floor, in the pool, or in and out of the house. Annika, Tomás, and their friends were a lot like us—teenagers enjoying their summer.

By midnight, the party was still going strong, and nobody wore a lot of clothing. The girls in the pool and hot tub were all topless, and at least two were completely nude. Gina and I obviously didn't have any hang-ups about nudity, which surprised Annika.

"Americans are usually very prudish," Annika said as we stood just inside the house, looking out at the scene by the pool. She was wearing only a pair of bikini bottoms, and even though I was used to seeing bare breasts, I was having a hard time not sneaking peeks at hers—they were *very* attractive. She laughed when she noticed my not-so-covert glances. "It is okay," she said. "I like you looking." Then she smiled coquettishly. "Do you like them?"

"Very much."

Her eyes twinkled and then she made a moue. "Sometimes, I do not understand this. Every woman has them," she said with a shrug. "But I like it when men look at me." Then she glanced at Gina, who was in the hot tub with Tomás. "Your girlfriend," Annika asked, "she would be upset that you are looking at another woman?"

I shook my head.

"Why not? She is not jealous?"

"She's very beautiful herself," I replied diplomatically. "And she knows I'm not going to run off with the first beautiful girl I see."

"Ah, but I am not a girl."

I cocked my head to the side.

"I am a *woman*."

"Oh… um… yeah… sorry."

She laughed, a playful, musical sound. "You are quite handsome when you blush."

"Um… thank you. I think."

"Oh," she said, smiling mischievously, "wait until later to thank me."

With that, she looped her arm through mine—which pressed one of her luscious breasts against me—and gently directed us back out to the party. Once there, she slipped away and gestured to Tomás, who took his arm from around Gina and climbed out of the hot tub. Gina used the opportunity to join me.

"Annika's really hot," she said, to which I nodded.

"Tomás's pretty handsome, too," I replied.

She smiled diffidently.

"What?" I asked, shrugging. "If it's okay for me to look at girls, then it's okay for you to look at guys."

She breathed a small sigh of relief. Then, "He asked me…"

"He asked you what?" I prompted, when it became obvious she wasn't going to finish. I wasn't angry, just curious, and it came through in my tone.

"He asked me if I wanted to go somewhere private with him," she said simply.

I nodded.

"You're not mad?"

"Do you *want* to go somewhere private with him?" I asked.

She didn't answer.

I stepped close and pulled her into my arms. "It's okay if you do. I mean, we both have sex with other girls. Heck, you *wanted* me to have sex with Lisa and Heather."

"Yeah, but that's different."

"How?" When she didn't answer, I continued. "Do you love him?"

She immediately shook her head.

"Do you think he's cute?"

After a moment, she nodded.

"So, do you *want* to have sex with him?"

Hesitantly, she nodded. Then she looked up quickly. "I'm sorry. I won't do it. I swear I won't. If you want, I'll tell him—"

"Hold on," I said soothingly. "Slow down." When she looked up at me apprehensively, I smiled. "I'm not jealous," I said. "I know you don't love him."

"You're really not angry?"

"No. I would be, though, if I thought you were falling for him. You're not, are you?"

She quickly shook her head.

"Then what's the problem? I love you. I know you love me. Are you going to let him come between us?"

"No," she said without hesitation.

"Just like I don't let Heather come between *us*. And I have sex with Heather."

"But never alone."

"So?"

"I don't think Tomás's invitation really included you," she said, smiling tentatively.

"So? If you have sex with him, by yourself, do you think you'll love me any less?"

She shook her head.

"Will you want to break up with me?"

"No."

"Do you think you'll enjoy it?"

She blushed.

"Would it bother you if I had sex with Annika? By myself?" I asked.

"No," she said at once.

"Why not?"

"'Cause I know you love me."

"See? It works both ways. You trust me and I trust you. I trusted you with Scott."

"That was different."

"How?" I asked.

"You were in the other room."

I nodded. "And tonight, I'll probably be just down the hall. Tomás's got a room here, right?"

She nodded. "Are you going to have sex with Annika?"

"I dunno," I said with a shrug. "She's interested, I think, but…" When a shadow crossed Gina's face, I couldn't help but smile. "Let me guess, you want to watch. Right?" I asked.

"God," she said, without a trace of sarcasm, "you know me so well."

"Uh-huh."

"Yeah, I'd love to watch you and Annika together. She's so incredibly sexy. But…"

"But you wanna see if Tomás is as good as he thinks he is."

Instead of replying, she looked down and nodded.

I tilted her head up and kissed her tenderly. As the kiss heated up, her nipples hardened against my chest.

"Are those for me?" I asked wryly. "Or Tomás?"

With a guilty grin, she playfully punched my shoulder.

Then we turned our attention to the rest of the party.

Once Gina realized I wasn't upset, she started flirting with Tomás, teasing him. He took it as a challenge. Shortly after three in the morning, most of the partygoers had departed. Gina surreptitiously came and kissed me goodnight, whispering "good luck" in my ear. Then she went to find Tomás. With a satisfied smile, Annika took my hand and led me into the house. I hadn't read her wrong; she was *very* interested.

"Your girlfriend, she does not mind?" she asked.

"She's with Tomás," I said, pulling the sexy Dutch girl toward me.

"You do not mind that she is with Tomás?" she asked, a little confused.

I shook my head. "I know she loves me. She's just having fun with Tomás."

"Like you are 'having fun' with me?"

"I thought you were having fun too," I said evenly.

"I am. But you are different. I have never met an American man who does not talk to these," she said, indicating her bare breasts.

"I'm not like other American men."

She reached for the lump in my swimsuit. "Maybe you are not all *that* different?" she teased, squeezing gently.

"I think you'd be surprised."

"Oh? Show me."

"In a minute," I said. "I want to shower."

"Oh." She started to pout, but I forestalled her with a roguish grin.

"D'you wanna join me?" I asked.

Her mood brightened immediately and she nodded.

Without hesitating, I untied my swim trunks and slid them down my legs. My dick, which had been half hard all night, sprang out and bobbed gently. Annika's eyes darted to it and she smiled. When she looked up, I glanced down at her bikini bottoms and then lifted my eyebrows.

By the time she'd removed her bottoms, I was fully erect in anticipation. Her pubic hair was also chestnut-brown, and she kept it trimmed into a neat, narrow triangle. It was my turn to give *her* an appraising look. She moved to kiss me, but I turned and guided her toward the bathroom instead.

The shower was a big, tiled stall with a shower massager. We stepped into the spray and she immediately glided into my arms. My erection pressed against her as I kissed her fiercely. She returned the kiss with equal passion, wrapping her arms and one leg around me.

My original plan had been to tease her and get her really worked up before doing anything more. But as soon as I felt her luscious body press against me, something within me snapped. I cupped her ass as I ground my dick into her soft belly. She responded eagerly, her fingernails lightly raking down my back.

Then I pushed her against the tile wall with my body. Her full, sensuous lips hungrily pressed against my own and she invaded my mouth with her tongue. As we kissed, she ground her hips against me, mewling softly with increasing passion.

We separated long enough for her to dart a hand between us and grip my shaft, but then I pressed my lips against her again. She kneaded my hardness as our tongues danced against each other. With a low groan, I began kissing down the side of her neck. When I reached her collarbone, I worked my way back up her neck, making her squirm with delight. Then I turned my head and kissed her lips, my tongue seeking hers. Panting, she pulled back and tried to aim my cock at her pussy.

"Wait," I said, suddenly thinking clearly. Most of my body, including my dick (which was 90% in control) screamed to keep going, but the rational part of my brain made me stop. "I don't have any rubbers."

"How do you say?" she said, her Dutch accent coming through. "I'm on the pill, baby."

That *was flawless American slang,* I thought.

She tilted her pelvis and I eased forward. Then she guided my erection to her opening and sighed as my

glans pressed against her. I slid into her easily, her steamy folds parting as my girth spread her open. Since I had her pinned against the wall with my body, she wrapped her other leg around me and clasped her ankles behind my back.

With short, sharp thrusts, I fucked her. Our lips never left each other, even when our breathing grew heavier. After flirting with her all night, I knew I was going to come quicker than I wanted to. I stopped once, but she urged me on, her voice a husky whisper in Dutch. I didn't understand a word she said, but I definitely understood her desire.

Her breasts pressed against my chest as she held me close. I wanted to fondle them, but I wasn't sure I could hold her up and play with them at the same time. But as I felt my climax draw near, I quit worrying about her breasts. With a deep jab, I buried myself inside her, groaning as I erupted. Her arms and legs tightened around me as I filled her with hot, white semen. Finally, the spurting slowed and I held myself still, my cock pulsing gently inside her.

As our breathing slowly returned to normal, I supported her and then took a step backward. With her arms and legs still wrapped around me, I moved under the spray from the shower. She squealed in surprise, but quickly quieted when I kissed her.

"You are still so hard," she said, tilting her pelvis slightly.

"I told you, I'm not like other guys."

"We will see."

Carefully, she slid her hips back and my erection slipped out of her. As soon as I set her down, she smiled at me.

"Here," she said. "Would you like me to bathe you?"

"Sure."

Instead of bar soap, she grabbed a squirt bottle. Then she picked up an irregularly shaped sea sponge and lathered it with a squirt of liquid soap. While she washed my shoulders and torso, I made sure to fondle her as much as I could. Then she set the sponge aside and knelt to wash my erection.

"You shave," she said in surprise. "I did not notice before." Then she examined my cock and balls, feeling them through the light coating of soap suds. "And you are circumcised, of course."

"Yep."

"But why do you shave?"

"You trim your pubic hair," I said. "Why do *you* do it?"

"I want to look good in a bikini," she answered distractedly, fondling my smooth balls as she did. "And I want to look good for a man."

"I don't have to worry about looking good in a bikini, but I like to look good for a woman."

She nodded thoughtfully. "Your girlfriend, she asks you to do this?"

"No. I do it because she enjoys it. And I enjoy it too."

"Do you shave every day?"

"Most of the time."

"How come you do not shave all of it?" she asked, pointing at the triangular patch of hair above my shaft.

"I don't want to look like a little boy, I guess."

"With this," she said, wrapping her fingers around my hard shaft, "you will hardly look like a little boy."

I laughed. "I guess you're right."

With a hungry look, she pushed me toward the stream of water. It ran down my chest and rinsed my cock and balls. Then she wrapped her lips around my glans and sucked lightly.

"Not yet," I said, pulling her off.

"You do not want me too…?"

"Not yet," I repeated. "Later."

She arched an eyebrow.

"Right now, I want to wash you."

"Oh," she said, her eyes lighting up.

I decided against the sponge and simply lathered her with my hands. Besides, I enjoyed feeling her toned skin beneath my palms. When my erection grazed her soapy body, she reached for it and gently jerked me off, switching hands as I moved around her.

After she rinsed, I pressed her against the back wall of the shower. She tilted her head up as I lowered my lips to hers. Once again, my erection pressed into her belly. She moaned as I cupped her breast and gently kneaded her nipple between thumb and forefinger.

Since we'd been in the shower so long, our skin was starting to shrivel, but I didn't want to let go of her long enough to dry off and move to the bed. She obviously had similar thoughts, because she tried to push me away twice, only to pull me back and kiss me passionately.

When we finally separated long enough to turn off the water, she surged into my arms again. My lips found hers and our water-beaded bodies pressed together as we kissed. Distractedly, she turned and tried to open the shower door. My hard-on was bent between us at an awkward angle, but I didn't care; I knew it would soon be buried inside her.

She pulled us backward, toward the shower door, but it wasn't open. When we leaned against it, it suddenly swung outward. We nearly tumbled to the bathroom floor, laughing. With passion's spell broken, she playfully tossed me a towel. Then she grabbed one for herself and began to dry her hair. My eyes were glued to her as I toweled myself. When she finished drying her lovely body, she bent over, wrapped the towel around her hair, then twisted it so it would stay in place.

As she straightened, I stepped forward. Smiling, she beckoned me closer. In her embrace once again, our lips met. Her tongue darted in and out of my mouth, teasing me. Then she pulled back, grinning mischievously.

"If you shave yourself because you like to, do you like it when a woman shaves herself as well?" she asked, stepping away from me and teasing me with a smoldering look.

I nodded.

"Your girlfriend, she shaves herself?"

I nodded again. Gina currently sported the shaved-labia look, with only a triangular patch at the top of her slit. It was our compromise between what I wanted (completely shaved) and what she wanted (well trimmed, but not shaved).

"Then Tomás is in for a treat," she said.

"How do you mean?" I asked, stepping toward her.

She backed into the vanity and grinned as I moved closer still. "Tomás likes to eat pussy," she said. "This is the correct phrase, yes? Eat pussy?"

I nodded.

"He's very good at it," she said, clearly baiting me.

"I'm pretty good at it too."

"Oh?" She scooted back and half-sat on the vanity, propping a leg up on the sink as she did.

Instead of doing what she expected—dropping to my knees and diving in—I scooped her into my arms and carried her toward the bed.

"What are you doing?" she asked in alarm. "I thought…"

Instead of answering her, I knelt on the bed and knee-walked toward the center, still holding her. A lightweight feather comforter covered the sheets, so I didn't bother to pull it back to expose them. I set her down and then covered her body with my own as she stretched out. Once again, my lips sought hers and she eagerly responded.

"I thought you were going to…?" she asked when we separated.

"I will. But why rush things?" Since I'd already come once, the burning desire to climax had subsided. So I wanted to take my time with her. I don't know if it was her intent or not, but I felt like I was being compared to Tomás. My competitive streak was provoked.

I began kissing her again, and she reached for my erection. I let her hold onto it as I kissed down her neck to the hollow of her shoulder. Then I trailed my lips across her throat, making her squirm. I rose

slightly and put one hand between her legs. At my gentle touch, she spread her thighs, exposing her slit to my questing fingers.

As I kissed my way down the flat between her breasts, I teased her pussy with my fingertips, gently massaging her engorged lips. When I reached the level of her nipples, I paused and circled one with my tongue. Then I wrapped my lips around the little nub, sucking until it plumped in my mouth. I suckled her other nipple as well, moving between the two of them. All the while, I continued teasing her pussy with my fingers.

Finally, I kissed down her flat stomach. At her sex, I paused to inhale the aroma of her arousal. Then, instead of moving my head between her legs, I kissed the sensitive skin along her inner thigh. The heat of her pussy bathed my face, but I didn't give in to temptation. Summoning up my willpower, I trailed my lips along her smooth skin. The gentle touch and my hot breath drove her crazy.

With my other hand, I tickled the back of her knee, feeling her shiver in response. Then I kissed toward her pussy again. In the light from the bathroom, I could see the dewdrops of her excitement as reflective jewels on her curly pubic hair. I spread one of the drops with my finger, causing her to shudder as I brushed the hidden base of her clit.

When my mouth reached the level of her pussy, I paused to blow cool air on her heated sex. She shivered—not from the chill, but from excitement. I smiled to myself and completely bypassed her pussy. She groaned, but quickly whimpered in pleasure when I kissed down her thigh.

For several minutes, I teased her, building her excitement to new levels. I came close to her pussy many times, but never touched it. Instead, I kissed, licked, and caressed every bit of sensitive skin from her navel down. Once, I even reached down and brushed her foot's sensitive instep arch, not light enough to tickle, but with a soft, caressing touch.

Finally, I kissed back up her body, teasing her steamy pussy with my fingers, careful to avoid direct contact with her clit. I paused only long enough to nuzzle her flattened breasts and then continued to her lips. Once there, she practically attacked me, her lips crushed against mine, her breathing heavy against my cheek.

"Fuck me," she said as I pulled back.

I shook my head.

"Fuck me," she repeated.

"Not yet."

"Please. Do not make me beg."

I shook my head again, but circled her clit with my finger to take the edge off my refusal.

She closed her eyes in ecstasy, her eyelids shaded a dusky pink from arousal.

"I told you," I said, smiling evilly, even though she couldn't see it, "I'm not like other guys."

She said something in Dutch. I had no idea what she said, but I recognized the burning desire in her tone. Her brow creased in concentration as she tried to press her clit against my palm. I pulled back just enough to remain in contact, denying her the pressure she sought.

She made a moue of frustration, so I palmed her mons and pressed a finger against her slit. Her pussy easily parted and she hissed when my finger slid inside her. Instead of removing it, I slid it deeper, all the way to the knuckle.

Then I rose on hands and knees and turned, kissing her body as I moved toward the junction of her thighs. She groaned when she felt my head move between her legs, but I didn't lick her immediately. I wanted to tease her some more, so I pursed my lips and blew gently. Her hips bucked and then slowly fell. With a grin, I pulled back and waited for her to relax.

Finally, I lowered my head and gently kissed her outer labia, tasting her for the first time. She gasped, but then I pulled back, brushing her inner thighs with my cheeks. Then I teased the base of her clit with my chin.

I continued like that for another minute, giving her a small taste of what was to come, but not enough to satisfy her. At last, she cried out in frustration and thrust her hips at me. With a grin of satisfaction, I rested my arms on either side of her hips and lowered my lips to her mons.

Using my tongue, I parted her labia, feeling the short, soft curls of her pubic hair on my nose. Then I wrapped my arms around her hips and used my fingers to hold her open. After a moment's pause, I ran my tongue along the exposed length of her slit. She cried out again, although the cry held less frustration and more pleasure.

At last, I began licking her slit, tasting the tangy, metallic, sweet flavor of her juices. She moaned incoherently when I flipped the tip of my tongue under the hood of her clit and teased her. Then I pursed my lips and sucked her engorged inner labia into my mouth, teasing them with my tongue. She shuddered and thrust her hips upward.

I continued licking and sucking her for several minutes. Then I slowly spread her open all the way. Like an orchid blooming, the delicate folds of her pussy opened before me. I pursed my lips around the base of her clit and sucked gently, causing her to cry out again.

Insistently, she pulled my hips toward her until I straddled her face. Then she wrapped her lips around my erection. She tried to suck me, but my tongue on her pussy completely wrecked her concentration. I grinned to myself and continued licking her. As I did, she clutched the sheets and moaned around my cock.

Finally, she pulled her mouth off my shaft.

"Fuck me now," she panted. "If you want, I will beg. But please, do not make me."

Who was I to refuse?

In an instant, I turned around, my hips spreading her legs. She gazed into my eyes, her arms gripping my triceps as I positioned myself above her. Then she reached down and seized my saliva-slick shaft, steadying it at her opening.

Instead of entering her immediately, I pushed forward gently and then stopped.

"You want me to beg?" she panted.

I shook my head.

"Then fuck me. Please fuck me. You drive me crazy with your tongue and then you tease me with your cock. You are not like other American men. Okay?"

My grin widened.

"How can you grin at me when you are between my legs?" she asked.

I didn't answer. Instead, I continued smirking at her as I eased my cock into her wetness.

"Oh, I do not care," she sighed. "You can grin all you want. Just fuck me."

When I bottomed out, I held myself still. "You like how I eat pussy?" I asked. I have *no* idea what I was thinking, but I suddenly wanted to know that I was better than Tomás.

She bit her lip and nodded, her eyes shut.

"Better than Tomás?"

To my surprise, she actually shook her head. "Tomás is very good," she said as she opened her eyes, her voice still husky with desire. "But he is not big like you."

"Big like me…?" I asked, a little bewildered. I guess I was still in shock at learning that Tomás ate pussy better than me.

"Yes," Annika said, breathless. "Your cock." Then she wet her lips. "Now, please, fuck me. You tease me all night and then you do not fuck me." When I didn't respond immediately, she moved her hands to my ass and tried to get me to start thrusting. "Okay," she said, "now I beg. Please, Paul, please, please, plea—"

I cut her off mid-sentence, kissing her to silence her. Then I began moving my hips, my cock sliding in and out of her slippery recesses. She moaned into my mouth and then wrapped her legs around my thighs.

Her pussy was molten, and I silently cursed myself for trying to compete with a guy who wasn't even in the room. As I slid into her, she moaned in time with my thrusts. Her pussy spasmed around my girth, squeezing me with the first twinges of her building orgasm.

I thrust into her for several minutes, rotating my hips and varying my pace as I did. She raked her fingernails down my back and then cupped my ass, pulling me into her.

Finally, she pushed me back. Using body language alone, she urged me to roll over. We separated as we did, but she quickly straddled my hips and gripped my shaft with her hand. Steadying herself with her other hand on my chest, she rose and then set the tip of my dick against her opening.

With a low groan, she settled onto my cock. Then she began to ride me, her breasts swaying as she rose and fell. Moisture from her pussy ran down my shaft and over my balls. I smiled to myself and reached for her breasts.

She shuddered when I teased her nipples with my thumbs. Her pussy clenched me, but she didn't stop bouncing atop me. At the bottom of each stroke, she rocked her hips, rubbing her clit against the thick base of my shaft.

Finally, she threw her head back and cried out, arching her back as her pussy spasmed. A fresh wave of moisture flowed over my shaft when she climaxed. Her whole body shook with a series of tremors, her inner muscles clenching as her thighs quivered.

At last, her orgasm subsided and she collapsed backward, between my legs. She lay like that for a while, panting. Then, with a little twist, she straightened first one leg, then the other. Finally, she slid backward a little, letting my trapped manhood spring free and wetly slap against my stomach.

When she recovered enough to move, she knelt between my legs and flipped her damp hair to the side (the towel had long since come off). Then she wrapped her hand around my girth and tongued my shaft. I was already close, so it didn't take her long to coax an orgasm from my balls. When I came, she squeezed and massaged the base of my shaft as she swallowed my load.

Finally, she crawled up and collapsed half on top of me. Languidly, she threw one leg over mine and laid her head on my chest. We lay in silence for a long time. I don't know how long it was, but neither of us drifted off to sleep. I guess we were both too keyed up with emotion.

"Why do you want to know about Tomás?" she asked at last, lifting her head to look at me. "Is it because he is with your girlfriend?"

I shrugged noncommittally.

"Does it bother you that I told you the truth? About the way he eats pussy?"

I actually thought about that one before shrugging. I guess it *did* bother me a little, but I didn't like that it did.

"You want me to tell you? Most guys do not want to know about other men."

"I told you," I said, brushing a strand of hair away from her face, "I'm not like other men."

She raised her eyebrows and looked at me with a new respect.

I shrugged again, this time a little angrily. I don't know if I was angry at myself, or at Tomás.

"Why is it always competition with men?" she asked, rolling her eyes. "You cannot always be the best at what you do? So?" she said, waving her arm. "Tomás eats pussy better than you. So what?"

"I thought I did okay," I said, trying not to sound sullen.

"Okay? Okay? You made me beg! Few men could make me beg." Then she half-scowled at me.

As if reading her mind, I smiled and said, "Don't worry. I'm not the kind of guy who brags about stuff like that."

She shook her head. "I did not think you were."

"But you wondered," I accused, smiling to take the sting out of it.

She looked chagrinned. Then she shrugged. "Perhaps."

"So Tomás is better than me?" I mused, trying to keep my tone light.

"I did not say that."

I looked at her and raised my eyebrows.

"I said he eats pussy better than you." Then she reached for my flaccid penis. "You men seem to have a thing about the size of your cocks, so you should be happy."

"Oh?"

"You are bigger than Tomás." She squeezed for emphasis. "Happy?"

"Are you going to just squeeze, or are you ready for the next round?"

"Next round?!"

In a flash, I flipped her to her back, straddled her hips, and pinned her wrists to the bed above her head.

"You think you are ready?" she taunted with a haughty grin.

Instead of replying, I released her hands, sat up, and scooted forward until my semi-hard dick rested

between her breasts. With a smile, she pushed them together and cradled my manhood. Then she lifted her head and licked the tip of my stiffening member. Between her soft, full breasts and her luscious lips, she quickly had me hard as steel.

"Maybe you *are* ready," she said, a little bemused.

For the next fifteen minutes, she licked and sucked my cock, occasionally tilting her head so she could suck my balls. Then she wordlessly urged me between her legs. When I entered her, she closed her eyes and moistened her lips.

"Tomás may eat pussy better," she sighed, "but you fuck better."

Instead of answering, I began thrusting.

It took me a long time to come, but Annika certainly didn't mind. She didn't have an earth-shattering orgasm like before, but she tensed up and climaxed, clawing my back lightly as she did. When I was close to my release, she pulled me to her and began whispering in my ear in Dutch. The words were soft and sexy, full of desire.

Finally, I buried myself deep within her and loosed a torrent of semen. We lay together, joined, for several minutes, catching our breath. Then I lifted myself on my arms and smiled down at her. She returned my smile and lifted her head to plant a kiss on my lips. At last, I pulled my softening dick out of her and rolled to my back, pulling her with me.

"You *are* different," she said, caressing my chest.

"Thanks."

"Your girlfriend, she gets this every night? How does she survive?" Then she laughed softly. "Poor Tomás," she lamented, without much sympathy. "He thought seducing your girlfriend would be easy. 'I will show her what a real lover is like,' he said, 'a Spanish lover. She will never want to leave my bed,' he said."

I chuckled darkly.

"I think Tomás might be—how do you say?—I think he might be playing with fire."

✧ ✧ ✧

Gina and I stayed on Ibiza for another week. After only a day, Annika talked us into checking out of our hotel on the beach and simply staying at her father's villa. I slept with her, while Gina spent her nights with Tomás.

Every day, Gina and I bathed together, soaking in the tub and simply relaxing. Both Annika and Tomás were slow to rise, so Gina and I enjoyed the time alone together. More often than not, we wouldn't have sex. When we did, it was slow, gentle, and sensuous. Our baths were a languid time, and we both enjoyed them.

Once Annika and Tomás had fully awakened, we'd sit on the veranda and eat a leisurely lunch—prepared by the cook. Then other teenagers—mostly the people from the party—would trickle in and we'd lounge on the villa's beach. Some days, we'd ride our ubiquitous scooters to the public beach. Gina and I had rented our own Vespas, so we fit right in with the rest of the gang.

At the beach, the girls all went topless and the guys wore European brief-style swimsuits. Try as hard as she might, Annika couldn't convince me to wear one. I thought I'd look ridiculous, so I flatly refused.

Most nights, Annika or her friend Mia hosted a party. Mia was the daughter of a wealthy Danish businessman, and his island house was almost as large as Annika's. We had bonfires on the private beaches or simply drank and danced by the pool. The teenagers were from all over the world: the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, England, Spain, Argentina, and Venezuela. We were the only Americans, but English and Spanish seemed to be the common languages. All the northern Europeans spoke English very well, and I could follow most of the conversations in Spanish.

✧ ✧ ✧

"I want to go dancing," Annika said one day after brunch.

"Sure," I said. "Where?"

"Rome."

"Rome?" Gina and I asked at the same time.

Tomás merely smiled indulgently.

"Rome," Annika said definitively. "The best clubs are in Rome or Paris, but I am tired of Paris."

So the four of us and two other couples packed some clothes and flew to Rome. We didn't buy tickets for a commercial flight and we didn't charter an airplane. Annika simply called the airport and told someone that we wanted to go to Rome. It was as simple as that.

The next thing I knew, we were on a Jetstream turboprop, headed for Italy. As part of Annika's graduation present, her father kept the plane on standby for her use.

I was dying to try flying the plane, but I knew I didn't have enough experience. The pilots might've let me take the controls for a few minutes—out of deference to their employer's daughter—but I didn't want to make a big deal about it. So I contented myself with a few peeks through the cockpit door.

In Rome, we stayed at a walled villa belonging to a friend of Annika's father. The friend wasn't there, but his daughter, Sofie, was happy to see us. She and Annika had been friends since childhood.

Every night, we went to a different dance club, never returning home until after sunrise. Every day, we slept until noon. In the afternoons, Gina, Annika, Tomás, and I saw the sights, with Sofie as our guide. We saw the Colosseum. We went to the Vatican and toured St. Peter's Basilica. We gazed up at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. We threw three coins into Trevi Fountain and walked the Spanish Steps.

We wanted to rub the left foot of La Pieta, but it was guarded behind bulletproof glass, because some madman had attacked it with a sledgehammer. Like the tourist I was, I carried my camera everywhere, taking pictures of the architecture and the people. The others teased me about the camera, but I was having fun.

When we weren't being tourists, we lived like sybarites. Tomás insisted on paying for everything. Annika privately explained that even though her father was quite a bit wealthier than Tomás's mother (who was heir to a fortune from a chemical company), it was a point of honor with the dark Spaniard. Gina and I marveled at it all. Our parents weren't poor, not by any standards, but they didn't have the kind of money that Annika and Tomás routinely threw around.

After four days in Rome, we went back to Ibiza. Annika's villa seemed to be the home base for the group of wealthy scions. Once there, Gina and I called her grandparents to let them know where we were and that we were okay.

✧ ✧ ✧

"You want to be an architect?" Annika asked.

Tomás and Gina were at the public beach with Mia, Niels (her boyfriend), and several others. Annika and I had stayed behind at the villa. At the moment, we were alone on the private beach, sunbathing nude.

"Yep," I answered, shading my eyes with my hand.

"Why did you choose architecture?" she asked.

I shrugged and propped myself up on one elbow. "I dunno. I guess I just like it."

"What about it?"

"It's kinda hard to explain," I said. "I don't know really. I just look at a building—like last week in Rome—and I see all the little details that come together and make it baroque, or rococo, or neoclassical. I like that." I shrugged again. "Like I said, it's hard to explain."

"Why not be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a businessman?"

"Well, I guess I like architecture 'cause it lasts. I mean, think about all those buildings in Rome. They were built two *thousand* years ago. Some architect designed and built them. He created something that's… well… real. His kids probably walked past them and said, 'My father built that.' And their kids after them did the same thing. You know?"

She nodded.

"So what do you want to do?" I asked. "With your life, I mean. You're going to Princeton, right?"

"Yes." Then she sighed. "I do not know what I want to do. I will probably major in something like art history."

"You don't want to go into business with your father?"

"Certainly not," she said hastily. Abruptly, she changed the subject. "If you like architecture, you should see Greece," she said.

"I really want to, but…"

"My mother has a flat in Athens."

"She does?" I asked, surprised, even though I shouldn't have been.

"Yes. Her current husband is Greek. He owns—"

"Let me guess: a shipping company," I said, finishing her thought.

She nodded, smiling a little guiltily.

"How many husbands has your mother had?" I asked.

"Five. Counting the Greek."

"Your father," I said, counting on my fingers, "the Swedish shipping magnate, the other Dutch guy, what did he do?"

"He runs an airline."

"Right," I said, remembering. "And then the *Greek* shipping magnate. Who am I missing?"

"The Norwegian," she said.

"Oh yeah! The oil millionaire."

Annika shrugged. "My mother likes wealthy men."

"And you?" I asked, turning serious. "What kind of men do you like?"

"I want to go for a swim," she said, standing suddenly. "Come on." She held her hand down to me and shook it impatiently. When I didn't immediately take it, she huffed and then headed for the sea.

After a few minutes, I joined her in the warm Mediterranean. When she saw me, she slicked back her hair and waded toward me, as if nothing had happened.

"Do you still want to go to Greece?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Me too," she said. Then she paused. "Maybe I will let you show me this architecture you are so fond of."

"Okay," I said. "It's a deal."

The next day, the four of us were on the Jetstream, headed for Greece. Annika's mother's "flat" turned out to be a luxurious three-floor apartment. To Annika's surprise, her mother—an older version of Annika herself; very beautiful and very elegant—was actually at the apartment.

We stayed four days in Athens, mostly relaxing and seeing the sights. We hiked to the top of the Acropolis and looked out upon the ancient city from the Parthenon. Then we walked along the Agora, as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle had done millennia before. We visited the Theater of Dionysus, and the narrow streets of the Plaka. I imagined what it must have been like to live in Athens during its heyday. And, of course, I took pictures of everything.

Throughout it all, Gina marveled at my sense of wonder, and I think she began to see the city differently herself. To my surprise, Annika showed an interest in the city as well. Maybe she was actually enjoying herself, or maybe she was simply competing with Gina. I couldn't tell which, but it didn't seem to bother Gina, so I didn't worry about it. Much.

Eventually, though, we boarded the Jetstream and returned to Ibiza. Once again, we called Gina's grandparents to let them know we were back on the island. They were amazed that we'd gotten so much traveling done. We simply told them we'd made some new friends and were seeing the sights with them.

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Unfortunately, our time in Europe was drawing to a close. Annika wanted to take us to Amsterdam to show us her home, but we had to return to London. We had already cut two days from our time with Gina's grandparents, so we needed to get back.

To our surprise, Annika volunteered to come with us to London. Tomás thought it was a splendid idea as well, so we called Gina's grandparents and asked if they didn't mind an additional guest or two. They

had more than enough room, they said, so the four of us left Mia and the party crowd in Ibiza.

We borrowed one of Annika's father's cars, a big white Mercedes, and drove to the airport. The flight crew loaded our baggage into the Jetstream's cargo hold while we got settled in the cabin. Gina smiled at me as I cocked an ear and listened to the pilots' conversation while they taxied to the runway for takeoff.

Back in London, Gina and I were once again reunited in the same bed. Annika and Tomás shared the room next door. Both of them understood that we didn't want Gina's grandparents to know about our swapping.

"Besides," Annika said with a grin, "this is a good way to get Tomás used to not having Gina. I understand she—how do you say?—she kept him hopping."

I nodded with a sly grin of my own.

For the next two days, we simply relaxed and did a little shopping. Since we'd spent practically none of our money, we purchased gifts for our family and friends, as well as things for ourselves. We bought so much that we ended up purchasing a steamer trunk to ship it all home.

Finally, it was time for us to fly back to America. Annika and Tomás graciously thanked Gina's grandparents for letting them visit. We also exchanged addresses and phone numbers with the European teenagers. Since Annika was going to college in the U.S., she promised to visit us in Knoxville.

With all of our luggage and purchases, we took a pair of taxis to the airport. Annika, Tomás, and Gina's grandparents walked us to the gate. After saying goodbye, Annika and Tomás headed for the charter terminal and the waiting Jetstream. Half an hour later, our flight started boarding and we said goodbye to Gina's grandparents.

Once on the plane, Gina and I flopped into our seats, exhausted. I think we slept through the entire flight home.

✧ ✧ ✧

Once we arrived at Gina's house, we called Susan to let our families know we made it home safely. Gina's dad was still in Atlanta, so we called him at work and told him we were home.

We spent the next few days simply relaxing at Gina's house. Even though we'd spent most of our time with other partners, Gina and I had lost none of our closeness.

"Tomás was good in bed," she said, "but his machismo was really grating."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. He was fun to be around and all, but early on, I decided that you were much better as a boyfriend."

"Thanks," I said. "I guess."

She smiled and then kissed my cheek. "You're good in bed *and* you don't have a touchy Spanish ego," she said.

"Yeah," I agreed, "I know what you mean. Annika was really nice, but… well… I guess I missed *you*. I mean, you know me much better than she does."

Gina nodded.

"I guess that means you and I have more than just sex going for us," I said.

"I guess so," she said with a smile. "But the sex is really good, too. Although…," she trailed off wistfully.

"Although?"

Even with her sun-darkened complexion, I could tell she was blushing.

"Did Tomás *really* give head that good?" I asked, somewhat incredulous.

"How did you know about that?" she asked nervously.

"Annika told me."

"Oh."

"Was he better than me?" *Why was I beating myself up over this?!* I wondered irritably.

"Not better," she temporized, "just different."

"Different how?"

"Just…"

"Different as in better?"

She shook her head almost defiantly.

I could tell she wasn't telling the truth. I don't know why it bothered me so much. Worse, I didn't like that it *did* bother me.

"You're upset," she said.

"No, I'm not," I said, trying not to sound snappish.

"Um," she said hesitantly. "If it makes a difference, I think I know why he's so good at… you know."

"Why?" I asked. *Did I really want to know?*

"'Cause he's kinda small."

"Small? He's taller than me."

"Not that way," she said. "You know. Small." Then she held up her fingers, about five inches apart. I tried not to grin as she looked at her fingers and then moved them closer together.

"Really?"

She nodded. "Yeah, I could get him all the way in my mouth, and I can only take about half of you."

"Oh."

"Uh-huh. So I guess because he's kinda… um… below average, he gives really good head."

"I guess," I said.

"Why do you think I really enjoyed our baths together?" she asked. "I mean, besides spending time with you."

"I dunno, why?"

"I liked when I could sit on your lap and just feel you inside me, filling me up."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said, nodding. "I mean, I guess I'm supposed to say that size doesn't matter. And I guess it really doesn't. But you make me feel… I dunno… full of love. And…"

"And what?"

"Well, with Tomás, it was always like he was trying to please me because it was like… a feather in his cap." She paused to make sure I understood. "So he wasn't really doing it for me, he was doing it for him, and his ego."

"So?"

"How do you think that makes *me* feel?" she asked rhetorically. "I mean, I'm not some bimbo who's just there to stroke his ego."

"No kidding."

"When I'm with you," she said, her eyes softening, "I know you're doing things to make *me* feel good, because you like pleasing *me*."

I nodded.

"So Tomás might've given me more pleasure, in one small way, but it was kinda empty. You know?"

I nodded again.

"With you, it's different. That's why I decided Tomás was fun, but I definitely want *you* for a boyfriend." Then she grinned and straddled me. "Now, all this talk of sex has gotten me worked up," she said, unbuttoning my shirt. "Maybe you need to remind me why I like your big, thick dick."

✧ ✧ ✧

Eventually, we loaded my Jeep and drove to South Carolina. It was fun traveling with Gina, and we felt like adults. At camp, our families were happy to see us, but it was going to be a little weird not sleeping with Gina. Somehow, the old top bunk didn't look all that inviting anymore.

Kendall, whose family was already at camp, was happy to see us. Manfred and Maureen were there as well. They had been dating throughout the previous year, and were even going to college together, at UNC Charlotte.

The Jordans and Zacharys left the day after Gina and I arrived, so I didn't have to deal with any of

them. That was probably for the best, because Mark had evidently been doing his level best to seduce Kendall. I probably would've hit him, even though I knew Kendall could take care of herself.

And even though we weren't officially "tied" to each other, she'd never found anyone else she wanted as a boyfriend. I knew she'd gone on dates, and from things she'd said, I suspected she'd actually had sex with at least two other guys (one of whom she was *very* secretive about). But we never talked about it, and I knew she was still deeply in love with me.

I was very much in love with her, and she played a large part in my decision to attend UT. The school had an excellent architecture program, and the new Art & Architecture building was a big lure, but Kendall had been at the heart, so to speak, of my choice.

After our trip to Europe, I think Gina's desire for a swinging party with our parents waned. It was still there, not far under the surface, but she seemed content. It would've been a lopsided party, too, since her father was still in Atlanta. Elizabeth promised her daughter that we'd get together before Gina and I had to move away to college.

Before Gina left camp, she, Kendall, and I talked about the Raefords. Dennis and Elaine arrived in camp on the first of August. Gina didn't have any problem with Kendall and me swinging with the other couple, but it was something we needed to decide together. I think Gina was mostly upset that she wouldn't get to join in. She and Leah were going to visit Kara in Charleston and then the three of them planned to drive to Richmond to see their grandparents.

"There'll be other times," I told her.

She knew I was right, but she was still disappointed that she had to leave.

✧ ✧ ✧

Instead of Kendall and me swinging with the Raefords by ourselves, Susan planned to host a small party at her house. Mom and Dad would be there as well. Before the party, they talked to Kendall and me in our cabin, to get a feel for our expectations and desires. Primarily, they wanted to know how comfortable we would be if they joined in.

"We can hang back," Mom said, "and act as chaperones, more or less, or…"

"We can participate," Dad finished. "Whichever you prefer."

"Swinging is about being comfortable," Mom said.

"And sex, of course," Dad added.

"It's also about boundaries," Mom said. "Some, you cross, while you have to respect others. We don't want anyone to be jealous, or have their feelings hurt. But we want you to have fun, relax, and enjoy your bodies."

"But it's not *just* about that," Dad said, to which Mom nodded.

"It's about sharing," Mom said. "And giving. And mutual respect."

"So we wanted to talk to you first," Dad said to Kendall and me. "We think you're both mature enough to decide for yourselves, and we respect your judgment."

"Thanks," I said.

"Your mom and I would like to join you all," he continued, "but…"

"That may be more than you're comfortable with right now," Mom finished.

"Can we talk about it?" I asked, nodding toward Kendall.

"Sure," Dad said, smiling in approval. "We'll be down at the lake." Then they stood. Hand in hand, they walked out the door together.

"What do you think?" I asked Kendall.

She paused for a moment to gather her thoughts.

"I mean, you want to join Dennis and Elaine, right?"

She nodded. "You know I do," she said softly.

I nodded. It was something we'd talked about the year before, at Bridget's cabin in the mountains. Kendall was attracted to Dennis's rugged good looks, but she was also excited by the thrill of having sex with him while I watched. She was still nervous, but she was determined to get over her "fear of flying."

In addition, she wanted to watch me with Elaine. The curvy, petite blonde was very different from Gina (and Kendall herself, for that matter), so the thought of me having sex with her was exciting.

"But the bigger question is," Kendall said, breaking my reverie, "do you want me to have sex with your father?"

I hadn't even *thought* of that. How would I feel about watching my father have sex with my girlfriend? Would it feel weird? Would I be jealous? Was I worried about losing her? A million questions and doubts swirled through my head, but ultimately, the decision wasn't completely mine. So I searched Kendall's eyes.

"Do you want to?" I asked.

"He's handsome, funny, kind, and a lot like you," she said. "But I don't feel the same way about him that I do about you."

I nodded.

Then she turned introspective. "I think it'd be okay if your parents joined us. I know your father's really interested in me."

I looked a question at her.

"He is," she said. "He doesn't show it, much, but I can tell."

"How?"

She shrugged. "I just can." Then, "Haven't you ever noticed your mom teasing him about it? She knows."

"No, I hadn't. She does?"

"Yeah, but she's nice about it, not mean. I'm sure they've talked about it, and your mom knows your father's a man, not a saint. Besides, he'd never hurt me, or let me get hurt. And, like you, I know he'll always do the right thing."

I shook my head in wonder. "I'm always amazed by how much insight you have into other people's lives."

She shrugged again. "It's all there on display, if you know how to look."

"I guess."

"And…," she started, then stopped, blushing.

"And?"

"And… well… I guess I'd kinda like your parents to join us." Then she blushed deeper. "Gina's a true voyeur, but I guess I like to watch too. Not as much as she does, but I still like it. And… well… every time we watched, outside Susan's bedroom, your parents really looked like they knew what they were doing… you know."

I nodded. I'd watched my father often enough to realize he was a good lover. Call it a competitive analysis.

"You don't mind?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I guess I don't. But before we go down to the lake, there's something I want you to do."

"Oh?"

I nodded, grinning. Then I kissed her, tenderly at first, but the kiss quickly became more intense.

She grinned when I put her hand on my growing erection. For a few minutes, she stroked my hardness as we kissed. Then I pulled back and gently pushed her toward my lap. When her lips circled my glans, I put my hand on the back of her head and let my own head rest on the back of the couch. She was surprised when I came so quickly, but she didn't seem upset.

Afterward, we kissed, and I could taste myself on her lips. I looked into her eyes, trying to discern if she wanted to continue. With her uncanny insight, she knew what I was thinking.

"I'm fine," she said, shaking her head. "Right now I just want to lie here with you."

I nodded and kissed her again. Then she unfolded her long legs and stretched out on the couch, her head cradled in my lap. Lazily, I massaged her temple and ran my fingers through her hair, enjoying the companionable silence.

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At Susan's party, the anticipation was almost palpable. Kendall had told her parents we were going to have dinner at Susan's house and then relax there afterward. Mom and Dad had offered to let the Paytons borrow our station wagon so they could drive to town and see a movie with Drew and Erin. Dennis and Elaine had put their kids to bed, and the Fergusons would keep an eye on them. So we were all looking forward to an evening without interruptions.

Susan opened a couple of bottles of white wine and we made ourselves comfortable in the living room. Then, to break the ice, we played one of the oldest teenage games around: Truth or Dare. At first, I thought they were joking. But then I realized that playing with other adults, especially swingers, would be interesting.

Susan went first, asking for a dare. Elaine dared her to demonstrate her blowjob technique on a wine bottle. With a grin, Susan did. She didn't take it as deep as I knew she could take a dick, but she definitely made it a performance to remember.

Then it was Elaine's turn; she picked truth. Before anyone could speak up, Kendall asked the older woman why she was so attracted to me.

Elaine blushed. "I guess he reminds me of Dennis, but that's only part of it. It's exciting, and kind of taboo, too. I want to have sex with him while Dennis watches." She squeezed her husband's hand. Then she looked Kendall in the eye. "Every time I watch you with him, I get really wet."

"She does," Dennis agreed.

"And I guess I want to see what it's like," Elaine continued, "having sex with an eighteen-year-old stud."

"It's pretty good," Kendall said innocently.

"Okay, Kendall," Susan said when the laughter died down. "Your turn. Truth or dare?"

"Truth," Kendall said, sipping her wine to cover her blush.

"Tell us one of your sexual fantasies," I said before anyone else could speak. I knew a lot of them, and most would immediately get her hot.

She blushed deeper and rolled her eyes at me.

"You chose truth," I said, grinning remorselessly.

She cleared her throat. "I want Paul to pick up a woman he's attracted to, someone we don't know," she said, looking down. "I want him to 'force' me to have sex with her, while he watches." She looked up at me, her eyes smoldering. "And then I want him to have sex with both of us."

"Holy cow," Dennis muttered.

Elaine smiled at him, leaned close, and began to play with his erection.

"Your turn," Kendall said to me, obviously relishing the anticipation. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare," I said semi-defiantly.

"Masturbate for one minute," Susan immediately suggested.

In front of everyone? My parents? Now?! When I glanced at her and tried to look betrayed, she merely arched an eyebrow. So I uncrossed my legs and leaned back, supporting myself with one arm. Kendall immediately shifted and brought her lips to my ear. I could feel her warm breath on my skin, and if it weren't so erotic, it would've tickled.

"Do you want me to… um… help?" she whispered.

I nodded and reached for my semi-erect member.

"That question about my sexual fantasy was cruel," she said, a smile in her voice. "You're lucky," she continued. "I almost told them about wanting you to have sex with me and then come on my face… at the Thanksgiving dinner table… with my whole family watching."

That did the trick. In an instant, I was hard as a rock. Kendall chuckled softly.

"You'd better start whacking off," she teased. "You chose dare," she added, throwing my own words back at me.

For a minute, I stroked myself while Kendall rubbed her luscious body against me and whispered in my ear. She described how she wanted me to thrust into her and then straddle her chest, spewing my come over her face. I had no idea why her fantasy was to do that at the Thanksgiving dinner table, but it turned me on as much as it did her.

Finally, my dad called time. Kendall and I reluctantly turned our attention to the other people in the room. I grinned when I realized that Mom was fondling Dad's hard-on. Then, to my surprise, Kendall gently wiped a drop of pre-come from the tip of my dick. Sensuously, she sucked her finger clean. When Dennis gasped softly, we all chuckled.

"Okay," Mom said to Susan. "Your turn. Again."

"Dare."

"Masturbate for one minute," Mom said, grinning.

Without batting an eye, Susan uncrossed her legs, spread them, and then moistened her fingers. She spent the next minute rubbing herself, putting on a show.

Next, Mom chose truth. Elaine asked her about the most unusual place she'd ever had sex. Mom simply grinned at Dad.

"On the couch in my parents' living room," Mom said.

"That's not so unusual," Elaine said.

"At the time," Dad explained, "her parents were *ten feet away*."

"You're kidding."

Mom shook her head. "David and I were pretending to be asleep on the couch, under a blanket. My mom and dad were in the kitchen, talking with my sister, Ginny, about her wedding. They had their backs to us and weren't paying attention, but if they'd turned around, they probably would've figured out what we were up to."

"Wow," Elaine said.

Mom and Dad grinned at each other in shared memory.

For her turn, Elaine chose truth. Dennis immediately asked her to tell us about her wildest sexual fantasy. She said she wanted to have sex with three men at the same time. Dad, Dennis, and I all glanced at each other and grinned.

After that, we went a couple more rounds in the game, with each one getting progressively more sexual: Dennis, kiss Kendall's breasts *without* getting an erection (he couldn't do it); Susan, tell us about the biggest dick you've ever had (eleven inches, Dwight Delozier); David, drink wine from Elaine's navel (some of it ran down her stomach, and he licked that up too); Kendall, tell us what you like most about Dennis's hard-on (how thick it was).

When it was Elaine's turn to choose, she picked dare.

"Let Paul rub his erection on your face for one minute," Susan said, grinning mischievously. "*But*," she continued, "you have to keep your eyes and mouth closed."

Elaine was obviously disappointed, but she nodded as she rose to her knees. I stood and walked toward her. She shut her eyes, firmly closed her mouth, and leaned forward a little.

She whimpered when my cock touched her face, then moaned softly as I pressed the hardness of my erection against her cheek. She swallowed hard as I began gently moving my glans over her smooth skin. I made sure to lean close, so she could feel the heat of my body.

It was fun watching her facial expression change as I gently rubbed my shaft over her skin. She was barely restraining herself, which made my enjoyment even greater. When I looked back to see if Dad was going to call time, he merely grinned and silently held up two fingers: *two* minutes. With a grin of my own, I continued rubbing my stiff cock against Elaine.

I don't know how much time passed, but I rubbed her face for at least another two minutes. When I put one hand on the back of her head, she finally lost control.

"Screw this," she said, her voice low and husky. "I lose." Then her eyes popped open as she grabbed my erection and wrapped her lips around the head.

As she sucked me, she moaned softly, eagerly tonguing the underside of my shaft. Around us, everyone chuckled and then joined in.

Kendall crooked a finger at Dennis, who made a beeline for her. At first, they kissed, but he quickly began to lick and suck her nipples. She held his head to her breast for a few moments but then lay back and spread her legs, offering her pussy to him. Mom moved toward Dennis and started sucking his cock while

he licked Kendall's trimmed pussy. Susan and Dad, both still on the couch, started kissing and fooling around as well.

Elaine continued sucking me, oblivious to what was going on around us. On the couch, Susan knelt in front of Dad and was slowly sucking him off. To my right, Kendall was writhing in ecstasy as Dennis sucked her clit. At the same time, Mom was trying to swallow his thick cock. Even though she could deep throat Dad—who was longer than me—she couldn't get more than half of Dennis's thick dick in her mouth.

After a moment, I turned my attention back to Elaine. Then I put my hands on the sides of her face and guided her motions. From the times I'd seen her have sex, with Dennis or my parents, I knew she liked having her face fucked. I was happy to oblige her. She started rubbing her pussy as soon as I began thrusting. A couple of times, I pulled my saliva-slick manhood out of her mouth and rubbed it over her face, making her moan with desire.

When I finally tensed up with the first rush of orgasm, she gripped my ass and pulled me close, trying to impale herself on my shaft. With a groan, I erupted, filling her mouth with salty white liquid.

Afterward, I lay on the floor with her. While I sucked her nipples and trailed my fingers through her dark bush, she stroked my semi-hard penis. Elaine had trimmed her pubic hair very close, and while it wasn't as narrow as Kendall kept hers trimmed, it was still a lot sparser than it had been the year before.

When my fingers found her slit, I discovered that she was soaked. So I quickly began rubbing between her inner and outer labia. Then I circled the base of her clit, driving her higher. Her hand gripped my resurgent cock and she gasped in pleasure. I continued playing with her until her chest flushed and she began to buck her hips against my hand.

At the same time, behind me, Kendall sounded like she was getting ready to come. A moment later, she grew silent, and I knew she was in the throes of her orgasm. I continued teasing Elaine, vibrating my finger against her clit and then plunging it into her molten slit. With a groan, she arched her back and climaxed.

When her orgasm subsided, I rolled to my back and she came with me, bonelessly resting her head on my chest. As she panted, she threw one leg over mine and stroked my chest.

To my left, I watched as Kendall gestured for Dennis to move his hips between her legs. Then, to my surprise, she glanced at me. When she saw I was paying attention, she stretched her hand out to me. I trailed my lips along her palm, planting a kiss on the silver ring from the year before. Then she caressed my cheek as I kissed her wrist. She shivered and smiled when my lips brushed against her pulse.

Between her legs, Dennis rubbed his thick cock against her pussy. She gasped as the head brushed her clit. I smiled, reassuring her with my eyes. Because Kendall was so tight—still—Dennis would have to take his time. His cock was shorter than mine, but what it lacked in length, it made up for in girth. Slowly, he worked himself into her. The whole time, Kendall's eyes held my own. I could tell she was enjoying herself—I'd seen her expression enough times to recognize it—but she was also enjoying that I was watching.

I know it sounds crazy, but in that moment, I felt closer to her than ever. I knew she'd never leave me for Dennis. And she knew I'd never leave her for Elaine, who had just started sucking my cock again. While different lovers pleasured us, Kendall and I were in our own little world, just the two of us, holding hands.

I've never seen her look more beautiful.

All too soon, however, the spell was broken. Elaine straddled my hips and lowered herself onto my erection. I turned my attention to her for a moment. When I looked back at Kendall, she smiled warmly and mouthed, "I love you."

"I love you too," I mouthed in reply.

Then she smiled again and turned her attention to Dennis. Rapt, I watched as she lifted her long legs, her toes pointed and her calves taut. She did that to me when we made love, and she looked beautiful doing it to him. As he continued thrusting within her, she closed her eyes, her nostrils flaring as she breathed deep.

I turned back to Elaine and then ran my hands up her torso, cupping her breasts as I did. Her nipples weren't nearly as sensitive as Kendall's, but she enjoyed having me play with them.

For the next several minutes, Elaine rode me, rocking her hips or simply bouncing atop me. Her pussy was hot and extremely wet, and she was enjoying herself. When she began to tire, I rolled us over and thrust

into her. Next to us, Kendall was on hands and knees, with Dennis thrusting into her from behind. For a moment, I was mesmerized by the sight of her beautiful breasts swaying with the rhythm of their fucking.

Then I turned my attention back to Elaine. As I thrust into her, I lowered my lips to her freckled chest and sucked her nipples. Then she pulled my head upward and her lips hungrily sought my own. While I pumped into her, we kissed passionately. Slowly, I felt my orgasm building.

"Don't come yet," Elaine begged.

I nodded and then buried myself in her, holding still as I bottomed out.

Elaine moaned inarticulately.

"You like?" I asked.

She bit her lip and nodded. Then she blew a strand of hair out of her face.

"When I do come," I asked, "where do you want me to shoot?"

"Inside me," she breathed. "*Deep* inside me."

When I started thrusting again, she clutched me tight, her breasts pressed into my chest. As she got more and more worked up, she started whispering some of the kinkiest things in my ear. She wanted us to take turns fucking her. She wanted all of us to fuck her at the same time, filling her holes "with fat, hard, spurting cocks." She wanted to be "covered in hot jizz." Finally, she just started urging me on with a string of obscene demands, everything from "fill my gaping cunt" to "use me like your fuck toy."

I pumped into her at a frantic pace, slamming my hips against hers. With a scream, she came, her pussy spasming around my thrusting manhood. About two seconds later, I buried myself within her and loosed a torrent of semen.

For several long minutes, we simply lay there, panting and incoherent.

"I'm sorry I said all those things," she whispered, once we regained our senses.

I shook my head. "Don't be. I thought it was sexy."

"You did?"

"Uh-huh. Normally I last a lot longer than I did. You got me so worked up that…" I shrugged.

Her eyes glittered at my answer.

Around us, the other couples were still going at it. Kendall and Dennis were on their sides, with Dennis thrusting into her from behind. Mom, Dad, and Susan were on the couch. Susan straddled Dad's lap, riding his cock, while Mom sucked her breasts.

"It looks like everyone else is occupied. You wanna go hop in the hot tub?" I asked Elaine.

She nodded eagerly and then I pulled my cock from within her. As we stood, we picked up our wine glasses and one of the mostly-full bottles. Outside, I took the cover off the tub and turned on the jets. Susan had started the heater earlier in the evening, so the water was nice and warm. Since the night was also so warm, we probably wouldn't stay in the water long, but the heat and bubbles relaxed us.

For a while, we simply chatted and drank our wine. We talked about her relationship with Dennis, and how they seemed even closer since they began swinging. We also talked about a younger couple they knew from Augusta, a swinger couple. And we talked about Kendall, Gina, and me.

Soon enough, the heat from the water became too much and we sat on the side of the tub, simply dangling our feet in the water. Once we finished the wine, however, she started getting horny again.

"You wanna dry off and go back inside?" I asked.

"No," she sighed, "but we probably better."

Back in the living room, Dad was between Kendall's legs, licking and sucking her pussy. Dennis knelt next to her head, letting her suck his dick. While he did, he played with her breasts, teasing and pulling her sensitive nipples. She was enjoying herself, running her fingers through my dad's hair and moaning around Dennis's dick.

Mom and Susan were sitting on the couch, relaxing as they enjoyed a glass of wine. When Susan saw my semi-hard cock, she grinned.

"Ready for more?" she asked. At my answering grin, she continued. "Can you handle Elaine and me at once?"

"Probably," I said, my grin widening.

While Mom looked on, Susan and Elaine gave me a double blowjob, taking turns sucking my dick and playing with my balls. Then Elaine lay on the floor. Susan licked her pussy and I straddled her chest. For a few minutes, Elaine licked and sucked my erection. Then I leaned forward and began thrusting into her mouth, supporting myself with my arms. She gripped my ass to control my pace and depth.

Several feet away, Kendall was in the clutches of another powerful orgasm. Her legs were locked around my dad's head, but he didn't seem to care. When Kendall collapsed limply, Dennis and Dad grinned at each other. At a gesture from Susan, Dennis joined us. Elaine moaned around my shaft when her husband thrust himself into her.

My dad lay beside Kendall, cradling her head and gently stroking her temples. When I looked up, Mom was smiling at him. She saw me watching and smiled at me as well. Before I could do anything else, Elaine took her mouth off my dick.

"Oh, God," she said. "I want you and Denny to fuck me at the same time."

I swung my leg over her chest, careful not to kick Dennis. He hooked his powerful arms under her shoulders. Then he rolled over, pulling Elaine with him.

"Um…," I said, not sure what to do next.

Seeing my confusion, Susan gently spread Dennis's legs and then gestured for me to get between them. I could see how I was supposed to enter Elaine's upturned ass, but I guess I was a little reluctant to get between another man's legs. It's one thing to know you're not a fag and quite another to actually put your dick next to another man's.

But with only a few lingering misgivings, I scooted forward, my erection leading the way. Susan jumped up and quickly returned with a bottle of mineral oil. She lubricated my dick and then squirted some on Elaine's ass. Dennis seemed to be a little nervous too, but Elaine suppressed his reservations by kissing him passionately.

I pushed my dick into Elaine's ass, taking my time so I didn't hurt her. Next to me, Susan helped, spreading the other woman's cheeks and simply reassuring me with her presence. When I finally buried myself in Elaine's ass, my hips pressed against her and my thighs pressed against Dennis. It was a weird feeling.

I almost leapt out of my skin when Susan reached between my legs and playfully massaged my balls. Then she grinned mischievously and did it again.

Finally, I gripped Elaine's waist and rocked my hips. Not only did she moan, Dennis did as well. When he started moving his own hips, I understood why. I could feel his dick moving within Elaine's pussy. It felt weird, but it also felt good.

A wave of embarrassment washed over me when I realized that another guy's dick was making me feel good. I knew it was because we were both fucking the same woman, but it still made me nervous to think that I might be a fag. With an angry shake of my head, I dismissed the thought.

I *know I'm not a fag,* I thought. *Everyone in this room knows it too. What am I worried about?*

With a rueful grin, I began moving my hips as well. Elaine moaned loudly as Dennis and I synchronized our rhythm: when he pulled back, I thrust in; when he thrust in, I pulled back. I hate to say it, but I enjoyed the feeling. Separated only by the thin wall between Elaine's pussy and ass, his girth pressed against me as our dicks moved, and it felt good.

Elaine moaned uncontrollably, her internal muscles spasming. At a gesture from Susan, my dad moved toward us. He knelt in front of Elaine, his erection jutting out. She lifted her head and immediately captured his dick. For a moment, I wondered what it must be like for Dennis, seeing his wife suck another man's dick, only inches from his face. Then I almost giggled at the mental image of Dad's balls bumping Dennis in the forehead.

With all her holes filled, Elaine was in heaven. From across the room, Kendall grinned at me and then blew me a kiss. Still pumping into Elaine, I smiled. Then I returned my attention to the woman in front of me.

Dennis, Dad, and I fucked Elaine for several long minutes. She started moaning around Dad's cock, her internal muscles spasming almost constantly. Her first orgasm built slowly, but when it hit, it was

immediately followed by several small ones. With each, I could feel Dennis hesitate as her pussy clamped down and tried to prevent him from entering.

Finally, she almost shrieked and then let Dad's dick slip from her lips. I thrust into her and held myself deep inside her, riding as her hips bucked with the force of a powerful orgasm. Dennis kept thrusting, jabbing his thick shaft into her. Then he groaned, bucked his hips upward, and started spurting. I was shocked to realize that I could actually feel his cock pulsing.

Elaine collapsed against Dennis's massive chest, panting and shuddering with the aftereffects of her orgasm. Over her back, Dad grinned at me. While Dennis and Elaine held each other, I slowly pulled out of her.

Even though I was still erect, I was hot, sweaty, oily, and the chlorine from the hot tub had dried on my skin. Kendall quietly got my attention and mouthed, "Shower?"

I nodded and then turned to Susan. "Can I borrow the shower in your bathroom?" I asked. When she nodded, I arched my eyebrows at Kendall, who stood.

When we headed toward the back of the house, holding hands, Mom and Susan practically dragged my dad to his feet. Then they followed us down the hall and continued out to the hot tub as Kendall and I entered the master bathroom.

In the shower stall, I adjusted the water so it was a little cool. It felt incredibly refreshing to wash away the evening's accumulated layers. For a few minutes, Kendall and I reacquainted ourselves, fooling around and fondling each other. Then I pushed her toward the wall and pressed my body against hers, kissing her with growing passion.

Then she washed me, paying special attention to my cock and balls. My erection hadn't diminished, so she took the opportunity to suck me. After a few minutes of her luscious mouth, I pulled her to her feet and turned her toward the wall. She put her foot on the wooden bench seat and I entered her easily.

I wrapped my arms around her and fondled her heavy breasts, circling her nipples with thumb and forefinger. Slowly, gently, we rocked together until I filled her with my seed.

By the time we joined Susan and my parents in the hot tub, Elaine and Dennis were there as well. Kendall and I, fresh from our cool shower, simply sat on the deck. She sat between my legs and I wrapped my arms around her.

For the rest of the evening, we talked and relaxed with everyone else. Shortly before eleven, Elaine and Dennis had to get back to their room. After hugs, kisses (Dennis and I just shook hands, if a little awkwardly), and thanks for an unforgettable evening, they headed off, arm in arm. Mom and Dad took a shower together and left shortly afterward. Susan, Kendall, and I headed inside and relaxed on the couch.

When Kendall and I stood up to leave, about fifteen minutes later, Susan asked us to wait. Almost hesitantly, she asked if she could suck me off before we left. Kendall answered my inquisitive look with a grin, and the two women pushed me onto the couch. While Susan sucked me to hardness, Kendall curled up next to me and began kissing me, her breasts pressed against my side. I groaned when Susan took me into the back of her throat.

"I want to learn how to do that," Kendall whispered, her eyes alight. "Would you like that?"

I nodded incoherently as Susan did it again.

"I'll need *lots* of practice," Kendall breathed.

Susan clamped her lips around the base of my shaft and swallowed. I groaned as the ring of muscles at the back of her throat squeezed me. While she sucked me, she played with her pussy. When I was close to coming, she stopped, pinched the base of my shaft, and let my orgasm subside. Then she returned her lips to my manhood and started sucking again.

Finally, she plunged her mouth downward and clamped her lips around my girth. Using gentle pressure from her tongue and lips, she quickly brought me to the point of no return. With a groan, I erupted, spurting white jets into the back of her throat. When her own orgasm crashed over her, she exhaled sharply, sort of coughing around my cock.

After our orgasms subsided, she continued sucking me, careful to avoid my supersensitive glans. When I opened my eyes, Kendall gazed down at me fondly. Then she lowered her head to kiss me.

"I love you," she whispered, her lips close to mine.

"I love you too."

Then she pressed her cheek against me.

"Thank you for tonight," I said softly. "Did you have fun?"

She nodded. "Did you?" she asked, pulling back.

Tiredly, I nodded.

Afterward, I sprawled on the couch with Kendall on my left and Susan on my right. Mostly, we talked about our evening. Kendall enjoyed having sex with Dennis and my dad, but she also said the emotional connection with me made sex even better. I knew what she meant. I definitely had fun with Elaine, but it was just that, fun. With Kendall, or Susan, it was somehow… more.

We talked for a while longer, but it was time Kendall and I got back home. We arrived at her camper well after midnight. (When she turned eighteen, her parents had relaxed her curfew, mostly at her mother's insistence. So neither of us were going to get into trouble for coming home too late.)

I kissed her at the door and then she stepped inside. As she latched the screen door, I waved a final time and then shut the camper's outer door.

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It seemed too soon, but Kendall's family had to leave. Our parting was actually filled with anticipation, though, because Gina and I would be moving to Knoxville in early September.

In a couple of weeks, my family left camp as well. We left earlier than usual because I had to attend UT's Freshman Orientation and then pack for my move to Knoxville. While I was nervous, I was excited too.

Mom and Dad drove the station wagon back, and Erin rode with me in the Jeep. During the drive, she talked about Sean Sullivan, getting her driver's license, Sean Sullivan, almost-sixteen-year-old girl things, and Sean Sullivan. Did I mention that she talked about Sean Sullivan?

To my surprise, it was refreshing to take a break from my own life, and I enjoyed the time with Erin, even if she did talk about Sean almost exclusively. I knew they'd spent a lot of time together, but I hadn't realized how infatuated she was. With a grin, I thought back to how I'd felt about Gina when *I* was fifteen. With Erin chatting about "Sean did this," and "Sean said that," the trip home seemed quicker than usual.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

After we returned from UT's Freshman Orientation, we planned a big party at the Coulters' house. It would be an end-of-the-summer party as well as a going-away party for Gina and me. Susan was even going to fly over from South Carolina.

A couple of days before the party, while Dad was on a trip and Erin was at Leah's, Mom knocked on my bedroom door.

"Come in."

"What're you up to?" she asked, looking at my open dresser drawers and clothes-covered bed.

"Trying to decide if I really want to take all my clothes or not."

"You'll be doing your own laundry," she cautioned. "So I'd only take what you really need."

"No kidding."

"Take your comfortable clothes, a few things for formal occasions, and don't worry about most of your winter clothes. Only take a few. You can come home one weekend when it starts getting colder."

"Come home?" I asked, a little confused.

"To pick up your winter clothes…"

"Oh yeah! Right."

Then she paused for a moment and stepped into the room. "Do you have a few minutes?" she asked.

"I guess. What's up?"

"We need to talk."

Ice water ran through my veins. *Talk about what?* I wondered.

"Relax," she said, reading me perfectly. "It's nothing bad."

"Okay," I said slowly, the word drawing out as I felt my heartbeat race.

"I just wanted to talk to you about the party."

"The party?"

"Mmm hmm, the party at Chris and Elizabeth's. You know, The Party."

"Oh yeah. Got it." I know I'm a bit slow on the uptake sometimes, but I guess I was still a little panicked at how the conversation had begun. "So, what did you want to talk about?"

"Well…," she said, hesitating. "It's not so much about the party as about boundaries, and our relationship, and… lots of things," she finished with a shrug.

"Okay, I guess."

"There's no easy way to say this, so I'll just come right out and say it," she said. "I told your father about us."

Suddenly, I couldn't breathe. "Us?" I croaked.

"Us."

"Us, as in us-us? As in… you know?" I made a vague gesture with my hands. Foolishly, I thought about circling my forefinger and thumb and poking the hole with my other finger, the universal "screwing" sign. Luckily, I didn't actually *do it*.

She nodded.

"E-everything?"

"Everything."

"Everything-everything?"

"Paul," she said firmly, "everything. I told him about the blowjobs. I told him about what happened in the cabin during the thunderstorm. And I told him about the parties at Susan's."

Dad's gonna kill me.

"I told him it was consensual," she continued. "And I told him we *both* enjoyed it."

"Uh…" In my head, I was screaming at myself to say something, *anything*, but I couldn't make my brain form the words.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

I swallowed hard and nodded. "When does Dad get home?" I asked, my mouth suddenly dry. I guess a part of my brain was telling me to pack my bags and run away from home. A bigger part was telling me to take it like a man, but that part wasn't nearly as insistent as the "run away" part.

"Tomorrow afternoon," she said matter-of-factly. "But I actually told him about a year ago."

"A year ago?!"

"A year ago."

I frantically searched my memory, trying to determine if Dad's attitude toward me had changed. Had he started looking at me as if he were angry? Had I narrowly missed getting kicked out of the house, saved only because Mom talked him out of it? Would he ever want to speak to me again?

Stop it! I mentally shouted. If Dad were angry, he would've gotten angry a year ago. I would've been out of the house, or worse. But nothing bad had happened. Try as I might, I couldn't remember a single thing that Dad had done to make me think the axe was about to fall.

"He was shocked, but not upset," Mom said.

Relief washed over me as I finally found my voice and asked, "He wasn't?"

"No."

"He wasn't upset?"

"Paul, this conversation is going to take a lot longer if you keep repeating all of your questions," she said gently, smiling to take the edge off her words.

"Sorry," I said, wiping my clammy palms on my shorts.

"It's okay."

"Why wasn't he upset?" I asked. Then I hastily added, "It's not the same question."

"No," she said, smiling, "it's not." Then she took a deep breath. "He wasn't upset because he and I love each other very much, and he trusts me. And I explained the situation to him. I was lonely and frustrated because he'd been gone so long. I only intended to tease you at first, and hadn't planned for things to go so far. And… well… there were *other* reasons."

"Hadn't planned for things to go so far?"

"Not the first time," she said. "The time in the lake."

"Oh yeah."

"I only wanted to tease you, but you got me so worked up," she said, her tanned complexion darkening as she blushed.

"How do you think *I* felt?"

"I know how you felt," she said with a grin. "Remember?"

"Vividly," I replied, sitting down to hide the bulge in my shorts. "So why did you tell Dad?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"Because I love him," she said as she sat next to me. "And I don't like keeping secrets from him. Besides, it was the right time."

"The right time?"

"Mmm hmm. We were talking about… something else… something similar."

"Something similar?"

"I need to talk to Susan about the wisdom of teaching you to ask open-ended questions," she said ruefully. Then she smiled and looked me in the eye. "Erin has had a crush on your dad for a long time, and she was… well, she was acting inappropriately."

"What was she doing?" I asked, suddenly piqued.

"Something she shouldn't've been," she said vaguely. "That's what 'inappropriate' means."

"Did Dad and Erin *do* it?" I asked, the heat of curiosity making my breathing quicken. "Have sex, I mean."

"Paul," she said evenly, "they didn't have sex. And no, I'm not going to tell you what happened."

"But, Mom—"

"Paul, no," she said. "Now, *moving along*," she continued, "your dad and I were talking about Erin,

and I told him about *our* relationship. Like I said, he was surprised, but not upset."

I nodded again. "Why tell me now, though? If he's not upset, I mean."

"Because of the party."

"What about the party?"

"I know this isn't the first time you've swung with us," she said, looking at me earnestly, "but it'll be the first time with Gina as an active participant."

I nodded.

"She tends to get… carried away sometimes."

"Yeah."

"And I wanted to make sure you understand that you and I can't get carried away ourselves."

I shifted position, painfully aware of my erection.

"I love you, Paul," she said, her expression softening, "and you're a very handsome young man. But you and I can't…" She took a deep breath. "We can't have sex. Whether we're swinging or by ourselves, we can't have sex, not even oral sex."

My shoulders must have slumped in resignation.

"Do you understand why?" she asked softly.

"Sort of. I guess. But not really. I mean, I understand about the whole 'society thinks it's wrong' thing, but that's kinda stupid, especially if nobody ever knows about it. I mean, most of society would think *swinging* is wrong, which is why we don't exactly advertise it."

"Right," she said, "we're adults, and what we do in private isn't anyone else's business. If we're not hurting anyone, then it *shouldn't* be anyone else's business."

"So if you and I both want to have sex, and we do it in private," I asked, "who would it hurt?"

"That's the big question, isn't it?" she asked rhetorically, to which I nodded. "It *would* hurt us, though, Paul," she said softly.

"How?"

She took a deep breath and held it for a second. Then she looked up and smiled wistfully. "You know, I rehearsed what I wanted to say to you, and all the arguments I'd use, but it's not that easy when I actually have to say them *to* you."

I cocked my head to the side, a little confused by her non sequitur.

"Never mind," she said. Then she continued. "It would hurt us because it would change our relationship. I'm your mother, I'm supposed to protect you. I know you're not a child anymore, but I still need to protect you."

"But if we both want to…?"

"What would be the harm, right?" she finished for me.

I nodded.

"It would change our relationship," she said. "It would make us equals, and we're not."

"Huh?"

"We're not equals, Paul," she said. "We're both adults, but we're not equals. Not yet, at least."

"I don't get it. What do you mean 'we're not equals'?"

"I mean that while we're both adults, I'm still your mother. And in some ways, I'm still responsible for you and your behavior."

"So? I'm legally an adult, and it's not like you've had to punish me in years," I said, trying not to sound sullen.

"I know, but I'm still your mother, and… and… well, I'll just come right out and say it. You're not as mature as me, you don't have my experience, and you don't have the *wisdom* of that experience."

At first, I was stung by her words. But as I looked at her, I realized that she didn't mean to put me down. And as much as I didn't want to admit it, she was probably right.

"Sex changes a relationship between two people," she continued. "And you need me to be your mother more than you need a new sex partner."

"I guess."

"It's true. Ever since you discovered sex, you haven't hurt for partners. Sometimes, your problem's been the opposite," she said, chuckling. "You've had too *many* potential partners."

Reluctantly, I nodded.

"But what I mean is that we can be lovers, or we can be mother and son, but not both. And you need a mother far more than you need a lover."

"It won't change our relationship," I protested.

"Oh yes it will. Trust me. This is where the 'wisdom of experience' part comes in. Sex changes everything. Sometimes, the changes are profound, while other times, they're subtler. But sex changes things. Think about it for a second," she said. "Think about your relationship with Susan. You haven't called her 'Aunt Susan' for years. Did you realize that?"

I nodded.

"You and she have a different relationship than you would if you weren't having sex with her. You can talk to her as an equal. Just because you're having sex with someone doesn't make them your equal, but sex with someone you love usually does, more often than not."

"Huh?"

"You've got a physical and emotional intimacy with Susan. And your relationship has changed because of the physical part. With me, we have an emotional intimacy—you're my son. But if we have sex, we'll have the physical side of things too, and that would change things between us. A lot."

I nodded. I guess I didn't want to, but I was slowly beginning to understand what she was talking about.

"And like I said," she continued, "you need a mother far more than you need another lover. We'd lose more than we would gain."

"I guess."

"So while it might be fun to fantasize about it—"

I looked up sharply. *Did she fantasize about me?*

"—some fantasies have to *stay* fantasies."

I nodded slowly. Then, "Hold on a sec… what about Gina and her sisters? They have sex. Isn't that incest?"

"Yes," she said. "But that's different."

"Why?" I asked. "Because they're girls? Isn't that a double standard?" Belatedly, I was embarrassed by the sarcasm in my tone.

"No, it's not because they're girls," Mom explained patiently, "it's because they're siblings. Incest between parents and children is a problem."

"But not between sisters?"

"That depends," she said.

"On what?"

"Whether it's innocent experimentation or a serious relationship with lasting—and potentially damaging—consequences."

"Huh?"

"If you're just fooling around with your sister—or brother—there's probably nothing wrong with it," she said. "But if you don't have normal relationships with your friends and you're fixated on your sibling, incest can be a problem. A big problem."

"So you're saying that it's not wrong for Gina and Leah to have sex?"

"Correct."

An idea suddenly struck me. "What about Erin and me?"

"What about it?" she asked with deceptive calm.

Was I about to ask what I thought I was? I *was!* "What if Erin and I started fooling around?" I asked, sure that I'd found the hole in her logic. "Would that be okay?"

"If it was consensual, yes."

"You're kidding, right?" I tried not to look as shocked as I felt.

"As long as it's healthy, your dad and I wouldn't have a problem with it. Just like Chris and Elizabeth

don't have a problem with their daughters' experimentation." Then she looked at me shrewdly. "Have you ever thought about it?"

"About what?" I asked. I knew what she was talking about, and so did my erection (which swelled uncomfortably at the thought), but I wanted to buy some time.

"You know," she said softly, "you and Erin."

"What?" I asked. "Do you *want* me to do something with Erin?"

She shook her head. "I wouldn't say we *want* you to. But… well… have you ever thought about it?"

"No," I lied.

She arched an eyebrow. "Really?"

I shook my head adamantly.

She smiled indulgently, and I realized that she could see through my façade of protests. "You know Erin's got a crush on you, right?" she asked.

I looked up sharply.

"You didn't know?"

I didn't respond, but my expression was probably answer enough.

"She does."

I swallowed hard.

"You're her big brother," Mom said quietly. "She looks up to you more than almost anyone else. Even more than Sean Sullivan," she said, chuckling softly. "And that's saying a lot."

"You're serious?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Jeez. I had no idea."

"You're a really smart guy, Paul," she said, smiling warmly, "but sometimes, you need to pay more attention to the world—and the women—around you."

"No kidding."

"But," she said, getting serious again, "back to the original subject. Do you understand why we can't have sex, especially in the charged atmosphere of the party?"

I nodded.

"Are you upset?" she asked.

"No." Then I sighed. "Yes. No." Then I threw up my hands helplessly. "Oh, I don't know."

"That's okay. It's not a straightforward situation. See how sex complicates a relationship? Even the possibility of sex…"

"No kidding." Then I pondered the original question for a moment. "No," I said at last, "I guess I'm not upset. In a way, it's a relief."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. You're one less woman I have to worry about not disappointing."

She laughed richly and then leaned forward to hug me.

I was acutely aware of my erection pressing against my shorts, but she didn't seem to notice.

"You're a good young man, Paul," she said. "I'm proud of you."

To my chagrin, I felt my face heating. *Why do I have to blush so much?* I wondered miserably.

"And I love you," she said.

"I love you too, Mom."

Then she stood and smoothed her skirt. To my surprise, her nipples were erect. Her eyes followed mine and then she grinned wryly.

"I'm only human," she said. With that, she kissed my forehead and then turned to leave.

"Thanks, Mom," I said as she reached the door.

"For what?"

"For being a mom… instead of… you know."

"You're welcome, honey."

✧ ✧ ✧

The night before the party, my parents went out to dinner with Susan, the Coulters, and another couple. Erin and I spent the night at the Coulters' house. We stayed up late, eating popcorn, drinking Cokes, and watching music videos on MTV. Chris and Elizabeth let us know when they got home, but then headed to bed. Around midnight, Erin and Leah went upstairs. When they did, Gina gave me a sultry look.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" she asked.

"That depends," I teased. "What are you thinking?"

Instead of answering, she ran her hand up my thigh. When she reached my crotch, she trailed her fingers over my stiffening dick. I was wearing loose cotton shorts—without underwear—and she could easily feel the outline of my manhood.

"I'm thinking about the party," she purred. "I'm thinking about watching my mom suck your dick. And I'm thinking about a preview of what she's going to get."

"A preview?" I asked as innocently as I could.

"Mmm hmm. A preview." With a coquettish grin, she reached for the waist of my shorts. When she found the drawstring, she waggled her eyebrows at me and then scooted closer. "You know," she continued, "a preview. I want to… um… sample the coming attractions."

As she extracted my erection, I pulled her tight and then kissed her. While she slowly jerked me off, I thrust my hand down the back of her shorts and teased her damp pussy.

Our kisses heated up and she started moaning softly. With my free hand, I reached around and tugged up her t-shirt. We separated long enough for her to pull the shirt over her head and toss it to the floor. Then she wrapped her fingers around my shaft and pressed herself against me.

After a few minutes, I tried tugging her shorts down, but I couldn't get them off because of the way she was sitting. With a playful grimace, she rose, pulled them off, then pressed her nude body against me.

"You have too many clothes on," she said a minute later.

"I do," I agreed as she helped me drag my t-shirt over my chest and shoulders. Then I lifted my hips so she could slide my shorts down my legs.

Instead of resuming where we'd left off, she slid to the floor and moved between my legs. She'd just taken my shaft in her mouth when we heard a noise from the doorway.

"Sorry," a voice said.

I immediately recognized Elizabeth's crisp British accent.

"I thought you'd gone to bed and left the TV on," she said.

When I looked up, she lifted her eyebrows in amusement. She'd clearly been in bed before she'd come out to turn off the TV. Her glance trailed down my body to where Gina knelt between my legs.

"Getting an early start for the party?" Elizabeth asked wryly.

"I guess," Gina said.

"We were just about to go upstairs," I said.

"From the looks of things," Elizabeth said, "you were just about to go *down*." Then she chuckled softly. "Turn the TV off when you head to bed."

With that, she winked at me and then turned to leave.

"We'd better head upstairs," I suggested.

Gina half-whined in protest.

"Don't worry," I assured her, "we can pick up where we left off."

Before agreeing, Gina wrapped her lips around my dick. Then she ran her hot tongue over my shaft as she plunged her head down. For a few minutes, I let her bob up and down. Finally, she moaned softly and swallowed as much of my length as she could.

"C'mon," I said. "Let's go upstairs."

With a wet slurp, I pulled her mouth off my shaft. She gazed up at me with a blank expression. Then I gently pushed her backward so I could stand without bumping into her.

"You get our clothes," I said as I stepped past her, my erection bouncing gently with the motion. "I'll

turn off the TV."

Her bedroom door was barely shut before Gina was in my arms again, her lips seeking mine as her hand sought my erection. My shaft was still slippery with her saliva, and when she ran her hand over the skin, I moaned into her mouth.

As we continued kissing, I moved us toward her bed. Then I pulled back, turned her around, and bent her over. She braced herself with her hands on the mattress and then whimpered as I teased her soaked pussy with the head of my shaft. With one hand on her hip to hold her still and the other hand on my dick to steady my aim, I sank into her.

Soft slapping sounds filled the room as I thrust into her. We scooted forward and she moved onto the bed on her hands and knees. I stood behind her, my knees pressed against the edge of the mattress. With one hand, I reached around and cupped her hanging breast. With the other, I started playing with her clit, teasing her as I buried my cock in her depths.

"Come in my mouth," she begged. "I want you to come in my mouth." Before I could respond, she slid forward and crawled toward the head of the bed. "Fuck my face," she said, gesturing for me to straddle her chest.

Who was I to refuse?

I steadied myself with my hands on her headboard and eased my hips forward. She captured my shaft and groaned in delight as she tasted her own juices. Then she held my ass to control my pace. With steady, measured strokes, I thrust my hard-on into her mouth.

She sensed when I was ready to come and let go of my ass. Then she gripped the base of my shaft with one hand. She used the other to cup my balls and put pressure on the spot right behind them. With her lips still wrapped around my glans, she began to jerk me off.

Pleasure built in my groin until I suddenly erupted, filling her mouth with my seed. As my muscles contracted and I arched my back, she moaned in ecstasy. When my orgasm finally subsided, she kept sucking, milking my cock for all she could swallow.

Even though my dick was still rock hard, the head was very sensitive, so I pulled back after less than a minute. I was careful not to put my weight on her chest as I sat back on my haunches. Instead of letting me go, she wrapped her fingers around my saliva-slick length and gently stroked me.

Suddenly, all the Cokes I'd drunk earlier caught up with me and I had the overwhelming urge to pee.

"I'll be right back," I said, gently pulling her hands free and swinging my leg over her body.

"Where are you going?"

"I gotta use the bathroom," I said.

"Now?"

"Yeah. Sorry."

I crossed the room in a few quick strides and pushed open the bathroom door. When I turned on the light, I immediately pulled up short. Leah was halfway across the bathroom, headed for the door to her own room. As soon as the light came on, she froze.

Guiltily, she turned to face me. She was nude, and I immediately realized that she'd been watching Gina and me. As my eyes dropped to her sparse pubic hair, I realized why she was nervous; she'd obviously been playing with herself. Her eyes darted to my erection, but she looked back up just as quickly.

"Were you watching us?" I asked. I was sure she had been, but I guess I wanted to see her reaction to the question more than I wanted an answer.

"No," she said too quickly. "I just came in here to go to the bathroom."

"Uh-*huh*."

"For real. I just came in here—"

"Don't worry about it, Leah," I said. "It's cool. I mean, it's not like you haven't seen us before."

She looked at me anxiously and then rolled her eyes. Then she looked at my erection again.

Impulsively, I clenched my buttocks and made my dick twitch.

Leah flinched and then immediately looked away.

"Is Erin asleep?" I asked, changing the subject as a kindness.

"Yeah. She was tired from shopping. I couldn't sleep, and when I heard y'all in Gina's room, I…" She looked up sheepishly.

"You thought you'd sneak a peek and… um… let your fingers do the walking?" Even with her dark complexion, I could tell that she was blushing. "That's cool," I added.

"Whatever," she said, smiling gratefully. "You won't tell Gina, will you?"

"Tell me what?" Gina asked from the doorway.

As Leah began blushing again, I chuckled. "You two work it out," I said. "I still gotta take a leak."

"Like that?" Gina asked, eyeing my erection.

"It'll go down… I hope."

As the girls began talking, I turned toward the alcove with the toilet. Then I shut the door behind me and tried to will my erection to subside. I really had to pee, but as long as I was still hard, my body wouldn't cooperate.

I stood over the toilet for a few minutes, hoping my erection would oblige me. When it didn't, I started thinking about *really* mundane things. By the time I got to the preflight and takeoff checklist for our Cessna, I was distracted enough that I'd gone semi-limp and could finally take care of business.

When I stepped back into the main bathroom, though, my dick sprang to attention. Gina was leaning against the vanity, with one leg propped on the counter. Her eyes were closed and her nostrils flared as she breathed deeply. Leah knelt on the floor between Gina's legs, her head moving as she licked her older sister.

"We started without you," Gina said, opening her eyes and meeting my gaze. She held Leah's head in place with one hand and steadied herself on the counter with the other.

"So I see," I said.

"I can't decide what I want— oh, God," she gasped "Oh, right there, Leah, right there." For a few moments, she was lost in pleasure as Leah sucked her clit. Then she regained her composure and looked at me, her eyes smoldering. "I can't decide what I want."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm," she said, nodding. "I don't know if I want to suck you while Leah licks me…" She closed her eyes in pleasure.

"Or," I prompted.

"Or we can give you a Coulter sister blowjob," she continued. Her eyes fluttered open briefly and then closed again. "Oh, God, Leah, that's good."

"Are you sure we should… um… you know?" I asked, glancing at Leah. I'd never had sex with the younger girl, not even a blowjob, and I hadn't given it much thought. I was pretty sure she wasn't on the pill, so I didn't want to start something that might lead to a *very* complicated situation.

"God, yes," Gina said.

"I mean, what about Leah?" I asked bluntly. "She's not on the pill or anything."

"I'll swallow when you come," Gina said. "Leah can swallow too. Right, Leah?"

"Whatever," Leah said between licks.

"Oh, God, Paul, come over here," she said, reaching toward me. "I wanna play with your dick while she licks me." Then she looked down at Leah. "Do you want to suck him off?"

"I guess," Leah responded with a shrug.

"'You guess'?" Gina asked, her attention suddenly focused.

Leah shrugged again and tried to resume licking her sister's pussy, but Gina lowered her leg and pushed Leah back onto her heels.

"What do you want me to say?" Leah asked heatedly. "God, Gina, not everyone likes sucking dick as much as you do."

"You don't like it?" Gina asked.

"I guess," Leah said defensively. "I mean, there's not much to it."

"'Not much to it'?" Gina asked incredulously. "It's about the best thing in the world."

"For you maybe," Leah shot back. "Not everyone likes the taste."

"You mean you don't…?"

Leah shrugged.

"You're kidding, right?"

Leah shook her head adamantly.

"How can you not like it?" Gina asked.

"Okay," Leah said suddenly. "I've never tasted it, all right?"

"Never?" Gina asked, her expression softening.

"No. So what? It's just white and gooey. How good could it taste?"

Gina knelt in front of her sister. "I thought you sucked Drew."

"I have," Leah said.

From behind, I could see that the younger girl was trembling. I couldn't tell if it was out of anger, frustration, or embarrassment, but she was clearly emotional.

"Didn't you swallow?" Gina asked.

Leah shook her head and then wiped her eyes.

"What about that time you, Erin, and Trish were with him?"

Erin? Trish? What *time they were with Drew?* I wondered.

"Drew wanted us to kneel in front of him so he could jerk off," Leah said, sniffling. "He shot his stuff on our faces."

"I thought you said he came three or four times," Gina said.

"He did," Leah answered. "Erin swallowed once, and the third time, he came on Trish's back after screwing her. I just got to suck him."

"But what about Sean?" Gina asked. "You said you and Erin fooled around with him too."

Sean? I thought. *Sean Sullivan? Duh!*

"Every time we sucked him off, Erin swallowed," Leah said. Then she sniffled and wiped her cheeks. "I guess I'm not like you and Kara," she said dejectedly. "I mean, I *wanted* to, but… God, I must be so messed up."

"It's okay," Gina soothed, wrapping her arms around her sister.

"It's not fair," Leah sobbed into Gina's shoulder. "I wanted to, but… I want guys to like me, but they never do."

"Shhhhh," Gina hushed, hugging Leah tight and rubbing her back gently. "It's all right. You'll get your chance." Then Gina looked up at me, her eyes brimming with tears of her own.

Despite minor sisterly quarrels, I knew Gina cared for Leah, but I'd never seen her show so much compassion or tenderness toward her.

"I'm just not like you," Leah complained softly, her shoulders shaking with sobs.

"Yes you are," Gina answered immediately.

Leah shook her head.

"You are too."

"But what if I'm not?"

"If you're not," Gina said, "we'll love you however you are."

Leah started sobbing harder and then clutched Gina tight.

"It's okay," Gina whispered. "You're just like us. I was the same way."

"You were?" Leah asked suddenly, lifting her head.

"Mmm hmm. I wanted to, but I was scared," Gina said. Then she brushed a tear-streaked lock of hair out of Leah's face. "Kara and I had this big talk and she made me feel a lot better."

"She did?"

"Mmm hmm."

Leah sniffled and wiped her cheeks with the back of one hand.

"I was worried that I'd do something wrong," Gina said, "or that Paul wouldn't like it, or…" Then she smiled affectionately and looked up at me. "I was worried about a lot of things," she added, for my benefit as well as Leah's. "I was worried that I wasn't like Kara and Mom."

Leah nodded miserably. "So, what did Kara say?" she asked.

"Pretty much the same thing I'm saying now," Gina said with a warm smile.

"But you're not like me," Leah said. "What if I'm a…"

"What if you're a what?" Gina asked.

"What if I'm a… you know… a lezzie?" Leah whispered.

"You're not," Gina said, laughing softly as she hugged her sister. "You like guys, you're just like us. It's just that we like girls too."

"But what if I don't like guys as much as I like girls?"

"Ha!" Gina snorted. "Look at the guys you've picked. Sean's the only one who's not a jerk."

"Drew's not a jerk," Leah said defensively.

"He can be."

"He's getting better."

"Okay, maybe. But what about Todd?"

I looked up sharply. *Todd? Todd Zachary?!*

"Okay," Leah said, laughing softly. "Todd was a jerk."

"And your boyfriend in eighth grade?"

"Clay?" Leah asked, to which Gina nodded. "Yeah, okay, he was a jerk too. But we never did anything."

"Still," Gina said, "you've just picked the wrong guys." Then she looked up at me and smiled. "With Paul, I got lucky."

I smiled in return and nodded, pointing at myself and holding up two fingers. *Me too.*

"And Sean's not so bad," Gina continued.

"But he likes Erin."

"Okay. What about Drew?"

"Trish," Leah said gloomily. "Besides, she lets him do it."

"So?" Gina asked. "You're not a virgin."

"Yeah, right," Leah said derisively. "One time with Todd the asshole. And it hurt. I might as well be a virgin."

"It doesn't hurt if you've got the right guy."

"Sure," Leah said, "that's easy for you to say. You've got Paul." Then she took a deep, shuddering breath. "I know the rules," she said sullenly. "It's not like *I* can have him."

"Not for keeps," Gina said, "but there's no rule that says we can't share him."

What about what I *want?* I started to bristle. As soon as I thought about it, however, I calmed down. Gina wasn't talking about sharing me for *her* pleasure, but for someone else's. For Leah. I almost laughed at myself. *Sure, I'll have sex with Leah if it'd make her feel better. I'll do whatever I have to… Right!*

"You mean that?" Leah asked.

Gina nodded. "Kara and I did."

"Oh yeah."

"Mmm hmm. Kara really liked it."

"She did?" Leah asked.

"Mmm hmm. I think if we ask him nicely, Paul would take care of both of us." Then, to my surprise, Gina looked at me and lifted her eyebrows in silent question.

Leah turned and looked at me with red-rimmed eyes, pleading for me to say yes.

"Sure," I said. "When two beautiful girls ask me to take care of them, I'd have to be crazy to say no."

"You mean it?" Leah asked.

Behind her, Gina mouthed, "Thank you."

"Of course I mean it," I said.

Leah's eyes dropped to my dick. During their emotional discussion, I'd lost my erection.

"Don't worry," Gina said, following her sister's gaze. "We'll take care of that."

Leah turned to look at her.

"With two Coulter sisters in bed with him," Gina said, grinning, "he doesn't stand a chance. He'll be

hard all night."

"Really?" Leah asked.

"Trust me," Gina said. Then she looked at me. "We'll just get cleaned up first…"

"Um… sure," I said. "Sorry. I guess I'll wait in your room."

"Duh, goof," Gina said softly. "Erin's in Leah's room." Then a mischievous expression flickered over her face. "Unless you wanna—"

"I'll be in your room," I said firmly, cutting her off.

She grinned at me and shrugged. Then she kissed Leah on the forehead and said, "Now, let's get you cleaned up."

Leah nodded and they stood up. On the way out the door, Gina stepped away from her sister.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked quietly. Behind her, Leah blew her nose, so there wasn't any danger that she'd overhear us.

"No," I said.

"You don't have to, if you don't want to," Gina said.

"With two Coulter sisters in bed with me," I said, grinning wryly, "I don't stand a chance."

"Thank you," she whispered.

Then she pressed herself against me and tilted her head back. My lips met hers in a quick kiss.

"You're a goof," she said softly, "but you're *my* goof."

✧ ✧ ✧

For fifteen minutes, I lay in Gina's bed with my hands laced behind my head, listening to the girls talk quietly in the bathroom. It was well after midnight, and I wanted to get to sleep, but I knew this was important to Gina. More importantly, she was doing something nice for her sister. Gina wasn't selfish, but she could sometimes be a little self-absorbed. Since she was "helping" Leah, I wanted to be supportive.

With the girls safely out of earshot, I finally chuckled out loud. I couldn't believe my girlfriend had asked me to have sex with her younger sister. Part of me laughed at my "just doing my duty, ma'am" attitude. I knew it was more important than that, but it still seemed funny. A little funny, at least.

When the bathroom door finally opened, the light behind the girls silhouetted their figures. Then Gina turned off the bathroom lights and I saw them clearly. Gina had brushed Leah's hair and pinned it back with barrettes. Gina had also helped her put on some make-up and lip gloss.

My breath caught in my throat as I realized how much Leah looked like a younger Gina, like Gina when she and I had first fallen in love. Her body was much like Gina's had been, and she exuded the same eager innocence. She had the full breasts and flared hips of a woman, although she still moved with the coltish grace of a fifteen-year-old girl. But she wasn't as inexperienced as Gina had been, I reminded myself.

Then I suddenly realized that both girls were waiting for my reaction. "Wow," I said.

"See," Gina said to Leah. "I told you."

I swung my legs to the side of the bed and stood up. As I walked toward the girls, I felt my dick stiffening in anticipation.

"You look really cute," I said to Leah.

She lowered her eyes and smiled bashfully.

Then Gina moved around her sister and slipped under my arm. I kissed the top of her head before looking back at Leah.

"C'mere," Gina told her sister. "Feel his dick."

Tentatively, Leah stepped closer and then grasped my stiffening shaft. She looked up shyly, her eyes seeking approval.

I smiled and waggled my eyebrows suggestively.

Gina wrapped her fingers around Leah's and together they started stroking my manhood.

"Why don't we move to the bed," I suggested.

Leah looked up anxiously, but seemed to relax when Gina nodded in agreement.

"We can suck you off," Gina suggested. "And *you*," she said to Leah, "can swallow when he comes."

Leah looked nervous, but determined to go through with it.

"You're going to love the taste," Gina said.

"I liked the taste when I sucked Sean," Leah said hopefully.

"That's pre-come," Gina said. "The real thing is even better."

"It is?" Leah asked, wide-eyed.

"*Much* better," Gina replied.

"I didn't really taste any when Drew shot on our faces," Leah said. "I should've, but…"

"That's okay," Gina said. "You'll get to taste some tonight."

"Cool."

The girls positioned me in the center of the bed and I propped a few pillows behind my head so I could watch. Gina maneuvered Leah between my legs and then knelt to the side. My hard-on rested against my stomach as Gina glanced up at me, grinning eagerly.

When Leah lifted my shaft and wrapped her lips around the head, I groaned in pleasure. Her lips were warm and soft, and she was a *lot* more experienced than Gina had been when she first sucked me, three years before. Leah bobbed her head up and down, caressing the underside ridge of my shaft with her tongue. Her lips formed a shiny "O" around my girth as she fellated me.

For a few minutes, I watched as the girls took turns sucking me. While Leah licked and sucked my balls, Gina bobbed above my shaft, running her tongue over my sensitive glans. Then they switched, with Leah sucking me while Gina tilted her head to the side and tongued the base of my shaft.

While Leah was sucking, I touched Gina on the shoulder to get her attention. With gestures, I directed her to curl up next to me so I could play with her pussy. Her eyes lit up when she figured out what I wanted, and she eagerly complied.

I inserted two fingers between her fleshy folds and slowly shoved them deep inside her. Her pussy was drenched. With my thumb, I teased her hooded clit. Instead of trying to suck my dick, she merely rolled to her back and enjoyed my touch.

After a few minutes, Gina sat up and maneuvered Leah toward her. Gina lay along my right side while Leah knelt on my right as well, though she was perpendicular to my body. When Leah started sucking me again, her full breasts hung right above Gina's face.

As I resumed playing with Gina, she started sucking her sister's nipples. Then she reached through Leah's legs and started teasing the younger girl's clit. Leah went wild. She moaned deep in her throat and started rocking her hips. Her moan vibrated my shaft, sending ripples of pleasure through my groin.

"Oh, God, Leah," I gasped. "I'm gonna come."

"Wrap your lips around the head," Gina hastily directed. "Then jerk him off. When he comes, breathe through your nose and swallow."

Without removing her lips from my shaft, Leah nodded. Following Gina's advice, she gripped my shaft and began stroking.

"That's good, Leah," I grunted. "Keep doing that."

The pleasure in my loins built steadily and I closed my eyes to savor it. Leah definitely knew what she was doing. Her technique wasn't as polished as Gina's, but her soft lips and darting tongue were more than enough to push me over the edge. With a groan, I clenched my buttocks and pointed my toes. Then, the first spurt of semen surged up my shaft.

Leah moaned in surprise when the blast of come hit the back of her throat, but she kept swallowing. The next spurt gushed over her tongue and I felt her swallow. Then I clenched my eyes shut, oblivious to everything but the pleasure which suffused my senses.

When I opened my eyes, still a little dazed, Leah cleared her throat and then sat up. Her right hand still gripped my shaft, so she used the fingers of her left to wipe the corners of her mouth. Then she swallowed again.

"God, Gina," she said, panting slightly, "you didn't tell me it was gonna be so much."

Gina twisted and sat up, gasping as my fingers withdrew from her sodden pussy.

"I thought I was gonna choke," Leah said.

"Yeah, he comes a lot," Gina agreed. Then she smiled in expectation. "Did you like it? Isn't it as good as I told you?"

"It's okay," Leah said. She seemed like she wanted to say more, but she didn't.

"Only okay?"

Leah shrugged. "I guess. What's it supposed to taste like? I mean, it's not like chocolate or anything."

"Oh, God," Gina said, "it's better than chocolate."

"No way," Leah disagreed. "It kinda tastes like bleach. I mean, it's not bad, but no way it's better than chocolate."

"Maybe you're *not* like us," Gina said. When a scowl crossed Leah's face, Gina laughed. "I'm teasing." Then she shrugged. "I mean, I like it more than Kara does, so…"

"So *you're* not like the rest of us," Leah accused with a grin.

"I guess. But I don't care."

"Me neither," Leah said. "You're still my sister and all."

Gina nodded as she rolled to her knees. Then the two girls hugged each other.

"Thank you," Leah whispered.

"You're welcome."

After relaxing a little while, with one girl on either side of me, Gina started playing with my dick.

"Do you wanna suck him again?" she asked, lifting her head to look across my body at Leah.

"I guess."

"Cool. Let's get him hard, first. Then we can play."

"Okay," Leah agreed.

With that, they started sucking me again. It took me a while, but I finally got hard. Then the girls got into a sixty-nine with Leah on the bottom. She held Gina's pussy open as I entered from behind.

While I thrust into Gina, she licked and sucked Leah's pussy. Leah mostly enjoyed the view as I thrust into her sister. I wanted to help get Leah off, so I reached down and tweaked her dark nipples. She began writhing in pleasure, moaning at the sensations we were creating. With both Gina and me working on her, she came quickly, tensing up and whimpering as she did.

Once Leah's orgasm subsided, I resumed thrusting into Gina. At the same time, Leah started licking and sucking Gina's clit. I kept my pace deliberately slow so Leah wouldn't get battered. Each time I thrust into Gina, my balls hit Leah in the nose, but it wasn't hard enough to hurt either of us. Once, when I pulled back too far, my dick slipped free. Still concentrating on my rhythm, I thrust forward and my pussy-slick manhood hit Leah in the forehead.

Instead of pulling back, I held myself still and told Leah to suck me. As soon as her lips wrapped around my shaft, she moaned in surprise and delight. Then she eagerly sucked as much of my shaft as she could, tasting Gina's and my combined juices. After a minute, I pulled it away from Leah's hungry lips and slid back into Gina.

Leah moaned in protest, but I told her to be patient. After several strokes to coat my dick, I pulled out again. Leah impatiently wrapped her lips around my hard-on, licking and sucking Gina's juices from my shaft.

We kept up like that for several minutes. Gina quickly realized what we were doing and began playing with Leah's pussy again. Leah writhed in ecstasy, but her mouth never left my organ. Each time Gina locked her lips around Leah's clit, the younger girl tried to swallow more of my cock. Finally, I couldn't take any more.

"Stop," I panted, pulling my dick from Leah's hungry mouth.

She arched her back and tried to get her lips around my retreating shaft.

"Leah, stop," I said. "I'm gonna come if you don't."

"Oh, God," she panted. "I want you to."

"Not yet." I wanted Gina to come before I did. "I'm going to fuck Gina," I said to Leah. "Okay?"

Leah whined in protest.

"You suck on her clit while I do."

"Are you going to come?" Leah asked.

"No," I explained. "That's why I want to make her come before I do. I want to shoot in your mouth."

"Oh," she said. "Okay."

With that, I buried my swollen shaft in Gina once again. She groaned and began panting as her orgasm built. Then I felt Leah's hot breath on my balls as she licked her older sister.

Gina was already close to her release, and it didn't take long for her to reach the point of no return. When she did, I started thrusting with short, sharp jabs. I felt her pussy contracting around my shaft. At the same time, Leah began furiously sucking her clit.

Working together, Leah and I quickly drove Gina over the edge. She arched her back and moaned. Then her pussy clenched my invading cock and she buried her head between Leah's legs. Fortunately, Leah's pussy muffled the sounds of Gina's groans as her orgasm washed over her.

Beneath her, Leah started licking the gush of fluids that had run down my balls. When I pulled out, Gina shuddered but didn't move. Leah immediately started sucking my dick.

As Gina slowly grew more coherent, she began playing with Leah's pussy. Leah moaned in delight and excitedly tongued my cock. It wasn't long before her lips and tongue drove me to the edge. My orgasm built quickly, surprising me with its sudden intensity.

When I came, I groaned and tried to thrust my dick deeper into Leah's mouth. As soon as the first spurt struck her tongue, she moaned and shuddered with her own orgasm. Then, to my surprise, she coughed and pulled her mouth off my dick. She shuddered with the force of her orgasm, but I wasn't paying much attention. My dick continued to spurt, spattering her face and neck with my seed.

After my cock stopped gushing, I sank back onto my heels, breathing heavily. Leah coughed again, her face glistening with pearly drops of my semen. When she caught her breath, she looked up at me dolefully.

"I started to choke," she said.

Gina limply rolled to the side and lay still. "Yeah," she said, panting as well. "It's kinda hard to swallow when you're almost upside down."

"No kidding," Leah agreed. Then she wiped her face and looked at the glistening drops of my come. Almost hesitantly, she put her finger to her lips and licked. After pausing to consider it for a moment, she licked her other fingers clean. Finally, she glanced at me.

"Well?" I asked.

"It's still not as good as chocolate," she said almost defiantly.

✧ ✧ ✧

After Leah washed up, she came back to Gina's bedroom. She wanted to sleep with us, and Gina agreed to let her. I had one girl on each side and once again, I marveled at my good luck.

Unfortunately, it was after three thirty, and we were all worn out. I don't know how long it took the girls to get to sleep, but I was out like a light in less than a minute.

Sometime during the night, Leah slipped back to her own room. When Gina and I awoke, we were alone.

"So," she said, rolling over and resting her head on my chest. "Now that you've had all three Coulter sisters, what do you think?"

"I'm convinced that I got the best one," I said. Then I rubbed her back as she stretched.

"Well," she said, "I got the best Hughes brother."

"But I don't *have* any brothers."

"I know. The pickings were kinda slim," she teased. "I guess I'm lucky you turned out okay."

"Okay?!"

"Well…"

"I'll show you 'okay,'" I said.

Then I rolled over and pinned her beneath me. Her legs spread when I put my knee between them. Then I moved my hips between her thighs. My morning hard-on bumped her pussy as she lifted her hips toward me.

With one hand, I held her arms over her head and then reached between us. I rubbed my erection along her slit and felt the first dewdrops of her arousal. She quickly grew slippery, and with a low groan, I slid into her.

"Maybe better than okay," she gasped as I began thrusting.

I let her arms go and she wrapped them around my back. With every thrust, she lifted her hips to meet me, moaning each time I bottomed out.

"Oh, God," she groaned. "Fuck me hard. Hard and fast…"

Her voice trailed off as I increased my pace. My hips jackhammered into her, burying my length in her molten depths. Then she pulled my head down and our lips crushed together. For several quick, furious, passion-filled minutes, I plunged into her as we kissed. Finally, I closed my eyes, slammed into her one final time, and then erupted.

"I love you so much," she whispered as we panted together.

"I love you too."

"You're *lots* better than 'okay.'"

"Thanks," I said. "So are you. Lots and lots."

✧ ✧ ✧

Around eleven, my parents and Susan arrived (Susan had spent the night at our house). While the women went shopping for groceries, Gina and I volunteered to run out and pick up some charcoal for the grill.

As we pulled onto the main road, Gina asked, "Do you have any rubbers at your house?"

"I don't think so. Why?"

"You don't have *any* left from last summer?"

I shook my head. "Why would I?" I asked. "You're on the pill, Kendall's on the pill, and Heather's on the pill."

"You don't keep any for emergencies?"

"What kind of 'emergency' would I need rubbers for?"

"Never mind," she said. "We can stop at the drugstore and pick some up."

"Why?" I asked again.

"Leah was hoping…"

"Hoping what?" I asked, although I had a sinking feeling I already knew the answer.

"You know."

"I dunno," I said dubiously. "I mean, she's Erin's age."

"So? We were the same age when we started doing it."

"We were sixteen," I said.

"She's almost sixteen. But why do you care how old she is? Besides, she's not a virgin."

"What's up with that?" I asked, hoping to change the subject. "Her and *Todd Zachary?* The guy's a complete asshole."

"Tell me about it," Gina said. Then she shrugged. "Jill talked her into it. Todd was all worked up about having sex with a virgin, and Jill sort of 'volunteered' Leah."

"What a bitch."

"Yeah, that's what I thought. Todd did it while we were in Europe, so I didn't find out about it till later."

"What a dickhead," I fumed. I was mad enough about what he'd done to Leah, but if it had been Erin, I would have probably beaten him senseless. "Todd's *such* a prick," I continued. "That's just wrong. And I can't believe Jill would do that. I mean, she and Leah used to be friends."

"Yeah," Gina agreed. "Todd basically raped Leah. I mean, she didn't say no, but still… I doubt it was anything like *our* first time."

"No kidding."

"That's kinda why I told Leah that you'd… you know. She's all hung up and worried about being a

lezzie or something. I mean, after her first time, who wouldn't be?"

I nodded in agreement.

"She wants to like sex with a guy, but the only experience she's got is with Todd. At least she doesn't think it was *her* fault."

"No kidding. I mean, you're right, Todd seriously took advantage of her."

"Yeah," Gina continued. "Since she sees how happy you make me, I think she's figured out that the right guy makes all the difference. So I was thinking…"

"Yeah, well, it's not that I don't want to, but…"

"But what?"

"I guess I kind of think of Leah as my little sister. I mean, I know she's not, but… Well, I'm protective of Erin, and I guess I'm pretty protective of Leah too."

"She doesn't need your protection," Gina said almost tartly.

"No, not really, but I don't want to take advantage of her."

"Take advantage of her? Are you kidding? She *wants* you to."

"Really?"

"God, yes. This morning after breakfast, while you and Erin were still downstairs, that's all she could talk about. What's it like with you? Does it feel good? Can I feel it when you come inside me? Do I get off when we're doing it? God, she had about a million questions."

"I dunno," I temporized.

"Trust me. Besides, it's not like she doesn't like you. I mean, she's had the hots for you for a while."

"I guess."

"Yeah," she said, laughing. "She and Erin are always talking to me about what it's like when you and I have sex."

"Erin too?" I asked incredulously.

"Uh-huh, that's why I was teasing you about it last night, about you and Erin, I mean."

I nodded and then pretended to pay attention to traffic. In reality, I was at a loss for words. What do you say when you find out your sister talks to your girlfriend about what kind of lover you are?

"You know she's got a crush on you, right?" Gina said.

"Leah?"

"Duh! Erin."

"Yeah, I guess I knew," I admitted.

"So why haven't you—"

"Jeez, Gina! She's my little sister."

"So?"

"Can we change the subject?" I asked. "Please."

"God, what're you so worked up about?"

I was worked up because as soon as we'd begun talking about Erin, I'd gotten an erection. I didn't want to admit to myself that I might *want* to have sex with my sister. And if I didn't want to admit it to myself, I certainly wasn't going to discuss it with Gina.

"Never mind," Gina said. "Will you help Leah or not?"

"I'll think about it."

"Think about it? What's there to think about?!" she asked. Then she took a deep breath and visibly calmed down. "Sorry."

"It's cool."

She smiled gratefully and then continued. "Paul, it'd mean a lot to her. I know why you're hesitant, and I really appreciate it. But trust me, she's really worried about not liking guys. She had a lot of fun with us last night, and she likes giving head, but she's not so sure about sex."

I nodded tentatively.

"Don't you see? She needs a guy who'll take his time and make sure she enjoys it. She needs a guy who knows what he's doing and cares about her. She needs a guy like you." She paused to let that sink in. "Will

you do it, Paul? Please?"

"Yeah," I said at last. "I guess so."

✧ ✧ ✧

When we got back to the Coulters' with the charcoal (and the rubbers), Leah glanced at Gina expectantly. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Gina nod. Leah's expression immediately brightened. Then she looked at me and practically beamed.

Before Gina and Leah could do more than exchange that unspoken question and answer, Elizabeth asked for Gina's help in the guesthouse. At the same time, Mom asked me to help unload some things from our station wagon.

"Paul?" she prompted as we stepped outside.

"Yeah?" Then it hit me: Elizabeth and Mom had skillfully separated Gina and me. I was here for a talk. "Lemme guess," I said, "we're not here to unload the car."

"Not entirely," Mom said.

"We're here for a talk," I said. "Right?"

She nodded and then smiled wryly. "Sometimes, you're so grown-up."

"And other times?" I asked, grinning smugly.

"Other times, you're entirely too clever for your own good."

"Like now?"

"Like now," she agreed.

"So," I asked, "what's the talk about?"

"It's more for Gina's benefit than yours," she said. "You and I actually had this talk already."

"About the incest thing?" I asked.

She nodded.

"So Elizabeth's having a talk with Gina right now?''

"Mmm hmm. We wanted to make sure you both understand the rules," she said.

"Which are?"

"You know what they are."

"Yeah," I said with affected resignation. ''No sex with your own parents."

She nodded. "Correct. But that doesn't mean no contact at all, just no overtly sexual contact."

I raised my eyebrows in silent question.

"Touching's allowed—we're not saying you can't give someone a friendly caress—just no genital contact. Do you understand?"

"I think so."

"Basically, if it'd be covered by a swimsuit—or bikini bottoms for the women—it's off limits."

"But breasts are okay?" I asked.

"More or less. Just be reasonable about it. If you and I go off alone and you spend half an hour sucking my nipples, that's a problem. But if you and I are having sex with Elizabeth, for example, and you fondle my breasts, that's okay. Does that make sense?"

"Yep," I said, intrigued by the possibilities.

"Good," she said. Then she grinned. "That ends this portion of the preflight announcements.''

"Ha! You've been around too many pilots."

"I think I've been scarred for life."

"Probably."

''I wouldn't have it any other way," she said with a laugh. "Now, help me get these drinks out of the car. We need to get them on ice so they'll be cold for later.''

"Roger wilco."

✧ ✧ ✧

While Dad and Chris prepared the grill, I hung out with them. They were having an animated discussion

about charcoal versus gas. They'd already talked about smokers, rotisseries, dry barbeque, wet barbeque, and more things than I really cared about. (How can two men spend so much time talking about grilling? Now that I'm older, I understand. But when I was eighteen… *sheesh!*)

I was still worried about having sex with Leah, so I wanted to talk to Susan. I guess I didn't want to make a bad situation worse. Since I wasn't involved in the conversation between Dad and Chris, I quietly slipped away and headed for the house. Inside, all the women were in the kitchen.

I discreetly motioned Susan into the living room. Mom saw her leave, but she didn't say anything. Gina, Leah, Erin, and Elizabeth were cutting vegetables and chatting, so they didn't even notice. Since I didn't want to be overheard, I led Susan into Chris's study and then shut the door.

"Are you excited about tonight?" she asked.

"I guess."

"Is everything okay?"

"Sure," I said. "I mean… well… maybe." Then I quickly outlined what had happened the night before and what Gina had told me about Leah.

"Wait a minute," Susan said, her expression suddenly intent. "What do you mean 'he basically raped her'?"

"Just that," I said with an angry shrug.

"No, not just that. Did he rape her or not?"

"He did," I said.

"Why didn't she tell anyone? Did she try to fight him off?"

"Well," I hedged, "I mean, she said yes, but—"

"Hold on. This is serious. You said he raped her, right?"

"He did," I said. I knew it wasn't *quite* true, but just thinking about how Todd had taken advantage of Leah made me angry—I wanted him to suffer.

Susan looked at me sharply, one eyebrow cocked dubiously. "He did?" she asked.

"Well, not exactly."

"'Not exactly'?"

"Well, she didn't tell him no, but he took advantage of her. I mean, he pretty much raped her."

"Did he force her?"

I wanted to say yes, but I knew it wasn't true. "No," I said at last.

"And you said she didn't say no?"

I shook my head angrily. "But still, he basically raped her."

"No, Paul, he didn't. There's a vast difference between rape and remorse."

"No, there's not," I argued. "I mean, what he did was *wrong*."

"Yes, it was," she said, "but that doesn't make it rape."

I didn't want to agree with her, but I knew she was right. "I guess," I said.

"We might not like what Todd did, but if Leah consented, then it's not rape."

"But she's only fifteen," I argued.

"You were consenting to have sex when *you* were fifteen."

"So? That's different."

"Why?" she scoffed. "Because you're a man and she's a woman?"

"That's not the way I meant it."

"Then how *did* you mean it?" she asked calmly.

"I don't know. I guess it came out wrong."

"Okay," she said, letting me off the hook. "It's good that you want to protect Leah, but do it for the right reasons, because you care about her. Don't do it because she's a woman and you think she needs your protection. She doesn't, not any more than *any* woman needs it simply because she's a woman."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, feigning contriteness. Actually, I probably *was* a little contrite, but I was too frustrated to admit it.

"I don't like what Todd did either," she said, "but calling it rape will only make it worse."

"Yes, ma'am," I said again.

"You're a good guy, Paul. Leah's lucky to have you as a friend."

"I guess."

"She is. So is Gina. And I think they know it."

"Thanks," I said. "I think."

She smiled and nodded. "Trust me, they *are* lucky to have you as a friend." Then she paused to let that sink in. "Did you want me to talk to Leah. I could—"

"Um, there's more."

"Oh?"

"Yeah" I said, "it gets even more complicated." Then I told her what Gina had asked me while we were out running errands.

"Wow. So Leah wants to have sex with you? That *is* complicated."

"No kidding."

Then she gazed at me calmly. "Well, do you *want* to have sex with her?"

"I guess."

"You'd better be sure about it," she said. "You can't be wishy-washy."

"Huh?" I asked, suppressing the urge to bristle.

"If you're going to have sex with her, do it because you *want* to. Otherwise, you're not being fair to her."

"Not fair?" I asked.

"Leah's a desirable young woman, and you care about her, but she's also unsure of herself and vulnerable. And she's not stupid. She'll probably be able to tell if your heart's not in it."

"Yeah."

"So if you *really* don't want to have sex with her, then you shouldn't."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously," she said. "I think it'd be worse if you have sex with her if you don't really want to. She'll think she's not worth it, or not attractive, or not any good, or worse. And that's not what she needs." She paused a moment to let me consider the implications. "So," she asked deliberately, "do you want to have sex with her?"

"Yeah," I said. "I guess I do."

"Of course you do," she said, chuckling.

"It's not like that," I said. "I know I'm not supposed to want to do it with my girlfriend's sister, but…"

Instead of agreeing with me, she laughed softly. "What makes you think that?"

"Think what?" I asked, a little confused.

"That you're not supposed to want to do it with your girlfriend's sister." Before I could answer, she continued. "You're a man, Paul, not a monk. Leah's very attractive. And she's very sensual. She's just unsure of herself. You remember how you were at her age."

"Not really. I mean, I do, but no one could be *that* insecure."

"We all were," she said and then touched my face gently. Without saying a word, we gazed at each other in perfect understanding. Then the moment passed and she smiled. "Okay, so you want to have sex with Leah, and she wants to have sex with you."

I nodded.

"The bigger question," she continued, "is whether or not you *should*."

"Exactly."

She thought about it for several long moments. Then she slowly nodded. "From what you told me, it sounds like she realizes it's not some long-term thing. She knows it's just sex, and not love."

I nodded.

"She's curious, and anxious, and excited."

"No kidding."

"I'll have to talk to Elizabeth about it, but—"

"You won't tell her about Leah and Todd?" I asked anxiously. "I don't know if Leah's told her."

"Okay," Susan said. "I'll leave Todd out of it, unless Elizabeth brings it up." When I nodded, she continued. "I say go for it. Enjoy yourself, but make sure Leah enjoys it too."

I grinned, but then quickly sobered.

"What?" she asked.

"I guess I just miss when my life was simpler."

"How do you mean?"

"Remember when you hit me with that branch?"

"Don't remind me," she said ruefully. "I almost made a eunuch out of one of the most important men in my life."

"Yeah," I agreed with a laugh. "But my life seemed so much simpler then. I mean, it was just you and me, and we didn't have to worry about other people or anything else."

"That's part of what being an adult is about," she said, "worrying about other people and lots of other things."

"I never thought I'd say this," I said with a soft bark of laughter, "but I think I miss being fifteen." Then I smiled. "I definitely miss spending time with you."

"You've got other women in your life," she said matter-of-factly.

"But none of them are like you."

"They're not supposed to be. People are different."

"And complicated."

"And complicated," she agreed.

"I still miss spending time with you."

"Maybe we can have some quality time tonight," she suggested, "after the party."

"That'd be nice. I miss… um…"

"You miss what?" she asked, arching her eyebrows suggestively.

"I miss… I miss you taking me all the way… you know."

"I miss that too," she said, stepping close. Then she put her hand on my crotch and gently squeezed. My dick was already half hard, and it swelled at her touch. "Maybe we could give you a quick reminder?" she suggested as she leaned against me.

I quickly nodded.

"This is just a taste of what you'll get tonight," she cautioned. "If I finish you off, they'll know what we've been up to."

"Who cares? They know about us."

"But they don't have to know *everything*. Besides, I've got to keep you wanting more," she said coyly.

"Wanting more?" I asked. Then I pulled her shirt up and cupped her braless breasts. Her nipples quickly hardened in my palms. I guess I was trying to arouse her into agreeing with me.

"Uh-huh," she said firmly, sighing as I tweaked her nipples. Then she sank to her knees and unzipped my shorts. With a little difficulty, she extracted my burgeoning erection. "Just a taste, remember?"

Reluctantly, I nodded.

Then she wrapped her lips around the crown of my dick and flicked her tongue against the tip. She started licking and sucking me, slowly getting me wet with her saliva. Finally, she began to swallow my length. When she clamped her lips around me, I felt her breathe through her nose.

With a low moan, she gripped my hips, closed her eyes, and swallowed the final inches. My shorts hid her nose and mouth as she closed her lips around the base of my cock. Then she swallowed. The convulsive ring of muscles at the back of her throat squeezed me and I groaned in ecstasy. Then I put my hands on her head to steady myself. She deep throated me two more times, but then pulled back.

"Just a taste," she said.

I got the feeling that she was trying to convince *herself* more than me.

"Okay," she said breathlessly, "maybe just one more taste."

I grinned to myself and then closed my eyes as she swallowed me to the root.

"We've got to stop," she said at last.

"Finish me."

She shook her head and kissed the tip of my dick. Then she grinned mischievously. "Elizabeth would never forgive me if I drained you before she gets her turn."

"Please." *Was I whining? Jeez, man,* I scolded myself, *get a grip.*

"No," she said firmly. "We can't."

"You're an incredible tease," I accused.

"I *am* incredible, aren't I?" she replied whimsically.

"Did I say incredible? I meant horrible. You're a *horrible* tease."

Unabashed, she grinned and then stood. Then she pressed herself against me, her hard nipples poking into my chest.

When she tilted her head up, I kissed her, tasting myself on her lips.

Finally, she stepped back and winked as she adjusted her shirt. "I've got to get back to the kitchen," she said, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "Believe it or not, I've got to fix the peas."

"*Peas?!*"

"Mmm hmm. Sugar snap peas. And I'll see you as soon as you, ahem, compose yourself."

"You're not going to leave me like this, are you?" I asked incredulously.

"I am," she said, her eyes sparkling. "You'll survive." Then she laughed. "Heck, every woman in the place wants to screw your brains out. I'm sure you'll be taken care of."

I strangled an indignant cry.

"I'll take care of you tonight," she said. Then she shut the study door behind her.

"What am I supposed to do now?" I asked my jutting erection.

Needless to say, it didn't reply.

Treacherous organ.

✧ ✧ ✧

A little later, I was in the kitchen on a step stool, getting serving platters from one of the top cupboards. Gina and the younger girls were straightening up the guesthouse, and Dad and Chris were still out by the grill, so I was alone with Mom, Susan, and Elizabeth.

"Uh-oh," Elizabeth said.

"What?" Mom and Susan asked simultaneously.

"We forgot to buy kabob skewers while we were at the store."

"Oops," Mom said.

"I'll run out and get some," Elizabeth said. "It'll only take a minute."

"I'm parked behind you," I said as I climbed down. "Lemme move the Jeep."

"I've got a better idea," she said. "You can just run me to the store. You don't mind, do you?"

The three women surreptitiously glanced at each other. Elizabeth was Up To Something, but Mom and Susan were no help—they merely nodded at the other woman's suggestion.

"See you when you get back," Susan said with a knowing grin, as if I'd already agreed to go.

"Sure, I don't mind," I said superfluously.

"Thanks," Elizabeth said. "Let me just get my wallet."

If she was up to something—which I knew she was—I decided that two could play at that game. In the garage, I reached for her shoulder, turned her to face me, and used my body to pin her against her car. I wasn't putting much pressure on her, but she definitely wasn't going anywhere.

"Paul? What're—"

"Shush," I said peremptorily.

Surprisingly, she moaned softly.

I don't know what had come over me, but I guess I'd had enough teasing, from Susan, Elizabeth, or anyone else. I boldly gazed at her for a moment and then started unbuttoning her dress. It was the kind with two dozen small buttons, but I quickly had it open to her navel.

"What're you doing?" She sounded a little shocked, but judging by her breathing, she was also aroused.

"You thought we'd make a quick trip to the store and you'd tease me the whole time, right?" I didn't say it angrily, but she couldn't miss the steel in my voice.

Her lack of reply was answer enough.

"Well, two can play that game," I said. Then I reached into her dress and cupped her braless breasts.

She sighed and closed her eyes as my fingers latched onto her nipples and gently tweaked them. Her arousal was feeding my own, but I was determined to remain in control.

Without warning, I turned her around to face the car. She whimpered and pushed back against me when I thrust my groin into her soft, round ass. The lump of my trapped erection nestled between her cheeks as I reached around and cupped her breasts. I tested their heft and then teased her nipples. I'd seen her have sex often enough to know that she liked to have them manhandled a little, so I did just that.

To her dismay, I pulled my hands away. Then I stepped back and lifted her skirt with a quick flip. My hands found the waistband of her panties and I unceremoniously tugged them down over her hips.

"You won't be needing these," I said.

She didn't even protest as I pulled them down her dark, firm thighs.

"Step out of them," I directed.

She did as instructed, and I tossed the thin garment on top of her car. Before I stood, I lifted her dress again. In the dark recess between her thighs, I could barely make out her labia. For a moment, I let her squirm and wonder what I was going to do. Then, I licked the tips of two fingers.

"Oh, God, yes," she gasped when she felt me gently probe her pussy.

For a moment, I simply ran my fingers along her steamy slit. When I stood, I kept my hand between her legs.

She whimpered as I spread her lips and teased her sensitive inner folds.

"If you're good," I said, my face close to her ear, "I'll let you suck my cock. Would you like that?"

She nodded jerkily.

"And if you do a good job sucking me, I might—*might*—bend you over and fuck you. Gina likes it when I fuck her from behind. Do you like to be fucked from behind, *Elizabeth?*" I asked, my voice pitched low. "Do you like to be bent over and pounded by a hot… hard… *thick* cock?"

"Oh, God, yes," she breathed. "Do it now," she begged as she spread her legs. "Please."

"Uh-uh. We've got to pick up kabob skewers," I said evenly. "Remember?"

"Bugger the skewers. We can go to the store later," she panted. My fingers found her clit and she arched her back in pleasure.

"Nope," I said. "We've got to have skewers." Then I teased her by sliding my fingers into her drenched channel, skewering *her*.

"Oh, God."

"Mmm hmm," I breathed. "So, are you going to be a good girl and do as I say?"

"Oh, yes. I'll do anything you want."

"Are you going to suck my dick when I tell you to?"

She moistened her lips and then nodded.

"Are you going to beg me to bend you over and fuck you when we get back?" I asked.

"Yesssss."

"And you're going to get on your knees and swallow when I come, right?"

"Don't make me wait," she begged. "Let me suck you now."

"Why should I? You tease me."

"No. I'm sorry," she said quickly. "I won't tease you anymore."

"Like I said, two can play at this game."

"Paul, please."

"Not yet," I said. Then I pulled my fingers from her pussy. "Get on your knees," I ordered. When she quickly complied, I unzipped my shorts and pulled out my erection.

She practically lunged for it.

"Don't do it till I tell you," I warned. I held my cock just out of her reach for several long moments. Then I moved it in front of her face. "Beg for it."

"Paul, please," she said without hesitation. "Please, let me suck you."

"Are you going to tease me?"

She frantically shook her head.

"Okay, you can suck it."

Her lips fastened around the crown and she eagerly sucked. Then she put her hands on my ass and tried to pull me closer. I resisted for about a minute, but then pushed her back. She moaned in frustration.

"Beg for it," I said. "Be a good girl."

"Oh, please let me suck you. Please."

"Suck it," I commanded. "Suck it like you want me to fuck you."

In a flash, her lips were around my dick. She sucked like a woman possessed. I put my hand at the back of her head and thrust my hips forward, impaling her mouth with my length. She flinched as my glans hit the back of her throat, so I let her pull back.

With my hand still on the back of her head, she bobbed back and forth for a minute or two. She was doing her best to make me come, but I was firmly in control. Finally, I pulled out and rubbed my saliva-slick length over her cheeks.

"If you're good, and you don't tease me," I said, "I'll let you suck me some more."

"But, Paul…"

"No buts," I said sternly. "Now stand up."

Reluctantly, she got to her feet.

While she did, I awkwardly stuffed my erection back in my shorts. "Are you ready to go?" I asked. When she nodded and started to re-button her dress, I stopped her. "Leave it open. I want to be able to see your tits."

"But, Paul," she said, "we're going out in public. People will be able to see."

"Then let 'em," I said with feigned indifference. In reality, her dress was only open to her waist. Just her stomach and the inner curve of her breasts were visible. Her nipples weren't exposed, but they *were* hard, so they were easy to make out. I'd already decided not to take her to the local grocery store, where she'd probably be recognized. Instead, I planned to drive to a store a couple of miles away. "Come on," I said, feigning brusqueness, "let's go."

Without waiting, I turned and headed for the Jeep.

All the way to the store, Elizabeth kept looking around self-consciously. She pressed one hand between her legs, to keep her skirt from billowing. With the other, she tried to hold her bodice together. At each stoplight, she nervously glanced at the people in the other cars. Even though she was a nudist, I don't think she'd bargained on being dragged into public half undressed. Despite her anxiety, I could tell that she was excited.

At the grocery store, I parked at the side of the building, away from most of the other cars. Before she could unbuckle her seatbelt, I put a hand on her arm.

"Wait," I said.

"Why?" she asked nervously. "Paul, what're you going to do?"

"It's not what *I'm* going to do," I said as I pried my semi-hard dick out of my pants.

She looked down and then quickly scanned the surrounding area. A tree and a white van shielded us from view of the main parking lot, but anyone who walked around the side of the building would see us.

"Do you want to suck it?" I asked. When she hungrily eyed my dick, I stroked it a few times. In a moment, I was completely hard.

"We can't," she said. "Someone might see. I don't want to get arrested."

"No one's going to see," I said with more assurance than I felt. I think I was as excited as she was.

The look on her face was priceless. It was a cross between fear of discovery and heedless lust. She wanted to suck my dick. She *needed* to suck it. But she didn't want anyone to see us, especially in public. For a long moment, she was torn between the two desires.

"Are you sure?" I taunted. Then, for good measure, I stroked myself.

Her swiftness almost startled me. In a flash, she unbuckled her seatbelt and turned to kneel on the seat. Then she bent over and wrapped her lips around my erection. I reached under her and fondled her dangling breasts. I also made sure to keep a watchful eye on the surrounding area. I didn't want to get caught any more than she did. With the doors and top off my Jeep, anyone who walked by would see what we were up to.

"That's enough," I said at last. "I'm not ready to come yet."

"Unnnnh."

I just about had to pry her off my cock.

As I levered my slippery, rock-hard dick back into my shorts, she wiped the corners of her mouth, a semi-wild look in her eyes.

"Now," I said calmly, "let's go get the kabob skewers."

She started to button her dress.

"Leave it open," I suggested. "No one here will recognize you. I want them all to see how hot you are." Then I grinned as she realized that I'd just complimented her. "Okay," I said, "let's go."

My dick was still painfully erect, so walking was a bit of a chore, but I was having fun watching Elizabeth nervously glance around the parking lot. Even though her dress was open to her navel, no one gave her a second glance. People just don't pay much attention to the world around them, I guess.

Because we were unfamiliar with the store's layout, it took us a few minutes to find the aisle with the picnic supplies. Surprisingly, it was deserted. Instead of simply grabbing the skewers and heading for the registers, I stopped her.

"What?" she asked.

With a naughty smirk, I opened her dress to expose her breasts. In the cold air of the store, her nipples immediately puckered. I played with them for a few moments, but then we heard the sound of a cart at the end of the aisle.

A woman and her two children rounded the corner so I withdrew my hands from Elizabeth's breasts. Embarrassed, she quickly closed her gaping dress. The woman with the children was paying more attention to them than us.

"All right," I said. "Let's go." Then I deliberately chose the only checkout lane with a guy. He looked like the store manager. When we entered his line, he did a double take. I made sure Elizabeth stood in front of me in line. The manager kept glancing at us as he finished ringing up the woman in front of us.

When Elizabeth tried to close her gaping dress, I leaned close.

"Why don't you let him look," I suggested in a whisper. "You've got a great body, show it off. You'll never see him again; give him a thrill."

With barely concealed excitement, she nodded.

Instead of letting her pay for the skewers, I did. If I'd let her do it, she would have paid and left as quickly as possible. Instead, I took my time and counted out the bills. The manager tried to be professional, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the healthy expanse of skin revealed by Elizabeth's unbuttoned dress.

"That was wicked," Elizabeth said as we walked toward the door.

"Uh-huh. But that guy's probably hard as a rock. How many sexy Indian bombshells flash him every day?"

"Probably none," she admitted.

"You enjoyed it too," I said. "I bet if I felt your pussy right now, you'd be drenched."

"You're an evil man, Paul." Then she glanced at me sidelong. "You think I'm a bombshell?"

"Uh-huh."

Once outside, I casually put my hand on her ass as we walked around to the Jeep. She looked around nervously, but no one took any notice of us.

"Before you fasten your seatbelt," I said as we climbed into the jeep, "spread your legs. I want to see your pussy."

She did as asked.

I reached out and teased her hooded clit. "Yep," I said, "you're soaking wet."

"God, that made me so hot."

"Hot enough to fuck me right here?" I asked. I didn't plan on doing it, but *she* didn't know that.

She paused to look around, but then quickly nodded.

"Hmmmm, I don't think so." My fingers were still in her pussy, so I forestalled her response by rubbing her swollen clit. For almost a minute, I rolled my thumb over the base of her little pearl, making her whimper with pleasure. Finally, I withdrew my fingers and licked them clean. "We need to get back to the house," I said calmly.

"Unnnnh."

I had to stifle a laugh—she sounded *just* like Gina. *Now I know where Gina gets it,* I mused as I started the Jeep.

On the drive home, I asked Elizabeth to turn toward me, spread her legs, and pull her dress up. From outside the Jeep, no one could see her pussy. But from the driver's seat, I had an unobstructed view. Her sparse pubic hair was damp and matted from her moisture. When I asked her to play with herself, she brazenly slid two fingers between her swollen labia. She was so horny that she wasn't worried who saw us.

We roared into her driveway a few minutes later. Almost as soon as I turned off the engine, she hopped out of the Jeep. I grabbed the bag with the skewers and then sauntered around to her.

Before she could head inside, I pulled her close. Her dress parted and I felt her hard nipples through my shirt as I kissed her. I could tell that she wanted to go inside—desperately—but I wasn't ready to let her off the hook for her planned teasing.

"Paul, I—"

"I want you to suck my cock," I said, my voice husky with desire. Then I reached between us and painfully fished out my hard-on. When I put her hand on it, she wrapped her fingers around me and squeezed gently. With that, her resolve began to crumble. She closed her eyes and swallowed hard, my dick pulsing in her hand. While she stroked me, I pulled her dress up. She fidgeted nervously as I bared her ass. "I want to see you naked," I said. "I want you on your knees in front of me. Use the dress so you don't skin your knees."

"But—"

"Do you want to suck me?" I asked evenly.

"But the neighbors—"

"You don't care about the neighbors," I said. "You know you want to suck my cock." In reality, the neighbor's house was almost a hundred feet away. And the Coulters' driveway was screened by a row of Bradford Pear trees. The Jeep, Gina's Bumble Bug, and my parents' car also shielded us from view.

With an anxious glance over her shoulder at the neighbors' house, Elizabeth got down on her knees. Then I stepped in front of her. As I looked down, I smiled at her eagerness and decided to tease her some more.

"Don't suck it till I tell you to," I warned. I made her beg for it, relenting after her pleas and promises grew more elaborate. "Okay, suck it," I said. "Do it nice. Take me as deep as you can."

She managed to get more than half of my length in her mouth before she closed her lips.

"That's good," I said. "You like sucking my dick, don't you?" When she pulled back to answer, I stopped her with my hand and told her to keep sucking. "You don't care about the neighbors, do you?" I asked as she eagerly bobbed back and forth.

Without taking her mouth off my dick, she shook her head.

"You don't care if they come out and see you sucking your daughter's boyfriend, do you?"

Once again, she shook her head.

To tease her, I pulled my shiny dick from her lips and held it out of her reach. She moaned in near desperation. I'd gotten her so worked up that she didn't care who saw us. I grinned to myself in satisfaction and then let her swallow my cock again.

For a few minutes, I lost myself in the pleasure of her lips. Her mouth and tongue practically danced

over my erection. One second, she'd be teasing the underside ridge, the next, she'd wrap her soft lips around my glans and gently flick the tip with her tongue. Finally, I pulled away.

"Let's go inside," I suggested.

She shook her head. "Come in my mouth. Please."

"Uh-uh. I wanna fuck you before I come."

Reluctantly, she got to her feet. Without even picking up her dress, she breezed past me and headed for the door to the house.

Once inside, we didn't see or hear anyone else. Originally, I think she had planned to quietly slip into Chris's study. Tentatively, she poked her head into the living room and looked out the windows to the backyard. Mom, Dad, Susan, and Chris were clustered near the grill. Gina and the younger girls were goofing off in the pool.

So instead of heading for the study, Elizabeth marched straight into the kitchen. Through the large bay window, we'd be able to see if anyone headed for the house. Without ceremony, she dropped to her knees and started sucking me again.

While she did, I undid my shorts. Since my dick was jutting through the fly of my underwear, she had to release me so I could lower them. I got the shorts and underwear to my thighs before she latched onto my cock again. As she sucked, she pushed my bunched shorts down to my ankles.

For several long, blissful minutes, I let her suck me. Her mouth felt like steamy velvet, smooth and hot all at once. But I wanted to fuck her before I came, and at the pace she was sucking, I didn't have long.

"Stand up," I said.

"Unnnnh."

"Stand up," I repeated. When she didn't, I pulled my dick out of her mouth and moved back.

Surprised, she stood.

I turned her around and bent her over the table. Then I shuffled forward and aimed my dick at her pussy. She moaned as I rubbed my glans over her drenched labia a few times, teasing her. Finally, I set the tip at her opening and eased forward. We groaned in unison as I slid into her.

"God, you're so fucking hot," I breathed.

Instead of answering, she just moaned.

I gripped her hips to steady myself and then began thrusting. The sound of my hips slamming into her ass filled the kitchen. I felt my orgasm approaching, so I buried my cock inside her and stopped moving. She immediately reached between her legs and began rubbing her clit.

As soon as my imminent orgasm subsided, I began thrusting again. For several minutes, I simply gripped her flared hips and pounded into her.

"I'm gonna come," I grunted.

"Come in my mouth," she begged. "Oh, God, please come in my mouth." When I pulled out, she quickly spun and dropped to her knees. With one hand, she steadied my cock so she could suck it. She returned the other hand to her pussy and continued rubbing her clit.

"Oh, God," I said. "That's nice."

As my orgasm rapidly approached, I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensations. From somewhere deep within me, I felt the pressure building. A slow wave of ecstasy surged outward from my groin.

White light burst behind my eyelids as the first spurt of semen jetted from the tip of my dick. I vaguely heard Elizabeth moan. Then she swallowed. The next spurt was like a physical blow, and my senses reeled.

Her moans rose in volume and I felt her lips clamp around my shaft almost painfully. The pressure momentarily cut off the flow of semen, but it quickly built to the point where it surged up my shaft like a geyser.

When my orgasm finally subsided, I was light-headed. The room seemed to throb, and I suddenly had to concentrate just to remain standing.

With her lips still wrapped around my tingling erection, Elizabeth moaned. Then her moan grew in volume and I realized that she was caught up in her own orgasm. She rode the tidal wave of pleasure, her fingers a blur as she teased her clit. Suddenly, she groaned deep in her chest and pulled her hand away from

her pussy.

When she finally opened her eyes and released my dick, she collapsed against my legs. Fortunately, I'd recovered enough of my own balance to support us both. For several long, blissful moments, neither of us moved.

"I haven't come that hard in a *long* time," she said quietly.

"Me neither."

"Wow."

"No kidding," I agreed.

Hurriedly, we cleaned up and fetched Elizabeth's discarded clothing from the garage and driveway. Since we were both sweaty and flushed, we decided that the best way to cover it would be to boldly march outside and dive into the pool. So I stripped off my clothes while she removed her sandals.

"God, it's hot out here," she said as we sauntered past the group at the grill.

We were both trying to look nonchalant, and I fervently hoped we weren't overdoing it. (I know, I know, we were having the party so Gina and I could swing with our parents—which would include me having sex with Elizabeth—but that didn't include a private fuck-fest.)

"We decided to cool off before making the kabobs," Elizabeth said over her shoulder as we stepped onto the concrete pool decking.

When Susan caught a glimpse of my shiny, red penis, she arched her eyebrows. Fortunately, I don't think anyone else noticed. Then Elizabeth took two long strides toward the deep end and dived into the pool. I followed, only a step behind.

While I stayed in the pool and goofed around with Gina and our sisters, Elizabeth climbed out, toweled off, and joined the other grown-ups. Before she headed inside to make the kabobs, she glanced at me and we shared a secret, semi-guilty smile.

✧ ✧ ✧

"Are you and Leah really gonna do it?" Erin whispered as I was about to climb out of the pool.

"I guess," I said warily, looking around to see if anyone had heard her.

Gina and Leah were at the deep end of the pool, floating on rafts and soaking up the sun. Everyone else was sitting around a table by the grill so Chris and Dad could keep an eye on the coals. After Elizabeth and I had dived into the pool, everyone else had taken off their clothes (although Gina and our sisters had already shed theirs so they could go swimming), so we were all nude.

"That's *so* cool," Erin said.

"Why d'you say that?"

"'Cause," she said, shrugging. "What Todd and Jill did was so un-cool. And Leah's been really bummed out about not liking guys. I mean, she likes 'em, but she's kinda nervous. You know? Besides, she's been hot for you ever since you and Gina started going together."

"I guess."

"She has. When she's not talking about Drew, she's pining away for you," she said, assuming a romance-novel pose and batting her eyelashes.

"What about Sean?" I asked.

"What about him?"

"I thought you and Leah were…"

"Did Leah tell you? She promised she wouldn't. I'm gonna—"

"Hold on," I said. "Calm down. Leah didn't really tell me. Gina did. And Gina didn't tell me so much as I was there when she was talking to Leah. It was last night," I explained, "when Leah was upset."

"Oh."

"So *Leah* didn't tell me about you and Sean."

"How much do you know?" she asked.

"How much do you know about me and Susan?"

"A lot," she said. Then her eyes widened as the implications sunk in. "You know *that* much?"

I probably didn't, but she didn't know that, so I nodded.

"Don't tell Mom, okay?" she said. "She knows I wanna go on birth control when I'm sixteen, but she doesn't know why. I mean, I told Sean I'd be on the pill next summer, and I don't wanna mess that up. Please?"

Holy shit! I thought. *I didn't know* that *much*. Then I thought about the rest of what she'd said. "You know, Erin," I said, "Mom's probably figured out why you wanna go on the pill."

"Duh, but still… You won't tell her that Sean and I are gonna… you know?"

"I won't tell, Erin," I said with a soft laugh, "but Mom's *gonna* figure it out, if she hasn't already."

"Yeah, but she's gonna want to have a big talk about the importance of 'being my own woman,' and respect, and blah, blah, blah. I mean, I wanna talk with her about that stuff, but not before my first time. Jeez, it's not like Sean and I are *real* virgins. I mean, we've done everything but go all the way."

I composed myself and nodded as if I'd already known that.

Note to self: Nod, smile, keep your mouth shut, and act like you know more than you do. People will tell you all sorts *of things if they think you already know them.*

"So you won't tell Mom?" she asked again, breaking my reverie.

"I won't tell Mom."

"Cool. Thanks." Then she impulsively hugged me.

An electric shiver ran through my body as I hugged her back. After a moment, we separated.

"Well, you may know more than I thought you did," she said, looking coy, "but I know something you don't."

"So?"

"Don't you wanna know what I know?"

"Not really," I lied. In truth, I was burning with curiosity.

"So I guess you don't care that Leah told me about last night."

"Jeez," I said. "Is there anything you *don't* know?"

"No," she said with a giggle. "But there're lotsa things *you* don't know."

"Oh?" I asked, piqued. "Like what?"

"Like… stuff."

"Yeah, right," I said.

"I do. I know stuff."

"Whatever, Erin," I said. Kendall would've called it reverse psychology, and it worked like a charm.

"I know something that Leah wants to do for you."

"That's cool," I said, trying to appear disaffected.

"She wants to shave for you."

Without warning, my dick sprang to attention. It was easily visible in the clear water. *Aren't I too old for sudden erections?* I wondered sourly. *I guess I really* do *want to have sex with Leah. But I didn't want to tell* Erin *that.*

Treacherous organ.

"A-ha!" she crowed. "I told you I knew something you didn't."

"Whatever," I said, trying to play it off.

"Leah's so lucky," she said. Then she suddenly hugged me again. As she did, her breasts pressed into my chest and my dick bent painfully. She stepped back, suddenly aware of my erection. "Sorry," she said.

Even with her tanned complexion, I could tell that she was blushing.

"I didn't mean to… you know," she said, pointing vaguely at my hard-on.

"That's okay, Erin," I said, trying not to blush myself. It wasn't working.

"We can talk about something else if you want," she volunteered.

"We'd probably better."

Gina and Leah paddled over a little later and asked what we were talking about.

"Driver's licenses," I said casually. We really *were* talking about driver's licenses. Fortunately, the mundane subject had dampened my boyish enthusiasm, and my erection had subsided.

"Yeah," Erin said. "It's gonna suck not having a ride to school."

"You can ride the bus," I said.

"Get real," Leah said. "Only losers ride the bus."

"Yeah," Erin agreed.

"When I get my license, I'm gonna drive to school every day," Leah said. Then she looked at Gina. "Can I have the Bumble Bug when you're at college?"

"No," Gina said immediately.

"Gina," Leah half-whined, "*you're* not gonna need it."

Erin and I glanced at each other as Gina and Leah started arguing about the Bumble Bug. I already knew that Gina's parents were going to let her take the little yellow Beetle to UT, so there was no way Gina was going to let Leah have it.

As the argument heated up, Elizabeth got up and walked toward us. "Girls! What's all the ruckus about?" Before either of them could speak, she held up a hand. "Just a minute," she said. Then she turned to me. "Paul, I think the barbarians are ready to begin cooking."

"Sure," I said, taking the hint. "They probably want some help."

"Yes, quite." Then she turned to the girls as I hauled myself out of the pool and grabbed my towel. "Now, what's all this, then?" she asked them reasonably.

"*Mom*, Gina's being *totally* unreasonable," Leah whined.

I smiled and walked toward the grill, the argument safely behind me.

I was thinking about what Erin had told me. I was also thinking about how I'd felt when she hugged me. I tried to shake off my un-brotherly thoughts, but I just couldn't. I kept thinking back to what Mom had said about "innocent experimentation."

Then I donned my apron and asked Chris and Dad how they could use my help. I tried to focus on what I was doing, but my mind was working a million miles an hour, wondering what would happen when the *real* party started.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

For dinner, we grilled steaks, chicken kabobs, and foil-wrapped ears of corn. When the meat was almost ready, Gina and Leah brought the rest of the food from the kitchen. They set the dishes on a long folding table, buffet style, and then set out place settings on the two large patio tables.

Elizabeth had told her daughters—after telling Leah that Gina's car was going to Knoxville, end of discussion—that they were responsible for all the food (except the meat). It wasn't punishment, per se, but it certainly took the girls' minds off their argument.

"Thank you, ladies," Elizabeth said to them. "You see how much better it is when you're polite and cooperate with each other?"

Gina glared at Leah, as if to say, "*You* got me into this."

"I'll give them a hand," Erin offered. Then she glanced at me and shrugged.

I rolled my eyes and shrugged in reply. Erin and I occasionally argued, but not like Gina and Leah. I guess it's different between brothers and sisters.

When the girls headed back inside to fetch the next group of side dishes, Elizabeth turned to my mom.

"Beth, be very, *very* grateful that you have one of each. I swear, with only daughters, I sometimes want to lock them all in solitary confinement until they're twenty-five."

"That's because they're so much like *you*," Chris said from the grill.

"And if you think you wouldn't be locked up *with* them," Elizabeth warned her husband, "you're dreaming."

Instead of replying, Chris merely grinned at Dad and me.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," Dad murmured to Chris.

"What was that?" Elizabeth asked sharply. She wasn't really angry, but she definitely wasn't in the mood to put up with any flip comments.

"Nothing, dear," Chris said.

Elizabeth glowered at us for a moment and then turned back to Mom and Susan.

Chris wiped imaginary sweat from his brow and heaved a comically exaggerated sigh of relief. When they started talking, we returned our attention to the grill.

By the time the buffet table was set, the steaks were ready to come off the grill. The kabobs had been cooking longest, but the chicken still had another minute or two. I grabbed one of the platters and started taking the beef off the grill. Chris and Dad turned the kabobs one last time and then put them on the other platter.

"Okay," Chris proclaimed, "as always, the barbarians have provided for their women. We'll pillage and plunder later."

Gina and Leah had decided that having their mother upset with them was worse than being angry at each other, so they'd made up. Consequently, Elizabeth's mood had brightened.

"Sit down, you big barbarian," she said to Chris. Then she smiled affectionately, sat back, and sighed. "Sometimes, it's nice being a barbarian's wench."

"Especially when we're willing wenches," Susan added.

Everyone laughed as we picked up our plates and blitzed the buffet. Dad opened two more bottles of wine and then he and Chris began filling glasses. Since it was a special occasion, Erin and Leah had glasses too. They held them up in anticipation. Leah looked a little disappointed when Chris only poured her half a glass, but Erin smiled at me and then rolled her eyes at Leah's theatrical disappointment.

Dinner was delicious, although I was trying to watch my weight—since I wasn't doing wrestling workouts any more—so I only had two helpings. During the course of the meal, we went through another bottle of wine and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. For dessert, we had two Marie Callender's pies that Dad brought home from his recent trip to Los Angeles.

Afterward, Gina, Leah, and Erin got up to clean up the plates and take the leftovers back into the house.

I volunteered to help. Although I didn't particularly like cleaning the plates and loading the dishwasher—who does?—I was perfectly happy to carry stuff inside and help put the leftovers in containers.

After we got the kitchen squared away, we headed back outside. There, we sat around the tables, relaxed, and simply enjoyed ourselves. The sun was just heading toward the horizon and the sky was streaked with red and orange. Georgia evenings in the late summer are actually pretty nice (as long as you've got a bug zapper and citronella torches).

I was wondering when things would get started when Elizabeth surreptitiously glanced at Chris and then nodded. He stood up, stretched, then patted his stomach.

"Okay," he said, "now that I've digested a little, I feel like a swim to cool off."

"That sounds like a great idea," Dad said.

"Yeah, I could use a swim," Susan said as she stood.

"Yeah," Gina added. Then she glanced at me.

"Sure," I said. "Sounds great."

"Before we get in the pool, Leah," Elizabeth asked, "will you help me get a few things from the house?"

"But, Mom—"

"Come on," Elizabeth said. "It won't take long. The pool's not going anywhere."

"All right," Leah sulked. "God."

Elizabeth tossed her hands up in feigned resignation and then headed for the house.

Gina took my hand and tugged me toward the pool.

Behind us, my mom said, "Erin, let's get some extra towels from the guesthouse."

"Sure," Erin agreed.

Hold on a second, I thought. *Elizabeth nods to Chris, he suggests we get in the pool, then Elizabeth rather neatly takes Leah aside while Mom does the same with Erin. I may be slow on the uptake, but I know a set-up when I see one.*

Gina didn't seem to notice, but Susan arched an eyebrow when I looked a question at her.

Then she mouthed, "You'll see."

In the pool, Gina splashed me and then headed for the deep end. I was still a stronger swimmer than her, so I easily caught her. Once we were away from the others, however, she turned and flowed into my arms. I wrapped one arm around her and supported us with a hand on the pool's brick coping. I always loved the feel of her nude body next to mine, and I smiled at the sensation.

"I'm so excited about tonight," she said. Before I could reply, she kissed me.

I returned the kiss, and when we pulled back, I said, "Yeah, me too."

"Leah's real excited too. You're still gonna do it with her, aren't you? Remember, you said—"

"I remember," I said. "And yeah, I'm gonna."

"Good. She's got a surprise for you."

"Oh?" I asked, as if I didn't already know what it was.

"She made me promise not to tell."

Just for effect, I frowned.

"Sorry," she said with a shrug. Then she continued. "I thought we'd get together after the party. Okay? So save some energy. Oh, and Erin wanted to be there. I hope that's okay, I already told her she could."

God, I thought, *I'm not putting on a sex show, for heaven's sake.* But instead of voicing my annoyance, I merely nodded.

"I figured we'd all get together in my bedroom after everyone goes to bed."

"That's cool," I said.

"God, this is gonna be *so* cool," Gina gushed. Then she turned thoughtful. "You'll be the only guy who's done it with all of us."

"Yeah."

"Wow," she said excitedly, completely missing my ambivalence. "My mom's really excited about tonight, too."

I thought back to my trip to the store with Elizabeth—and it's aftermath. *Oh, yes,* I mused, *she's pretty*

excited about tonight. So excited that "tonight" started early for some of us.

"This is gonna be *so* cool," Gina said again.

At that point, Mom and Erin came out of the guesthouse with two stacks of towels. They set them on one of the chaise lounges and then walked toward the shallow end of the pool. Erin glanced at me briefly and our eyes met. She smiled shyly but then quickly looked away.

What's up with her? I wondered. *She looked almost… excited.*

Then Elizabeth and Leah returned from the house. Elizabeth had two more bottles of wine and Leah carried a couple of folded blankets.

Since I suspected that Mom and Elizabeth were Up To Something, I was careful to watch them when they first saw each other. A question silently passed between them and then Elizabeth nodded. Mom nodded in reply. Both women turned toward Susan—who'd been watching them—and nodded. Susan surreptitiously raised her hand and flashed an "OK" sign. Then she turned and whispered something to Dad and Chris.

What are *they up to?* I wondered. I wracked my brain, but the possibilities were endless. I couldn't settle on any one scenario.

I was still thinking about it five minutes later when Elizabeth swam up to Gina and me.

"Thank you for being understanding about Leah, Gina," Elizabeth said. "We'll probably get her a car if her grades are good enough, but she wants one as soon as she turns sixteen. *That's* not going to happen." She paused and sighed. "She just wants everything to happen as soon as possible." Then she glanced at Gina and smiled wryly. "Just like someone *else* I know."

Gina tried to look innocent.

It didn't work.

"I wonder where you get it?" Elizabeth asked disingenuously.

"I wonder."

"At least you come by it honestly," Elizabeth said with a laugh. "Now, I'd like to borrow your boyfriend, if that's okay with you. And with him, of course. I want to talk to him about tonight."

"What about tonight?" Gina asked.

"You know," Elizabeth said, "about *later* tonight."

Huh? I wondered. For a moment, I felt panic gnawing at my insides. *What if she knew about Leah? Would she approve? Would she be angry?*

"Oh, okay. Sure," Gina said. Then she kissed me and swam toward the cluster of people at the other end of the pool.

As soon as Gina was out of earshot, Elizabeth looked at me seriously. "Gina told me about tonight," she said.

"Tonight?"

"With you and Leah."

My nascent panic blossomed into full-fledged dread. Was she angry? What if she told Chris? What if they called off the party? What if…? *What if you calm down and* listen *to her,* I chided myself. Slowly, I brought my breathing under control and tried to will myself to relax.

"Susan told me she talked to you about it too," she said, "but she didn't know that you'd decided on *when*."

I relaxed further when I recalled that Susan said she'd talk to Elizabeth about the situation with Leah.

"I think it's a good idea," Elizabeth continued. "I know about what Todd did, too, although Leah doesn't know that I know about it. I want to strangle the little prat, but—"

"That's a lot nicer than what I'd do to him," I said darkly.

"And he'd deserve it," she replied. "But even though I want to protect Leah, she has to learn to deal with the consequences of her decisions."

I nodded.

"So, as much as it galls me, I'm not going to do anything. But I think it's a very good idea for you and her to get together, even if it is only for one night."

"Why did Gina tell you about tonight?" I asked. "I'm just curious."

"I sort of had to drag it out of her. I could tell she was up to something, and I was curious. She's… well… let's just say she's sometimes a little… um… impetuous."

"That's a polite way to put it," I said with a bark of laughter.

"Indeed. But I wanted to make sure she wasn't up to something that would make things worse. So I decided to talk to you. You've got a cooler head than Gina, and I know you'll actually *think* about the consequences before you do anything. I want my daughters to be happy, but they've also got to learn to be adults. With you, Leah can learn without facing a lot of the usual pitfalls that come with relationships. And I wanted you to know that I really appreciate you being… well… you."

"So you're basically encouraging me to have sex with your youngest daughter?" I asked, a little amused.

"More or less. I told you, Leah has to learn to live with the consequences of her decisions. With Todd, she unfortunately learned a valuable lesson. With you," she said with a warm smile, "she'll learn that not every man is like Todd Zachary."

"Why do I suddenly feel like a psychology experiment?" I asked wryly.

"Would you rather feel like a biology experiment?" she asked. "We could dissect you."

"That's okay," I quickly demurred.

"Thank you again, Paul. I know this must sound odd, me thanking you for having sex with my daughter, but I really do appreciate it. She needs a better introduction to what sex between a man and woman should be about, and you're the right man to do it."

"I guess I should say something like, 'I don't mind, ma'am, I'm just doin' my duty,' but I don't think I could keep a straight face. Actually, I'm kinda looking forward to it."

"Good," she said, "then Leah should *really* enjoy herself." Then she moved close. "Now, before my daughters get their hands on you, I'm in the mood for something slower than our romp this morning. Perhaps something, oh, longer."

"With less teasing?" I asked archly.

"With *much* less teasing."

"Good. I thought you'd see it my way."

"You know," she said thoughtfully, "I'm beginning to see a lot of what Susan sees in you."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm. You're a young man, but you don't act like one."

"I guess," I said. Then, in a moment of candor, I said, "I still act like a kid sometimes, and it really bugs me when I do it."

"We all do, you just learn to control it better. Although in one regard," she said, reaching for my flaccid penis, "you already have extraordinary control. I was certain I'd be able to make you come this morning. Imagine my surprise when you turned the tables on me."

I nodded, my member rapidly stiffening in her hand.

"Why don't we get in the hot tub," she suggested.

Once we headed for the hot tub everyone else joined us. At first, I was a little disappointed, but I quickly realized that with all of us in the hot tub, the *real* party would start soon.

Before he got into the tub, Chris filled everyone's wineglasses (including the younger girls'). Then he slid into the bubbling water between Mom and me. Elizabeth turned toward him, and I felt her hand creep into my lap. I lifted my arm to give her easier access, then draped it over her shoulders. She wrapped her fingers around my shaft and gently squeezed. As she struck up a conversation with Chris and my mom, she continued to fondle my cock and balls, never letting on to the others that she was playing with me.

Instead of following their conversation, I covertly watched everyone else. Susan and Gina were talking to my father, one on each side of him, and he was enjoying the attention. Erin and Leah were mostly watching everyone else. Once again, Erin and I glanced at each other and our eyes met. Then she quickly looked away. When she did, she and Leah began excitedly whispering to each other.

For the next fifteen minutes, I tried to relax and enjoy myself, but I kept wondering what Erin and Leah were up to. In addition, I picked up snippets of the conversations around me.

Gina and Susan were shamelessly teasing my dad; Susan was explaining to Gina how to deep throat. But judging by the grin on his face and the way the women's arms were situated, they were both playing with his dick while they "innocently" chatted.

Mom, Chris, and Elizabeth were talking about books. Chris and Mom, I discovered, shared an interest in murder mysteries. But I didn't really pay attention to what they were talking about, since Elizabeth had gotten me fully hard and was slowly jerking me off.

"Okay," Susan said a few minutes later. "I've had about as much hot tub as I can stand."

Most of us nodded.

"And," she continued, "I think it's dark enough to get the real party started."

While neither of the neighbors' houses were in a position to see into the Coulters' backyard, we still tried to be as discreet as possible.

"That," Elizabeth said, "sounds like a great idea."

At first, I was reluctant to get out of the hot tub. I know it sounds crazy, but I was embarrassed by my erection. I guess I didn't want everyone else to see that Elizabeth had been playing with me. As I pondered how to stay in the hot tub a little longer—so my erection would subside—Chris stood up. To my surprise, his dick was as hard as mine. Mom stood up with him and they both climbed out of the tub.

Across from me, Dad, Susan, and Gina stood up. Not surprisingly, Dad had an erection of his own. When Gina looked at me, she grinned and waggled her eyebrows. Elizabeth stood and used my dick for leverage to pull me up as well. When I followed her up the hot tub's stairs, both Erin and Leah snuck a few furtive glances at my erection. Then they followed us up the stairs as well.

In the pool, my balls quickly shrank from the cold. My dick tried to shrink too, but Elizabeth's hand returned to my shaft and warmed me with her touch.

"Okay," Susan said. "We've got a game we're going to play to get things started."

Everyone nodded.

"Now, normally, Erin and Leah wouldn't get to play," she continued. "But since tonight's a special occasion, we talked it over and decided that they could join us."

The Coulters and my parents all nodded.

"And since all of us women have an oral fixation, we decided that it wouldn't be fair to make Erin and Leah watch. The normal rules still apply, though; no sexual contact between parents and their own children—"

Everyone nodded in agreement.

"—and after the game, Erin and Leah go back to being teenagers again, meaning no contact with any of the adults, except Paul and Gina." Then she looked directly at the younger girls. "All right?"

They both nodded.

Since Gina and I were only eighteen, our parents didn't see any problems with us fooling around with the younger girls. It sometimes chafed when we thought our parents didn't treat us like adults, but this was one of the side benefits. I glanced at Leah and her eyes sparkled in reply. To my surprise, Elizabeth squeezed my dick at the same time.

"Thank you," she whispered in my ear.

I nodded distractedly and then returned my attention to Susan.

"Okay," she continued, "the game is called Blindfold Blowjob Bingo."

"Blindfold Blowpop what?" Chris asked with a laugh.

"Blow*job* Bingo," Susan said. "Now hush and let me tell you how to play."

Chris grinned and pretended to be chastened, then gestured for her to continue.

"Okay," she explained, "the rules are simple. First, we blindfold the guys. Then each of the women will draw three poker chips." She nodded toward the patio tables. "I've got a bag with eighteen chips: six blue, six red, and six white. Paul is blue, Chris is red, and David is white."

"I wanted to be blue," Chris said.

"If you don't hush," Elizabeth said, "the only blue things you'll have will be your balls. I shouldn't think you'd want a case of blue balls, now would you?"

"No, ma'am," he said with a semi-repentant grin.

"Sorry for the interruption," Elizabeth said to Susan. "Carry on."

"Thank you," Susan said, glaring playfully at Chris. "Okay, where was I? Oh yes, Paul is blue, Chris is red, and David is white. Each woman draws three chips. For Beth, Paul is off limits. For Gina and Leah, Chris is off limits. And for Erin, David is off limits. If you draw an off-limits chip, just toss it back and draw another. Okay, ladies?"

All the women nodded.

If Erin drew a blue chip, she'd… Then it hit me. So *that's* what Erin and Mom had been talking about. After I mentally went over what Susan had just said, I looked up in surprise. My eyes met Erin's but she looked away quickly. Then I glanced at Mom, who was smiling. I rolled my eyes at her, but she merely shrugged. And then she winked!

When I looked back at Erin, she smiled shyly, her expression anxious. How did I feel about the possibility of my sister giving me a blowjob? Part of me was excited. But another part felt ashamed that I was aroused by the idea. Brothers and sisters weren't supposed to fool around. Not like that. But I *wanted* to.

I don't know why, but I was suddenly overwhelmed by the mental image of Erin sucking my dick. She looked enough like Mom that I was doubly aroused at the prospect. Elizabeth felt my cock swell and squeezed in response.

As I raised my eyes, I realized that Erin's smile had been seeking approval. Instead of answering her with a smile of my own, I'd immediately turned introspective, probably with an expression to match. Sure enough, when I looked at her, she seemed dejected. So I inconspicuously got Leah's attention and had her elbow Erin for me. When Erin looked up, I smiled as warmly as I could and then nodded. Her face brightened immediately and Leah began whispering in her ear, no doubt telling her what it was like to suck me.

Unfortunately, I realized that I hadn't been paying attention to Susan. Luckily, I hadn't missed much.

"Guys," she said, "here's where you come in."

"I was beginning to wonder," Chris quipped.

"Hush, you," Susan said. When she had our undivided attention, she continued. "We'll have the guys sit on the edge of the pool. Then, we'll give them one-minute blowjobs. But!" she said, before Chris could interject, "there's a catch. After the minute's up, guys, you have to guess who was sucking you.

"If you guess correctly, the woman gives you your chip. But if you guess wrong, the woman gets to keep the chip. At the end of the game, the man with the most chips wins. So ladies, your job is to fool the guys with your blowjob, because whichever woman has the most chips at the end of the game is also the winner."

"Serious question," Chris said, raising his hand. "What do we win?"

"The man with the most chips gets a five-way blowjob," Susan said.

Dad, Chris, and I looked at each other and grinned.

"And the woman with the most chips gets to finish him off."

"Sounds good," Dad said, "but what if the winners are an off-limits pair?"

"We'll deal with that if it comes up," Susan replied. Then she looked around and rubbed her hands together in anticipation. "Okay, does everyone understand the rules?" When everyone nodded, she clapped her hands. "Then ladies, let's get everything ready."

Dad, Chris, and I all hopped onto the edge of the pool, our erections sticking up. Once again, I had a mental image of Erin sucking my dick. Then the image evaporated when I realized that I'd be blindfolded and wouldn't be able to see. But just the idea of Erin sucking me was exciting. Suddenly, I felt lightheaded.

"What do you think?" a voice said from somewhere close.

I looked up, still a little befuddled.

Susan smirked. "Surprised?"

"To say the least."

"Erin and Leah both said yes when we asked them. They seemed pretty enthusiastic, as a matter of fact."

"Even Erin?" I asked.

"*Especially* Erin," Susan said. Before I could reply, she waggled her eyebrows. "Now, are you ready for your blindfold? There are five horny women who can't wait to suck you." Then she leaned close. "Actually, there are six horny women who want to suck you, but only five of us are allowed to."

My dick twitched so hard that both of us looked down. Then we burst out laughing. When we calmed down, she tied the blindfold over my eyes and the world went dark.

"Just because your mom *won't* suck you," Susan whispered, her lips so close to my ear that I could feel her breath, "doesn't mean that she doesn't *want* to." She secured her knot and then whispered into my other ear. "And *that* should give you jerk-off fantasies for a while."

"You are *such* a tease," I whispered in reply.

"You bet your sweet ass I am," she said.

I could hear the grin in her voice. Behind us, I also heard the women drawing the chips, accompanied by lots of *oohs* and *aahs*.

"One more thing, guys," Susan said as I listened to the women wading into the pool. "You can't touch the woman giving you head," she continued. "That'd be cheating. So you all just sit back and relax. And pay attention to your dicks, of course."

"They already do *that*," Elizabeth said.

For a few moments, I listened to them getting organized, sorting out who would be in the first round.

"Ready guys?" Susan asked after all the whispering had died down.

I nodded.

"No peeking, Chris," Susan said.

"I'm serious, Christopher," Elizabeth said. "Blue balls. For a week. Now quit fooling about."

Evidently, Chris quit whatever he'd been doing.

"Are we ready?" Susan asked. "Okay, when the egg timer goes off, quit sucking. Ready, ladies?"

A chorus of feminine agreement answered her.

"Take your marks," another voice said.

I easily recognized Elizabeth's accent. Then I felt someone move between my legs. I resisted the urge to reach down and fondle whoever it was. Instead, I felt two hands run up my thighs and then circle the base of my cock.

"Get set," Elizabeth continued.

Warm, tempting breath washed over the crown of my dick. I swallowed hard in anticipation. I was actually nervous, I realized. I wasn't nervous about getting a blowjob, but I wanted to win—I was trying to clear my mind so I could pay attention to whoever was sucking my dick.

"Go!"

At that point, I think I lost the capacity for rational thought. Two warm, soft, exquisite lips wrapped around my glans and gently sucked. Her tongue flicked against the tip and then she swallowed a bit more of my length.

I groaned as she sucked gently and then pulled back. She leaned close and I felt her breasts touch my inner thighs. I don't think Erin's or Leah's breasts would've felt as soft and full, and I could rule out Elizabeth (because she was keeping time). So I figured it was either Susan or Gina.

I tried to concentrate on subtle differences that I remembered from each of their styles, but I was hopelessly lost. My senses reeled as she clamped her lips around my girth and slowly pulled back. I was just getting into it when…

Ding!

As one, Dad, Chris, and I groaned.

"Okay, gentlemen," Elizabeth said. "Your guesses, please. David?"

"I'd better know this one," he said without hesitation. "Beth."

"You may lift your blindfold," Elizabeth said.

"I thought I had you fooled," Mom said.

"Sorry, honey, I'd know those lips anywhere."

"Next guess," Elizabeth said. "Chris?"

"A goddess?" he joked.

"Certainly," Elizabeth replied. "But give the goddess a name."

"Erin," he said after a moment.

"Lift your blindfold," Elizabeth said.

Judging by Chris's whoop, he'd guessed correctly.

Finally, it was my turn. Nervously, I waited for Elizabeth to call on me. Gina or Susan? Susan or Gina? I went back and forth in my head, but I just couldn't decide. Had Susan not taken me as deep as she could, in order to fool me? Maybe Gina had taken some extra time and focused on the glans, like Susan usually did.

"Paul?" Elizabeth prompted. "Earth to Paul."

"Uh… sorry," I said.

Everyone chuckled.

"Your guess, please?" Elizabeth requested.

"Gi— No, Susan!"

"Lift your blindfold," Elizabeth said.

When I did, I looked down into two sparkling, mischievous blue eyes. Susan kissed the tip of my dick and then smiled. Then she handed me a blue chip.

"Congratulations," she said.

"Thanks."

"Next round. Okay, gents," Elizabeth said, "blindfolds *on*."

"Hold on," Dad said. "If you ask each of us and then we find out the answer, the last guy to guess has an edge." Then he leaned forward and glanced at me. "Sorry, son," he said.

"That's okay," I said. "You're right. I knew it couldn't be Mom… I mean… um… obviously… but I also knew it couldn't be Erin, or Elizabeth, since she was keeping time."

"We hadn't thought of that," Susan said. "Okay, from now on, you guys will all guess, and then we'll let you lift your blindfolds. Will that work?" she asked Dad.

"Yep."

"Okay, guys," Susan said, "lower your blindfolds."

I tugged the fabric back down and secured it over my eyes.

"Ladies," Mom said, "on your marks."

Once again, I felt someone move between my legs.

"Get set."

My dick tingled in anticipation.

"Go!"

I felt a tongue running along the underside of my shaft. As the woman put her arms on my thighs, I felt two soft breasts press against me. Then she took me in her mouth and swirled her tongue around the head.

I moaned as she swallowed my length. When I felt my glans touch the back of her throat, she immediately clamped her lips around my shaft, about halfway down. She moaned softly and then drew her lips back up my length. At the tip, she sucked gently. Then she swallowed me again. As she slowly bobbed up and down, I simply leaned back and enjoyed.

Unfortunately, the minute flew by. I was just getting into things when the timer dinged.

"Okay, guys," Mom said. "Your guesses? David?"

"Hmm, this is tougher. Um… Gina."

"Your guess, Chris?"

"Susan," he said at once. "No doubt about it, I'd know those lips anywhere."

"Paul?"

"Sorry, Dad," I said confidently, "but Gina's over here."

"You think so?" Mom asked, a grin in her voice. "Lift your blindfolds."

When I lifted mine, I expected to see the grinning face of my girlfriend.

"Thank you," Elizabeth said from between my legs. Then she ostentatiously palmed her blue chip. I

guess she took pity on me, because she smiled and gave my dick one last kiss.

To my right, Chris had guessed correctly, so Susan handed him a red chip. Dad had guessed wrong, so Leah got to keep her white chip.

"Blindfolds down," Susan said, floating back from Chris. "Okay ladies, who's up next."

In a moment, another woman moved between my legs. I resolved to pay more attention and not be so cocksure. Then I laughed at my own inadvertent pun.

A voice said, "Go!" and suddenly, my chuckle turned into a groan as two lips wrapped around my dick.

At first, they merely locked around my glans. I could feel her breathing on the top of my shaft. Then she slowly swallowed more of my length. When she wrapped her lips around my girth, my head swam.

She moved her tongue and sucked gently, massaging me with her mouth. Then she pulled back and sucked on the head. With agonizing slowness, she lowered her lips over me again. I swallowed hard as she wrapped them around my shaft and then sucked. Her cheeks caved in and I could feel them on the sides of my cock.

Unfortunately, she only sucked me twice before the bell rang, but each time was a trip into a hot, soft, wet heaven.

"Guesses?" Leah asked.

"Gina," Dad said firmly.

I could almost feel him gazing at me and mentally saying, "So there!" I grinned at the thought.

"I'd know my wife's lips anywhere," Chris said. "I especially enjoy it when she stops talking and uses them on *me*."

"You'll pay for that," Elizabeth said from several feet away.

"Something tells me I didn't guess correctly," Chris said.

"Keep digging," Elizabeth said with a laugh. "You'll get to China eventually."

"Hmm," Chris mused aloud. "Never had a Chinese girl. Are they as good as English girls? 'Cause I once met this English girl who knocked my socks off. Dark skin, exotic beauty, fiery personality, the most striking girl I'd ever met—"

"Okay," Elizabeth said, laughing with genuine warmth. "You've redeemed yourself." Then she paused for effect. "*Almost*."

"Next guess?" Leah prompted after a moment. "Paul?"

"Susan," I said confidently.

When I lifted my blindfold, Erin beamed up at me.

"You think I'm as good as Susan?" she asked quietly.

"Wow, Erin. That was… wow."

Smiling, she clutched her blue chip and slowly backed away from me. Then she and Leah started whispering excitedly.

I probably should've been ashamed that I'd just enjoyed a blowjob by my sister, but I kept thinking about what her lips had felt like. And her tongue. And…

"Next round," Susan said. "Boys, blindfolds."

I tore my eyes away from Erin, but then glanced at her again. To my surprise, she held up her chip and kissed it. With a rueful grin, I settled my blindfold in place.

I better start paying attention, I admonished myself. *Three rounds down, and I've only guessed right once. Once! But Erin… Wow!*

Then I felt a woman move between my legs. My cock swelled in anticipation.

"On your marks," Susan said. "Get set. Go!"

I tried to pay attention to the technique the woman used, but I simply couldn't. I wasn't in danger of coming, but the sensations in my dick were almost overwhelming. How do you define incredible? Soft-silky-smooth-hot-wet-wonderful?

She wrapped her lips around me and then immediately swallowed half my length. I felt my cock hit the back of her throat, and then she began bobbing up and down. Each time she did, she rocked her head, pressing her tongue against my underside ridge. I groaned in bliss and was tempted to put my hand on the

back of her head so I could…

Ding!

"Jeez!" I complained. "Are you sure that thing is set for a full minute?"

In retrospect, I guess it *was* funny. Everyone else certainly thought so.

When they finally stopped laughing, Susan prompted my dad for his guess.

"Definitely Leah," he said.

"Chris?" Susan asked.

"You probably want me to say it's my lovely, beautiful, sexy wife—" he said.

"Still trying to redeem yourself?" Dad teased.

"—but that's not my guess," Chris continued, ignoring him. "I guess… Beth."

"Paul?" Susan asked.

I was at a loss. "Gina," I said. "No, Leah! No! Gina. No, wait! Elizabeth."

"Which is it?" Susan asked, a smile in her voice.

"Definitely Elizabeth," I said. Then I practically tore off my blindfold.

When I looked down, Gina smiled smugly. Then she frowned. With a wry grin, she looked at my dick. "Don't mind him," she said to it while pointing at me. "He's a goof."

"This blindfold thing is *hard*," I said.

"That's not all that's hard," Gina purred. Then she smiled up at me, closed her eyes, and gently kissed my erection.

With that, she swam away, blue chip in hand.

I sighed. *One out of four ain't… well, it ain't good.*

For the next round, I tried to pay more attention. Once again, the woman put her hands on my legs and pressed her breasts into my inner thighs. Her lips and tongue were a major distraction, but I was pretty sure it was either Gina or her mom.

When I made my guess and lifted my blindfold, Elizabeth made a moue and handed me a blue chip. Dad and Chris also guessed correctly. Mom handed a red chip to Chris, and Susan smiled at Dad as she flipped him a white chip.

For the final round, I resolved to get it right. Unfortunately, I guessed Gina. Leah grinned up from between my legs and then waved my departing blue chip as she kicked away from the wall. Erin grinned at me as she handed Chris his red chip. Past him, Dad accepted his white chip from Gina.

"Okay, gents," Susan asked, "how many chips have you got?"

"Two," I replied miserably.

"Five," Dad said.

"Four," Chris said. "Damn!"

"Congratulations, David," Susan said. "Ladies?"

"I've still got one," Gina said.

"Me too," Erin added.

"And I've got one," Mom said.

"I've got two," Elizabeth said.

"Me too!" Leah cried.

"And I didn't manage to fool *anyone*," Susan said.

"Does that mean I won?" Leah asked excitedly.

"You tied with your Mom," Susan said.

Elizabeth and Leah beamed at each other.

"That's *so* cool," Leah said.

"Are you ready for your prize?" Susan asked my dad.

He nodded, smiling in anticipation.

"Let's get a blanket and spread it out by the guesthouse," Susan said to Leah.

Leah practically dragged Dad toward the grassy area between the guesthouse and the concrete pool deck. Bemused, Elizabeth followed her daughter. Gina gave me a kiss on the way by and then headed toward the

guesthouse as well.

"I don't think David will mind getting only a four-way blowjob," Mom said to Susan. "I think I'm going to stay here with Chris."

Susan nodded and then looked at me. "Would you like to…?" Then she glanced at Erin. "On second thought," she said, "I think I'll join the Coulter women. After all," she said with a wry grin, "*someone* has to keep them under control."

As Susan headed toward the guesthouse, Mom moved between Chris's legs and then they kissed. Chris may have been a joker, but he definitely knew how to treat a woman. With a warm smile, Mom pulled back and lowered her head to his lap. He tossed his blindfold aside, leaned back, and put one hand on her head.

I glanced at Erin and we locked eyes for a moment. Then I smiled and gestured for her to follow me. Shyly, she did. I don't know what I intended to do, but I could tell that she didn't want me to simply leave her. And since Dad had won, she couldn't join the group on the blanket.

In the shadow-filled area to the side of the pool, Erin and I pulled two chaise lounges together and sat down. Since it was well past sundown, Elizabeth had turned on the guesthouse floodlights, which illuminated the entire grassy area. The pool lights were still on and we could see Mom and Chris, albeit not very clearly. So while Erin and I could see everyone else, we were cloaked in shadow.

On the blanket, Dad was lying on his back. Leah knelt between his legs and eagerly sucked the head of his cock. It was longer than mine, and just as thick, so Leah could barely swallow more than the head. Elizabeth knelt next to her youngest daughter and tongued the base of Dad's shaft.

Dad maneuvered Gina so she straddled his head and then he began to lick her pussy. Susan moved behind the women on their knees and started playing with their pussies. Both of them groaned in pleasure, but didn't take their mouths from Dad's manhood.

Erin and I sat in an awkward silence for several minutes. She kept glancing at my erection, looking like she wanted to say something. For my part, I couldn't work up the courage to say anything to her either. So we watched the group on the blanket in highly-charged silence, the atmosphere of desire and anticipation almost palpable.

Finally, I touched her hand. She started, but then smiled bashfully.

"Erin, I—"

"I kinda—" she said at the same time.

"You first," I said.

"No, you go ahead."

"No, really," I said. "What'd you wanna say?"

Instead of answering, she shrugged, her eyes beseeching me to say something, anything.

"Do you wanna…? Oh, never mind," I said. "It's a stupid idea."

"No, what? Tell me."

It was like walking a balance beam over a pit of hungry crocodiles. What I wanted—Erin—was at the end of the beam, but my doubts and fears were the snapping crocs.

"Paul?"

"Sorry," I said, shaking my head. "It's just that… I mean… well, I was thinking…"

She looked like she was holding her breath.

"I mean, if you wanna, we can…"

"Can what?" she whispered.

"I mean, we don't have to if you don't want to," I said softly. "But I was thinking maybe…"

She cleared her throat nervously. "I… I want to," she whispered.

Once our desire was out in the open, I think we both relaxed a little.

I lifted her hand and pulled it toward my hard-on. Tentatively, she wrapped her fingers around my girth.

"It's so hard," she breathed. Then she started moving her hand up and down, slowly at first, but as her rhythm evened out, she grew more confident.

"Do you wanna…?" I asked.

"Do you want me to?"

I swallowed hard. Then, tentatively, I nodded.

She moistened her lips nervously, but then shifted in her seat. Without letting go of my dick, she knelt on her chaise and then lowered her head to my lap. I rested my hand on her shoulder as she kissed the head of my dick and then licked a drop of pre-come. At last, she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around me, just under the crown of my glans.

I ran my hand over her back and rested it on her hip as she swallowed more of me. Her mouth felt incredible: hot, wet, and silky smooth. For a moment, she slowly moved up and down. Then she started using her tongue, and I closed my eyes in ecstasy. Her soft hair brushed my stomach each time she swallowed me, adding to my sensory overload.

While she sucked, I ran my hand down her ass. I felt the heat of her pussy before I even reached it. When I did, she jerked, but quickly recovered. Then she moaned when I gently probed her opening with one finger. She was tight, but extremely wet, so I slowly slid my middle finger inside her, stopping at the second knuckle.

I was in an awkward position to try to do more than simply finger her, so I settled for caressing her inner folds and enjoying myself as she licked and sucked my cock. With my right hand, I brushed her hair back and flipped it over her head so I could watch her suck me. She looked so much like a young version of Mom that I almost exploded right then.

Erin put one of her hands between her legs and started playing with her clit, so I pulled my finger out of her and cupped her breast. She wasn't quite as large as Mom, so my hand covered her entire breast. Her nipple hardened as I began to tease it with my thumb and forefinger.

Then I returned my attention to where her lips were wrapped around my manhood. She sucked slowly, her eyes closed as she concentrated on my dick. Each time she took me in her mouth, she stopped moving and simply caressed me with her tongue. The feeling was exquisite, and I felt my orgasm welling up. I wanted to hold out longer, but I just couldn't.

With a groan, I wrapped my hand around the base of my shaft and started stroking. Erin pulled back and sucked just the head. Pleasure suffused my senses as my orgasm approached. I grunted when the first jet of hot, white semen erupted from my shaft.

Erin tried to swallow, but the intensity of the first spurt took her by surprise and she pulled back. The second spurt splashed against her cheek, but she quickly recaptured my shaft. I pumped my fist a few more times, squeezing the last of my semen into her mouth. She swallowed audibly and then took her mouth off my cock.

With a happy sigh, she lay on her side and rested her head on my thigh. She breathed deeply and smiled. I smiled in reply and then brushed her hair back.

"I've wanted to do that for *so* long," she whispered.

"Me too," I said. Then I looked around to see if anyone had seen us. On the blanket, Dad lay on his back with his hands behind his head. The four women were arrayed around him, their hands and mouths busy. In the pool, Mom was on her knees on the stairs. Chris stood behind her and slowly pumped his dick into her.

I don't know why, but I didn't want any of them to know what Erin and I had just done. I wasn't really ashamed, although that's not entirely true. I was a little ashamed that I'd enjoyed it so much. A part of me still felt that I was taking advantage of her. But mostly, what we'd done was private. Evidently, she could tell what I was thinking.

"Yeah," she said, "I didn't mind them seeing when I sucked you in the game, but now…"

I nodded.

"I dunno," she said with a shrug. "I guess I just don't want Leah and Gina gawking and pestering me about it. I mean, it was just a blowjob. So what if you're my brother. I mean, it's not like we're gonna get married or anything."

"Exactly," I agreed.

Then she reached out and grasped my shrinking dick. She stroked me for a few moments and then turned introspective. "Mom had this big talk with me," she said distractedly, her eyes focused on my

manhood. "She was talking about 'innocent experimentation' and lots of other things. I couldn't figure out what she was talking about at first," she said. "Then it hit me."

"Yeah," I said. "She had the same talk with me."

"I figured." Without releasing her grip on my dick, she sat up. Warily, she looked around to make sure that no one was paying attention to us. "Did you know that Mom fooled around with Uncle Hank?"

"You're kidding me. Uncle Hank?" Hank was—had been—three years older than Mom. His plane was shot down over Vietnam the year after Erin was born. I only had fuzzy memories of a big man in a white uniform, and Erin didn't remember him at all.

"Yeah," Erin said. "She didn't tell you?"

I shook my head.

"Oh, sorry."

I shrugged.

"Anyway," she continued, "Mom said she and Aunt Ginny used to fool around with him when they were our age."

Our aunt, Ginny, was thirteen months older than Mom.

"She said she didn't ever do more than fool around, though."

I nodded, a little shocked.

"I guess she kinda knew I wanted to… um… you know," Erin said, nodding at my dick. "I was going to wait till later, but then Mom asked if I wanted to play that game." She shook her head in wonder. "That was *so* cool."

"No kidding."

"Paul?"

"Yeah?"

"If I ask you something, will you promise never to tell anyone, especially Gina or Leah?"

"Sure," I said.

"You can't tell Kendall, either."

"I promise."

"No," she said, "you gotta swear."

"Erin, I swear."

She laid her head back on my leg and gathered her courage. For a long moment, she was silent. Then, hesitantly, she asked, "Have you ever thought about doing it… you know… with… um… Mom or Dad?"

My laugh startled her. For a moment, she looked betrayed, so I quickly explained. "Not with Dad," I said.

"Oh yeah. Duh."

"But…" Then I looked at her sharply. "Okay, you gotta swear that *you* won't tell anyone this. Susan's the only person who knows. Not even Gina or Kendall know. Okay?"

"I swear, Paul," she said intently. Then she sat up and scooted toward me. To my surprise, she didn't let go of my semi-hard dick.

"Yeah," I said. "I've thought about doing it with Mom. And we actually…" Did I really want to tell her? Could I share something so secret, so intimate?

"What?"

"Erin," I said seriously, "*swear* you won't tell anyone. Ever."

"I swear, Paul. I double swear." Then she looked up suddenly. "I triple swear, and if I ever tell, you can… I dunno…," she said, casting about for something suitable. "If I ever tell, you can shave my head!"

"No," I said, chuckling. "I won't do that," I said. "I guess a triple swear is good enough."

"Okay. So? What? You and Mom what?"

"Mom and I did it."

"Oh, my God," she blurted. "You did?"

"Well," I hedged, "not really. Not all the way. Well, not for long."

"Tell me," she begged. "*Please*."

"We did it once, almost." Then, in a few sentences, I told her about the night of the rainstorm. "I mean, I was inside her and all, but we stopped."

"You didn't come?"

"Not inside her," I said.

"She sucked you off?"

I nodded.

"Really? That's so cool." Then, "I had *no* idea."

"No one did. I mean, we didn't exactly tell anyone."

"Was it just that one time?" she asked.

I shook my head. "She sucked me off a couple of times, but that's all."

"God, that's *so* cool."

"Have you ever…?" I asked.

"Done anything? No," she said. "I mean, I think about it sometimes. Well, maybe a lot."

"About Dad?"

She looked away quickly and shrugged.

"About Mom *and* Dad?" I asked.

Slowly, she turned toward me, her eyes still lowered.

"It's cool if you do," I said. "You're a girl. I mean, I'm not a fag or anything…"

She quickly shook her head. "And I'm not a lez or anything, but…"

"Mom's really sexy," I finished.

"Yeah. Sometimes," she said softly, "I think about you and Dad, and you're both… you know… um… doing stuff… with me… and then Mom starts— God, I'm sorry. I'm so embarrassed."

"Don't be, Erin," I said quickly. "I… I guess I think about the same things."

"You do?"

"Yeah," I said with a soft laugh, "except the part about Dad."

"Duh."

"But yeah, I think about stuff like that."

"When you play with yourself?" she asked.

"I guess."

"Me too. God, it seems like I do that every night. And sometimes," she said, shaking her head, "I do it a *couple* of times a night."

"I know exactly what you mean," I said. But before I could say anything else, Dad groaned. Erin and I both nearly jumped out of our skin. Then we laughed at each other and turned to watch.

Dad was still on his back, with Gina and Leah between his legs. They were taking turns licking and sucking his cock. Elizabeth had her fist wrapped around the base and was slowly jacking him off. Susan lay next to him and was rubbing his stomach and chest.

He groaned again and then stiffened with the first signs of climax. Gina pulled back and wiped the corners of her mouth as Elizabeth started jerking him off. Then Leah wrapped her lips around his glans. When he came, she moaned in surprise, but her mouth never left his spurting manhood.

Suddenly, Erin and I heard a scraping noise behind us. We looked up in surprise as Mom and Chris pulled chairs next to ours. Shocked, Erin pulled her hand away from my dick. Mom merely smiled, and Erin relaxed a little, but not much.

"Did you two enjoy… um… talking?" Mom asked.

Erin and I looked at each other and then burst out laughing.

"Yeah, Mom," I said, when I calmed down enough to speak, "I think we both like… talking. Yeah, talking."

"Good," Mom said. "I hoped you would."

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"No fair lying down on the job, gentlemen," Elizabeth said.

Dad and I were taking a break and relaxing—recovering was more like it—on loungers by the shallow end of the pool.

"You caught us," Dad said.

"We brought another bottle of wine," Gina said, holding it up. "It's chilled."

"Paul, will you grab us some glasses," Dad suggested.

"We're one step ahead of you," Elizabeth said, holding up four wineglasses. "Would you like to join us in the hot tub? We have plans for you two."

"Sure," Dad and I said simultaneously.

Mom, Susan, and Chris were just drying off from the hot tub as we reached it.

"Have you seen Erin and Leah?" Mom asked Elizabeth.

"They went into the house a little while ago," she said. "Girl talk. They said they'd be back a little later."

Mom nodded.

"Gina and I just brought out a couple more bottles of wine," Elizabeth said to her husband. "They're in the fridge in the guesthouse."

"Thanks, love," Chris said. Then he kissed her on the cheek.

Chris and the two women then wrapped their towels around themselves and headed toward the guesthouse.

"Here," Dad said to Gina as he reached for the wine bottle. "I'll open this for us."

Gina, Elizabeth, and I waded into the hot tub and then Dad joined us with the uncorked bottle. After he filled the glasses, Gina handed him the one she'd held for him.

"Now, ladies," Dad said as he settled into the bubbling water, "what did you have in mind?"

"Oh, a little polite conversation," Elizabeth said. Then she grinned and moved close to me.

I put my arm around her and we clinked glasses.

"We can talk about anything that… um… comes up," Gina said, her expression mischievous.

Believe it or not, we actually *did* have polite conversation, at least for a few minutes. Then Elizabeth started playing with my dick. Judging by Dad's expression, Gina was doing the same thing to him. At that point, the conversation turned salacious.

"You know, Paul," Elizabeth said, "you didn't have such a good showing in our Blindfold Blowjob Bingo game."

"Don't remind me."

"Yes, Paul," Gina chimed in, "very disappointing." Then, to tease me, she turned to Dad. "How did *you* do so well, David?"

"Focus," he said.

"Peeking," I muttered darkly.

"Nope," he said. "After I missed Leah the first time, I pretty much had things figured out."

"Oh?" Elizabeth asked.

"Yeah. I got lucky when I guessed Gina the first time, but I remembered her the second time. And then after Gina the first time, it was Leah's turn again. So I paid attention and guessed right."

"So you basically got lucky with the order?" I asked, a little miffed.

"Well, son," he said evenly, "I *did* have to concentrate and guess right."

"Were you having a hard time concentrating?" Elizabeth asked me, suddenly solicitous.

"I was having a hard time all around," I said sourly. I *hated* losing.

"Like now?" she asked, squeezing my erection for effect.

Dad and Gina simply grinned at my flustered silence.

"Would you like to play another round?" Elizabeth asked. "Maybe you'll do better this time."

"We don't have any blindfolds," I pointed out.

"Okay, we can just play Blowjob Bingo," Gina said.

"But there are only four of us," I complained. "It won't be that hard to tell which woman it is."

"Then we'll just have to give you guys regular blowjobs," Elizabeth said, smiling smugly.

"Bingo," Dad said wryly.

Elizabeth looked at me and lifted her eyebrows in invitation. Without waiting for my answer, she set her wineglass on the deck. Then she straddled my legs and began massaging my erection with both hands. Behind her, Dad hoisted himself out of the water and sat on the edge of the tub, his erection jutting up from his lap. Gina immediately moved between his legs.

"What's the matter?" Elizabeth asked, seeing my scowl. Then she looked over her shoulder at Gina and my dad. "You're not upset about…?"

"No," I said quickly, shaking my head. "I just don't like losing."

"Then I'm sorry we teased you," she said.

"That's okay. Sorry." Then I paused and tried to shake off my irritation. "Okay, I *hate* losing."

"I can make it up to you."

"Why don't I make it up to *you?*" I suggested, my good cheer slowly returning.

"Oh?"

"Yeah," I said, nodding. Then I lifted her off my lap and waited until she had her feet under her. When she did, I stood, turned, and moved our wineglasses out of the way. "Hop up here," I said, patting the side of the tub.

"Ooooh. Okay."

She sat on the edge of the tub and then I spread her legs. I knelt on the seat—so my face was at a level with her chest—and pulled her down for a kiss.

While our tongues twined, I cupped her generous breasts. When we separated, I smiled and then lowered my lips to her nipple. It immediately hardened as I ran my tongue around the crinkly areola. I pursed my lips and sucked, gently at first, but then harder. She moaned softly and put her hands on my shoulders. Then I switched to the other breast and quickly sucked that nipple to erection.

For a minute or two, I nuzzled her breasts. She gasped in pleasure when I gently bit her nipples and then sucked hard. While I continued lavishing attention on them, I moved one hand between her legs. She was already moist, and her labia parted easily at my touch.

"Oh," she breathed, "that's nice."

I merely nodded and then sucked hard on her right nipple.

She moaned and steadied herself by pulling me close.

Once her pussy was nice and slippery, I began kissing down her stomach. When I reached her navel, she sighed and lay back on the deck. As I moved my head between her thighs, she lifted her knees and put her feet on my shoulders.

Instead of immediately licking her pussy, I teased her with gentle kisses all around her inner thighs, steadily moving closer to my goal. When she began whimpering and practically begging me to lick her, I finally gave in. The sweet-tangy-metallic taste of her juices filled my mouth as my tongue parted her arousal-swollen lips.

With long strokes, I licked the sensitive area between her inner and outer labia, circling her hooded, swollen clit at the top of each pass. Then I pressed my lips against the base of her clit and sucked gently. In response, she bucked her hips and hissed in pleasure.

I settled a little further into the hot tub and began licking her pussy from bottom to top. At the top of each stroke, I circled her clit. Her moisture covered my lips and cheeks as she began to gyrate her hips.

Then I put my hands on her hips to hold her in place and started sucking her clit. Her whimpers and moans grew in intensity as my tongue flicked under the concealing folds of her inner lips and teased the sensitive pearl at the top of her slit.

With my lips and tongue still busy, I reached up and fondled her breasts. Then I tugged on her nipples, twisting slightly as I did. Her hips bucked suddenly, but I held on and kept licking. As I waggled my tongue from side to side, spreading her inner lips and tasting her dew, she moaned and thrust her hips upward again.

Instead of trying to hold her down, I stood on the seat of the hot tub and moved between her legs. She immediately reached down to stroke my erection, her eyes semi-wild with passion.

I hooked my arms behind her knees, lifted her legs, and used them to gently pull her toward the very edge of the hot tub. Then I pulled my dick from her hands and rubbed the underside ridge along her slippery channel.

Then I pressed my glans against her flared labia and moved it over her slit, coating it with her moisture. Instead of plunging into her—like she wanted—I continued taunting her. I pushed my cock into her opening just enough to spread her inner lips, but then pulled back. She whimpered insistently. I pushed forward until her pussy swallowed the head of my cock. But then I pulled back and rubbed my length over her slit.

"Please, Paul," she whispered, her voice husky with lust. "Don't make me beg. Again."

"Since you've been such a good girl," I said, pitching my voice low so Dad and Gina wouldn't overhear me, "I'll fuck you."

"Oh, God, thank y—"

I sank the first couple of inches into her and stopped. Enough of my girth was inside her to spread her open and give her the feeling of fullness, but I could tell that she wanted it all. Then I teased her and pulled back. While I couldn't feel her sensitive inner ridges, I knew they were transmitting every sensation as my dick raked over them.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I remembered Stacy telling me that the first few inches of a pussy were for the woman's pleasure; everything past that was for a man. So I concentrated on the nerve-laden ridges, sawing my dick in and out. Elizabeth gasped in surprise.

Then, with deliberate slowness, I pushed into her, filling her with my entire dick. She groaned deep in her chest as I bottomed out. I reached up and twisted her nipples as I pulled back. I let my cock slide free of her opening and she whimpered. Then I slid my pussy-slick shaft along her channel. When I pressed my dick against her clit, she groaned in ecstasy.

I teased her clit for a moment, then pulled my hips back and set my dick at her opening once again. Then I made eye contact with her and slowly slid into her. When I was halfway in, I stopped and pulled back. Finally, I rocked my hips back and forth, moving my dick within her. Since I wasn't taking long strokes, the head of my cock rubbed against her inner ridges and sent waves of pleasure radiating outward.

As she thrashed her head, I licked my thumb and began rubbing her clit. The combination of short strokes and my thumb was almost too much for her. She arched her back and then cupped her breasts, twisting her nipples far harder than I would have. Slowly, I lengthened my thrusts until I was fucking her with my whole dick.

I set her legs on my shoulders and pulled back until only the head of my cock was inside her. Then I lightly ran my fingernails over her thighs, which caused her to shudder. As I massaged her shins and calves, I slid into her again. Instead of burying myself to the hilt, I stopped midway. Her eyelids briefly popped open, but then drooped as I once again began rocking my hips and fucking her with short, tantalizing strokes.

Behind me, I heard Gina and Dad moving. Without breaking my rhythm, I turned to see what they were doing.

"We're gonna go over to the blanket," Gina said when she saw my inquisitive look.

I nodded.

"D'you wanna join us?"

"We'll be there in a minute," I said.

Without letting go of my dad's dick, she leaned over, kissed me, then nodded.

I watched them climb the hot tub stairs and then turned my attention back to Elizabeth.

"What're they doing?" she asked breathlessly.

"Heading over to the blanket."

Her eyes rolled back and she nodded.

"I told 'em we'd be there in a minute."

"I don't care where we go," she said. "Just keep fucking me like that."

"You don't want me to fill you all the way?" I asked. Then I suited action to words and slammed into her. Before she could answer, I pulled out and rammed into her again.

As she moaned in surprise, I hooked my elbows behind her knees and leaned forward. In that position, she was bent nearly double, her hips turned up to receive my thrusts. For good measure, I stroked into her a couple more times. Each time I bottomed out, I rotated my hips and then pulled back.

For the next several minutes, I simply fucked her in that position. Finally, I eased out of her molten pussy and lowered her legs. Then I pulled her upright and put one foot on the side of the tub.

"Lick me clean," I ordered.

Without hesitation, she wrapped her lips around my shiny shaft and began sucking.

"I said lick, not suck."

She immediately complied, her pink tongue darting out to clean her juices from my cock. My dick rubbed against her cheeks, and they glistened with our combined fluids. I let her lick me for a moment longer, then pulled my dick away from her tongue.

"C'mon," I said. "Let's head over to the blanket."

Without speaking, she stood—shakily—and waited for me to reach the steps.

"Hold on," I said peremptorily. I don't know why, but Elizabeth somehow brought out my dominant streak. "Bend over," I said. "Hold your ass cheeks apart."

Without comment, she bent over, reached back, and spread herself open for me.

I gripped her hips, aimed my jutting cock at her pussy, and eased forward. When I felt my glans slide into her lubricated channel, I steadied myself and thrust into her.

"Keep your hands on your ass," I directed.

Then I held on to her waist and pulled back. She moaned in ecstasy as I thrust forward and filled her pussy. For more than a minute, I simply fucked her, hard and fast. Finally, I pulled out and stepped back.

"I didn't tell you to take your hands off your ass," I told her.

She immediately pulled her cheeks apart again.

"That's good." For a long, drawn-out moment, I simply admired her body. Then I stepped forward and put my hand on her hip. "I don't know why I get so demanding," I said to her softly. "I guess you just make me want to order you around."

Instead of answering she simply nodded.

"Go ahead and stand up," I said softly.

"I guess I like being submissive sometimes," she said over her shoulder as she stood. "God, I got so worked up when you were giving me orders this morning."

"No kidding."

Then she turned to face me. "Do you want me to call you 'master'?" she asked.

"Good God, no," I said.

She grinned.

"Jeez," I said. "For a moment, I thought you were serious."

"Maybe I was," she said, stepping close and rubbing my chest. "Haven't you ever wanted a slave woman?"

"I… um… I mean…"

"You could have your way with me and make me do all sorts of naughty things."

"I…," I stammered. "I mean, I didn't… um…"

"Two can play at that game," she said, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"You mean you were teasing me?" I asked, almost incredulous.

"Maybe," she said. Then she pirouetted on the balls of her feet and looked back at me over her shoulder. "Maybe not."

I was immediately struck by how much Gina looked like her mother. I'd seen Gina do the same thing, countless times. *Now I know where she learned it,* I thought.

Without waiting for me to answer, Elizabeth sauntered toward the pool and the guesthouse beyond.

With my bobbing erection leading the way, I jogged to catch up with her. Susan, Mom, and Chris were sitting in three loungers, and as we walked past, both women glanced at my hard-on and grinned.

"Having fun, Elizabeth?" Susan asked.

"Oh, yes," Elizabeth answered. Then she turned and gripped my shaft. "As a matter of fact, I'll continue having fun—" she stroked my dick for effect, "—as long as he'll give it to me."

Since it was dark, no one could see me blush, but I must have turned bright red.

"Maybe we'll join you," Susan said.

"Oh, God," Chris facetiously groaned, "not again."

"Ha!" Susan cried. "You know you love it."

Elizabeth and I grinned at each other and then headed for the blanket by the guesthouse.

"That looks like a good idea," she said when we got there.

Dad stood with his hands on his hips as Gina knelt before him and sucked his cock.

"It does," I agreed.

Elizabeth sank to her knees and wrapped her lips around my dick. For a few moments, I simply watched—and enjoyed—as she expertly sucked my cock. I also watched as Gina sucked my dad. Gina could barely get half of his dick in her mouth.

"Let me lay down," Dad said.

Once he was on his back, Gina immediately moved between his legs and recaptured his manhood. Her silky black hair fanned out on his thighs as she bobbed up and down. As I gazed down at her swaying ass, I realized that she was almost close enough to…

"Wait a minute," I said to Elizabeth. "I've got an idea."

She groaned when I pulled my dick from her mouth, but didn't say anything.

Then I got down on my knees behind Gina and told Elizabeth to move next to me. She looked at me blankly for a moment, confused. Gina moaned when I buried myself in her pussy, but she didn't stop sucking my dad. Elizabeth still didn't know what I intended, but she finally scooted toward me. Gina groaned as I began fucking her, then groaned again when I pulled out a minute later.

"Suck my cock," I said to Elizabeth.

Her eyes lit up at the prospect, and she quickly captured my member. With lust-fueled moans, she savored the combined flavor of pussy juice and my pre-come. Then I pulled her lips off me and plunged into Gina again. When I pulled out, Elizabeth sucked me as deep as she could. The next time I sank into Gina, Elizabeth pressed herself against me and rubbed my chest.

"You're such a naughty boy," she whispered.

I grinned and nodded.

"God," she said, pulling back a little. "Feel how hot that makes me."

I took one hand off Gina's hip and reached for her mother's pussy. I didn't think it was possible, but she was hotter and wetter than before.

Without my prompting, she began fondling Gina's breast. When I pulled out of Gina's superheated pussy, Elizabeth immediately began sucking me. To my surprise, she didn't take her hand from Gina's nipple. I let Elizabeth lavish attention on my dick for several long moments, simply enjoying the feel of her mouth on my rod. Finally, I pulled my hard-on from her hungry lips.

Then, incredibly, she reached between her daughter's legs. As I slid into Gina and began thrusting, Elizabeth rubbed her daughter's clit. Assaulted from all sides, Gina moaned and shuddered as her pussy rhythmically contracted around my cock.

All of a sudden, she tensed up and her muscles clenched around my manhood. I continued plunging into her, but then buried myself to the root and held on as she lurched in the throes of a powerful climax. As the waves of pleasure washed over her, she hung her head, Dad's cock all but forgotten.

When Gina's orgasm subsided, Elizabeth pressed her body against mine and tilted her head back for a kiss. Then she reached through her daughter's legs and fondled my balls.

"Are you ready to come?" she asked me quietly.

I shook my head.

"Good. Because I need a nice, hard screwing."

At that point, Gina slid forward and my dick sprang free. Elizabeth grabbed my arm and practically dragged me away. Then she rolled to her back, spread her legs, and pulled me over her.

"God," she said as I settled between her thighs, "that was so hot." She started to say something else, but her words turned into a moan as I buried myself inside her.

With a deep sigh, she closed her eyes and ran her hands over my arms and shoulders. Then she raised her legs along my flanks, her heels bouncing against the backs of my thighs as I pumped into her.

"You like?" I asked dryly.

"What's… not… to… like?" she gasped.

For a few minutes, I simply enjoyed watching her expressions as I fucked her. Then I shifted my gaze to her breasts. They were larger than Gina's, although not as firm, so they bounced deliciously with each thrust. It was almost mesmerizing, and I smiled to myself at the sudden thought of being hypnotized by her dark nipples.

Then I pulled my knees in and pushed back so I could thrust into her while sitting on my haunches. When I had my balance, I reached down and began twisting her nipples. Wet warmth greeted my next thrust as her pussy gushed its approval.

While I continued fucking her, Dad moved around to straddle her head. Gina was lying on her side, still logy from her powerful orgasm. She smiled at me when I glanced in her direction. I returned the smile and then turned my attention back to Elizabeth.

As Dad knelt over Elizabeth, she licked and sucked his balls. Then she gripped his shaft and aimed it at her mouth. He and I shared a knowing grin. For the next several minutes, we filled her mouth and pussy. With two men—and two dicks—pleasuring her, she was in heaven.

"God," Gina said a few minutes later, "that's *so* hot." Then she started playing with her pussy.

"Come over here," I suggested. When she did, I pulled out of Elizabeth's pussy and offered my slippery dick to Gina.

In a flash, she wrapped her lips around my shaft.

I held the back of her head and simply enjoyed watching as she sucked me. Then I pulled my dick out of her mouth and plunged it back into Elizabeth. Over the next several minutes, I repeated the maneuver, fucking Elizabeth for a few deep strokes and then letting Gina suck me clean.

When I slid back into Elizabeth and started fucking her in earnest, Gina reached around behind me. At first, I was a little nervous about what she intended, but she simply wanted to fondle my balls. With my hips pistoning, though, it was a little awkward, so she switched to rubbing my back and shoulders.

"Play with your mom's nipples," I suggested to her.

"But the rules…"

"Bent," Dad said, "not broken."

Gina smiled enthusiastically and began tugging and tweaking her mother's nipples. In response, Elizabeth moaned around Dad's dick. He grinned at me and then shook his head in wonder.

While Gina played with Elizabeth's breasts, I sat back and rested on my haunches for a moment. Then I scooted forward and set my dick at Elizabeth's opening. As I slowly fucked her, I teased her clit. With my free hand, I decided to play with Gina's pussy as well. To give me better access, she got on her hands and knees. When my dad suggested that she suck Elizabeth's nipples, she readily complied.

With all the stimulation, Elizabeth slowly but steadily built toward her release. Her face and chest flushed a dark mahogany and her internal muscles began to flutter as I thrust into her. Dad could also sense that she was close, and we exchanged a knowing look.

Her pussy grew hotter and wetter as her arousal rose to a peak. Finally, she cried out and let Dad's dick slip from her mouth. As her climax washed over her, she locked her legs around my back and pulled Gina's head to her breast.

Elizabeth's pussy spasmed, but didn't grip me quite as hard as Gina's usually did. Nonetheless, I deliberately pumped into her, driving my cock like a battering ram against her clenching muscles. Finally, she sagged back to the blanket and went limp, her chest heaving with each breath.

"Oh, God," she panted. An aftershock rippled through her and she closed her eyes.

Gina sat up and grinned at me. Then her eyes fell on Dad's erection and she glanced at him hopefully.

"Are you ready for round two?" he asked her.

She quickly nodded.

"Mind if we join in?"

With a start, I realized that it was Susan's voice. She, Mom, and Chris were standing at the edge of the blanket.

"Sure," Dad said. "The more, the merrier."

"I always thought that had to do with small dogs," Chris said. "You know, 'the more, the terrier'?"

"That was *terrible*," Mom said. "Now, help me spread this other blanket and I'll try to forget you said it."

When they had the blanket laid out, Gina and my dad moved to it. Mom joined them, and Gina looked back at me, excitement plainly written upon her face. I blew her a kiss and then turned to Susan. By then, Elizabeth had sat up, although she still looked a little shaky.

"Roll over on your back," Susan suggested to me. Then she turned to Chris and reached for his erection. "Do you want to fuck me from behind?"

"Is the Pope Catholic?" he asked.

"Is that a yes?" she replied, arching an eyebrow.

"Does a bear shit in the woods?"

She laughed and shook her head at his irreverence.

"Does a hobbyhorse have a hickory dick?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, still laughing. "Is that a yes?"

"Good God, woman, yes it's a yes," he said, clearly enjoying himself. "Now, get on your knees. Kneel before me, I say!"

"You are *incorrigible*," Elizabeth said.

"Completely," he agreed with a puckish smile. Then he looked at me and rubbed his hands together like a gleeful child. "We're gonna get lucky, Paul. Lucky, lucky, lucky."

Susan and Elizabeth merely rolled their eyes at his antics. Then Susan got on her hands and knees between my legs. As she started sucking my cock, Chris knelt behind her and played with her pussy. Then he set his dick at her opening and sank into her with one deliberate motion. Elizabeth stretched out next to me and rubbed my chest. A few minutes later, when she recovered enough energy, she joined Susan.

Together, the two of them tongued, teased, and toyed with my cock. Susan could take me a lot deeper, but Elizabeth's mouth was pure heaven. She did this thing with her tongue where it felt like she wrapped it all the way around my shaft. I know she didn't, of course, but the effect was difficult to describe. Needless to say, I wasn't thinking of descriptive adjectives at the time.

Between the two of them, they quickly took me to the brink of orgasm. I was almost incoherent with ecstasy, and couldn't tell which woman was sucking my dick at the time. All I remember is arching my back and feeling the lancing jolts of pleasure as I spurted into a warm, wet, willing mouth.

When I finally opened my eyes, I lifted my head and gazed down my torso. Elizabeth smiled up at me when she felt me move. Beyond her, Chris had Susan's legs over his shoulders and was pounding into her. When I glanced back at Elizabeth, she winked and returned her mouth to my slowly shrinking erection.

Finally, I went completely limp and she crawled up to lie beside me. Her warm, soft breasts pressed into my side as she rested her head on my chest.

"Now *that*," she said, "was absolutely fabulous."

"Uh-*huh*."

For a few minutes, we simply rested without feeling the need to speak. Chris and Susan were still going at it, and we could hear my parents and Gina on the next blanket, but we didn't pay much attention. Then Elizabeth raised her head.

"What happened to Leah and Erin?" she asked.

"I dunno." I craned my neck and looked around. The younger girls were nowhere in sight. "You wanna go look for them?"

She nodded. "I probably should. They won't get into trouble, but I don't want them to feel left out."

"You want me to come with you?"

"If you like."

When we stood, I got a clear look at what Gina and my parents were doing. Gina was on her hands and knees between my mom's legs. Dad was on his knees behind Gina, fucking her with long, steady strokes. My mom moaned softly and kneaded her breasts as Gina licked her pussy.

For a moment, Elizabeth and I simply stood and watched the threesome. Then Elizabeth hooked her arm through mine.

"Let's go find what mischief the girls have gotten into," she said.

When I nodded, we headed toward the house. We didn't have to go far to find the two girls, though. As soon as we rounded the hedge shielding the hot tub, we heard low moans. Erin was sitting on the edge of the tub with her legs spread. Leah was between them, her head moving up and down as she licked my sister. For a few minutes, we simply watched the two girls. Then, quietly, we headed back to the patio tables by the grill.

A while later, Chris and Susan joined us. Shortly after that, Gina and my parents joined us as well.

"Who's up for a swim?" Dad asked. "I'm ready to cool off."

"Thank God," Mom said. Then she grinned affectionately at him.

"The young have vigor, the old have stamina," he said sagely.

"Well, come on, you randy old goat," she said. Arm in arm, they headed toward the pool.

"You too, my young ram," Gina said playfully. Then she tugged me from the comfort of my chair.

"If he's an old goat," Chris asked, nodding at Dad, "and Paul's a young ram, what am I?"

"You, of course," Elizabeth said mischievously, "would be a yapping terrier."

Chris laughed as he stood up. "I guess I deserved that," he said. Then he put his arms around his wife and Susan. "But you'll find nary a merrier terrier," he said to a chorus of groans.

Still chuckling, we all headed to the pool.

Later, as we were getting out, Erin and Leah emerged from the shadows near the hot tub. Erin looked a little shaky and Leah sported a smug expression.

"We thought you'd gone missing," Elizabeth said. Then she looked at me and winked.

"Sorry, Mom," Leah said. "We didn't realize we'd been gone that long."

"Don't worry about it," Elizabeth said. Then she kissed Leah on the forehead.

When we got back to the tables, Gina put her arms around me and curled up in my lap. The younger girls joined us a few minutes later, after cooling off in the pool. Then we sat around and talked for half an hour, mostly about ordinary things. I think everyone was a little worn out. I looked at my watch and was shocked to realize that it was after midnight.

Then I discreetly got Susan's attention and looked a question at her. I had hoped we'd be able to get together later —alone, or nearly so. But "later" had arrived, and I didn't know if we'd be able to find the time (or the energy). Evidently, she knew what I was thinking.

"Tomorrow," she mouthed.

I nodded and then we turned back to the main conversation.

"Okay," Dad said at last, stifling a yawn. "I'm ready for bed."

"What happened to 'the old have stamina'?" my mom asked with a wry grin.

"I've been drained of stamina by the insatiable women at this party."

"So we're stamina vampires?" she asked as they stood up.

"Or would that be stamina succubi?" Elizabeth wondered aloud.

"Whatever you are," Chris replied, "it definitely involves sucking."

"I thought you liked it when we sucked," Elizabeth said coquettishly. Then she stood and put her arm around his waist.

"Oh, I do, I do," he said. "But a man's gotta have time to recover."

"Ha!" she snorted. "You're not getting old on me, are you?"

"Come to bed, and I'll *show* you how old I am."

"Oh, so you *do* have some energy left?"

He merely rolled his eyes.

"Are you all coming in?" Elizabeth asked Gina and me.

"Not yet," Gina said. "Maybe in a little while."

"Don't stay up too late," Elizabeth said meaningfully, to which Gina nodded.

After everyone said good night, Elizabeth and Chris headed for the house. My parents and Susan were spending the night in the guesthouse, so they headed in the opposite direction. Once our parents were safely out of earshot, Gina looked at me expectantly.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

Leah and Erin turned to me with expectant looks, and I suddenly felt apprehensive.

"I guess," I said.

"This is gonna be so much fun," Gina said. "C'mon, let's head up to my room."

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

While Gina, Leah, and Erin sequestered themselves in the bathroom, I relaxed in Gina's bed and simply stared at the ceiling. When Leah told me that she "had a surprise for me," I feigned ignorance and asked her what it was. Erin had merely grinned as I pretended to be curious for Leah's benefit.

I don't know why Leah had decided to shave for me, but I certainly didn't mind. Gina and I usually had a constant low-level disagreement about her pubic hair: I liked her clean-shaven and she didn't like the hassle of shaving every day.

In the end, it was her body. And I certainly wasn't going to force her to do anything she didn't want to. So we usually compromised—she shaved her labia, but merely trimmed the patch on her mons. Since her pubic hair was so sparse, it didn't make much difference. Leah's pubic hair was just as sparse, but she still wanted to shave. I guess it was her way of making herself more appealing to me.

I wanted to tell her that it didn't matter if she did, but I guess I didn't have the guts. I *wanted* her to shave, but I felt guilty for my desire. Before I could worry about it anymore, however, the sound of an argument from the bathroom jolted me out of my introspection.

I thought about poking my head in to see what was going on, but discretion overcame my curiosity and I simply listened. I tried to make out what they were saying, but the sounds were too muffled and angry.

Finally, the bathroom door opened, silhouetting Gina's nude figure.

"Fine," she spat into the bathroom. "If that's the way you want it, then you can't have him." Then, for good measure, she slammed the door. For a moment, she stood there fuming.

"What's going on?" I asked as calmly as I could. From in the bathroom, I could hear someone—Leah, probably—crying.

"Nothing," Gina said angrily.

"It doesn't sound like nothing."

"What do you care?" she practically snarled.

"Hold on a second," I said, sitting up. "What'd I do?"

For a long, painful moment, she was silent. Then, "You won't believe what Leah wanted."

"So tell me," I prompted.

"She wanted to be alone with you the first time."

"What's the matter with that?"

She huffed. "I wanted to watch."

"What's it matter? If there's a first time, there'll be a second time, and you can watch then." I asked. "Isn't Leah entitled to a little privacy if she wants it?"

"Not with my boyfriend," Gina said angrily.

"What's the big d—"

"Don't tell me you're taking *her* side?" Gina accused.

"I'm not taking *anybody's* side," I said defensively. "It's just that—"

"Never mind," Gina said. "You wouldn't understand, anyway."

"Wouldn't understand?! What kind of—"

"I said never mind. Let's just go to bed."

"What about Leah?" I asked.

"What about her?"

"I thought we were going to…"

"We're *not*," she said angrily. Then she stalked toward the bed. "Slide over."

Please, I mentally amended in irritation.

"I don't want to talk about it anymore," she said. Then, surprisingly, she reached for my dick.

"What…? I thought…?"

"I got all worked up thinking about… you know," she said defensively. "Come on." Then, as if vigor

would accomplish anything, she began stroking my flaccid member.

"I'm not in the mood," I said resentfully.

"Sure you are," she said. "You're always in the mood."

"Not this time," I replied, standing my ground.

"Come on," she said. Then she slid down and started sucking me.

I didn't want to get hard, but my body had other ideas. I tried to will myself to go limp, but her mouth was so warm and soft. When she rolled to her back and used my erection to pull me between her legs, I almost told her no.

Unfortunately, the big brain had one idea and the little brain had another. I didn't want to fuck her—well, *most* of me didn't—but she was determined. So I roughly shoved my cock inside her and slammed my hips against hers.

For several minutes, I simply pounded into her, without any grace or passion. I wanted to come as quickly as possible, but I was tired, and I'd already come at least four times that day. It took longer than I wanted, and I don't think Gina realized how angry I was, but I eventually felt my orgasm welling up.

Gina must have sensed it too, because she pulled me up so I straddled her chest. Then she wrapped her fingers around my shaft and began sucking me. When I was ready to come, I pulled my dick from her grasp and started stroking myself. Instead of coming in her mouth, I aimed at her face.

When the first spurt hit her cheek, she moaned in frustration. I didn't care. I pulled my dick out of reach when she tried to capture the tip. The next gush landed on her chin and neck. Finally, she closed her mouth over my glans, but it was too late. After a few more desultory squeezes, the last of my semen oozed into her mouth. The majority of it had hit her face. Almost immediately, she started wiping up my come and licking her fingers.

"I gotta go to the bathroom," I said tersely. Then I threw my leg over her body and stood up. Angrily, I stormed across the bedroom to the bathroom door. *What the fuck?*

I was angry with Gina for using me, and I was angry with myself for letting her. Worse, I was angry with myself for being petty and coming on her face—denying her what I knew she wanted. Worse still, Gina didn't seem to care that I was angry. *That* made me even angrier.

It was a vicious cycle.

I considered getting dressed and simply driving home. But that would cause more problems than it was worth. I didn't want to face Gina again, because I didn't know what I'd say to her in the heat of the moment. But I knew I had to come out of the bathroom *sometime*.

Instead of facing Gina, and telling her what I *really* thought of her attitude—in language my mother wouldn't approve of—I cleaned myself up and softly knocked on the door to Leah's room. When I opened the door, the room was dark.

"What d'you want?" Leah asked spitefully. "Oh, it's you," she said when she realized I wasn't Gina.

"Yeah. Do you mind if I come in?"

"What for?"

"To talk."

"I guess," she said.

Erin turned on her bedside light. Instead of one queen-size bed, Leah had two daybeds. Sometimes, she and Erin pushed them together, like tonight.

"Are you okay?" I asked Leah.

She shrugged. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying. Erin didn't look much better.

"Hey, Erin," I asked, "do you mind giving us a minute?"

"Do you want me to?" Erin asked Leah. "I could stay, if you want?"

Leah merely shook her head.

"Okay," Erin said. "I'll be in the bathroom." Then she looked at me for confirmation. When I nodded, she climbed out of bed and walked toward me. "Is Gina…?" she asked softly.

"I don't know," I said. "And right now, I don't care. She was in her room when I left."

"Are you gonna… you know?" Erin asked, nodding toward Leah.

"Not tonight," I said. "First, I'm too tired. And second, it really wouldn't be a good idea right now."

"I understand."

"Thanks, Erin. You're a good friend. And… well… you're a pretty good sister, too."

"Thanks," she said softly. Then she looked up, her eyes glistening. "I…" She choked back whatever she was going to say. Instead, she simply thanked me again. When I nodded, she stepped past me and shut the bathroom door behind her.

I walked across the room and stood over Leah's bed. She clutched a stuffed panda bear to her chest, the covers almost up to her chin.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" I asked.

She shook her head and moved back to give me room.

"I'm sorry about Gina," I said. "She can be…" I faltered, looking for the right word. I wanted to say "she can be a selfish bitch," but I decided against it.

"Yeah," Leah said when I shrugged.

"She just gets excited, and she doesn't think sometimes."

Leah nodded.

"Listen, I know tonight was important to you, but—"

She angrily shook her head.

"Yeah, it was. It was pretty important to me, too."

"You mean you still want to?" she asked.

"Yeah, I do. But… well… believe it or not, it may be a good thing that you and Gina got into a fight."

"Get real."

"No, I'm serious," I said. "Listen, I'm really worn out from today. I mean… well… I did a lot… you know?"

She nodded.

"And—" since I'd left my watch on Gina's nightstand, I looked at Leah's bedside clock, "—it's almost two in the morning. I don't think I would've been any good."

"So? I wouldn't mind."

"Yes," I said, "you would. Trust me. I wanted—I *want*—this as much as you do."

"For real?" she asked.

I nodded. Then, softly, "Erin told me you shaved."

She nodded.

"Thanks," I said. "That's really cool."

She shrugged. "I mean, I always hear you and Gina arguing about it, so I wanted to do it for you."

"Well, I appreciate it, but you didn't have to."

She looked at me blankly.

"I mean, I think you're hot whether or not you shave your bush."

"You do?"

"Yeah! Here," I said, "feel this." I took one of her hands off the stuffed bear and put it on my soft penis. "Now remember, I'm really worn out, and I've come five or six times today," I said, rolling my eyes for effect.

She nodded, her expression keen with interest. And I think she enjoyed feeling my dick, limp or not.

"So even though I'm really tired," I said, "this is what happens when I think about having sex with you." In my mind, I pictured her lying beneath me, my cock spreading open her smooth labia. Not surprisingly, my dick began to swell.

Still wide-eyed, she nodded, her hand unconsciously squeezing me.

"And when I see your body," I said, peeling back the sheet and gently taking the panda from her limp, one-handed grasp, "this is what happens."

Her breasts were smaller than Gina's, but only slightly. And they had all the firmness of a fifteen-year-old girl. Her nipples were the same dark brown, but smaller and more pronounced. Predictably, my dick swelled further.

"And when I think about you shaving for me," I continued, pulling the sheet over her hips, "I get really hard." For a moment, I merely gazed at the darker skin of her smooth labia. Her slit was smaller than Gina's, and her lips narrower, but they looked just as inviting.

"You're so hard," Leah breathed.

"Mmm hmm. And like I said, I'm really worn out. So my mind may be telling me I'm too tired to do anything, but my dick knows better."

"Do you want to…?"

I shook my head. Then I quickly explained. "Yeah, I want to. I really do. But not tonight. I'm bushed. I don't think I'd last fifteen minutes."

"It wouldn't take longer than that. I swear."

"But *I* want to take longer than that," I said gently. Then I stroked her cheek. "I want to take my time so we enjoy ourselves. You can feel how much I want to."

She smiled and then squeezed my hard-on.

"And I don't want to have sex with you 'cause you shaved, or 'cause you're my girlfriend's sister, or 'cause I just want to score. I wanna do it because I like you, I think you're cool, and you've got a really hot body," I added with a suggestive glance.

"I do?"

"Uh-huh. I know it, and my dick knows it. So I may be too tired tonight, but I won't be too tired in the morning."

"But what about Gina?" she asked gloomily.

"*I'll* talk to Gina," I said.

"I dunno."

"Trust me. She can be a royal… pain… sometimes, but she usually feels bad about it afterward."

"I guess."

"I'll talk to her," I reassured her.

She nodded, although it was clear that she was far from convinced. Then, her eyes brightened. "Do you want me to suck you off or something? I could, you know. It would only take a few minutes."

"I know. But we probably shouldn't. I mean, you and Gina do have those rules. And I don't want to go behind Gina's back. That wouldn't be fair to her *or* to you."

"Yeah, I know. I just thought…"

"I know. Me too." Then I smiled at her. "Now, as much as I enjoy you holding my dick, I need to get some sleep. And so do you."

"Are you sure?" she asked, making a last-ditch effort at getting me to stay.

"I'm sure. We'll, ahem, see what comes up in the morning."

"Okay," she said. But before I could stand up, she stopped me. "Um… Paul?"

"Yeah?"

"Could you give me a kiss before you go? I mean, if you want to."

"That wouldn't be breaking the rules," I said. Then I bent at the waist and brushed my lips against hers. Instead of simply kissing her, I teased her for a moment. When I did press my lips against hers, she sighed softly.

Wickedly, I decided to tease her a little more. With my right hand, I gently tweaked her nipple and then covered her entire breast. She arched her back and pressed the hard nubbin into my palm. Still kissing her, I trailed my hand down her supple stomach to her hip. For a moment, I let it rest there. Then, tantalizingly, I moved it lower.

She whimpered when my fingers found her smooth slit. Then she spread her legs to give me better access. I cupped her mons and then gently parted her labia with my middle finger. With the base of my palm, I pressed down on her hidden clit. She moaned into my mouth and put her hand over mine to hold it in place.

Finally, I broke the kiss and sat up. She groaned softly as I pulled my finger from her damp slit. Then her eyes lit up when I licked her dew from my fingertip.

"See why I want to take my time?" I asked.

"No," she whined. Then, "Yeah, I guess. But you're still hard," she said, reaching for my erection.

"Yeah," I replied as I intercepted her hand, "and I'm still dead tired."

"Okay," she said dolefully.

"Later. Okay?"

She nodded.

Impulsively, I bent down and kissed her again. It was short and sweet, but full of promise.

"Wow," she said. "Now I see what Gina likes about you."

"Mmm hmm. Now, I've gotta get some sleep. And so do you."

"I dunno if I can."

"Try," I said.

"Yes, sir." As I stood, she grinned at me and waved. "Bye-bye, Mr. Weenie. I'll be seeing you soon."

I laughed softly and then headed for the bathroom.

Inside, Erin looked up at me. Then her eyes dropped to my erection. "Did you…?" she asked.

I shook my head. "I was just showing her how much I *wanted* to."

"But you didn't?"

"Nah. I'm about to fall asleep on my feet. But *he*," I said, pointing to my hard-on, "doesn't realize that. So I may be too tired to do anything, but that doesn't mean I can't make Leah feel better by showing her how much I *want* to."

"You're a good guy, Paul," she said. "And… thanks for not telling anyone about… you know… about us."

"You're welcome."

"I just don't want Gina or Leah to have a hissy fit about wanting to watch or something."

"Yeah, I know," I agreed.

"I mean, I liked it, but I don't want them to know about it. You know? I want it to be our secret."

I nodded.

"'Cause I'm sure they'd wanna watch us do it, and…" Then she looked up at me, a little startled. "Are you mad that I don't wanna do it with you?"

"Mad? God, no."

"Good, 'cause I want Sean to be my first. And besides…" Then she shrugged expressively.

"Yeah, I know," I said.

"I guess fooling around is okay, or as Mom calls it, 'innocent experimentation,'" she said, rolling her eyes, "but I guess I don't really wanna do more than that. You know?"

"Yeah, Erin, I know. I mean, I'm not exactly hurting for girls who wanna have sex with me."

"No kidding," she said, laughing. "But I still kinda like… um… fooling around."

"Me too."

"Cool," she said. Then she glanced at my unflagging erection and raised her eyebrows.

I shook my head. "I really *am* bushed," I said. "I just wanna go to sleep."

"Okay." Then she stepped toward me. When she went to hug me, she pulled up short and glanced down. "Um…?"

I pulled my dick to the side and hugged her with one hand. Then I smiled when I realized that her nipples were hard.

"It feels kinda weird hugging you when you're like that," she said, stepping back. "I mean, it feels good, but… kinda sexy too."

"Yeah, it does."

"With Sean," she said, "it's different. Whenever he gets hard, which is a *lot*, I just kinda get all warm and sexy inside, and I wanna… well… you know."

I nodded.

"With you, it's kinda like it's friendly sexy."

"Friendly sexy is good," I said.

"Yeah, it is."

"But right now, I'm feeling tired sexy." Then, as if to illustrate my point, I yawned. "I'll see you in the morning, Er," I said.

"See you in the morning," she echoed. Then she stood on tiptoe and kissed my cheek. "Sleep tight."

"You too."

Back in Gina's room, the light was off, but she was obviously awake.

"What were you doing?" she asked curtly. "Why were you gone so long? Were you—"

"I was just talking to Leah."

Then she turned on her bedside light and her eyes dropped to my hard-on. "Just talking, huh?" she said sarcastically.

"Just talking," I repeated deliberately. Unbidden, my anger came flooding back. I tried to will myself to relax, but it was no use.

"So if you were 'just talking,'" she asked, "then why's your dick hard?"

"You know, Gina, you're a great girl," I said, "but sometimes, you're a real—"

Her eyes flashed in alarm.

"—selfish… princess." I'd wanted to say something else, but I thought better of it at the last moment. Calling your girlfriend a bitch—to her face, no less—is a bad way to start an argument. And even though I was reluctant to call her a bitch, I was still angry. "Why don't you think about someone other than yourself for a fucking change?"

Stunned by my vehemence, she bit off her reply.

"What's it matter if Leah wants some privacy the first time? Who cares?!" I ranted. "So you get to watch the second time. Maybe you don't get to watch at all."

"But you're *my* boyfriend."

"And I'll be your boyfriend tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after that, whether or not I have sex with Leah."

"But—"

"But nothing. Listen, I know you like to watch, but it's not always about *you*. Were you doing this because you want Leah to realize that not all guys are like Todd Zachary? Or were you really doing it simply because you wanted to watch me screw your sister?"

"I—"

"Because it sounds to me like you don't care about what Todd did to Leah. It sounds like you only wanna watch so you can get your kicks. I mean, you wanted to be alone for *our* first time, but now you don't want Leah to have the same opportunity. That's pretty fucking selfish, don't you think?"

She shut her mouth with a clomp and then bit her lower lip.

"Come on, Gina," I continued in a more reasonable tone, "I know you're not like that."

"I'm *not*," she said, tears welling up.

"Well, that's the way it seems sometimes. And that's not cool."

"I don't mean to be selfish."

"I know. But stop and think about it," I said. "Tonight was supposed to be about Leah, not you. She's probably self-conscious and a little scared, just like you were for our first time."

Her lower lip quivered as she nodded.

"I know you really care about her—"

"I *do*."

"—but you need to let her have her privacy, if that's what she wants. I know you get excited, but sometimes, it's better to wait. I mean, it's not like Leah wants me all to herself. She just wants to be alone for her first time with me. Can't you understand that?"

"Yeah," she said glumly, tears running down her cheeks. "I just… I dunno… I just get so worked up."

"I know you do," I said as I sat down next to her.

"And I really do want to help her," she said. "You've got to believe me."

"I believe you." Then I put my arm around her. "You just need to think before you speak sometimes."

She nodded miserably.

"I know you love Leah," I said. "And I know you want to help her."

She nodded again.

"Like I said, you're a really great girl, and I love you very much, but sometimes… well… sometimes you drive me crazy."

"And not in a good way."

"And not in a good way," I agreed with a bark of laughter. "But most of the time, you *do* drive me crazy in a good way.

"Thanks. I think," she said. Then she changed the subject. "So, what did you say to Leah?"

"I told her that deep down, you wanted her to be happy."

"I really do."

"I know. She was a little upset, but she understood."

"She did?" she asked hopefully.

"Mmm hmm. And I told her that if it's okay with you, we could get together in the morning."

"You did?"

"Yep. So," I asked, "is it okay with you?"

"She gets you alone?"

"If that's what she wants," I said resolutely.

"All right," she said at last. "I mean, I really wanna watch, but I guess you're right, it's not always about what I want."

"I tell you what," I said, "how about I make up for earlier?"

"Huh?"

"Well, I was kinda mad when we had sex earlier," I explained.

"You mean you came on my face on *purpose?*"

"Yeah," I admitted. "Sorry. I guess I wasn't being so nice either."

"Neither of us were," she said. Then she hugged me tight. "I love you *so* much," she whispered.

"And I love you. Unconditionally."

"Thank you." Then she pulled back, her eyes still glistening from her tears. "You're still hard," she said.

"Yeah. Although I have *no* idea why. I guess the little guy just doesn't know when to quit."

"He's not so little," she said softly.

In the end, I guess I *wasn't* too tired to go another round. I was too worn out for any gymnastics, but Gina didn't seem to mind. She straddled me and slowly rocked her hips. As we made love—quietly, gently, intensely—I held her tight and we kissed. When I was finally ready to come, she clutched me almost desperately, her hips thrusting against mine. When I began to spurt into her, she climaxed as well. Her orgasm was quiet, but deep.

"Thank you for being patient with me," she whispered as our breathing slowly returned to normal. "I… I love you."

"I love you too," I said. "Very much. But you drive me crazy."

"In a good way?"

"In a good way."

✧ ✧ ✧

The next morning, I awoke early. Well, I woke up at my usual time, but after finally getting to sleep around three, seven sure felt early. Gina was still sound asleep, so I quietly got out of bed and put on my watch. As long as I was up, I decided to swim a few laps to work off the heavy meal from the day before. So I grabbed one of Gina's beach towels and padded downstairs.

The house was quiet and still. When I reached the pool, though, I almost jumped out of my skin.

"Sorry to scare you," Susan said.

"Jeez! That's okay. I just didn't see you there."

"I know."

"Are Mom and Dad still asleep?" I asked.

"Mmm hmm. I woke up early and decided to come sit out here. Normally, I go out on my back porch and enjoy the jasmine, but…"

"No jasmine here."

"Maybe I'll have to get some for Elizabeth."

I nodded.

"Did you want to go for a swim?" she asked.

"Yeah. Now that I'm not doing wrestling workouts, I don't wanna gain weight. So I thought I'd come down and swim a few laps."

"Can I make a suggestion?"

"Sure."

"Why don't you swim a little later."

"Later?" I asked, perplexed.

"Mmm hmm. Later. Now, before everyone's up, you and I can…," she suggested, glancing meaningfully at my manhood. It twitched in response.

"That sounds like a *great* idea."

"Ah, the breakfast of champions," she said with a grin. "Let's get in the hot tub. The heater's probably been off all night, but the water should still be warmer than the pool. And since *I'm* going to be the one in the water…"

I nodded and then extended a hand to help her up from the lounger. Then we walked around the hedge to the hot tub. I took off the cover and set it aside. The water wasn't hot, but it was still reasonably warm.

"How did it go with Leah last night?" Susan asked as she started stroking my burgeoning erection.

"It didn't," I said sourly.

"Oh?"

"It's a long story."

"So tell me the short version."

"Gina got bent out of shape about Leah wanting some privacy. *That* caused all sorts of fireworks."

"I'll bet. What happened?"

"Well, we had shouting, tears, angry sex, a discussion, and then make-up sex," I said with a rueful laugh. Then I gave her a brief synopsis of events.

"It sounds like you had a busy night."

"Yeah," I agreed.

"I think you handled it well."

"I hope I did."

"I think you did. And you know, that gives me an idea."

"What?"

"Well, your parents and I were talking about going to brunch. Instead of everyone going," she said, "maybe you, Gina, and the younger girls should stay here. That way—"

"That way, Leah and I could have some time together, and she wouldn't have to feel like the whole house was watching."

"Exactly," Susan said.

"That's a pretty good idea."

"Mmm hmm. I think I'll suggest it to Elizabeth and Chris, quietly, of course. I'm sure they'll agree."

I nodded.

"But in the meantime," she said, a glimmer in her eye, "you and I have a date."

I wasn't completely hard yet, but she quickly remedied that situation. Then she had me sit on the edge of the tub.

"You know," she said, "I really enjoy having sex with your dad and Chris, but there's just something about you that really gets me hot. I don't know exactly what it is, but every time I think about sucking you, I get wet."

"I think that's because you're in a *hot tub*," I said pointedly.

"You know what I mean," she said. Then she kissed the tip of my cock. "Seriously. I don't know what it is about your dick in particular."

"I guess we need more testing," I said with a smirk.

"Oh? What kind of testing did you have in mind?" Before I could answer, she kissed my shaft, sending shivers up my spine.

"We'd need to test several hypotheses," I said.

"Such as?"

"When you suck my head, does that make you wet?"

She wrapped her lips around my glans and sucked gently. Then she pulled back and nodded.

"When you lick my balls, does *that* make you wet?"

With a grin, she turned her head to the side, raised my dick, and caressed my scrotum with her tongue. She kept at it for several moments and then straightened. "Yep," she said. "Same thing."

"Hmm," I said. "Does it happen when you take me all the way down your throat?"

"That's when I get the hottest," she said, blinking as innocently as she could.

"Are you *sure?*"

"I think so. The last time I took you all the way, I got very hot, and very wet."

"We'd better repeat the test, though," I said. "Just to make sure."

"You think we should?"

"Definitely."

With that, she wrapped her lips around my shaft and I closed my eyes in ecstasy. When she opened her mouth to take me deeper, I groaned deep in my chest. I could feel her breath on the top of my dick as she clamped her lips around me, about two inches above the base.

Slowly, she swallowed another inch and then sucked gently. I put my hand on the back of her head and opened my eyes to watch her swallow the last of my length. Before she did, however, she pulled back, raking her soft lips over my shaft.

When her mouth reached the ridge of my glans, she clamped her lips around my girth and sucked gently. Then she looked up at me, her eyes smiling. I returned the smile as she turned her concentration back to my dick. For the next few minutes, she took me deep, but not all the way. I closed my eyes and simply enjoyed the feeling of my dick entering her throat.

Finally, she looked up, slid her lips off my cock, and asked if I was ready.

"God, yes," I said.

With almost agonizing slowness, she swallowed the first few inches. Then she opened her mouth and swallowed all but the last inch. I could already feel the ring of muscles at the back of her throat, and I suddenly felt lightheaded. Transfixed, I watched as she opened her lips and gradually lowered her mouth over the remainder of my shaft.

Finally, her nose pressed into my close-trimmed pubic hair and her lips closed around the absolute base of my shaft. Once again, I closed my eyes and savored the feeling. With her tongue, she put pressure on the underside of my shaft and I groaned out loud. Then she pulled back, my cock glistening with saliva as it emerged from her mouth.

"Yes," she said, a little breathless. "The same thing happens. I take you into the back of my throat, and I get all wet. I guess I just love your dick." Then she looked up at me and smiled warmly. "I love the rest of you, too, but I can't take the rest of you down my throat."

"Thank God," I said. "But don't worry, I definitely like the parts you *can* take all the way."

"You do?" she asked with artful innocence.

"Oh yeah."

"Then we'd better do it again."

"That sounds like a good idea to m— Oh, God."

I leaned back and relaxed as she swallowed me whole. Then she pulled back, her supple lips caressing my length. Without warning, she plunged down again, swallowing me whole.

For the next fifteen minutes, she slowly bobbed up and down, alternating between taking me deep and

making shorter lunges. While she fellated me, she played with her pussy. I couldn't see what she was doing, but I could imagine her fingertips making small circles around her clit.

Finally, she built me to the point of no return and then started concentrating on the glans. When the first spurt coursed up my shaft, her nostrils flared and then she locked her lips around my girth. With a grunt, I erupted in her mouth, shooting jets of sperm over her tongue.

With one hand, she pumped my dick, and with the other, she kneaded my balls. She moaned in pleasure when the second spurt struck the back of her throat. Then she pumped a third and a fourth time, swallowing as each gush filled her mouth with cream. At last, the spurts turned into a trickle, but she continued sucking.

I was still hard, and my head was supersensitive, but she kept her lips locked around my shaft. Then she returned her hand to her pussy. While she played with herself, she simply held my dick in her mouth, occasionally sucking or bobbing up and down. For the most part, however, she concentrated on her own orgasm.

As her climax approached, she swallowed more of my cock—all but the last couple of inches. Then she wrapped her lips around my shaft and simply sucked. I could tell that she was close, so I clenched my buttocks and made my dick swell. She moaned her approval, her face set in concentration.

Then she started moaning softly, deep in her chest. Her face suddenly flushed and then she exploded, her lips still clamped around my hard-on. She groaned once, twice, then three times as successive waves of pleasure washed over her.

Instead of pulling off my dick, she simply enjoyed the aftershocks from her orgasm while she sucked gently. Needless to say, I was more than happy to let her. Finally, she pulled off my dick and smiled up at me.

"I love doing that," she said with a sigh.

"Me *too!*"

Then I slipped into the water and wrapped my arms around her. My swim forgotten, we simply relaxed and enjoyed each other's company.

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"Are they gone?" Leah asked excitedly.

"Yep," Gina said. "I watched until they turned out of the cul-de-sac."

"Cool," Leah said.

"So, what do we do now?" Erin asked.

As one, the three girls looked at me.

"Why don't we go for a swim?" I suggested.

Gina rolled her eyes and glanced meaningfully at Leah.

Leah simply looked a little disappointed.

Erin smirked at the Coulter sisters' reactions.

"Hey," I said, "the sun, the pool, nude girls, who knows what can happen?"

"I guess," Leah said.

"Come on," Erin said. "I wanna go swimming anyway."

"What're you up to?" Gina asked as the younger girls headed outside, shedding their clothes as they went. (We normally wore clothes around the house, since Elizabeth didn't want towels covering all her furniture.)

"Nothing, really," I said. "I mean, I don't wanna just go, 'Hey, Leah, are you ready to fuck?' How uncool is that?"

"I guess," she said.

"Seriously. It shouldn't be like some appointment or something, it's gotta be spontaneous."

"I guess."

"Trust me," I said.

"Okay."

"Did you talk to her this morning?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Yes," Gina said a little defensively. "I apologized for being a bitch."

"Whoa! I didn't say you were a bitch," I said. *I might've* thought *it, but…*

"Well, I kinda was. But she was cool. She said she understood."

I nodded.

"And I told her it was all right with me if you two are alone, the *first* time."

I grinned at her sidelong.

"Yeah, I wanna fool around with you two. And Erin, too. Are you sure you don't wanna…?"

"Gina, no," I said. "She's my sister. I mean, I think she's cute, but I remember her when she was a bratty little pest with a flat chest."

"You're such a poet."

"Still," I said, "it's true. She's my sister."

"It's not like you two haven't done anything. She gave you a blowjob in the game, remember?"

"I remember," I said. *Vividly*. "I guess it's okay in a game, but…"

"Whatever," she said in resignation. "I mean, she's hot, and she looks a lot like a younger version of your mom. I don't see why you wouldn't want to fool around with her."

"Yeah, she *is* hot. But she's my sister," I said, even though I was having a lot of un-brotherly thoughts at the moment.

"I guess."

Then we reached the pool and Gina finally dropped the subject. With a mischievous grin, she got my attention and casually tweaked her nipples before taking off her t-shirt. I rolled my eyes at her antics and removed my own shirt. Then she pulled off her shorts and I followed suit. Once we were nude, she stepped toward me and I put my arm around her.

"*You're* pretty hot," she said.

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it." Then she reached down and gently cupped my dick and balls. "Just save some for me."

"Oh, there's plenty to go around," I boasted.

"Ha! Let's get in the pool, stud muffin."

We swam around and goofed off for about an hour. Mostly, our goofing off was an excuse for the girls to tease me and grab my dick, but I wasn't about to complain. Finally, Gina said she wanted to sunbathe for a while, and the younger girls decided to join her. Gina grabbed a transistor radio from the guesthouse and then came back outside. As the girls spread their towels on the grass by the guesthouse, I volunteered to rub suntan oil on them.

"It's a tough job," I said, trying not to grin, "but somebody has to do it."

"Ha!" Gina snorted. Then she tossed me the brown bottle of oil and lay down on her towel.

While Erin and Leah got settled on their towels, I knelt by Gina's ass. Her dark skin glistened with droplets of water, and I took a moment to simply admire her body. Like the goofing off in the pool, the suntan oil was really an excuse for *me* to tease and fondle the girls.

Turnabout's fair play, I thought with a smile.

Gina pulled her wet hair over her shoulder and then laid her head on her crossed arms. As she sighed in anticipation, I squirted some oil into my palm. Then I began rubbing her shoulders and back. Her skin shone as the oil coated it.

When I moved lower, she sighed again and spread her legs a little. I took the hint and dribbled a trail of oil down the crack of her ass. Then I took my time and worked it in, paying special attention to her smooth labia. She groaned softly as I probed her fleshy lips. By then, I had a full-blown erection, so I teased her by rubbing it against her.

Finally, I moved lower and began oiling her thighs and calves. She whimpered in protest, but I wasn't going to be swayed. When I finished her legs, I moved back up and teased her pussy, but not for long.

"Okay," I said. "Who's next?"

Both Erin and Leah raised their hands.

"How 'bout Erin, then Leah," I said, since Erin was closer.

Leah looked disappointed, but I merely grinned in reply.

Erin groaned as I massaged the oil into her sun-darkened shoulders and back. She wasn't nearly as dark as Gina or Leah, but she still had a better tan than I did. But unlike Gina or Leah, Erin's hair lightened in the sun, and it was currently the color of ripe wheat.

As I rubbed lower, I glanced at Gina and Leah, to make sure they weren't watching. Erin looked back when she felt me pause, so I put a finger to my lips to silence her. Then, with a mischievous smile, I squirted some more oil into my palm. As she watched over her shoulder, I started rubbing the oil into her ass and upper thighs.

She flinched when my fingers brushed her pussy, but she didn't make a sound. Once again, I checked to make sure neither Gina nor Leah were watching. They weren't, so I ran my fingers along Erin's slit. She shuddered as I gently spread her lips and teased her inner folds. Since my fingers were coated in oil, I didn't have to worry about scraping her dry membranes. But as I continued to tease her, she became moist. Then she started clenching her buttocks as I fingered her clit.

Finally, after spending more than ten minutes simply teasing her pussy, I moved lower and started rubbing her legs. When I reached her heels, I knelt behind her and ran my hands up her legs, massaging her and spreading the oil.

"Oh, God," she groaned. "That feels so good."

"Mmmmm," Gina breathed, "doesn't it?"

"When's my turn?" Leah asked.

"Now," I said, playfully smacking Erin on the ass. As I moved toward Leah, I had a brilliant idea. "Hey," I said, "I'll be right back. I'm gonna go get my sunglasses. I left 'em inside."

"Would you get mine while you're in there?" Gina asked. "They're on my dresser."

"Sure," I said. "Erin? Leah?"

"Ours are in the kitchen," Leah said. "I think."

"Okay. I'll be right back."

In reality, I couldn't have cared less about the sunglasses. They were simply an excuse for me to go back inside and fetch what I was *really* interested in. In Gina's room, I found what I was looking for, grabbed an extra towel and her sunglasses, and then headed down to the kitchen. The house's air conditioning had raised goose bumps on my skin by the time I found Leah and Erin's sunglasses—which were on the windowsill in the breakfast nook (what were they doing *there?*).

When I came back outside, I gave the girls their sunglasses, set the rolled-up towel on the ground next to Leah, and then looked at her expectantly.

"My turn?" she asked, eyeing my dick.

"Your turn," I said. While I'd been searching for the sunglasses, my erection had softened, but as I knelt over Leah—and thought about what I was about to do—my dick began to stiffen.

Her eyes widened when she realized I was getting hard. With a gesture, I directed her to roll onto her stomach. When she did, I straddled her upper thighs. Then I deliberately rubbed my hard-on along the crack of her ass, teasing her.

Before I started oiling Leah's back, I glanced at Gina and Erin. Gina appeared to be dozing and Erin was looking the other way. Leah nervously looked back at me when she felt me pause. I put a finger to my lips to silence her. Then I waggled my eyebrows, grinned, and motioned for her to put her head down.

As I rubbed oil into her shoulders and back, I made sure to press my erection against her ass. Then I rocked my hips back and my shaft slid between her legs. She gasped in surprise, but quickly quieted.

When I moved lower, to oil her ass and upper thighs, she whimpered in anticipation. Once again, I took a sidelong look at Gina and Erin. Luckily, they were still oblivious, so I turned my attention back to Leah and began massaging oil into her ass.

She moaned when my fingers drifted between her legs. Her shaven lips quickly became slippery with a combination of suntan oil and her own lubrication. I slipped a finger inside her and felt the heat of her

arousal. Then I started slowly fingering her, teasing her fleshy folds with first one finger, then two.

When I had her good and worked up, I pulled my fingers from her pussy and scooted my hips toward her. Then I leaned forward, supported myself on my arms, and lowered my lips to her ear.

"I want to fuck you," I whispered. With the radio playing, I didn't think Gina or Erin would overhear me, but I decided to be cautious anyway.

"Now?" Leah asked.

"Now. Try not to make any noise," I said. "But let me know if I hurt you. Okay?"

"How're you going to…?"

"Just trust me," I said. "Okay?" For emphasis, I thrust my hips forward and the bulbous head of my erection bumped her pussy.

She closed her eyes in anticipation, gently bit her lower lip, but then nodded.

I sat back on my haunches and unrolled the towel I'd brought from the house. Then I reached for one of the foil packets I'd hidden there. With my teeth, I ripped it open and carefully extracted the slippery circle of rubber. Carefully, I pinched the tip and then rolled it over my erection.

Leah glanced anxiously at Erin and Gina, but didn't make a sound as I scooted forward and rubbed her pussy with my rubber-encased erection. When I first spread her lips open with the head, she gasped, but quickly stifled the sound. Then I set the tip at her opening and leaned forward again.

"Are you ready?" I asked, my voice pitched low.

Silently, she nodded.

"Can you feel how hard I am?"

Again, she nodded.

"I've been thinking about this all morning," I breathed. Then I eased my hips forward.

She closed her eyes as my girth slowly, inexorably spread her open.

I stopped when the tip entered her. "Okay?" I asked.

She smiled tightly and then nodded.

Before I slid deeper into her, I wanted to get her used to my thickness, so I rocked my hips back and forth. My cock moved within her, but not much. It was enough to give her the feeling of fullness, but not hurt her. When her shoulders relaxed, I eased forward some more, burying another inch of my manhood inside her.

Then I leaned down, my lips only inches from her ear. As I continued to slowly work my cock into her nearly virginal pussy, I kissed her ear and neck. She sighed in pleasure and thrust her ass back at me. I sank into her another inch or two, but then pulled back. Once again, I rocked my hips, slowly spreading her open and giving her time to get used to my dick.

Finally, after several minutes of slow, gentle thrusting, I decided that she was ready for my full length. Since I'd gotten her so worked up, my cock slid into her effortlessly. She was as tight and hot as I'd imagined, and my hips soon ground against her upturned ass. She arched her neck when I nuzzled the spot behind her ear. Then I playfully nipped her earlobe.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"Mmm hmm," she quietly replied. "You're just a lot bigger than my fingers."

"And Todd, too, I bet," I said. When she didn't answer, I looked at her in surprise.

"Sorry," she said.

"Well," I said with a soft laugh, "I guess that answers that. Todd's not a little prick, he's a *big* prick."

To my relief, she quickly stifled her laughter. Then she turned serious. "His thing hurt when he put it in me, though," she said. "Yours doesn't."

"That's 'cause I'm taking my time."

She glanced back at me apprehensively. "Are we s'posed to talk this much?" she asked.

It was *my* turn to stifle my laughter. "Do you want me to do something… else?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Oh?"

"Fuck me," she whispered.

"Your wish," I said, pulling back, "is my command." Then I slowly thrust back into her.

She closed her eyes and groaned softly.

As I thrust into her, I rained kisses on her sensitive neck and earlobes. Her pussy slowly grew hotter and wetter, and I knew she was enjoying herself. I smiled to myself and then sat back on my haunches, my dick still buried between her legs. Gina had turned to face us, but I was pretty sure she was still napping. Erin hadn't moved.

I gripped Leah's brown ass cheeks and then started thrusting into her again. As I increased my pace, she started moaning softly. I tried to will her to be quiet, but she was no more telepathic than I was. Finally, I stopped thrusting and leaned down.

"Let's head inside," I suggested, indicating the guesthouse with a toss of my chin.

"Unnnnh."

"Come on," I insisted. "Gina and Erin'll hear us if we stay out here."

Reluctantly, she nodded.

Slowly, carefully, I pulled my erection from within her. She pouted, but stood up as soon as my weight was off her. I reached for the unrolled towel and then, as an afterthought, I grabbed the unused rubber. Then we headed into the guesthouse, my hard-on leading the way.

Once there, I spread the towel on the couch and sat down.

"It doesn't look so big now that I know it'll fit inside me," Leah said.

"Thanks," I said sarcastically.

"I didn't mean it like—"

"Don't worry about it," I said, grinning.

"I shouldn't've told you Todd was bigger, should I?"

"It really doesn't matter," I said, telling a half-truth. (I was pretty happy with the size of my dick, but I don't think *any* guy likes to be told that another guy is bigger.)

"Yours doesn't hurt me, though."

"And I actually *care* about you," I said.

"Thanks," she said, her eyes misting over.

I smiled as she composed herself. Then I gestured for her to straddle my hips.

"How do I…?"

"Just put your hand on my chest to steady yourself, then put your knees on either side of my hips," I said. "There, that's it. Now reach through your legs and grab my dick."

She had to look, but she quickly wrapped her fingers around my shaft. "It feels funny," she said.

"Yeah. I hate rubbers, but…"

"We don't have to use it," she said. "Not if you don't want to."

"Well, I *don't* want to, but we've gotta use it."

"Why?"

"I'll explain it in a minute," I said. "Right now, I really wanna watch you sit on my cock." Then I looked up at her and made eye contact. "This is my favorite part, and I guess it's the reason I really love a shaved pussy."

"You like it?"

"Mmm hmm. It's really sexy. But here's the best part," I said. "When you sit on my cock, I can watch it spread your lips open. I dunno why, but I really love watching that."

"Can I watch too?"

"Sure. Just set the tip at your opening and sit back."

She nodded, moistened her lips, and then looked down.

When her hair fell in front of her face, I brushed it out of the way so I could watch too.

"Oh, God, that feels good," I said as she slowly lowered herself onto my erection. When her ass finally rested on my thighs, I lifted her chin with my finger. "Now, time for more talking."

"Why do we hafta talk?" she grumbled.

"Because," I said. When she started to pout, I smiled. "Besides, I like looking at your body." To

underscore my words, I ran my hands up her sides and then cupped her breasts.

"You do?"

"Mmm hmm. You're real sexy, and it's cool to sit here with you impaled on my dick and just look at you. I mean, I really like your shaved pussy, and you've got great tits."

"You really like 'em?" she asked. "I mean, I know they're not as big as Gina's, but…"

"They're perfect." When she smiled nervously, I explained. "I guess I like all kinds of tits. I mean, big, small, round, perky, whatever. The only thing I really wanna know is…"

"Is *what?*" she blurted when I let the pause draw out.

"The only thing I really wanna know is, 'can I touch 'em?'" With that, I tweaked her nipples and made her gasp.

"For real?"

"For real, Leah," I said softly. "Sure, yours are a *little* smaller than Gina's, but they're bigger than Erin's."

"Yeah."

"And d'you remember when you were complaining about not having them?"

"I just had little bumps before Christmas." Then she grinned. "I asked Santa Claus for bigger boobs, and he brought 'em!"

"You didn't have little bumps," I said. "They were more like little cones, and they were kinda cute."

"I guess."

"Trust me, they were. Remember, the only thing that matters to most guys is, 'can I touch 'em?'"

My grin was infectious, and she quickly smiled in reply.

"And since I can touch yours," I said, "I think they're perfect."

"You really think so?"

"Mmm hmm," I said, leaning forward. Then I captured one of her puckered brown nipples with my lips.

She gasped in surprise, but quickly relaxed as I began to suckle the little bud. Then I switched to the other side. Her skin was soft and warm, and felt good against my face. After lavishing attention on her pert breasts, I finally pulled back.

"How can you just sit here?" she asked breathlessly. "I mean, with your thing inside me. How can you just sit here and not… you know?"

"Control," I said. "I mean, I *want* to start fucking you, but I'm really enjoying just sitting here and playing with you."

"I'm kinda… hot and eager… inside," she said. "It's like my pussy's all tingly or something." Then she lifted up, reached down to reposition my dick, and impaled herself again. "Why do you have to wear that thing?" she asked. "It feels like a raincoat."

"How do think *I* feel? Yeah, I hate rubbers, but…"

"We could take it off."

I shook my head. "Uh-uh. There's sperm in pre-come."

"Yeah, so?"

"So? Well, I don't want you to get pregnant."

"Neither do I," she said. "But if we only did it once…"

"If we only did it once, we'd still be stupid. Now, I do stupid things all the time, unfortunately, but I don't want *this* to be one of 'em."

"What if you didn't come inside me?"

"Uh-uh," I said. "Trust me, with a girl as beautiful and sexy as you, I'd lose control and come inside you or something." It wasn't *quite* true, but it still made her feel better. Then I cupped her face and smiled as warmly as I could. "I love you like a sister, Leah," I said softly. "And I don't want anything bad to happen to you. Getting pregnant at fifteen would be really, really bad."

"You love me?" she asked diffidently.

"Sure."

"For real?"

"For real, Leah," I said. "You're like my second sister."

"But not like a girlfriend?"

"I've got a girlfriend," I said guardedly.

"You've got two."

"Yeah…"

"So why not have three?" she asked. "I could—"

"Leah," I said, interrupting her. "I *do* love you, but not like that."

"So? What's the difference?"

For a moment, I was at a loss for words.

Her face grew darker as the silence stretched out.

"Leah," I said softly, "I really do love you, but you're more like a sister. I mean, I've known you since you were what, nine? Ten?"

"So?"

"And… and I've already got a girlfriend. She's *your* sister. What about your rules?"

"But what if Gina wasn't your girlfriend?" she asked, her lower lip trembling.

"I dunno…," I hedged.

"Could I be your girlfriend?" she asked. "I mean, if Gina wasn't?"

"Yeah, Leah," I said in relief. "You could definitely be my girlfriend."

Suddenly, she threw herself against my chest and wrapped her arms around my neck. "Oh, Paul," she whispered. "Thank you." Then, "I love you."

"I love you too, Leah."

Then she pulled back. "Like a brother—"

"Like a sister—" I said at the same time.

After a moment of surprised silence, we both laughed. For a moment, we simply looked at each other and words were unnecessary.

"Thank you, Paul," she said. Then she sniffled and wiped her eyes.

"You're welcome."

"God," she said suddenly. "It *is* kinda cool sitting here on your thing and just talking."

"Leah, lemme tell you something serious," I said. When I had her undivided attention, I held her gaze. "You can do this with anybody," I said, indicating where our bodies were joined. "But if you can talk to someone—*really* talk to them, I mean—then it's really good. I mean, Gina and I have sex a lot—"

"A *lot*," she echoed.

"Yeah," I said, smiling unrepentantly, "we do. But we also talk. And I think those are some of the best times. I mean, with guys and girls, pretty much all parts are the same—one dick is just like the next, one pussy is pretty much like the next."

She nodded.

"So you can connect here," I said, touching her belly, "with just about *any* guy. But the really special ones are when you connect here and here," I said, touching her chest and then her forehead.

"That's so wonderful," she said tearfully. Then she wiped her eyes again. "God, I wish Gina weren't older than me."

"Why?" I asked, perplexed.

"'Cause then *I* would've gotten to you first."

"Probably," I said, laughing.

Then she sniffled and began laughing too. But as suddenly as she started, she stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked in alarm.

"It feels funny when I laugh," she said. "I mean, inside. You know, where your thing is…"

"Good funny, or bad funny?"

"Good," she said quickly. "*Real* good." Then her expression changed. "Do we have to keep talking?"

I shook my head. Then I lifted her hips off me. When she slid back down, she closed her eyes and sighed deeply.

"God, you're not like Todd at *all*," she breathed.

"Not at all?" I teased, lifting her again.

She shook her head and then quickly established a rhythm. While she moved up and down, I cupped her ass cheeks. Then I leaned forward and caught one of her hard nipples with my lips. She gasped, but didn't stop moving atop me. The rubber desensitized my dick, but she still felt wonderful. She was tighter than Gina, though not nearly as tight as Kendall.

And like breasts, I mused with a silent chuckle, *the only thing that matters with a pussy is, 'can I fuck it?'*

For the next several minutes, we moved together effortlessly. She slid up and down on my pole as I continued licking, sucking, and gently biting her nipples.

"Try just rocking your hips," I suggested.

When she did, her face lit up as she realized that she could rub her clit against my pubic bone.

"Pretty good, huh?"

"Better than good," she said breathlessly. "Oh, God, *lots* better."

For several minutes, she rocked back and forth, steadily working toward her release. Even though I'd seen the reaction many times, I was still captivated by how her face and chest flushed a darker shade. Her breathing grew ragged and she began tugging and twisting her own nipples.

Then she put her hand on my chest and collapsed against me as her internal muscles spasmed. With a short, sharp cry, she climaxed. As she whimpered in ecstasy, she clutched me fiercely. I wrapped my arms around her and held her close. Her pussy rhythmically squeezed and released my rubber-sheathed manhood. When her orgasm finally subsided, she sagged against me, panting.

Instead of speaking, I simply rubbed her back, lightly raking my fingernails over her skin. She shuddered and buried her face at my neck, mewling softly. Then her internal muscles rippled as an aftershock surged through her.

"Wow," she said after a few minutes.

"Uh-huh."

"Gina said it was a lot better with a guy inside you, but God, I had no *idea*." Then she leaned back and looked at me, her face still flushed. "Did you… um… you know, shoot?"

"Not yet," I said. "You seemed to be enjoying yourself."

"Oh, sorry…"

I chuckled. "I'm kidding. Well… not really. You *did* seem to be enjoying yourself, and I was having fun watching."

"But you didn't… um… come?"

I shook my head.

"Do you want me to… um… you know?"

"What?" I asked, feigning innocence.

"You know," she insisted.

"No, what?"

"Do you want me to suck you off?" she asked bashfully.

"I've got a better idea," I said. When she arched her eyebrows, I held onto her and then sat up. Then, with one arm around her back to support her, I turned and laid her on the couch. "Now it's my turn," I said.

Tentatively, I pulled out and then thrust into her again. I watched her face, looking for signs that she was too sensitive. When she merely smiled up at me, I braced myself on the couch and began thrusting in earnest.

"Oh, God," she gasped, "this *is* good."

"Uh-huh." After several minutes of thrusting into her, I stopped and buried my dick in her tight pussy. "Do you want me to come inside you?" I asked. "Or pull out and come on your stomach?"

"Inside," she said without hesitation. "I want to feel you shoot inside me."

I nodded and then kissed her. She eagerly responded against me as I began thrusting again. Within

minutes, I was ready to explode. She must have sensed it, because she started rubbing my arms and shoulders.

Finally, I lunged into her and then held still. My cock swelled as the first surge of come coursed up my shaft. Then, with a grunt, I erupted. Spurt after spurt filled the rubber with semen and then the world went dark and I clamped my eyes shut.

When I recovered, I opened my eyes and gazed into Leah's.

"Wow," I said.

"God, I could feel it," she said. "It was like your thing got bigger, and then it… throbbed. It was *so* cool."

"No kidding."

"It's too bad we had to use a rubber," she said.

I shook my head. "Trust me, the rubber's not half as bad for you as it is for me. Besides, you getting pregnant would be bad for both of us."

"Yeah," she said half-wistfully. "I guess you're right."

"Trust me, I know I'm right." Although I didn't want say anything to Leah, I didn't *ever* want to go through the hell that Amy and I had. I wanted kids, but I wanted them when it was my choice, and with the right woman. Was Gina the right woman? Was Kendall? Had I even *met* the "right" woman yet? I had the sneaking suspicion that…

"What're you thinking about?" she asked.

I shook my head to clear it. "Huh?"

"You got this weird look on your face," she said.

"I dunno," I said. "I guess I wasn't really thinking at all," I fibbed. Then I looked down at her and brushed an errant hair out of her face. "So," I asked, "what do you want to do next?"

To my surprise, she blushed.

"What?" I asked.

"I gotta go to the bathroom," she said guiltily.

Laughing, I pulled out of her and stood up.

"Sorry."

"It's no problem, Leah. I'll see you in a second."

While she was in the bathroom, I pulled off the used rubber and wrapped it in a tissue. Then I carefully disposed of it in the kitchen trashcan. I also took a quick peek out the window to make sure Gina and Erin were still sunbathing.

Both of them were, but they'd turned over and were lying in their backs. I took a moment and admired their bodies. Gina was full and lush, curvy but supple. Erin definitely had a woman's body, but she hadn't entirely lost the coltish lines of the girl she'd been the year before.

"What're you looking at?" Leah asked, emerging from the bathroom.

"I was just making sure Gina and Erin weren't looking for us."

"Oh." Then she gazed up at me. "Um… thanks, Paul."

"For what?"

"For not treating me like a kid, I guess. And for… well… all the rest."

"You're welcome, Leah."

"Do you think we could…?"

"Could what?" I asked.

"Do you think we could just sit on the couch and… um… kiss for a while?"

"Sure," I said.

"Cool!"

Then she curled up next to me on the couch and I put my arm around her. For the next fifteen or twenty minutes, we simply made out. She was actually a pretty good kisser, but I guess it didn't hurt that I got to fondle her while we kissed.

"I think this is the best part," she said breathlessly.

"It's pretty good," I agreed.

Then she smiled slyly. "And you're hard again."

"That's what happens when a pretty girl kisses me," I said glibly.

"And what's a pretty girl supposed to do when the guy she's kissing gets hard?"

"I guess that depends on the girl, doesn't it?"

"Well, I don't know about all the *other* girls," she said with a playfully malicious smile, "but I know what *I* want to do."

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm." With that, she slid to the floor and then moved between my legs. For a few minutes, she merely stroked my erection, watching avidly as it swelled further. Then she licked a bead of pre-come from the tip. "Ugh. Gross."

"What?"

"It tastes… yuck."

"Oh, shit!" Then I laughed. "Sorry," I said. "It's left over from the rubber. It tastes like crap, doesn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Sorry," I said again. "I was gonna clean up in the bathroom after you finished, but I guess I got distracted. Here, lemme just—"

"I'll do it," she said. Then she practically leapt to her feet. "Don't move."

"Sure," I said to the empty room.

When she returned, she knelt and cleaned my dick with a warm, soapy washcloth. When she was done, she realized she didn't have anything to wipe off the suds. Chagrinned, she dashed back to the bathroom and returned a moment later.

"Thanks," I said when she was done. "Sorry about the taste. I completely forgot."

She shivered in revulsion. Then she smiled ruefully. "Gina didn't tell me about *that*."

As I chuckled, she wrapped her fingers around my shaft again. My laughter abruptly died when she started sucking me. A moment later, I realized that I was holding my breath. With a mental smile, I started breathing again.

"It may take me a while to come," I said.

She took her mouth off my dick only long enough to ask why.

"'Cause I just came a little while ago. I mean, I gotta have time to… um… build back up, I guess."

"I don't mind," she said. "This is kinda fun."

For the next fifteen minutes, she licked and sucked my cock. I showed her how I liked to be stroked, and she quickly got the hang of it. By the time I was ready to come, I could tell that her jaw was getting tired, but her mouth and hand were working in perfect syncopation.

"Oh, God, Leah," I warned, "I'm gonna come."

When I erupted a few moments later, she wrapped her lips around the head and pumped her fist. With each spurt, she swallowed and kept pumping. Finally, the spurts slowed to a trickle and she pulled her mouth off my dick.

"Wow," I said, panting.

She nodded and then licked an errant drop of come from the corner of her mouth. "It's still not as good as chocolate," she said with a grin.

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"Can we do it again?" Leah asked.

We were lying together on the couch, and I think she was enjoying the closeness more than anything (although she was idly playing with my dick).

"We'd better get back outside," I said, shaking my head. "I mean, I can't just keep coming and coming the way you can. Besides, we've been in here for almost an hour. I bet Gina's probably wondering what's taking so long."

"No," Gina said from the doorway.

Surprised, Leah and I quickly looked up.

"I know what's taking so long," Gina continued as she walked into the room. "It's my greedy, horny sister."

"Gina," Leah stammered, "I—"

"It's cool, Leah," Gina said. "I'm just kidding."

At that point, I maneuvered Leah so we could both sit up.

"Although Erin and I were beginning to wonder if you were *ever* gonna come back out," Gina continued.

"Well, *Gina* was wondering," Erin said as she entered the room a step behind Gina. "I was mostly wondering if I'd have to go back to the house to get something to drink."

"So we decided to barge in on you," Gina said as she and Erin headed for the kitchen. "We were so thirsty, we didn't care if we caught you in the middle of things."

Erin looked at me and then shook her head.

"And now we find out that you're talking about round two," Gina said from the kitchen as she opened the refrigerator. Then she stepped back into the living room and handed a Coke to Erin. "Were you planning on sharing, Leah?" she asked.

"Gina, I—"

"Don't worry about it," Gina said, grinning. "I'm just teasing you." Then she took a sip of Coke. "Did you have fun?"

"Yeah," Leah said. "But you didn't tell me rubbers tasted so bad."

"You're not supposed to put 'em in your mouth," Gina said with a laugh.

"I didn't! The lubrication stuff was still on his thing after he took it off."

"Oh yeah," Gina said. "They *do* taste awful."

"Note to self," Erin added, making us chuckle.

"Why do I have to use them?" Leah asked Gina. "I mean, if he doesn't come inside me…"

Gina merely shook her head. "Mom would *kill* me if you got pregnant. Not to mention what she'd do to you. And to Paul. There's sperm in pre-come."

"I know, but—"

"No," I said firmly. "Trust me, I hate the damn things more than *anyone*, but I don't want little Pauls running around any time soon."

Gina nodded in agreement.

"God," Leah said sullenly, "I was just asking."

"I know you were," I said, putting my arm around her.

"I just want to feel what it's like," Leah said.

"You will," Gina said. "It feels really g—"

"Your mom said you could get on the pill when you're sixteen," I said to Leah, interrupting Gina and then rolling my eyes at her. The *last* thing Leah needed to hear was Gina talking about how good it felt. *Jeez, Gina,* think *before you speak*.

"Yeah," Leah said.

"Your birthday's in October, right?"

"The sixteenth."

"So you've got two months," I said.

"But by then, you'll be at UT. And all the guys I know are… ugh! They're losers."

"You'll find somebody," Gina said.

"Somebody you *like*," I said. "And somebody you can talk to."

"Yeah," Gina said, "that too."

"I dunno," Leah said.

"You'll find the right guy," I reassured her. "Now c'mon, I wanna go swimming."

"And then can we…?" she asked hopefully.

"She's as bad as you," I teased Gina.

In response, Gina shrugged unabashedly.

"Can we?" Leah asked insistently.

"I think she liked it," I said to Gina as I stood.

"What's not to like?" she asked with a grin. Then she glanced at Leah. "C'mon, Leah. Let's go swimming. It's chilly in here."

"No kidding," I said, extending a hand to help Leah to her feet.

"But…?" Leah asked.

"Yes," I said at last, "but later." Then I playfully swatted her on the ass. "Now get!"

Gina shared some of her Coke with me as we walked outside. Leah immediately started whispering with Erin as they headed toward the pool.

"You know," I mused, "when grown-ups used to tell me I was just like my dad, or people would say 'she's just like so-and-so,' I had no idea what they meant. I mean, *I* sure couldn't see whatever they were talking about. But now I understand."

"Oh?"

"Leah's *just* like you," I said with a laugh.

"Come on," she said, chuckling. "Let's get in the water before Leah explodes."

Before Gina could move, I pulled her against me. "And what about you? Are *you* ready to explode?"

"I've been ready to explode since you started screwing Leah."

I raised my eyebrows in surprise.

"You think I didn't notice?" she asked. "I saw that look on your face when you went to get your, ahem, sunglasses."

"What look?" I asked as innocently as I could.

"That *look* you get when you're up to something," she said. "I didn't know what it was, but I knew you were up to something."

"All right," I said, laughing. "You got me."

"Why do you think I asked for *my* sunglasses too?" she asked with a grin.

"You're *kidding* me."

"Nope. As soon as I heard Leah moan, I knew what you were up to. So I decided to sneak a peek."

"You mean you were watching us?"

"Uh-*huh*," she said. "I was just pretending to be dozing."

"That's pretty sneaky."

"You bet it is. But this way was perfect," she said. "I got to watch, at least for a little while, and Leah thinks she got you all to herself."

"I bet you think you're pretty clever."

"I *am* pretty clever."

I shook my head in wonder, but had to agree.

Then she made a moue. "I just can't believe you two got up and *left*. And right in the middle!"

"Sorry," I said, chuckling, "we didn't want to get caught."

"What*ever*," she said. Then she pressed her body against mine. "But yeah, I guess you could say I'm ready to explode."

"I think we can probably take care of that."

Surprisingly, she shrugged. "Nah, I'm fine." When I arched my eyebrows at her, she continued. "I mean, I'll have you to myself for a few days, at least until we have to pack for college."

I nodded.

"And then at UT, I only have to share you with Kendall. So Leah can enjoy herself today. I know whose boyfriend you are. And," she said with an inviting smile, "I know whose bed you sleep in."

"Oh you *do?*"

"Mmm hmm. *Mine*. Now come on, pitter-pat man, your adoring harem awaits."

In the pool, we just goofed off. Leah tried to get me hard, but I had fun teasing her by remaining limp (in

my head, I was imagining a wrestling match with a big, sweaty, hairy guy). Finally, when Leah gave up in disgust, I let her know I was doing it on purpose.

"How?" she asked.

"You really don't wanna know," I said, shivering at the memory of my imaginary opponent. "Trust me."

✧ ✧ ✧

About half an hour after lunch, the phone rang. None of us had bothered to put on clothes before coming inside to eat, so Leah tripped over her towel as she got up to answer it. Then she picked herself up, glanced at us sheepishly, and reached for the phone.

"Hello?"

As one, Gina, Erin, and I looked at her expectantly.

"Hi, Mom," she said. "No, we were just having lunch… Uh-huh… Yeah, we've been outside… Yeah! We had a *great* morning." Then she blushed. "Oh," she continued. "Okay… about five thirty? Okay… Okay, Mom… Okay… we'll see you then."

"What's up?" I asked as she hung up the phone.

"They're all gonna go see a matinee movie," she said. "So they won't be home till five thirty."

"Cool," Gina said.

"Yeah," Leah agreed.

"Come on," Gina suggested, "let's clean up the dishes and then head outside."

In a few minutes, the girls had the remnants of our lunch cleaned up. Then we headed out to the pool.

"I think I wanna catch some sun," Gina said.

"Oh," Leah said in disappointment.

Gina glanced slyly at me and winked. Then she turned to her sister. "I thought maybe we could grab some of the rafts and just float around."

"Sure," Leah said. "I guess."

"And…," Gina continued. "I thought we could take turns sucking Paul, as the current brings us around to him."

My dick twitched at the prospect.

"On a raft?" Leah asked. "Won't we tip over and fall in?"

"Paul won't be on a raft, silly," Gina said. "We'll let him sit on the side of the pool. And as *we* float by, we can stop and suck him."

"Cool," Leah said. Then she turned to Erin, her expression hopeful.

"I dunno," Erin hedged.

"Erin, c'mon. You *gotta*," Leah said. "I mean, you played the game last night. Come on, *please*."

"Yeah, Erin," Gina added. "You know you want to."

Erin and I looked at each other and had a silent exchange. Her eyebrow twitched and I nodded minutely.

"I guess," she said at last, although she certainly seemed more excited than she let on.

"This is gonna be *so* cool," Leah said to Erin. "C'mon, let's go get the rafts."

When I saw the expressions on the girls' faces, I had to suppress a chuckle. I don't think they would have understood if I'd suddenly started laughing at the prospect of a blowjob. In my mind, however, I was grinning from ear to ear. After all, I was living every guy's fantasy, with girls practically lining up to suck my dick.

I shook my head in wonder at my luck and then looked down as Gina started playing with my dick. By the time Erin and Leah emerged from the small storage room, I was completely hard.

"Are you really okay with Erin sucking you?" Gina asked quietly. "What?" she asked when she saw my shocked expression. "Don't look so surprised. I'm not *completely* selfish. I mean, I might act like it sometimes, but I really don't want you to do anything you don't want to."

"It's cool," I said.

"Seriously," she said, "if you don't wanna do it, just say so. I mean, I'll be disappointed, but I guess I'll

live." As the younger girls tossed the rafts into the pool, Gina turned to face me. "I love you, you know that, and you get me really worked up, but I do care about what's important to you."

"I know. Thanks."

"I may not always *act* like it," she said, "but I do care."

I wrapped my arms around her and looked down into her dark, sincere eyes. "I know you do. But really, I'm cool with it."

"You're sure?"

"Does a hobbyhorse have a hickory dick?" I asked, quoting her father.

"I dunno, but *yours* sure is hard."

"Yep."

"Cool," she said. Then she stood on tiptoe and kissed me. "This is gonna be so much fun."

"I know."

After another kiss, she turned toward the pool. "Okay," she said to Erin and Leah, "I get to go first."

"Unnnnh," Leah complained.

"He's *my* boyfriend," Gina said as she descended the stairs into the pool and then climbed onto her raft.

"All right," Leah said. "Whatever."

With a grin, I sat on the sun-warmed edge of the pool, my erection sticking up from my lap. Before paddling over to me, Gina turned to the younger girls.

"No paddling as you float around. Just let the current move you," she said. "Okay?"

"God, Gina," Leah said. "O*kay*."

Gina grinned and then paddled over to me. I spread my legs to accommodate her. She had to slide all the way to the top of the raft, but she quickly captured the tip of my dick and started licking.

"I love you," I said softly as I brushed her hair back.

"I love you too," she said in between licks. Then she wrapped her supple lips around my cock and sucked gently.

For the next few minutes, I merely enjoyed myself as Gina fellated me. When I glanced up, Leah's raft was drifting nearer. I grinned at her when I realized that her hands were wet—she'd been secretly paddling.

As she let her raft drift the last ten feet, her eyes never left Gina's bobbing head. When her raft bumped into Gina's, Gina looked up and released my dick.

"Just one more minute," she said.

"*Gina*."

"You'll survive," I said to Leah soothingly.

She huffed, but didn't say anything else. When Gina finally released my dick and moved aside, Leah made a beeline for me.

Her technique was similar to Gina's but not *quite* as polished. Her mouth still felt wonderful, though, so I wasn't about to complain. As she bobbed up and down, I rubbed her shoulders and back. After several blissful minutes, Erin's raft bumped into Leah's.

"Is it time already?" Leah asked.

"You can keep going," Erin said. "If you want to."

Leah wanted to. She wrapped her lips around my glans and sucked gently. After another minute, she finally let my glistening cock slip from her lips.

"Okay," she said to Erin. Then, "Can I stay and watch?"

When Erin paused, I answered for her. "Maybe next time," I said to Leah.

"Okay," she grumbled.

Then, with a grin, I gently shoved her raft toward the deep end. As Erin maneuvered her raft between my legs, Gina caught my eye and raised an inquisitive eyebrow. I nodded reassuringly and then turned my attention to Erin.

"I'm kinda nervous," she whispered. "I mean, I know Gina and Leah are watching me—"

I glanced up as casually as I could. She was right, both Gina and Leah looked like tigresses watching their prey.

"—but I *really* wanna suck you."

"Just pretend they're not there," I said softly.

She nodded and then tentatively kissed the tip of my dick. Her style was completely different from Gina and Leah (who gave head about the same way). She took her time and really concentrated on the most sensitive spots. And her mouth was… hotter? Wetter? Smoother? I don't really know what it was, and it may have been all in my head. But as she sucked me, I had a difficult time holding back.

She took her time and caressed me with her tongue, exerting pressure on my underside ridge and then letting off. I ran my fingers through her straw-colored hair and watched in fascination as she sucked me. When I looked up, Gina was back-paddling, about fifteen feet away. We shared a knowing grin and then she mouthed "I love you."

"I love you too," I mouthed in reply.

Then I turned back and avidly watched as Erin took my cock out of her mouth and licked my balls. Because of the way I was sitting, she couldn't do more than lick them, but it felt pretty good. After a few moments, she returned her mouth to my shaft.

Finally, Leah bumped into Gina, who was forced to stop back-paddling. When Gina's raft gently collided with Erin's, Erin looked up.

"Already?" she asked.

At that point, Gina simply rolled off her raft and stood up. Then she motioned for Leah to join us. I don't think Leah set the water speed record for an inflatable raft, but she definitely didn't waste any time. When she arrived, she also slid off her raft and stood in the shallow water.

"Let's give him a three-way blowjob," Gina said. "Why don't you get off the raft so we can all get in there, Erin," she suggested.

Erin smiled gratefully and then slipped into the water. Then the three girls quickly gathered in a tight semicircle around my dick. Erin was in the center, with Leah to my left and Gina pressed against my right leg.

Then Erin recaptured my dick and resumed sucking. While she did, I played with Gina and Leah's breasts. Gina reached between my legs and started massaging my balls. At the same time, Leah wrapped her hand around the thick base of my shaft.

After a few minutes, Erin moved back so Leah could get between my legs. When Erin pressed herself against my left leg, I reached down and tweaked her nipple.

We continued like that for the next fifteen minutes. By unspoken agreement, the girls switched every few minutes. While one girl sucked my cock, I played with the others' breasts.

Finally, I felt my orgasm approaching. Gina sensed it as well.

"Are you ready to come?" she asked.

"Oh yeah," I said tersely. At the time, Erin was sucking my dick, and it took all my concentration not to simply erupt.

"Here," Erin said, offering my dick to Leah. "You swallow when he comes."

I tried not to laugh as the girls discussed which *other* girl would get to swallow my come. Erin wanted Leah to do it, and Leah wanted Erin to do it. Gina looked like she was ready to shove both of them aside and take care of me herself.

"Why don't we do that thing Mom does?" Leah finally suggested.

"What thing?" Gina asked.

"You know, the one where Dad comes in her mouth and then she spits it out and licks it up again."

"Cool," Gina said. "That's great idea."

At that, Leah moved between my legs and wrapped her lips around my shaft. Gina gripped the base and started jerking me off. Since the girls had gotten me so worked up, the first jet of semen probably blasted halfway down Leah's throat. She made a strangled noise, but kept her lips wrapped around my spurting cock.

When my orgasm finally subsided, she pulled back, making sure to keep her lips tight around my crown. Then, with her mouth full of my semen, she lifted her head and smiled at Gina.

"Well?" Gina prompted.

Leah moved over my cock and let a trickle of white semen dribble onto the shiny purple head. The stream of come ran over the glans, down my shaft, and pooled in the web of Gina's hand.

As Leah wiped her lips, Gina began licking my come-shiny cock. Her tongue darted around my shaft as she lapped up my semen. Then she pulled her hand off me and cleaned it as well.

Leah smiled and then opened her mouth. Surprisingly, she had a small puddle of sperm on her tongue. Then she pulled Erin toward her and they pressed their lips together. Erin recoiled at first, but quickly got into the kiss, moaning as she tasted my semen.

When Gina had my dick clean, she looked up and grinned. Then she saw Erin and Leah kissing, so she moved between my legs and lifted her face to me for a kiss of her own. As our lips met, I tasted the salty flavor of my own semen.

"Your turn," I said when we broke the kiss. Then I gently pushed her back and slipped into the water.

She cried out in surprise as I lifted her onto the edge of the pool. "Wait," she said. "Let me get a towel so I can lie back."

I nodded, and after a moment, she returned with two towels. She spread them out side by side.

"For whoever wants to use it," she said with a meaningful glance at our sisters. Then she lay down on the towel in front of me. With a grin, she spread her legs.

I gently pulled her toward me and put her feet over my shoulders. Then I took a moment to simply admire her pussy. The triangle of hair on her mons came to a point at the top of her slit. Her brown, fleshy lips were slightly parted, and I could barely make out her inner labia. I also realized that she'd dried off for me. I didn't mind the taste of chlorinated water, but I definitely appreciated her foresight.

Then I leaned forward and kissed her slit. She gasped in pleasure when I let my tongue slip between her folds and tease her inner lips. With my fingers, I parted her outer labia and then began licking her damp slit. The skin of her inner thighs was still cool from the water, but it quickly warmed up as my cheeks rubbed against her.

Beside us, I vaguely felt one of the younger girls scoot onto the towel Gina had laid out for them. Then I reached around Gina's hips and held her pussy open from the top. As I nuzzled her slippery channel, she moaned. Then I began teasing her clit, circling it with my tongue and gently buzzing my lips against its protective hood.

For several minutes, I caressed her with long licks and delicate touches. Her hips gyrated against my face, and I know she wanted me to lick harder, but I was enjoying her anticipation. When I finally inserted two fingers into her pussy, she groaned. I had just begun thrusting them into her when…

"Switch with me."

"Huh?" I asked, disoriented.

"Switch with me," Leah said again. "Let me lick Gina and you can…"

In a flash, I realized what she was talking about. Did I really want to go down on Erin? Yes. But *should* I? I thought for a moment, frantically working through the possible scenarios. Then, in a moment of clarity, I realized that I was once again over-thinking the issue. Erin had already gone down on *me*, shouldn't I return the favor?

"Okay," I said at last.

"Cool," Leah said.

Gina lifted her head as she felt me move from between her legs, but she quickly smiled when she realized where I was headed.

At first, Erin was hesitant. As I gently spread her legs and moved between them, she looked at me with wide eyes. When she felt my breath on her slippery pussy, she tensed up.

"Relax," I said. "I'm just returning the favor."

"But…?"

"I *want* to," I said.

Instead of moving in, I rubbed the outsides of her thighs and caressed her silky, tanned skin. When she began to relax, I ran my hands up her hips to her fluttering stomach. Then I pulled them toward me,

moving them sinuously as I gently rubbed her thighs.

When she sighed softly, I moved one hand to her pussy. She didn't even flinch as I ran my fingers through her dark blonde pubic hair. Then I smiled to myself and traced my index finger over her slit. She gasped in delight.

At the bottom of her channel, I wormed my finger into her opening. Her pussy was tight, but it easily accommodated my finger. She squirmed at first, but then moaned when I turned my hand over, crooked my finger up, and put pressure on her inner spot. Once I had her undivided attention, I leaned in and kissed the top of her slit.

With my finger rhythmically exerting pressure on her spot, I began to tease her clit. The hard little pearl moved under its protective hood, so I pursed my lips and pressed them against her. Then I swirled my tongue around it. When I did, she bucked her hips and hissed in pleasure.

Then she reached down and ran her fingers through my hair. For a moment, I let her relax, but then I pulled my finger out and began thrusting it back and forth. At the same time, I tongued her clit; her pussy tasted sweet, tangy, and fresh, with only a hint of chlorine from the pool.

With my finger I rubbed her inner ridges, causing her to gasp. Then I took my time and licked her with slow, gentle strokes, building her up gradually.

When she cried out and bucked her hips, I began licking in earnest, my tongue making long strokes and then circling her clit. Soon, she was moaning almost continuously, her hips gyrating and trying to force her clit against my tongue.

Beside me, Gina moaned as well. I was about to lift my head and see how she was doing when Erin's hips suddenly jerked upward. I felt a gush of moisture around my finger and realized that she was a lot closer than I'd realized. So I concentrated on her clit, sucking gently and flicking the exposed tip with my tongue. She went nuts, and started pulling at my hair. Her hips bucked against my face, but I kept licking, my finger plunging into her rapidly.

A moment later, she tensed up. A wash of heat and moisture surrounded my finger as the first rush of orgasm consumed her. When I caressed her inner spot, she wordlessly cried out. Then her thighs clamped around my ears, but I kept licking as her pussy spasmed in the throes of her climax.

Finally, her hips sagged to the ground and she relaxed. Her legs fell open and slid off my shoulders, into the pool. When she didn't react to the cool water, I lifted my head and looked up her torso. Her pert breasts heaved as she tried to catch her breath. Then her arms flopped to the sides.

I leaned forward and gently kissed her thigh. As I did, she reached down and languidly ran her fingers through my hair once again. Then we shared a few minutes of companionable silence as she caught her breath.

A few minutes later, Gina moaned, breaking the relative quiet surrounding us. I looked over and watched Leah's dark head move back and forth as she rapidly licked her sister's pussy. Gina's legs slowly rose until they were stiff, her toes pointed. When she climaxed, she cried out and held Leah in place. After a moment or two, Gina went limp and Leah raised her head.

"Now *that*," she said, her cheeks and lips glistening with Gina's moisture, "is better than chocolate."

Gina laughed weakly while Erin simply smiled.

"*Now* can we do it again?" Leah asked me.

"See," I said to Gina, "she *is* just like you."

"It serves you right," Gina said, waving her hand dismissively.

"Paul, *please?*" Leah asked.

"Okay," I said. "Lemme find the other rubber—"

"I know where you left it. It's in the guesthouse. I'll go get it. Wait right here," she said in a rush.

With that, she vaulted out of the water and tore around the pool, her firm breasts barely bouncing as she ran. A moment later, she emerged from the guesthouse and waved the foil packet.

"I got it!" she called.

By then, Gina had propped herself on her elbows and we shared an *oh, my God, we've created a monster* moment.

Then I mounted the pool's steps, grabbed a spare towel from one of the lounge chairs, and quickly dried myself.

"Are you ready?" Leah asked. "Oh, good. You are," she said when I moved the towel and she spotted my erection.

I quirked an eyebrow at Gina, who merely grinned and made a shooing motion with her hand.

"Do you wanna do it in the hot tub?" Leah asked. "Or do you wanna go back into the guesthouse? We could do it on a raft," she suggested. "Or we could go up to my room, if you want. I think I know where—"

"Leah!" Once I had her attention, I walked toward her and then pulled her into my arms. My dick bent and pressed against her hip, but I ignored it. "Relax," I said.

"Sorry," she said. "I guess I'm just excited."

"That's okay." Then I chuckled good-naturedly.

"Did I do something wrong?"

"No, not at all. I was just thinking of how much you reminded me of Gina."

"Is that a bad thing?" she asked.

"Nope. It's a good thing. Gina's always been… eager."

"Ha!" Gina snorted as she stood. "It's not *my* fault I like sex."

"Yeah," Leah said. "It's not her fault."

I laughed.

"We're just horny," Leah said.

"I'm not," Gina said quickly.

"Neither am I," Erin said. She was still sitting on the towel, with her legs tucked under her. "God, I don't think I will be for at least…"

"Another hour?" Gina teased with a grin.

"Maybe two," Erin said sheepishly.

"*Paul*," Leah insisted.

"Okay, okay. Sheesh." I cast about for a comfortable spot and then my gaze landed on one of the chaise lounges. "Let's go sit down," I suggested.

"And then can we…?"

"Yes."

"Let's go call the news channels, Erin," Gina said, shaking her head in wonder. "'Horny teenage girl kills sister's boyfriend in bizarre death-by-fucking ritual. Film at eleven.'"

Leah ignored the jibe and marched toward the lounge chair. As soon as I sat down, she climbed between my legs and started sucking my cock.

Gina smiled and shook her head as she and Erin headed toward the guesthouse.

I turned my attention to Leah and then brushed her ebony hair out of her face.

She continued sucking me for a few minutes, but she kept looking up. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what she wanted.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"God, yes. I'm so hot and wet, I think I'm gonna explode."

I chuckled and then tore open the foil packet. She watched as I painstakingly rolled the rubber sheath over my erection.

"Are you sure we hafta—"

"Leah," I chided. "Yes, I'm sure."

"Oh. All right."

Before I had the ring of rubber completely unrolled, Leah straddled my hips. She waited till I was through and then reached between her legs. Without ceremony, she gripped my shaft, aimed it at her pussy, and lowered herself onto it.

"Oh, God," she groaned. "That feels so good."

"You're not sore from earlier?"

"A little," she said, closing her eyes. "But not much. I mean, you're not *that* bi— oops."

"Jeez," I teased, "you're gonna give me a complex."

"Oh, Paul, I'm really sorry."

I silenced her with a finger against her lips. "I was teasing," I said. "Mostly."

"You're the biggest guy I've ever *enjoyed*," she said hopefully.

"I'm the *only* guy you've ever enjoyed."

"Yeah? So?"

I couldn't help myself, and started laughing.

"What? What'd I say?"

"Leah, shush."

"God, all I said was—"

Instead of silencing her with a finger, I pulled her down and kissed her.

After she got over the initial shock, she quickly responded against me.

"Now," I said when we broke the kiss, "less talking, more fucking."

"I can't help it if—"

I pulled her down again and crushed my lips against hers. For good measure, I lifted my hips and thrust into her.

When we finally broke the kiss, she opened her eyes and moistened her lips. "Less talking," she whispered drunkenly, "more fucking."

"Mmm hmm."

"Yes, sir," she added. Then she gave me a silly smile and started rocking her hips. "Ride 'em, cowgirl."

Instead of answering her, I ran my hands up her torso and cupped her breasts.

For the next ten minutes, we didn't speak (thankfully). Leah whimpered, moaned, sighed, and cried out softly, but she didn't speak. As we moved together, her firm breasts bounced gently, and I couldn't resist the urge to play with them.

"God, that feels good," she said at last. "It's like there's a direct link between my boobs and my pussy." Then she opened her eyes and looked down at me. "Is Gina like that too?"

"Uh-huh," I said, nodding. "And so's your mom."

"No *wonder* you and Gina have sex so much."

"Yep."

"Well," Gina said, startling us, "Paul's also really *good*, which helps."

"You really gotta quit sneaking up on us," I said to her.

She merely shrugged as she sat in an adjacent chaise.

Behind her, Erin grinned at me and sat in another chair.

"Have you tried it doggie style, Leah?" Gina asked.

"Sorta, but not really," Leah panted. "Does it feel good?"

"Try it."

"You want to?" I asked.

She immediately nodded.

As we rearranged ourselves, I grinned at Gina.

She blew me a kiss, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

Once I positioned Leah on her hands and knees on the sturdy chaise lounge, I moved behind her. Then she groaned as I eased into her tight pussy. With Gina and Erin watching, I began driving into Leah, my hips slapping her ass with each thrust. Almost immediately, she groaned in ecstasy. When I reached around and cupped one of her breasts, her groans redoubled.

"Here," Gina said, sliding to the ground next to us, "let me do that."

As I continued thrusting, Gina tweaked and teased Leah's nipples. Then I gripped the younger girl's hips and concentrated on fucking her. After a few minutes, Gina reached through Leah's legs and began playing with her clit. Leah went wild. Her pussy spasmed and then clamped down. I had to force my way into her, which made her cry out in delight. Gina merely grinned up at me.

All of a sudden, Leah tensed up and her pussy grew hotter still. With a rush, she came, her shoulders heaving as I thrust into her. When her pussy clenched my cock and it felt like I was going to bend in half, I buried myself in her depths and held still. Around my invading manhood, her internal muscles spasmed.

"Oh, *God*," she panted at last.

When I started to pull out, she quickly reached back and put a hand on my hip to hold me in place.

"Are you too sensitive?" Gina asked softly.

Leah nodded.

"I get like that too," Gina said. Then she glanced up at me and turned thoughtful. "Roll over, Leah," she said at last.

With a hiss, Leah pulled completely off my dick and then rolled to her back.

I knew Gina well enough to know what she wanted, so I pulled off the rubber and began stroking myself.

Then Gina motioned Erin over. Erin got up and knelt next across from Gina.

While I pumped my cock, Gina and Erin played with Leah's nipples, making her squirm. Because I'd already come several times, it took me a while to reach the point of orgasm. Finally, I felt my balls tighten and begin to tingle. My breathing quickened and Gina looked up expectantly. I nodded and then felt the first surge of my climax.

With a grunt, I spewed semen across Leah's abdomen. The next spurt arced out and filled her belly button. I pumped my fist again, and the final gush landed on her smooth mons.

Then I sagged onto my haunches as Gina rubbed the glistening drops into Leah's dark skin, licking her fingers as she did. When Erin joined in, Leah's stomach and chest were soon covered with a sheen of semen.

"God," Leah said, "that was *so* cool."

"No kidding," I said, panting.

"Wow," she continued. "You've come—" she counted on her fingers, "—four times today."

Five, I silently corrected.

"That's a lot, isn't it?" she asked.

"Uh-huh. And now," I said, "I'm going to cool off. It's *hot* out here." With that, I rose from the lounger, my erection bobbing gently. Then I leaned down and kissed Gina on the forehead. "Come on," I said to the girls, "let's go for a swim."

✧ ✧ ✧

After Susan and our parents returned from the movie, Chris and Elizabeth offered to take us all to dinner at a new Indian restaurant. Elizabeth even got to use some of her dimly remembered Hindi. According to her, the food was very authentic. And even though I enjoy spicy food, I had to quench each fire-laden bite with water and *chapati* bread. The women (except for Elizabeth) had prudently asked for mild seasoning. In spite of the heat, the food was delicious.

Dad and I both decided, amid much sweating, that we liked curry. But we also agreed that Indians had a different concept of "hot."

"Next time," I said, "when they ask me how I want my curry, I'm gonna tell 'em three. Four is about to kill me, and I can't imagine what five would be like."

"I can't feel my face," Dad joked.

"It's not *that* bad, boys," Elizabeth said, chuckling. "My father used to eat curry even *I* thought was hot."

"At least it's a dry heat," Chris croaked as he reached for his glass.

"Can I get an asbestos tongue?" Dad asked.

Despite our good-natured complaining, Dad, Chris, and I finished our food. I think we ate three plates of *chapati* as well, but we enjoyed ourselves. Since Elizabeth was Indian, the restaurant's owner brought out a special dessert: homemade ice cream—called *kulfi*—with almonds and pistachios. After the heat of the curry, the *kulfi* coated my mouth with heavenly coldness.

Smart people, those Indians, I thought.

After dinner, we drove back to the Coulters' house and watched a movie on cable TV. My parents and Susan decided to spend the night in the guesthouse, and we sat around and talked until nearly midnight.

Finally, I couldn't hold my eyes open anymore, so Gina and I said goodnight. Since Chris had to go to work the next morning, he and Elizabeth decided to go to bed too. At that point, Mom, Dad, and Susan said goodnight as well, then headed out to the guesthouse. (Erin and Leah had long since gone to bed.)

When Gina climbed into bed next to me, she laid her head on my chest and snuggled close.

"I had fun today," she said.

"Mmm hmm."

"Leah did too."

"Good."

"Are you ready to go to sleep?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said. "Sorry."

"That's okay. When you start giving me monosyllabic answers, it's time to let you go to sleep."

"Yep."

"I love you, Paul," she said softly.

"Love you too," I mumbled.

"Thank you for today. You were wonderful."

"You're welcome."

"Goodnight," she said.

"Mmm hmm."

What seemed like a short time later, I opened my eyes.

Why is the room so bright? I wondered.

"Are you awake?" Gina whispered.

I nodded.

"You were sleeping so soundly…"

I nodded again. "How long have I been asleep?" I asked, thinking it'd been ten or fifteen minutes since I dozed off.

"All night," she said after a moment's hesitation.

"What time is it?"

"Almost eleven."

"Eleven?" I asked, surprised.

"Uh-huh."

"In the morning?"

"Yes, silly," she said.

"God, I *did* sleep soundly. The last thing I remember was you saying 'goodnight.' Is everyone else up?"

"Up and gone," she said. "My dad went to work before I even got up. Your dad went to the airport to work on the plane. Everyone else went shopping for school clothes."

"So we have the house to ourselves?"

"Mmm hmm. And it took all my willpower not to wake you up."

"Thanks," I said, stretching and yawning. "God! I can't believe how good I slept."

"No kidding. You were completely zonked."

"You know what I want to do today?" I asked.

"No. What?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"Nothing?" she asked suggestively.

"Well, *almost* nothing."

"That's good. Because I was thinking…"

"Yeah?" I prompted.

"I really liked watching you and Leah yesterday."

"Uh-huh?"

"And… it's been a while since I shaved for you. Would you like me to?"

"Yeah," I said quietly. "I would. Thanks."

"Okay. Once you're good and awake, we can soak in the tub for a while, like we did in Ibiza. Then you can watch while I shave for you. Does that sound like fun?"

"Sounds good."

Then she hugged me tight. "I love you," she said softly.

"I love you too."

For a few minutes, we were quiet, neither of us feeling the need to speak.

"God," she said. "I can't believe we're about to go away to college."

"No kidding," I agreed.

"I wonder what my roommate will be like."

"Me too."

"I hope she's cool."

"What's her name again?" I asked. We'd both gotten our dorm packets from UT, which had included a bare minimum of information about our roommates.

"Faith Catherine Bennett. She's from Knoxville."

"Mine's from Okeechobee, Florida," I said. "Robert Terrence Marion."

"I wonder what he's like."

"I dunno. I mean, he's probably just a regular guy."

"Yeah," she said.

"I guess I'll find out when I meet him," I said. "Although it's kinda funny when you think about it."

"What is?"

"Well," I said, "there's probably some poor guy in Okeechobee who's talking to his girlfriend and going, 'Paul Dean Hughes? I wonder if he's cool.'"

"Yeah," she said, laughing, "you're probably right."

"And why do they even *tell* us our roommate's full name? I mean, my guy's probably nicknamed 'Bubba,' or 'Too Tall,' or something like that. And what if your middle name's something like Lucius or Ichabod?"

"Or what if your name's something *really* goofy like 'Paul Dean'?"

"I *like* my name," I said.

"So do I," she said mischievously. "It's just kinda goofy. I mean, it's not a lot of syllables."

"So? What's the matter with Paul Dean?"

"Nothing. It's just not as elegant as Gina Nicole."

"'Not as elegant'?!" I squawked, now fully awake. "I'll show you elegant." Then I rolled her over and pinned her beneath me. "Can your fancy—*elegant*—two-syllable names get you out of this?"

"Who says I *want* to get loose?" she asked impishly.

"Pickin' on my name," I muttered. "Remind me why I keep you around?" I asked facetiously.

"It's because of my obvious poise and good breeding," she said. Then she gripped my semi-hard dick and began rubbing. "And because I do this."

"That? You think that's special?"

"Uh-huh," she said with a grin.

"Well," I conceded, "it *does* feel kinda nice."

"Only kinda?"

"Okay, *very* nice."

"I know what'd make it feel nicer," she said, her eyes sparkling with an unspoken invitation.

"Oh?"

"Mmm hmm. Scoot up here and I'll show you."

"What're you going to do?" I asked as I straddled her chest.

"I'm going to show you why I don't care about your one-syllable names."

"Yeah?"

"It's because you've got a seven-syllable dick," she purred. Then she gently kissed the head.

"If you're lucky," I said, "I'll give you *fourteen* syllables."

"Ooooh, that'd be nice."

"Mmm hmm."

"I like twice," she breathed.

"Me *too*," I said.

"Once now," she said, "and then once after I shave for you."

"If you're a good girl."

"Oh, I'll be a good girl," she said. "A very, *very* good girl." With that, she wrapped her lips around me again.

At that point, I closed my eyes and simply enjoyed the sensation of her mouth sliding over my erection.

✧ ✧ ✧

On Tuesday, we took Susan to the airport. She was flying to Austin to help Doug decorate his new house, so she wouldn't be able to come to Knoxville with us.

Gina and I spent the rest of the week packing. We both wanted to take too much stuff, of course, but we also knew how small the dorm rooms were. And with two people living in each room, space would be at a premium.

We packed clothes, a few posters, school supplies, towels and linens, toiletries, and not much else. Gina packed a set of medical books, and I packed a curling bar, two dumbbell bars, and about two hundred pounds of weights. The plates were heavy, but they'd easily fit under my bed or in the closet. The university actually had a workout facility, but I wanted to be able to lift in my room, even if it was only curls and presses.

The day before we left for Knoxville, Gina and Leah came over to help us load all of my stuff into Mom's station wagon. Then we went to the Coulters' house to load their station wagon with Gina's things. After that, our families went out to dinner for a farewell celebration.

That night, Gina and I spent our last night together in her room.

"Are you really ready for tomorrow?" she asked. She sounded as nervous as I felt.

"Yeah," I said at last. "At least I *think* I am."

"I know what you mean," she said. Then, "Have you talked to Kendall?"

"Yeah. I called her yesterday. She's moving into her dorm the day after tomorrow. Her dad couldn't rearrange his schedule." We had tried to coordinate things so our families could meet Kendall and the Paytons in Chattanooga and then drive to Knoxville together, but it hadn't worked out.

"Oh well," Gina said. "We'll see her the day after tomorrow, then."

"Yeah."

"Are you looking forward to seeing her?"

"Uh-huh," I said. "Aren't you?"

"Oh yeah, of course I am"

"Yeah." Then we were silent for a few moments, each lost in our own thoughts.

"It'll be kinda weird," Gina said at last. "I mean, not having to tell our parents if we want to spend the night in each other's room or something."

"Yeah," I said. "But it'll be all right."

"I know. It'll just be different." She paused for a moment, and I could almost feel her gathering her courage. "Are you scared?" she asked quietly.

"No. I mean… well… maybe I'm a little nervous."

"Me too."

"But I'm kinda excited too."

"Yeah," she agreed. Then, "Do you think we'll make new friends?"

"Sure," I said. "I'm sure we'll meet lots of cool people."

"What if they're not like us?"

"They will be," I reassured her. "Some of 'em, at least."

"I hope so."

Once again, we were both silent for a few minutes, each of us thinking about the future. Then she rolled over and laid her head on my chest. Tentatively, she reached for my dick.

"Do you wanna…?" she asked.

"If you want to."

"Not really," she said, surprising me. "I mean, if you want to, we can, but…"

"Yeah," I said. "I understand."

"Can you just hold me instead?"

"Sure." Then I wrapped my arm around her and held her tight.

We drifted off to sleep like that, holding on to each other for a sense of security.

The next morning, we showered together, packed the last of our toiletries, and ate breakfast. Before we left, Kara called to talk to Gina. When Gina hung up, she looked a lot less apprehensive. I silently said a word of thanks to Kara.

Afterward, Gina and I piled into the Bumble Bug with Leah. Chris and Elizabeth got into the station wagon and then we drove to my house. When we got there, I went inside to make sure I hadn't forgotten anything. After fifteen minutes, I finally decided that I'd packed everything I needed. When my family was ready to leave, Erin and I got into the Jeep as Dad and Mom got into the station wagon. Then, our four-car caravan pulled out of the driveway.

As I drove, I turned introspective. Gina and I were starting a new life, in a new city, with new friends (whom we hadn't even met yet). Although I might not admit it to Gina, I guess I *was* scared. Gina had wanted to go to UCLA; would she be happy at UT? Would she be happy with *me?* Would Kendall still want to be part of my life? What would happen if I didn't do well in school? Who could I turn to for help, in school *or* in life? Those and a million other thoughts raced through my head.

Finally, my fears and anxiety gradually disappeared as the miles fell behind us. It took me a while to realize it, but I was actually looking forward to the challenges. I was excited about living in Knoxville with Gina and Kendall, excited about studying architecture, and excited about all the possibilities that lay before me.

I'm ready for this, I told myself with as much confidence as I could muster.

I hope.

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Book 2 – The End

Look for the continuation of the story in *Summer Camp – Book 3: Kendall.*

Author's Afterword

Wow! It's really over.

And I can almost hear the great collective groan of frustration. Who died? Who does Paul marry?

Keep reading.

Before I start talking about all that's happened to me—and this story—in the past eight months, let me take a moment to thank several people. First and foremost, I'd like to express my undying gratitude to my editor, MizPattay. Her dedication, skill, and support have been truly integral to the success of this story.

In addition, I want to thank my pair of dedicated proofreaders, Strickland83 and Terry S. They get each chapter after MizPattay and I are finished with it. Remarkably, they each find separate issues. But between the two of them, very, *very* few problems creep into the final draft. All the problems that do creep in are mine and mine alone, unfortunately.

Let me also say thanks to Gary Jordan. Gary is my reality check; he provides welcome advice about each chapter. I'd also like to thank all the other people who have helped me in too many ways to list. You know who you are.

Last but not least, let me thank all the people who take part in Scipio's Forum*. They're sometimes a rowdy bunch, but they're always fun. We share a common love for the *Summer Camp* characters and universe. Thank you all. I write for my own pleasure, but it makes my work so much easier when I know people enjoy what I do.

When I first started writing this book, I thought it would be about the size of Book 1. I was wrong. *Very* wrong. Thirty-two chapters and more than 400,000 words later, Book 2 has drawn to a close. Paul is now an adult, and he's going off to college. He's entering a new chapter of his life, and he'll be meeting new people. I'm excited for him.

Writing is both a craft and an art, and in Book 2, I set out to tell a story. But I also wanted to hone my craft and improve my writing skills. I've had fun doing it, but I'm ready for a break. I've got a couple of ideas for *Summer Camp* short stories, and I want to write more Jazz Club and Mike Logan stories. In addition, I'm positively brimming with other story ideas.

It's been little more than a year since I started writing *Summer Camp*, and in that time, I have achieved more than I ever dreamed was possible. I won the Silver Clit Awards for November and December 2002. I had my stories published on Ruthie's Club. I was interviewed for The Basement Internet Show. And I won a staggering twelve Golden Clit Awards for 2003, including Author of the Year and Best New Author. I am both proud and extremely grateful for all the recognition.

Finally, let me address the two big questions: Who died? Who does Paul marry? The answers to both those questions will come at the end of Book 4. So you'll have to read to find out.

For those of you who don't want to wait, you're welcome to join Scipio's Forum, a Yahoo group where people from all over the world discuss my stories, as well as a myriad of other things. You won't find the answers to all your questions, but the Forum members occasionally ferret out the truth. I even admit to it, once in a while.

In closing, let me thank you once again. Writing is hard work, but having appreciative readers makes it all worthwhile.

Nick Scipio
September 28, 2003
Southeastern US

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* Scipio's Forum: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Scipio_Forum/

SECOND AFTERWORD

When I finished this book, in September, 2003, I was relieved. The previous few months had been a hellish nightmare. Although I didn't admit it at the time, I was burned out. I was angry, resentful, and worse, I was tired of the story. After nine solid months of writing, I had too much story to tell, and not enough desire or energy to tell it.

Unfortunately, when I posted the final chapters of the book, my sense of accomplishment was tempered by the feeling that I'd failed the story. This wasn't the story I wanted to tell; or it wasn't *all* of the story I wanted to tell.

Believe it or not, the vast majority of the comments I received were positive. But some of them were more candid, and said that the final chapters seemed rushed. A handful of comments were… well… let's just say that a few people earned a whole truckload of bad karma.

I think the frank, honest comments stung the most—not because of what they said, but because I knew they were right. I'm a perfectionist, and I hope that shows in my writing. But I'm also fairly honest with myself, and the frank comments simply echoed my own self-criticism. It's never fun to be told that you haven't done your best work, but it's even worse when you know it's true.

So I decided to take a break—to rest, to recuperate, to revitalize. Then, when I was ready, I began to revise the final chapters, telling the story I *wanted* to tell, the story that *needed* to be told. And here is it. I think the revised chapters are less rushed, more personal. They don't tell, they *show*. At least I hope that's the case.

All in all, I added more than 60,000 words to the story. I recently heard that the entire *Lord of the Rings* saga is 500,000 words. The revised *Summer Camp – Book 2* is a whopping 475,000 words. I don't think I'm in the same league as Tolkien, but at least I know what I'm aspiring to.

In closing, let me thank you for reading. Again. And thank you to everyone who sent feedback—appreciative, critical, or both. I hope you enjoy this revision. I certainly have.

Finally.

Nick Scipio
January 30, 2004
Southeastern US