

Wanderings

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Note: This is my story. The names and details have been changed to protect the privacy of those involved. Some of this account has been reconstructed from memory, but most of it has been based on a journal I kept during these years.

Chapter One - Learning to Walk

1969

It's my earliest memory. I'm three years old, sitting in a tub of lukewarm bathwater. My father is bathing me, rubbing between my legs with a soapy washcloth. Then he's naked, kneeling next to the tub, holding my hands around his penis.

I remember his exasperation, his impatience over my toddler's attention span. I don't remember thinking that this was wrong or forbidden, but I do recall that something was expected of me and I wasn't doing it right.

Then he was out of my life.

It wasn't until I was older that I found out why my parents had divorced: my mother had caught him with the babysitter, who was all of thirteen years old. This was nearly thirty years ago, before sex offender registries, and his only penalty was a divorce and a one-way ticket out of town. He left Florida for Arizona, re-married, and that was that.

1977

My mother re-married as well, a Cuban émigré named Ramon. A widower with two sons, he moved in with us right after the wedding. I ended up sharing my bedroom with Del and Paco, 11 and 9, respectively. I was ten years old, a skinny girl with blonde hair and green eyes.

I cried as half of my bedroom furniture was moved out to the garage to make room for the boys' bunk bed. My mother tried to comfort me, but that made Ramon

angry for some reason, so she left me to sob on my bed and went to help Ramon with Del and Paco's boxes.

That first night I couldn't sleep. I lay on my bed with my back to the boys, listening to the bunk bed make squeaking sounds as they masturbated. I wanted to crawl in to bed with my mother, like I did when I had a bad dream or there was a thunderstorm, but I could hear her and Ramon making love through the house's thin walls.

After my father had left town, when it was just my mother and I, she'd let me sleep with her. She'd hold me, rock me to sleep, whispering "Just you and me, Annie. Just you and me," in my ear. I felt safe, loved, wrapped in her strong arms. That night in my bed, listening to two strangers jerk off in my room, I never felt so alone in the world.

To Ramon I was an annoyance at best, and a reminder of my mother's previous marriage at worst. He wouldn't talk directly to me, wouldn't look me in the eye, and that first Christmas he didn't bother to give me a gift, even though my mother had bought gifts for his sons.

Del and Paco mirrored their father's attitude. They'd keep to their side of the room as if a white line had been painted down the middle of it. Most of their time was spent in the yard playing catch with a ratty pair of baseball gloves and a scuffed ball they'd brought with them from Cuba. I savored my time alone in my room, reading or constructing elaborate fantasies with my dolls. Mostly reading, though.

Ramon worked on a party boat, taking tourists offshore to catch game fish. He'd come home right before dinner, smelling of bait and diesel fuel. My mother kept her job as a bank teller. She'd usually be home before five, and though she was tired from standing all day, she'd still have to cook dinner for everyone.

Whenever I was able, I would spend afternoons and evenings with my best friend, Luci. We'd been classmates since kindergarten. Luci's mother was single, a widow, so we had that much in common. Like me, Luci was skinny, blonde, and an avid reader.

We were playing dress-up in her mother's bedroom one afternoon when we found a box of magazines in the closet. It was a stash of dirty magazines, property of her late father, and something her mother probably didn't have the heart to throw out. Dress-up stopped while we thumbed through the magazines, completely flabbergasted at what we were seeing.

"Eew," Luci squealed, pointing at a picture of a woman sucking a huge, hard cock.

"Is he peeing in her mouth?" I asked.

"I dunno. It's white. Do boys pee white?"

"Naw, it's yellow," I said. I'd seen Del and Paco urinate a number of times; they usually didn't bother closing the bathroom door for that.

We pored over the magazines for the rest of the afternoon, getting a crash course in sex. Our education was interrupted by the sound of Luci's mother pulling into the driveway. We hurriedly replaced the box of magazines and tried to act nonchalant when Luci's mother came in to check up on us.

The rest of that week was spent going through every magazine in the box. Only a few of them were in English, the rest being in French, German, Spanish, and another language I didn't recognize at the time, probably Swedish or Dutch. I persuaded Luci to let me take a couple of the Spanish ones so I could have Del translate the captions. She reluctantly agreed, and I left that afternoon with two of the magazines in my book bag.

After dinner that evening, I went to my room to do my homework. Del and Paco went out to play some catch before it got dark. I rushed through my math assignment and tried to study for the next day's spelling test, but my mind was on the magazines in my bag. I put away my homework and closed the door. After changing into my nightie, I sat in bed with one of the magazines tucked inside a copy of *Life*.

The first set of photos showed a well-tanned woman sitting by a swimming pool. She was applying suntan lotion to her bare breasts, making them glisten like a well-basted turkey. She covered her body with the lotion, her hands lingering on her taut thighs, her legs spread, exposing her vagina.

On the next page, she was caressing herself down there, parting the thin little lips that grown-up ladies had. There was a close-up picture of her sex, bright pink flesh surrounding a dark hole. I put the magazine aside for a moment and reached for a hand mirror. After skinning off my panties, I spread my legs and looked at my cunny, examining it closely for the first time ever.

Unlike her, I didn't have any hair down there, and my flesh wasn't nearly as pink. Instead of the thin hanging lips, I had just a puffy pair of outer lips, and my hole didn't seem as deep. I put the mirror aside and continued reading the magazine.

The next page of photos showed her rubbing herself down there, two fingers pinching the little button at the top of her sex while she poked inside herself with her other hand. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was agape; I thought she was in pain until I saw the smile on her face on the next page.

On the last page of pictures she had the bottle of suntan lotion inside her and her face was scrunched up as she pushed it inside her vagina. Her back was arched and her breasts jutted out, glistening in the sunshine. In the final picture she was smiling as she licked the bottle.

I put the magazine aside again and listened to Del and Paco tossing their baseball back and forth. It took me a minute to realize what the woman in the photos had just done to herself; it was what Del and Paco did every night and most mornings in their bed.

I reached under the sheets and tentatively touched myself, poking at my cunny with my index finger. Unlike the woman in the magazine, I was dry and tight. My little sex resisted my attempt to enter it. I licked my finger and tried again, slowly pushing until it hurt. Wondering what I was doing wrong, I consulted the magazine again.

Maybe it was the lotion that helped, I thought. As this was Florida, we had plenty of that in the house. I put my panties back on and tiptoed into the bathroom, returning to the bedroom with a tube of Coppertone. I pulled my panties off again and got under the sheets, a dollop of lotion on my fingers. Spreading my legs, I began to grease up my cunny. It felt much better when I just rubbed the outside and didn't try to poke my fingers inside my sex.

I kept rubbing while I returned to the magazine. The next photo spread showed a woman with two men sitting on a big leather couch. She sat between them while they took her clothes off. Then all three were naked and she had one man's cock in her mouth while the other man kissed her titties. Then the other man kissed her down there and there was a small close-up shot of him licking her pussy.

On the next page there was a picture of her with both of their penises in her mouth, and then she was on her knees on the couch, her face buried in one man's crotch while the other man licked her behind. I thought that was sort of gross so I went on to the next page, where one of the men was sticking his dick in her pussy while she sucked the other man.

I had been idly rubbing myself down there and it felt okay, but after seeing that picture of the dick in her pussy my sex began to feel warm and tingly and I could feel my little button above my pee hole begin to swell. I put some more lotion on my finger and concentrated on that area, and the more I rubbed the better it felt. I spread my legs wider under the sheets and kept rubbing with one hand while turning the pages with the other.

The last page of the photos showed the two men peeing their white stuff on her titties, something I didn't find appealing at all, but she seemed to like it and rubbed their cream into her breasts. I turned back to the previous page and concentrated on the photo of her sitting in one man's lap, his big, veiny cock inside her, while she sucked the other man's penis. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine how it felt to have a cock inside my cunny and what a cock tasted like, all the while rubbing myself down there and rocking my bottom back and forth. The tingling feeling grew stronger, spreading down my legs, and then it hit me, a spasming wave of pleasure that seemed to knock the breath out of me.

My fingers slowed down but didn't stop until I realized that I couldn't hear Del and Paco playing catch anymore. I quickly closed the magazine, still wrapped inside a copy of *Life*, and tossed it under my pillow just as the boys opened the door to our bedroom. They ignored me as usual, hanging their gloves up and stripping out of their clothes to get ready for bed. I pretended to be asleep as I stole a peek at Del while he changed. His cock was tiny compared to the monsters in the magazine.

That night, while Del and Paco masturbated, I didn't ignore them as I usually had. Instead, I rubbed myself down there, too, and I kept rubbing myself after their telltale grunts told me that they were finished. This time I used both hands like the

lady in the first photo section, though it still hurt if I poked myself too deep. But by concentrating on my little button I came faster this time.

I tried not to make too much noise while I did it, but I must have gasped a few times and made the bed squeak because when I opened my eyes I noticed Del looking at me funny. Then he smiled and rolled over and went to sleep. And that was that.

It took a week before I got up the courage to ask Del about the magazine, hoping that he'd translate what the people were saying and maybe tell me what was going on in some of the photos, especially that last set of pictures where it looked like a man had his dick in a woman's bottom.

Even though Paco was a year younger than I was, sometimes I would help him with his homework. We were doing his spelling lesson together one evening when Del came into the room. I gave Paco the answer sheet to copy and went over to my bed, where the magazines were hidden beneath my mattress.

“Del? Can I show you something?”

He nodded, grudgingly. I pulled the magazines out and laid them on my bed. His eyes went wide when he saw the covers.

“Holy shit. Where'd you get these?”

“My friend Luci had them in her mother's closet,” I explained. “They're in Spanish. Can you read them to me?”

Del said nothing. Instead, he took one of the magazines and sat on his bed, thumbing through the pages.

“Well?” I asked.

“Yeah, sure. Later. Lemme look at this,” he mumbled.

I sighed and went back to doing homework with Paco, but he was too distracted by the cover of the other magazine. Eventually, he got up from the desk and sat on my bed, thumbing through the pages like his brother was doing.

I finished my homework and managed to grab the magazines back before my mother came in to get us ready for bed. If she saw them we'd be in big trouble, but I hid them just in time.

Barely a minute after our lights were turned off, Del had his flashlight lit. He motioned for me to join him, so I grabbed the magazines and got into his bed. We pulled the sheets over our heads and sat side-by-side. Del started to read the captions of the first photo section, the one with the lady by the pool.

“Alma likes to spend every day under the warm Catalan sun,” he began to read.
“When she thinks no one sees her, she likes to give herself the pleasure.”

I held the flashlight as Del read the captions. He had one hand in his boxer shorts, slowly stroking himself. Over his whispered voice and heavy breathing, I could hear Paco jerking off above us, in the top bunk.

After he finished reading the captions for the first spread, I asked Del to skip to the last one.

“Esperanza has the hungry ass that wants to be filled,” he read.

“What does that mean?” I asked.

“She likes it in the butt.”

In the butt? Ewww.”

“Some girls like that, I guess. That’s how maricon do it, too,” he explained.

“What’s a maricon?”

Del explained as best as he could, which wasn’t very well. He wasn’t very clear on the concept of homosexuality, and he couldn’t explain why a woman would want a

cock in her bottom when she had a perfectly good vagina. Eventually, he got tired of explaining and just looked at the pictures while he jerked off.

“Can I see it?” I asked Del, meekly.

“See what?”

“Your thing.”

Del chuckled and put the magazine aside. He lifted his butt and pulled his boxers down, freeing his hard little cock. I’d seen it before, when he’d urinate with the bathroom door open, but never erect. The foreskin was retracted, exposing his cockhead, and the whole thing throbbed in time with his pulse. Del pulled the magazine back on to his thigh and continued his stroking while I watched, fascinated.

I held the flashlight with one hand and rubbed myself through my cotton panties with the other. I could hear Del’s breathing grow heavier as he masturbated. When he reached the last page of the photo spread he lingered over one shot, a picture of the hungry ass of Esperanza stuffed with hard cockmeat. The man she had been sucking had sprayed his white stuff on her face and she was looking directly at the camera with an expression of lust on her gooey face.

I looked up at Del, seeing something similar in his face. He licked his lips and then his eyes stopped focusing on the picture and closed as he softly gasped. I watched his stroking slow and then stop. There was a tiny drop of clear fluid on the tip of his softening penis.

“Don’t you make the white stuff?” I asked.

“When I am older,” he replied after a minute’s silence.

I had an urge to touch him but Del wanted to go to sleep at that point. He took the flashlight, handed me the magazine to hide, and I slipped out of the little tent of

sheets and back into my own bed. Paco was already asleep and snoring lightly. I slipped the magazines under my mattress.

I wanted to rub myself but this time I didn't feel like doing it in the room with Del and Paco, even if they were asleep. I drifted off to sleep, my head full of unanswered questions about boys and cocks and women with hungry asses.

The next day brought a few of those answers. I spent the afternoon at Luci's, expecting to read magazines again. Instead of rummaging through the box in the closet, Luci showed me the contents of one of the drawers in her mother's bedside table.

There was a pink rubbery penis and a long plastic thing that buzzed when you twisted the bottom. But best of all was a book, a "marriage manual", with all sorts of interesting pictures and drawings. I pored through the pages while Luci lay down on the bed and rubbed herself through her panties with the buzzing thing. She kept doing it until her legs started shaking and her bottom lifted up off the bed.

Then we traded. Luci thumbed through the book while I tried the buzzing thing. When I touched it to my sex it sent tingles through my whole body. I lay back on the bed and rubbed myself with it through my panties, back and forth over my slit. It felt amazing, but it didn't make my legs shake like Luci's. I put it aside and we looked at the book together, trying to make sense of it all. But for every question that was answered, two more would come up.

Luci wouldn't lend me the book, as her mother might notice it missing, but she let me take two more magazines from the box in the closet. I ran home with the magazines in my book bag, hoping to find Del and Paco before our parents came home.

I expected to see them in the yard, playing catch as usual. Instead, they were in our bedroom, looking at the two Spanish porn magazines I had hidden under my mattress. Paco had his pants around his ankles and was rubbing his little dick, while Del was completely naked and laying on my bed, jerking off.

“Hey!” I shouted. “Who said you could do that on my bed?”

“Relax, chica,” Del said, “I’ll be finished in a minute.”

Instead of arguing, I took off my dress and lay down on his bed and started rubbing myself through my panties. Turnabout was fair play. Paco looked up from his magazine, interested in this new development.

“Hey puta, get off my bed,” Del complained.

“Chinga se,” I replied, raising my middle finger at him. Paco giggled.

Del leaped off my bed like a panther. In a split-second, he was across the room and on top of me. I tensed up, expecting him to start slapping or punching me, but he started tickling me instead. Even Paco got into the act, pulling off one of my shoes and attacking the sole of my foot.

“Ow, quit it! Del! Paco! Stop it!” I protested, trying to squirm out from under him. I had nothing near his strength, and he had at least fifteen pounds on me. All I could do was try to tickle him back, but it didn’t seem to affect him.

“Okay, okay, let me up,” I gasped, out of breath from laughing so hard. Del stopped tickling me but he didn’t get off of me. Just then I realized that he was rubbing his hardness against the crotch of my panties. I felt the heat between my legs, both his and mine. I stopped struggling and pressed my cunny against him, meeting his thrusts. It felt more exciting than that buzzing thing Luci’s mother had.

“You like this, chica?” Del asked. I nodded. He kept thrusting, his hard cock rubbing the cleft between my legs. I ran my hands over his smooth, strong back and

grabbed his ass, pulling him closer. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Paco watch us, fascinated, while he pulled his little dick.

There was something about the way Del's ass tensed and relaxed in my hands, the way his body felt on top of me, the way his cock rubbed my slit. I felt like one of those sexy women in the magazines. I wanted to make him orgasm (a word I learned from the marriage manual that afternoon). I wanted to give him pleasure. Del was an intruder in my world up to that point, along with his father and brother, but I wanted to please him. Then I'd be like the sexy magazine ladies.

I felt Del pressing harder against me and then he shuddered, his ass tensing up in my grasp. I felt a wetness on my belly between us. Del rolled over and lay on the bed next to me, breathing heavily. There were a couple of drops of his clear stuff on my stomach and panties. It felt sticky like snot and turned white when I smeared it around.

I remembered the new magazines in my book bag, and got off the bed to show them. Del leafed through them but put them aside when he realized that they were in German, and went back to the Spanish-language magazines. He sat on his bed with his brother reading them. Paco's little cock was red from all his rubbing but he kept doing it anyway.

I was still excited and all tingly down there, so I took the German magazines and lay on my bed reading them. Even though Del and Paco were in the room, I pulled down my panties and took off my remaining shoe and sock, feeling especially naughty to be naked in front of my two step-brothers.

The German-language magazines were racier than most of the others in the box in Luci's house. All the photo shoots were of one woman with two or more men, sometimes as many as five men with one woman. Sometimes the men did icky things,

like peeing on the lady. Sometimes there would be two women with one man, and one of the ladies would be smiling at the camera as she helped the man put his thing in the other woman.

I reached for the tube of suntan lotion that I'd swiped the other day, spreading some on my cunny. I tried to pretend that I was alone in the room as I looked at the pictures and rubbed myself, but I noticed that Del and Paco were looking at me instead of their magazine. I shifted on the bed and spread my legs wider to give them a better view.

Knowing that they were watching was exciting me even more. I spread my slit open with my fingers and slowly started to rub my button. The warm feelings started to spread down my thighs and into my belly as I rubbed faster. I could see that Del was hard again and stroking his member. I remember thinking that I wanted to touch him, to rub his cock for him.

That's when it hit me. I guess it was my first full-blown orgasm, a cresting wave of pleasure that made my legs shake like Luci's had that afternoon. I let out a little cry that must have startled Del and Paco, because they stopped stroking for a moment until I relaxed and fell back on the bed. My little button -- that book called it a "clitoris" -- felt really sensitive to the touch, but I kept rubbing it slowly and gently.

Paco got up from the bed to get a better look at my sex. He reached out to touch it but I slapped his hand away.

"Ow! What you do that for?" he cried.

"You could ask me first, you know," I replied. I would have let him, too, but the sound of my mother's key in the front door lock sent us scrambling for our clothes. We managed to get dressed and toss the magazines under the bed by the time she opened the door to check up on us.

That evening, after lights out, the three of us sat naked under the tent of sheets in Del's bed. We looked at one of the German magazines for a while, until Paco spoke up.

"So, can I touch it, Annie?" he asked.

"Only if I can touch yours," I said. He nodded and reached for my cunny. I grabbed his wrist.

"Be gentle," I said. He nodded again, and I released my grip.

His fingers softly grazed my lips, slowly penetrating deeper, slowly pressing inside. It felt weird and sexy at the same time.

Then he hit my hymen, and I flinched with the pain. I grabbed his wrist again.

"Sorry," he said.

"S'okay. Just rub the little lump at the top."

Paco nodded and started gently fingering me. Meanwhile, Del put his arm around my shoulder and started caressing my thigh with his other hand. I turned my head towards him and we kissed. It was the first time I kissed a boy. Our lips were locked and we didn't know what to do with our tongues, but it was unforgettable.

I laid one hand on Del's thigh and another on Paco's, caressing them just as Del was caressing me. Del took my hand and placed it on his cock as we broke off our kiss, and I felt his hand working its way up to where Paco was rubbing me.

"That feels so weird," I said as I fondled his cock. I took Paco's dick in my other hand, comparing the two. Paco's little stiffy was barely three inches long, and his nuts were like two peas in a velvet bag. Del had a bit over four inches and his balls were closer to olive-sized with a sparse growth of downy hairs. I felt Del's finger press inside me as I started to stroke my stepbrothers' erections.

"Like that?" I asked, sliding his foreskin up and down his shaft.

“Just like that, chica,” he said. His warm breath spilled over my shoulder.

Del’s cock danced in my hand as I stroked it, the muscle inside tensing up as my fingers glided over his shaft. Suddenly it twitched twice and I felt his sticky stuff on my fingers. I thought about tasting it but I wiped my hand on his sheets instead. Del started to lose interest in my pussy, so he withdrew his finger and sniffed it before wiping it off.

I turned to Paco, who was still rubbing my button. His smaller dick didn’t twitch like Del’s, but he seemed to be enjoying my stroking all the same. It wasn’t long before he came as well, but he didn’t stop rubbing me like his brother had. I held his dick in my hand, feeling it get softer.

I started to get sore down there from Paco’s finger, so I got up from Del’s bed and into my own. I put some lotion on my pussy and started rubbing myself until the good feeling hit me. It wasn’t as intense as it had been that afternoon, but it felt nice anyway.

Paco had crawled into his top bunk by that time, and Del was already asleep and softly snoring. I wiped myself off with my panties and put them back on before falling asleep.

For the next few weeks we kept to our little routine, the three of us in Del’s bed fingering each other. Del and Paco even managed to make me come a few times, but usually I’d have to finish myself off in my own bed.

I’d spend most of my afternoons at Luci’s, reading those magazines or the marriage manual and playing with her mother’s sex toys. I managed to stuff the buzzing thing inside me -- we found out it was called a vibrator from an ad in the back of one of the magazines -- until I felt something start to tear. There was a smear of

blood on it when I pulled it out, so I didn't try that again. But it felt really good when I rubbed it on my button, and a few times I came really hard from it.

One afternoon towards the end of the school year, Luci and I went over to my house instead. She had lost her key at school and it was raining really hard. Del and Paco were in our bedroom playing with baseball cards, so Luci and I decided to ignore them and play with my dolls on my bed.

It was as if there was an imaginary wall down the middle of the room until Luci started undressing one of my boy dolls.

“He doesn’t have a dick,” she said, disappointed. She took one of my girl dolls and lifted its dress, sticking them together as if they were having sex. This got Del’s attention, and he looked up from his baseball cards.

I pulled a magazine from under my bed, opening it to a photo spread of a man and woman having sex on a couch. We looked at the pictures and posed the dolls in various positions, pressing their smooth plastic crotches together to simulate fucking. Luci glanced over at Del to see if he was watching, and spread her legs wider to give him a flash of her panties. I could tell by the way he uncrossed his legs that this was having an affect on him. Finally, he got up off his bed and walked over to us.

“Can I play, too?” he asked. I could see his hardness tenting his shorts.

“Dolls are for girls,” I said.

“Not the way you’re playing,” he said. He sat on the edge of the bed and watched us between glances at Luci’s legs. By this time we had the clothes off of all of the dolls, their plastic limbs entwined in a toy orgy.

“Is this the daddy?” Del asked, pointing out the male doll who had one female straddling his waist and another sitting on his face.

“No, he’s the man who came to clean the pool,” I replied, echoing the photo captions in the magazine.

“Why aren’t the girls kissing?” he asked.

“I dunno,” Luci said.

“You girls ever kiss?” Del asked. Luci and I both shook our heads.

“Why not?”

I looked at Luci and shrugged my shoulders. It never occurred to us to kiss, despite seeing pictures of women together in the magazines.

“Wanna try?” Luci asked.

“Okay.” I leaned in and our lips touched. They were softer than Del’s, and her tongue was more yielding. I touched her arm and felt goosebumps. I remember thinking how strange that was, because I felt hot and flushed, not cold.

“I liked that,” Luci said.

“I did too.” On an impulse, I pulled my dress off over my head. Paco, still on Del’s bed with his baseball cards, looked up in surprise. Luci followed suit, unbuttoning her blouse and unzipping her skirt. In a minute we both had our sneakers and socks off, sitting in bed wearing only our panties. Luci leaned in for another kiss.

I heard a rustling of clothing and looked over at Del after the kiss. He had stripped off his t-shirt and shorts and was fumbling with a knot in his sneaker’s shoelace.

“Take off your panties,” Luci said to Del.

“They’re not panties. They’re briefs,” he protested.

“They’re panties!” I insisted, even though he was wearing plain white boys’ BVDs. “Del wears panties! Del wears panties!” He turned red and took a swat at me, but I dodged his hand and tugged at the waistband of his briefs. Embarrassed, he

skinned them off and stood next to the bed naked except for one sneaker. Luci's eyes were glued to his half-hard cock.

"It's so small!" she said, giggling hysterically. Compared to the men in the magazines, Del's cock was tiny.

"It's bigger than Paco's," Del stammered, blushing.

"Let's see," Luci said, "Come here, Paco." Reluctantly, he got up from his baseball cards and approached the bed. Luci tugged at his t-shirt, motioning for him to take off his clothes. He slowly complied. When he was finally naked, Luci reached out to touch his limp little cock. Paco bashfully pulled away.

"C'mon. I won't hurt you. I just want to touch it," Luci pleaded. Paco edged closer as Luci reached out again, gently touching him.

"Have you touched it, Annie?" Luci asked. I nodded. Paco's cock stiffened as Luci pulled back his foreskin. She carefully inspected his nuts, gently squeezing them. Then she did something surprising. She slid off the bed on to her knees and licked Paco's dick. Satisfied that it didn't taste disgusting, she engulfed it with her mouth, making slurping sounds as she sucked his stiffy.

Del and I were speechless. Paco was amazed. He just stood there dumbfounded as Luci sucked him. Her head bobbed back and forth and her mouth made soft sucking sounds. After a moment, Paco's amazement wore off and he placed his hands on Luci's shoulders and started moving his hips. He was smiling from ear to ear.

Del and I recovered from our initial shock, and as he lay back on my bed I took his cock in my hand and started stroking him while we watched. I laid my head on Del's chest and he caressed my back while I jerked him off.

Luci had her hands on Paco's ass, grabbing his cheeks with each thrust as she sucked him. Suddenly, Paco doubled over and withdrew from her mouth. He sank to

his knees and Luci kissed him on the mouth. As they both stood up, I felt Del's hand on the back of my neck, pushing my head towards his crotch until his cock was barely an inch away from my mouth.

There was a drop of clear fluid on the tip. I tasted it. Bitter, but not too unpleasant. I extended my tongue and licked the swollen purple head of his cock. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Luci and Paco sitting on the bed and watching. I took Del's cock in my mouth, feeling it twitch between my lips, and began to suck him the way Luci had sucked Paco, my head bobbing in Del's lap as he gently stroked my back.

“Does that feel good?” I asked Del. He nodded and I resumed sucking him. His cock twitched in my mouth as I cupped his hairless balls.

“Ow! Watch the teeth, *chica*,” he complained. I opened my mouth wider and used my tongue to keep from grazing him with my lower teeth. He must have liked that a lot, because I heard him moan something in Spanish. Then he grabbed the back of my head and I felt his ass lift off the bed and his cock spasm between my lips, releasing a small spurt of his juice against the roof of my mouth. The taste caught me by surprise, and I pulled off of his cock and spit the liquid in the trash can next to the bed. Del lay back on the bed with a satisfied look on his face.

“What did it taste like?” Luci asked.

“Radish and pee,” I replied, spitting again. I hated radishes.

I wanted Del to lick me, but my mother was due home soon. We all got dressed again and put away the magazines, looking like innocent little children when my mother walked into the room.

Later that night I sucked Del again, and tried to get him to lick me. He did, albeit reluctantly and not very well. I had to bring myself off afterwards. Paco wanted

me to suck him as well, but my jaw was tired and he refused to lick my cunny in return. We fingered each other for a while but didn't get off, so we went to sleep.

The next day I asked Luci if she wanted to come home with me and play with Del and Paco, but she insisted on going to her house instead. When we got there, she led me into her mother's bedroom and started taking her clothes off. I did the same and sat next to her on the bed, wondering what she had in mind. Then she leaned over and kissed me.

I liked kissing Luci. She didn't stick her tongue into my mouth as far as Del, and her breath tasted much better. When she broke off the kiss, I felt a twinge of disappointment, but then she started licking my nipples. It felt wonderful, like there was a direct line to my pussy. I didn't want her to stop, but she started kissing me lower and lower and I realized what was going to happen next.

We lay next to each other, head to toe. I felt her breath on my thighs and I spread my legs. Her thighs were in front of my face so I started to do what she was doing to me, kissing her legs and watching her smooth skin break out in goosebumps. When I felt her tongue on the lips of my cunny, I did the same.

I shivered when her tongue touched my little button, swirling around and going back and forth. I found hers, teasing it with my tongue until it swelled up and emerged from the hood of pink flesh that hid it. I slid my hand under her hip and grabbed her bottom to hold her still as I licked her hairless little slit.

Her breath grew harder and she began to squirm as I tongued her, so I grabbed her bottom with both hands and started sucking her little button as if it was a tiny cock. She started to squeal, though her voice was muffled by my sex, and she pulled me closer to her mouth just as I had done. Suddenly, she began to shudder and her thighs clamped together around my head as she moved her pussy back and forth over

my tongue. Then she relaxed and continued to lick me as I pulled my face back and caught my breath.

I started to probe her wet cunny with my finger when it hit me, the biggest wave of pleasure I'd ever had. I tried not to clamp my thighs around her head but they were out of my control. My stomach heaved and I cried out as I felt it run through my whole body. It seemed to last forever even though it was only a few seconds. When it was done, I relaxed and rolled on to my back. Luci scooted around and lay on top of me and we kissed again, our faces wet, our lips red and puffy.

“Wow,” was all I could say.

“Yeah, wow,” Luci echoed. Her big brown eyes were gleaming.

We licked each other again that afternoon, in between turns with the vibrator. When it was time to go home I could barely walk. I took off my skirt and top, changed into fresh panties, and took a nap until dinner. This caused my mother to worry that I was coming down with a cold or something, so she made me stay in bed that evening and kept Del and Paco out of the room until it was time for bed. I savored the privacy, rubbing myself until I was too sore to touch.

Luci and I were inseparable that summer, and I started to lose interest in Del, though I'd still rub his and Paco's cocks every few days. I could never get them to lick me, but as long as I had Luci to do that I didn't care. I stopped kissing Del, too. Kissing Luci was more fun.

We had fun that summer, licking each other and playing with her mother's vibrator. I managed to stuff it all the way inside me, though I felt sore for days and ruined my favorite panties with blood. Luci did it as well, but there wasn't any blood and she said it didn't hurt. We wore out three sets of batteries that summer, and I

almost got caught stealing fresh ones from the supermarket. By August, we were also using the pink rubber cock, but it wasn't as good since it didn't vibrate.

There were two weeks left before school when Luci came over with bad news. She and her mother were moving to Ohio to live with her grandparents. We sat in my room and cried for hours, holding each other, kissing, crying some more.

On the day she was supposed to leave, I went to her house one last time. The house was empty except for some suitcases and boxes in the hallway. Luci's mother was loading up the car as Luci led me to her mother's bedroom. We kissed, our hands roaming over each other. Then Luci pulled away and grabbed a small box from the closet.

"Here," she said. "Don't open it until you get home."

"I'll miss you," I said.

"I'll miss you, too. Promise to write?"

"I promise," I said. We kissed again until Luci's mother called for her. I held the box close to my heart as I watched her mother drive away. Luci waved from the back seat. Half-blinded by my tears, I trudged home and had a long, cleansing crying jag on my bed.

When no more tears would come, I opened the box Luci had given me. Inside was the vibrator, the rubber penis, the marriage manual, and a half-dozen of the dirty magazines. A note in Luci's handwriting explained that her mother had thrown these out and Luci had retrieved them from the trash. At the end of the note, Luci had written "I love you." The tears began to flow again.

Nothing lasts forever, not even grief. My mother felt sympathy for me and made me a special dessert every night for a week. Del and Paco stayed out of my way

during the afternoons, leaving me alone in my room (afternoons were when I missed Luci the most). Even Ramon was nice to me. Not that he was ever really mean to me; he usually ignored me. But he actually bought me one of those pretty Cuban señorita dolls and let me sit next to him on the couch and watch baseball with him.

By the time school started, I felt better. Luci and I wrote to each other on a weekly basis. She was as miserable as I was at first, but that soon passed. I made new friends at school and in the neighborhood, but none that I could share what I had with Luci.

However, Luci's absence rekindled my interest in Del. He turned 12 that September, and he was starting to take on his father's handsome look: deep brown eyes and thick black hair. After I gave him two of the magazines Luci had given me, he started to treat me more like a blood sister. He even invited me to play catch with him and Paco, giving me his old glove after he got a new one for his birthday.

Our nightly ritual began again, fingering each other under the sheets of his bed while we read the magazines or the marriage manual. I'd suck him, but only if he licked me down there, something he finally got the hang of. We'd lay together licking each other while Paco would put lotion on his dick and rub it between my ass cheeks. I loved the feeling of being sandwiched between them.

Del's cock seemed to grow bigger every day, and downy black hairs started to sprout on his balls and crotch. He started to squirt twice in my mouth instead of just once, and I began to get used to the taste. Even when his licking got me off, I'd use the vibrator to come again, something Paco liked to watch.

For my eleventh birthday, Ramon bought me my own baseball glove. Girls were just starting to join the local Little League teams that year, and I made the team that spring. Because I'm left-handed, the coach put me at third base and had me try

out for pitcher. I didn't do too poorly since I had played a lot of catch with Del and Paco during the preceding fall and winter. After pitching my first winning game, Ramon looked positively proud of me.

Chapter Two - Love and Loss

1978

It was that spring when we discovered the hole in the closet wall. Our bedroom shared a wall with our parents' room, but we never noticed the hole until they bought new bedroom furniture. The low mahogany dresser that hid the hole was replaced with a tall cherry armoire, and a small shaft of light from their room was revealed when our lights were out.

Because the house had thin walls, it was pretty obvious when our parents were making love. The sounds of the bed squeaking and my mother's cries of passion were unmistakable. Del was the first to spy on them, but soon we were all taking turns. The hole was tiny, a gap in the drywall over an electrical outlet, but you could see the whole bedroom. Even when the bedroom lights were out, the glow of the street lights was sufficient illumination.

It was pretty much the same thing every night. Ramon would lay on the bed in his undershorts while my mother got undressed and put on her nightie. Then they'd kiss for a while. She'd take off her nightgown and he'd strip off his boxers, and she'd suck his cock while she fingered herself. Then they'd fuck, usually with him on top. Sometimes he'd fuck her from behind or she'd get on top of him and ride his dick. She'd come, he'd come, and then they'd go to sleep.

On rare occasions, Ramon would lick my mother's pussy, but you could tell he wasn't really into it. When my mother had her period, she'd suck him until he came in her mouth or on her tits. Once, she put his cock between her breasts and he came like

that. And once we even saw Ramon put his cock in her ass, just like the lady in the magazine.

At first, we'd take turns watching, dragging out the marriage manual to learn the name of the position they used when we were finished watching. After a while, when we'd learned all the names of the positions, I'd stroke Del and Paco while they were watching and they would pump my pussy with the vibrator while I looked through the hole. We had to be careful not to make any noise while our parents fucked, lest they know we were watching.

One night it seemed like they finished quickly. None of us had come yet by the time Ramon rolled over to fall asleep. I pulled the vibrator out of my pussy and started to head over to my bed when Del grabbed my arm.

“You wanna?” he asked. I was still horny but I was going to finish myself in bed.

“Yeah, okay,” I said, after a moment of hesitation. I could see Paco’s eyes widen as he realized what was going to happen.

We pulled the blanket off our beds and spread them on the floor; our bedsprings would have made too much noise. I made a nest of pillows and Del settled into them. Paco sat on the floor and watched as I curled up between Del’s legs and began to suck his cock. My heart pounded with the excitement of what we were about to do.

When Del was hard enough, I pulled him from my mouth and took his place on the pillows, just as my mother had done in her bed a few minutes earlier. Del knelt between my legs and guided his glistening cock into my slit. Unlike the slim plastic vibrator, his cock felt warm and alive. As I grabbed his ass and pulled him closer, he

leaned down and kissed me. Paco knelt next to us and watched while he stroked his stiffy.

Slowly, Del began to thrust inside me. I rocked my bottom the way my mother did, meeting his strokes. The feeling of his cock filling me, and the pleasure it produced, made me wonder why we didn't do this earlier. Del's brow began to sheen with perspiration as we fucked on our bedroom floor.

“You like that, Annie?” he whispered.

“Yes, Del,” I said. It took me a second to realize that he called me by my name instead of “chica”.

“Tell me,” he said, “Tell me how much you like it.” This was something Ramon said to my mother when they fucked.

“I like it. I like the way you’re fucking me,” I said, echoing my mother’s usual response.

Del hooked his arms behind my knees and lifted my legs in the air, making his cock feel like it was going deeper than before. I couldn’t push back into him, but that didn’t matter. It felt amazing, better than a finger, better than a vibrator, even better than Luci’s tongue. I felt a twinge of regret that she couldn’t be here to watch, maybe even do it with Del. I was trying to picture them doing it, Del’s bronzed body on top of her, his glistening cock pumping her puffy slit, when I started to come.

Unlike those times when I used the vibrator or Luci was licking me, this wasn’t one big wave of pleasure. Instead, it was a lot of little wavelets, each one better than the last, building up in time with Del’s thrusts. I started to cry out but Del clamped his mouth on mine and started kissing me. Even so, I almost bit his tongue when I came. My legs shook, my toes curled, and I dug my fingers into Del’s ass so hard that I left red marks in his skin.

“Come for me, Del,” I said, my voice a hoarse whisper. It was something my mother said to Ramon when she came before he did. Del lay down on top of me and buried his face in my neck as I ran my hands over his strong back. I felt his cock twitch inside me twice before he began to slow down. Finally he stopped and looked me in the eyes before gently kissing me on the lips.

“Was it good?” he asked. I smiled and nodded.

We kissed again and then he pulled out of me. I felt tired, sore, and empty.

“Can I try?” Paco asked, his cock red from all his rubbing.

“She’s not a bicycle, Paco,” Del said, swatting his brother’s butt.

I was so sore down there that I couldn’t have fucked Paco if I wanted to, but I had another idea. I got up from the floor and fetched the bottle of lotion I kept next to my bed. Kneeling next to Paco, I poured some on his stiff cock and smeared it around. Then I laid down on my belly on the pile of pillows on the floor. I’d stuck my finger in my bottom while doing myself with the vibrator a few times, and Paco’s penis wasn’t much bigger than that. Besides, we’d seen Ramon do my mother that way and she seemed to like it.

Paco understood what I wanted. I felt him kneeling behind me and place his cock between my cheeks. He tried to push it into my ass a couple of times but it slipped down my crack. The third time, he managed to press it in, but he did it too fast and the pain made me pull away.

“Slow. Do it slow,” I said.

“Sorry.”

This time it was easier. At first it hurt like the first time I tried to stick a finger in my pussy, but then the pain started to fade. It wasn’t as good as having it in my cunny, but Paco seemed to like it. He was smiling when I turned to look at him.

Paco started thrusting the way his brother had done, humping my ass with his hands around my waist. He slipped out a couple of times, but stuffed it back in my ass without missing a beat. It didn't take long for him to come, a deep thrust followed by a single, long twitch. He kissed me between my shoulder blades before pulling out and getting off of my back.

Del, who was half-hard again, helped me up off the floor. We put the pillows back on our beds -- mine had a huge wet spot on one side -- and kissed again before going to bed. I listened to both of them fall asleep, hearing their breathing get slower, before I fell asleep myself.

From then on, I was doing it with my stepbrothers almost every night. I liked the feeling of Del's cock inside me, but Paco was pretty good too. Unlike his brother, Paco's cock usually stayed hard after he came, and he could fuck me for nearly an hour. We did everything our parents did and then some; in the magazines Luci had given me there were photos of two guys and a girl doing it at the same time. We'd pretend we were doing porno as I took Paco in my mouth or ass and Del in my cunny at the same time.

For Paco's tenth birthday, I gave him a triple feature: sucking him first, taking him in my pussy, and then letting him do my ass. Even though we fooled around almost every night, he liked this present almost as much as his new baseball glove.

There were a few close calls here and there. One night Del and I fell asleep in his bed together. When my mother knocked on the door the next morning, I flew out of his bed and dived into my bed right before she opened the door. Another night we must have made too much noise and Ramon came into the room to check up on us. Luckily, we had just finished and were back in our own beds.

The closest call didn't involve Del, Paco, or our parents, however.

I had made a new best friend, a girl named Tina who went to my school and lived only a few blocks away. She was tall for her age, wore her chestnut brown hair in a short page-boy hairdo, and loved to play sports. We were in Little League together and she hit better than most of the boys on the team.

Even though she was sort of a tomboy, she liked to do girl stuff, too. When we weren't playing ball we were at her house or mine, playing with dolls or reading Judy Blume books together. One afternoon when Del and Paco were out riding their bikes, I pulled out the magazines Luci gave me. Tina was flabbergasted.

“Where did you get these?” she asked. I told her a friend gave them to me. I didn't want to tell her too much too soon. We read them together. Even though I'd had them for months, it was like looking at them with new eyes.

“Have you ever kissed a boy?” I asked. Tina hesitated before shaking her head.

“Have you?” she asked. I nodded.

“Who? Is he in our class?”

“I can't tell you,” I said.

“Why not?!?”

“It's a secret.”

“You're lying, Annie.”

“Cross my heart, hope to die.”

“Is it Brian?” she asked. Brian was the tallest boy on our ball team, and I knew Tina liked him a lot. That's why she asked about him.

I said nothing, merely pantomiming a zipper across my lips. Tina went back to the magazine. She leafed through a few pages before hitting a photo spread of two women making out.

“Ever kiss a girl?” I asked. Tina looked at me, blushing.

“No way. Have you?”

Instead of replying, I leaned in and kissed her on the lips. It wasn’t as good as kissing Luci, and it made me miss her all the more, but it felt nice. Tina seemed to like it, too. Her hands were all over me. I noticed that she was wearing a training bra and had two fleshy nubs that were the beginnings of breasts. I was still flat as a board at that point.

We didn’t do much more but kiss and read the magazine that afternoon. But later that week we were at her house doing homework. She left the room and came back with some magazines of her own that she’d found in her father’s tool chest. These weren’t the exotic foreign magazines that Luci had; just some old Playboys. But the women were prettier.

We started to kiss again and soon we had wriggled out of our clothes. I was suckling Tina’s nipples and she had her hand in my panties when her mother opened the door without knocking.

Tina’s mother just stood there, speechless. Then she turned on her heel and walked out of the room, slamming the door shut behind her. My heart was pounding and Tina looked like she was about to cry. We got dressed and walked out of Tina’s room. Her mother was sitting in the kitchen, smoking a cigarette. I left the house without saying a word.

It was a long, long walk home. When I got there, I went to my room and lay on my bed, softly sobbing out of fear. It wasn’t fear of being punished, but I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to see Tina ever again. I could hear the phone ringing and I knew it was Tina’s mother, but there was no one else home to answer it. I fell asleep curled up around my favorite teddy bear.

When I woke up, my mother was sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Want to tell me about it, Annie?”

“About what?”

“You know,” she said. My heart started racing again and I felt tears start to form.

“We were just fooling around,” I said.

My mother said nothing. She just brushed my hair away from my face with her hand.

“Do you fool around with Del and Paco?”

“No.”

“Just Tina?”

I nodded. And that was that. Of course, I couldn’t go over to Tina’s house anymore, but that didn’t stop her from sneaking over to mine. I told Del and Paco what had happened and we agreed that we needed to be more careful. All things considered, I had gotten off easily.

That night I overheard my mother and Ramon talk about moving into a larger house, one in which I would have my own room. But it never happened; money was too tight even though she and Ramon both worked.

Tina and I didn’t get an opportunity to pick up where we left off until the next week. She told her mother she was getting together with another friend but came over to my house instead. Within minutes of her arrival, we were naked and fooling around on my bed.

I showed Tina how to use my vibrator. She’d never felt anything like that, even though she’d known how to finger herself since she was five. Unlike me, she had no

problem putting it inside her, since she'd already broken her cherry with the handle of her hairbrush.

“Can I show you something that feels better than the vibrator?”

“Better than this? Sure,” she said.

I spread her legs and kissed her thighs. Tina settled back on the bed and closed her eyes, but when she felt my lips on her pussy she bolted upright.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Lay back. You’ll love this,” I replied. She did so, but hesitantly.

Tina had some sparse, downy hair on her pussy, and a faint musky scent that wasn’t at all unpleasant. I leaned in and began to lick her, parting her lips with my tongue. When I reached her clit I could feel her whole body start to tremble with pleasure and excitement. Perhaps there was a bit of fear, too. We knew we were doing something forbidden, and, having been caught once already, our punishment would be severe if we were caught again.

I reached up to play with her tiny breasts as I licked her, feeling her puffy little nipples stiffen under my fingers. Her hips rocked as I nibbled her button, and I could hear her softly moaning. She began to run her fingers through my hair, gently urging me to tongue her harder.

I could tell she was getting close by the way her thighs began to tremble. Taking one of my hands from her breasts, I slipped a finger inside her, feeling her heat and wetness. Suddenly I felt her contract around my finger, her stomach rippling as she let out a long, low moan followed by a shrill cry. I kept lashing her with my tongue until she had to push my head away. She rolled on her side, her face and chest flushed bright red. I lay next to her and we held hands as I watched her catch her breath.

“That was amazing,” she said.

“Maybe you could do me?”

“Sure. Let me rest up for a minute.” She brought my hand to her lips and kissed the finger that had just been inside her.

Tina returned the favor, eating me good despite this being her first time. We were resting in each other’s arms afterward when my bedroom door flew open. Tina tensed up, afraid that we were caught again, but I knew differently. It was Del and Paco, home from soccer practice.

“Hey, Annie. Who’s your pretty friend?” Del asked. Paco just stood there grinning as his cock started to pitch a tent in his gym shorts.

“Tina, these are my stepbrothers, Del and Paco,” I said. Tina blushed and tried to cover herself with the sheets. Meanwhile, Del started to get undressed, pulling off his t-shirt and stepping out of his shorts. He was wearing a jock strap, an item of clothing that was a source of considerable pride for him, even though it was hardly necessary at his age.

“Hi, Tina,” Del said, pulling down the strap. Tina looked like she wanted to say something, but her eyes were glued to Del’s half-hard cock. Paco was already naked but for his socks.

“Come here, Del. Tina wants to touch it,” I said.

“I do not!” she protested.

“Yes she does,” I said, tickling her in the ribs. She elbowed me in the side and made a move to get out of bed, but I held her around the waist and wouldn’t let go. Del came over to the bed and sat next to Tina, his erection bobbing in his lap. Tina stared at it the whole time.

“Go ahead. It won’t bite,” Del said.

Tina thought for a second and slowly reached out for Del's penis. She hesitated before finally touching it.

"That's so weird. It's hard inside," she said.

"Wrap your fingers around it and pull the skin back," I told her. She grasped Del's erection and slid the foreskin back until it was taut, exposing the knobby end of Del's cock.

"Now slide it back and forth," I said. To show her what I meant, I called Paco over to sit next to me and took his hardness in my hand, slowly jerking him off. Tina watched for a second and began to do the same to Del.

"Play with his balls with your other hand. He likes that," I instructed. Tina readily complied; her fascination with Del's equipment was obvious. Del was equally taken with Tina's puffy nipples and he reached out to caress and fondle them. I felt a twinge of envy towards her little budding breasts, wishing I had some for Del to play with.

"Ready for the next step?" I asked. Tina nodded, eagerly. I rolled over on my belly and leaned into Paco's lap, parting my lips to take his stiffy in my mouth. Tina watched as I sucked his smooth boycock and licked his hairless balls.

Anticipating what was about to happen, Del reclined next to his brother and spread his legs as Tina curled up between his thighs. She glanced over at me and I gave her an encouraging smile. Slowly, she lowered her head in Del's lap and began to suck his hardness.

"Use your tongue like this," I said, taking one of her fingers in my mouth and swirling my tongue over it. From the look of Del's blissful expression, she must have been a quick learner. We sucked my stepbrothers' cocks for a few minutes, until Tina started to get tired.

“My jaw aches,” she said, rubbing it.

“Yeah, it does at first,” I replied. Then I got up from between Paco’s legs and straddled his hips, guiding his cock towards my slit. I lowered myself down on his erection and began to hump him. Tina hesitated for a moment but Del tugged at her arm. She got on top of him and aimed his cock at her pussy.

“Go for it,” Del said. She slowly lowered herself down on his cock and sighed.

“Feel good?” I asked, taking her hand. She smiled and nodded, closing her eyes and squeezing my hand. Here we were, two best friends, fucking side-by-side on my bed. I closed my eyes and listened to the sound of the bed groaning and our young pussies sucking a pair of hard cocks.

Tina was the first to come, releasing my hand and nearly falling over on me. Her ass moved quickly over Del’s hips and he could barely keep up with her thrusts. Finally, he grabbed her bottom and arched his back, groaning with pleasure as his cock twitched and spurted inside her. This sight triggered my own climax, and I began to grind my sex against the top of Paco’s cock, trying to prolong my orgasm. This brought Paco off, though he stayed hard as usual. I wanted to ride him to another orgasm, but it was getting late and my mother was due home soon.

This was by no means the last time Tina joined me in playing with my horny stepbrothers, though because of her mother’s restriction against seeing me we could only do it once each week or so. Still, I managed to teach her how to do everything, though she wasn’t very fond of putting anything in her bottom, even a finger.

When school ended for the summer, we spent more time together, alone and with Del and Paco. Del’s cock was growing nicely, Paco had just started to make cream, and I began to grow little titties. I had to start wearing a training bra and

sometimes my nipples were so sensitive that they hurt, but when Del and Paco sucked them I was in heaven. I could almost come from that alone.

I look back on that summer as one of the happiest times of my life. Tina and I were best friends, as inseparable as Luci and I had been. We had the run of the neighborhood, a patch of bungalows on a sandy side street near the beach; most of our neighbors were retirees who were more than happy to keep an eye on us while our parents were at work. When we weren't on the beach, riding our bikes, or playing baseball, we'd be in my bedroom having naughty, sexy fun. It was heaven, at least until school started that fall.

It was right before my twelfth birthday when my world turned upside down.

There was a police car in the driveway when I came home from school that afternoon. I remember thinking that something must have happened to Ramon, maybe some sort of accident on the boat. My heart was pounding as I turned the key in the front door lock. Del and Paco were sitting on the living room couch, their eyes bloodshot and red. There were two policemen and a middle-aged woman in a suit writing something on a clipboard. She looked up and cleared her throat when I walked into the room.

“You’re Anne?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Anne, I have some terrible news,” she said, motioning for me to sit next to her on the couch. I put down my knapsack and walked over to the couch. My stomach tightened into a knot and my feet felt like cement blocks. I sat next to her and she put her arm around my shoulder.

“There was a robbery at your mother’s bank. She was hurt during the hold-up. She was taken to the hospital but I’m afraid it was too late,” she said in a near-whisper. Paco started crying again.

I screamed so hard that I wet myself.

Del told me a few months later that I screamed for over an hour, that I screamed until my voice gave out and I was spitting up blood. I don’t remember much of the rest of the day, just little details like the woman’s rose-scented perfume and the wet spot I left on the couch. The woman took me into the bathroom and held my hair while I threw up, according to Del. Then she gave me a sponge bath and helped me change into a nightie, sitting next to my bed until the screaming stopped and the tears began to flow.

I slept until noon the next day. While I was sleeping, the policemen took Ramon to identify my mother’s body and make funeral arrangements. One of Ramon’s sisters came over to watch Del and Paco. By the time Ramon returned, his whole family was waiting to console him.

This was the scene I woke up to: Ramon’s older sister, Maria, sitting by my bed, quietly knitting as she kept an eye on me. She hugged me, said something in Spanish, maybe a prayer, and held me when I started crying again. My throat was dry and scratchy, my stomach empty. I started to get out of bed.

“No, no, no,” she said, “Pobrecita.”

“Hungry,” I whispered. She understood, nodding and taking my hand. I didn’t bother to get dressed. I just walked with her to the kitchen in my nightgown. As we passed the living room, there must have been two dozen people there. All conversation stopped when they saw me padding into the kitchen with Maria.

There were pots and saucepans simmering on the stove, attended by Ramon's mother and her sister, who stopped what they were doing and each gave me a long hug. I sat at the kitchen table, sipping water, while Maria and I struggled with the language barrier. She held up a roll. I shook my head. Eggs. No. Cereal. "Si, por favor."

Ramon's mother made me eggs anyway, even though I barely made a dent in the bowl of cereal. I ate half before pushing it away and going back to my room. Again, the conversation stopped when I passed the living room. I crawled back into bed and cried myself to sleep.

The setting sun woke me up, shining through my bedroom window and falling on my pillow. I was hungry again, but I took a shower first and changed into the clothes I would have worn to school that day. Ramon was home, along with Del and Paco, sitting on the living room couch, surrounded by his extended family. My stepfather hugged me. It was the first time he'd ever done that. I sat next to Del on the couch, and he reached out to take my hand, squeezing it gently. I noticed that someone had cleaned the cushion.

I sat there quietly, listening to the flow of conversation, trying to make out words I knew. I thought I heard my name; they were calling me "Pobrecita Anita". Poor Little Annie.

"They're talking about you," Del whispered in my ear.

"I know. What are they saying?"

"They're asking Papi about your family."

Except for my father, who hadn't written or called in years, there was no one else. My mother's parents were dead, she had no sisters or brothers, and my father's parents lived somewhere in California. It had been years since I'd seen them. I

suddenly realized that, unless I could find my father, I might be placed in foster care.

That is, if I couldn't stay with Ramon, Del, and Paco.

I sat there feeling alone in a room full of people.

The next few days went by in a blur. Ramon's family was a constant presence, the women cooking and clucking over me, Del, and Ramon; the men keeping Ramon company, drinking rum and smoking their big smelly cigars and stinking up the living room with the scent of their cologne.

There was a funeral in a big church filled with people kneeling and chanting. My mother didn't belong to a church, though we were Presbyterian by default. Our Sundays were usually spent reading the funny papers and eating pancakes with syrup. I was awestruck by the vaulted arches of the cathedral, the sculpture of the Crucifixion, the sound of the organ.

My mother's coffin was closed for some reason. I remember wanting to open it; I wanted to tell her that I loved her one last time, but I was quickly hustled away by Ramon's sisters.

Someone gave me flowers to lay on the casket before it was lowered into the ground. I forgot who. They were pretty flowers.

And then it was over. Ramon's sisters, Maria, Paloma, and Estrella, stayed with us during the day, cooking and cleaning, watching us when Ramon went back to work. Ramon's mother and aunt would bring casseroles by occasionally. The smell of cigars and after shave faded from the living room.

The lady who told me about my mother's death would stop by every so often. She was a social worker from the Department of Family Services, and she told me that she was trying to get in touch with my father, but he wasn't easy to find. I'd listen

to what she had to say, nodding now and again to show that I was listening, but I was lost in my grief.

A few days after the funeral I was lying on my bed. I hadn't been to school in a week, but that didn't seem to matter to me or anyone else. Del and Paco came into the room, knocking on the door first. I thought that was strange. It was their room, too. Del sat on the edge of my bed.

"Annie? Are you okay?" he asked. Paco sat on Del's bed.

I didn't reply. I just stared at the wall.

"Annie, that social worker lady wants to take you away."

I sat up. "Where did you hear this?" I asked.

"I heard her talking to Papi."

"Take me where?"

"They want to put you with someone named Foster," Paco said.

My stomach twisted. I told Del and Paco about my father, how he left us, how I never heard from him.

"I want you to stay with us, Annie," Del said. "You're our sister."

He put his arms out to hug me. We embraced. Paco started to cry. I started to cry. Even Del's eyes were moist. I hugged them both.

"I don't want to leave you," I said, trying not to sob.

The social worker came by the next day. Her name was Miss Perkins.

"Annie, we still haven't been able to contact your father," she said.

"I want to stay with Ramon," I said.

"I'm not sure we can allow that."

It was then that I told her about what my father used to do when he bathed me, how he'd touch me, how he'd make me touch him. It was half memory, half fiction, but when I was done it seemed like Miss Perkins had lost her Florida tan.

“I see,” she said.

“No, you don’t see,” I shouted. “I want to stay with my brothers. I want to stay with Ramon. If you put me in a foster home I’ll run away.”

Miss Perkins made a note on her clipboard and cleared her throat.

“Very well,” was all she said.

After dinner that evening, Ramon pulled me aside. We went out to the patio. The sun was setting through the palm trees. Ramon had a glass of rum and a cigarette. He hadn’t smoked when my mother was alive.

“This Perkins lady says you want to stay with us,” he said.

He took a long drag on his cigarette.

“I don’t know how to raise a daughter,” he said, exhaling.

“You’re going to send me away?” There was an edge of panic in my voice.

“No, I didn’t say that.”

“Well, what then?”

“I mean I don’t know if I can do right by you.”

“What do you mean?”

He paused, taking another drag. “I mean what happens when you start to get your period? Who is going to buy you your first bra? Who is going to teach you how to cook, to clean, to sew?” He looked embarrassed and somewhat lost. I’d never seen him like this: vulnerable.

“Don’t worry about that. I know what to do,” I said, summoning up more confidence than I had a right to possess.

“Okay, but there are other things.”

“Like what?”

He thought for a while, mulling over unknown scenarios in his head. I put my hand out and reached for his.

“I want to stay with you and Del and Paco. I want to keep the family we have,” I said.

Ramon looked at me in a way I’d never seen before. Maybe I’d inadvertently echoed something my mother had said. Maybe my words had a weight that went beyond my years.

“Pobrecita Anita,” he whispered, leaning over to kiss me gently on the cheek. He squeezed my hand, his calluses hard and rough against my smooth skin. “Mi familia,” he said, “Mi hija.” My daughter.

I relaxed for the first time in days. Tears of joy rolled down my cheeks instead of tears of grief and sadness.

“Te amo,” I said.

“Te amo,” he repeated.

Del and Paco were overjoyed. That night we all slept in my bed. We didn’t do anything except hold each other. That was enough. I felt safe between them. I thought I saw Ramon open the door and take a long, lingering look at us, but I wasn’t sure whether I had dreamed that or if it really happened.

Miss Perkins must have been satisfied at the arrangement, because she stopped coming around. Ramon’s sisters cooked our dinners, though I began to get up early in the morning to cook breakfast for Del and Paco. I even made breakfast for Ramon, but only on Sundays; he was up at four in the morning the rest of the week.

I was back at school the next week, letting the old routine push my grief into the distance. I had other things to keep my mind off of my mother's passing, like fooling around with Tina and my brothers.

There was a hole in Ramon's life, too. I realized this one night when I heard him weeping in his bedroom. I put my eye to the hole in the closet wall that we used to watch him make love to my mother. Ramon was sitting in bed, holding one of my mother's nightgowns to his face and softly sobbing into it. It had been almost a month and her clothes and makeup were still where she'd left them. Ramon didn't have the heart to bag them up and throw them away.

After a few weeks of this I began to wish that there was something I could do. It was breaking my heart to see him like this. It was bringing my own feelings of loss back. I had to do something.

The following Saturday night Ramon had been hitting the rum pretty hard. I sat in my closet with my eye glued to the hole, waiting for him to get undressed and go to bed. As soon as the bedroom light went out, I got up and went to my dresser, pulling out one of my mother's nightgowns, a skimpy babydoll negligee, and some cosmetics and perfume I had swiped from her vanity while Ramon was at work.

Paco was asleep, but Del was watching as I put on the nightie and applied the makeup and perfume.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Ramon cries every night,” I said. “I want to make him feel better.”

“Are you sure about this?”

“Yes,” I said.

“You look beautiful. Like your mother.”

“Thank you,” I said, kissing him on the lips. “I'll be back soon.”

I got up and left our room, tiptoeing down the hall to Ramon's bedroom. My heart was pounding as I slowly turned the doorknob and opened the door. I stepped into the bedroom and quietly closed the door. I waited next to the door for a minute to let my eyes adjust to the darkness. I could hear Ramon breathing, the hum of an electric clock, a cricket outside the window.

After my eyes adjusted, I went over to the bed. Ramon was lying on the left side; the side where my mother slept was empty. I walked to the right side of the bed and gently lifted the sheet, carefully easing into the bed so it wouldn't creak and wake him up. I laid next to him, watching him sleep. He must have been dreaming or something because every so often he'd mutter something that sounded like Spanish but it could have been English. Sometimes he'd stir and then he'd be still again.

Ramon was laying on his side, one arm folded against his chest, the other stretched out across the bed. I gently took his outstretched arm and placed it on my waist. Reflexively, he drew me closer, and I put my arm around him. His breath felt warm against my cheek. I ran my hand over his strong, tanned back. He stirred again and inhaled.

“Valerie?” he muttered. That was my mother’s name.

“I’m here,” I whispered.

“Valerie,” he said again.

I brushed his lips with my own. Half-asleep now, he held me closer, his lips parting, our tongues meeting. I felt his manhood stir against my thighs. He held me tight, his hand reaching down to squeeze my bottom as we kissed.

Then he pulled back and his eyes opened. Even asleep he could tell my ass from my mother’s.

“Annie! What the...?” He turned and reached for the bedside lamp, flooding the room with light. He sat up and pulled the sheet aside.

“I-I-I’m so sorry,” I stammered. My heart pounded as I realized what a stupid idea this was. “I j-just wanted to...” I covered my eyes against the blinding light as they began to fill with tears.

“What were you thinking?” he demanded.

“I-I-I dunno, I just wanted to...”

“Wanted to WHAT?!?”

“I just wanted to...make you feel better,” I blurted out.

“Oh, Annie...” he said, a trace of sadness in his voice. I felt his hand take my arm and I thought he was going to throw me out of bed, but instead he drew me closer and held me. I lay my head on his chest and quietly sobbed. Ramon kissed the top of my head and caressed my back.

“It’s all right...it’s all right,” he cooed. I realized that I missed my father almost as much as I missed my mother. Then I remembered what my father would do when he bathed me. I wondered what my life would be like if he hadn’t left. Would he have held me like this? I tried to remember if he had, but all I could remember was the bathtub and how he’d put my hands on his cock.

“Annie? What are you doing?” Ramon asked.

While I was thinking about my father I had taken Ramon’s cock in my hand and started stroking it.

“Annie. Stop it.”

Without replying, I curled between his legs and brought his cock to my lips.

“Annie, no. This is wrong.”

I parted my lips and took him in my mouth. I knew he was big from all the times I spied on him with my mother, but up close he seemed huge. Despite his protests, he was fully erect. I cupped his balls with one hand and stroked his shaft with the other, bathing the fat head of his cock with my tongue.

“Annie, no,” he said, weakly.

My head bobbed in his lap.

“No.”

His fat cock throbbed between my lips.

“No.” It was almost a whisper.

I could taste his precum. It was salty, like the sea.

“No.” His voice trailed off into a raspy groan.

I felt his hand in my hair, but he made no effort to pull me off him. I sucked him slowly, feeling him throb and twitch in my mouth. There was something exciting about it, forbidden and wrong, of course. But there was something else, a feeling that I was still connected with my mother by taking this man’s cock in my mouth, a cock I’d watched her take nearly every night.

I remembered how she used to tilt her head, sucking him with a corkscrew motion. Ramon’s hips began to move and I felt his hand on the back of my head. I tried to take all of him in my mouth, but he was too big for me and I had to back off before I started to choke.

“Sorry,” he said.

“S’okay,” I said, pulling my mouth off of him and stroking his fat cock.

“You don’t have to do this.”

“I know,” I said. I took him back in my mouth. He sighed and closed his eyes as I licked and sucked his shaft, swirling my tongue over his bulbous cockhead.

Suddenly he groaned, his balls twitching in my hand, his cock spasming and filling my mouth with his semen. I swallowed as much as I could, but a few errant drops escaped from the corner of my mouth. I thought Del squirted a lot, but that was nothing compared to his father. Even after I swallowed a second mouthful, Ramon's cock was still dribbling his thick, creamy seed.

I kept him in my mouth, milking him with my lips, until he began to soften and wilt. Ramon tugged at my shoulder and I scooted up to lay next to him in my mother's bed. He put his arm around me and held me close, blotting the sperm from my chin with a tissue before kissing me on the cheek.

"Gracias, Anita," he whispered. I rested my head on his shoulder, running my hand over his broad chest. We lay like that for a while before I kissed him and got out of bed.

"Good night, Papi," I said.

"Good night, Annie," he replied.

I took a last look at him before closing the bedroom door. He was smiling as he turned out the light. When I returned to my bedroom, Del was still awake.

"Did you watch through the hole?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm sorry."

"Don't be," I said, pulling off the nightie and getting into his bed. He pulled me close as we kissed and I could feel his hardness pressing against me.

"You taste funny," he said.

"That's your Papi's cum."

"Ewwww."

I started to laugh but he shushed me, smiling as he rolled on top of me and pulled the crotch of my panties aside. I was wet and horny from sucking Ramon's big

cock; Del's penis slipped right in. He began to fuck me slowly, using long strokes and letting his cock linger with just the tip inside me before plunging to the hilt. When I started to come he clamped his mouth over my own to silence my moans and cries. I dug my fingers into his ass as he buried his cock inside me, his pubic bone rubbing against my swollen clit. He gave one last thrust and then began to squirt inside me, filling my cunny with his hot boy-spunk.

Del started to roll off of me but I stopped him. I wanted to savor the feeling of his skin against my skin, heart beating with mine, his waning hardness filling my sex. I traced the muscles in his smooth back with my finger as we kissed.

“Too bad Paco’s asleep,” I said. I was still feeling a little horny and wanted to feel his stiff little cock in my bottom.

“You’re a nasty girl,” Del said.

“I’m a good little girl. I made Papi happy.”

“You gonna fuck him, too?”

“I don’t know. He’s pretty big, he’d gut me like a fish”

“I wanna see that,” Del said. I could feel his cock begin to harden inside me.

“You like to watch, don’t you?”

Del just grinned, wrapped his arms around me, and rolled over so I was on top of him. He put his hands on my ass, urging me to rock my pelvis back and forth on his prick. I began to ride him like an equestrienne, my knees pressing against his hips, my hands on his shoulders.

“You want to see Papi’s fat prick in my pussy?”

Del nodded and bucked his hips, pushing his hardness deeper inside me. I started to ride him faster.

“Maybe fuck my bottom while Papi’s in my cunny?”

Del grinned and bucked his hips again, his hands finding my little breasts, flicking my nipples with his fingers.

“What if I sucked you off while Papi doggy fucked me?”

“Yeah,” Del said, squeezing my titties.

“How about if I took on all three of you at the same time?”

“Nasty girl,” Del said, laughing. He was enjoying these little scenarios. So was I. I started to come again and Del pulled me down to press his lips against mine, wrapping his arms around me and thrusting madly. He held me as I shook and shuddered through an intense orgasm, my sloppy pussy spasming around his cock. He arched his back, his cock filling me completely as it began to spurt inside me. The pace of our movements slowed and stopped.

“Yuk, wet spot,” he said. His semen and my juices were leaking out of my cunny, soaking his sparse pubes and spreading over his sheets. I got off of him and rolled off the bed. I was still wearing the panties, a sheer pair that matched the nightie I wore when I sucked off Ramon. My mother’s nightie. I pulled them off so they wouldn’t get stained.

“Sleep with me tonight,” I said. Del wiped himself off with an old t-shirt and we crawled into my bed, lying together like spoons as we drifted off to sleep.

That was the beginning of our routine. I started to cook dinners, too, taking over from Ramon’s sisters. We spent our evenings on the living room couch, watching sports on television, either baseball or soccer. Afterwards, Ramon would head off to his bedroom, I’d change into one of my mother’s nightgowns, suck him dry, and then return to the room I shared with Del and Paco. Sometimes I’d suck both

of them, but usually my jaw was too tired from Ramon's big tool, so I'd fuck one or both of them.

Ramon's family kept trying to get him to remarry, setting him up with dates, arranging meetings with eligible young women, mostly recent immigrants from Cuba. I took it in stride, trying not to let my jealousy get the better of me. I knew that he'd eventually remarry and there wasn't anything I could do about it. Ramon didn't seem to like these dates, but he went along with it for his family's sake.

He didn't try to fuck me, either. Maybe he knew he was too big for my young pussy; maybe he was satisfied just having his cock sucked every night. Maybe he expected me to make the first move. Nor did he touch me down there. I didn't mind this; Del and Paco kept me more than happy in that respect.

My period started right before my 13th birthday, which meant that Del and Paco had to start wearing condoms. Del had no problem buying them from the drug store, but Paco was still a bit young for that and had to buy them from his brother at extortionate rates. I felt sorry for him and let him use my bottom for his pleasure when he couldn't afford rubbers. I began to like anal sex a bit better, especially when Del was in my snatch at the same time. Mostly, it was the feeling of being sandwiched between them that I loved.

It wasn't until that Christmas that I started fucking Ramon, too. One of the gifts he gave me was a lovely sheer babydoll nightie that came with a set of crotchless panties. Ramon blushed when I opened the box and held them up, but I knew what he wanted. I could take a hint.

That night I sucked off Del and Paco before heading into Ramon's bedroom, telling them that I wouldn't be back that night. They understood what that meant, and I knew they'd be watching through the peephole in the closet wall.

I walked into Ramon's bedroom, wearing the nightie he'd bought me. My little titties barely filled the sheer bodice and the hem was a little bit long, but I felt sexy and just a little bit scared, like a newlywed on her honeymoon. Ramon was sitting up in bed, sipping a glass of rum and idly stroking his cock. I started to curl up between his legs and reach for his manhood, but he pulled me up on to his chest and gave me a long, deep kiss.

“Are you a virgin?” he asked.

“No, Papi.”

“Who?” he asked. I didn't say anything but I must have unconsciously glanced in the direction of my bedroom.

“Ah. I see,” he said, taking another sip of rum. “I thought I heard something late at night.”

“You're not mad?”

“No. It'll make men of them,” he said. I leaned forward and kissed him again, running my fingers through his thick, jet black hair. He cupped my bottom with his strong hands, and I could feel his cock rising against my exposed crotch.

“Suck me a little first,” he said. I smiled and started to plant a trail of kisses down his tanned chest, his taut stomach, along his thighs, and finally on the tip of his cock. There was a pearl of precum forming and I licked it off before parting my lips and taking him in my mouth. He sighed as I sucked him slowly, gently stroking his shaft and fondling his balls.

Then he tugged at my shoulder, reaching into the bedside table for a condom. He handed it to me and I opened the packet, unrolling the latex sheath over his hard cock. Then I straddled his hips and pulled the nightie over my head, laying it on the

bed next to us. Adjusting the crotchless panties to expose my young sex, I guided his cock into my slit and slowly settled upon it, feeling it fill me like never before.

“Does it hurt?” he asked.

“No, Papi.”

“You like it?” he asked.

“Yes, Papi.”

We kissed again and I started to rock my ass over his hips, feeling him stretch me, open me. I could feel every vein on his cock, even through the condom that separated us. Ramon held me by the waist and didn’t move under me, letting me set the pace of our coupling. I winced a couple of times when his cockhead hit my cervix, but otherwise it was pure pleasure.

Ramon placed his lips on one of my puffy nipples and started flicking it with his tongue, making me gasp and moan and hump him faster. He put his hands on my bottom and guided me up and down on his cock, making the top of his shaft grind against my clitty. A wave of pleasure started to spread outward from my stuffed snatch, making my thighs quiver and my chest heave. When I started to come he squeezed my ass, probing my backdoor with one of his fingers. I started to imagine it was Paco’s pecker poking me back there and this sent me over the edge, making my pussy squeeze Ramon’s throbbing cock as I came.

As the orgasm waned, I opened my eyes and saw him grinning like Del. He sat up and wrapped his arms around me, rolling forward until he was on top of me, pulling me back so my head wasn’t hanging off the end of the bed.

“I’m going to fuck you like I fucked your Mama,” he whispered. “You ready for that?” All I could do was nod. He lifted my legs over his shoulder and held my ass in his hands as he started to thrust, slowly at first, and then faster, faster.

“You like that, Annie?”

“Yes, Papi,” I gasped.

“Tell me how much you like it.”

“I like it. I like the way you’re fucking me.”

It’s what he and my mother used to say to each other when they made love.

Hearing these words, Ramon started to pump my pussy harder, nearly knocking the breath from me. I dug my fingers into his back as he pounded me into the mattress, looking down to watch his thick shaft disappear inside me. I felt another orgasm coming on and I closed my eyes, surrendering to delicious friction inside me. My whole body quivered under him as I came, making my cunny spasm around his thick cock.

I felt Ramon’s hardness begin to twitch and he thrust deep inside me, his cockhead flaring as he began to fill the condom with his seed. Ramon just grunted when he came, and the pace of his strokes slowed and stopped. Releasing my legs, he leaned down and kissed me. I opened my eyes and saw him smiling back at me. He slowly pulled out and unrolled the bulging condom from his softening penis, dropping it in the wastebasket next to the bed. I felt empty down there, and not a little sore.

He held me in his arms as we lay together in the bed he had shared with my mother. The open crotch of my panties went from the front waistband to the back, and I felt Ramon’s cock nestled between my cheeks as he held me from behind. I wiggled my bottom, grinding my ass against his groin. Ramon chuckled and I felt his penis begin to stir.

I arched my back and spread my legs. Ramon’s penis flopped down between my thighs and I closed them around it, reaching down to pull it close to my slit. I held it there, rubbing myself on the top of his shaft, feeling him grow harder against my

moist cunny. Ramon began to thrust against me, pushing his cock back and forth between my legs.

“Ready for Round Two?” he said. I nodded. He rubbed his cock between my thighs and then I felt him reaching back for another condom. He ripped open the package with his teeth and then withdrew his cock to put on the rubber. A moment later I felt his latex-clad penis between my legs again.

“Lift up,” he said, placing his hand under my thigh. Still laying on my side with my back to him, I lifted my right leg and felt his cock pressing against my hole. The tip of his penis slipped a few times until I reached down and guided it inside me. Ramon held my hips as he filled me with his manhood.

He felt bigger than before, and I loved the way the underside of his shaft pressed against the top wall of my vagina. Ramon’s breath felt warm against the back of my neck and he started to plant little kisses down my shoulder. I pushed back against his groin, wanting to feel him deeper and deeper inside me.

As we slowly squirmed against each other I realized that I was facing the wall with the peephole, an electrical outlet next to my mother’s vanity. I wondered if Del or Paco were watching right now. Just in case they were, I puckered my lips, pantomimed a kiss, and winked at the peephole.

I reached down to feel Ramon’s cock worming its way in and out of my pussy, smearing some of my wetness over my clit and rubbing it. Ramon released my leg, pressing my thighs together as he fucked me. His cock felt huge, like a baseball bat stuffed inside me. Then he surprised me by wrapping his arm around me and rolling over so I was on top of him again, except this time I was on my back. His hands were all over me, caressing my thighs, my hips, my waist, my budding breasts. I’d never done it like this with Del but I began to wish I had.

Ramon encouraged me to sit up and tuck my legs behind me, leaning over so my head almost touched his knees. He felt like he was going even deeper than before as he bucked his hips under me. He cupped my bottom in his hands, helping me to rise and fall on his rigid shaft. I put my hands forward, gripping his shins as I rocked back and forth on his penis, savoring the feeling of a grown man's cock inside me.

I felt him moving beneath me, sitting up and folding his legs until we were both on our knees. I fell forward on my hands and he held my waist as he began to thrust harder and harder.

“Ungh...ungh...yes...yes...” I was so accustomed to keeping my mouth shut and trying not to make noise when fucking Del or Paco that being able to give voice to my pleasure felt liberating. I caught a glimpse of us reflected in my mother’s vanity mirror, Ramon’s tanned body pumping me from behind, his thick cock disappearing between my panty-clad cheeks. I watched us, spellbound, until I nearly blacked out from my orgasm. I trembled beneath him, my thighs and elbows quivering, only Ramon’s strong hands on my hips keeping me from falling over.

Ramon gently pushed me down on the bed so that I was lying flat on my tummy while he kept thrusting into me from behind. He lay on top of me, kissing me on the back of my neck and between my shoulder blades as he fucked me.

“Such a good little girl...such a pretty little girl...” he whispered in my ear. I felt his cock begin to twitch deep inside me, heard him grunt behind me, and he gave one last thrust before he came. He settled on top of me with a sigh, his face nestled in the crook of my neck.

“Am I too heavy for you?” he asked.

“Mmmph.” I was pinned to the bed and could barely breath, much less speak.

“Sorry,” he said, rolling over on his side and pulling me with him so that we were almost back in our original position, except our heads were at the foot of the bed. He brushed the hair away from my face and kissed my cheek before slowly pulling out of me. I felt empty again.

While he pulled the condom off his flaccid cock, I fluffed up the pillows and laid down on my mother’s side of the bed. Ramon downed the rest of his rum and turned out the light, getting back into bed and brushing the hair from my face so he could kiss me on the cheek. I took his hand, kissed it, and placed it on my breast before falling asleep in his arms.

Ramon had to work the next day, getting up at 4:00 in the morning to prep the boat for the tourists and daytrippers, so I found myself alone in the big bed when I woke up. I glanced at the clock: it was a quarter past six. Del, Paco, and I were off from school for the next two weeks. I put the nightie back on, wrapped myself in one of my mother’s robes, and went back to my bedroom.

Paco and Del were sound asleep. I sat on the edge of the bed and watched them. Paco had his back turned towards me, facing the wall, but Del lay on his back. He was beginning to look more like his father with each passing day, thick black hair with a sharp widow’s peak, tanned skin like polished bronze, a sharp nose and cleft chin. I shrugged off the robe, pulled the nightie over my head, and crawled into bed with him, trying not to wake him. I kissed him on the cheek and fell asleep next to him.

For New Year’s Eve I cooked a special dinner for Ramon and my stepbrothers, a pot roast that my mother used to serve on special occasions. When Ramon came home from work, I greeted him with a kiss, a hug, and a glass of rum.

“Mmm...smells good,” he said when he noticed the aroma coming from the kitchen. He sat in his favorite chair and I stood behind him, massaging his shoulders.

“Can Tina come over for dinner?” I asked.

“Sure, if it’s okay with her mother,” he said.

“Thanks,” I said, leaning over and kissing Ramon on the cheek.

That morning Tina had come over and I told her all about what Ramon and I did the night before. She almost didn’t believe me until Del and Paco confirmed it, describing everything they saw through the hole in the wall. When I put my hand under her skirt, I could feel how wet she was just from listening to us talk about it. I asked her if she wanted a grown man’s cock inside her while I fingerbanged her. She could barely speak, she was coming so hard.

That’s when I decided to put it all together. After we sucked and fucked Del and Paco on Ramon’s bed that morning, Tina and I went out to buy groceries for dinner while Del went to get more condoms and Paco put the sheets in the laundry. Tina helped me cook dinner and then went home to get her mother’s permission to sleep over that night. It wasn’t easy, but it had been a couple of years since we were caught fooling around on her bed, so her mother agreed.

The doorbell rang. It was Tina. She wore a mini-skirt, tight sweater, and knee-high boots. I took her jacket and she gave me a friendly kiss.

“Wow. You look so sexy,” I whispered.

“Thanks. I found some of my mom’s old stuff in the back of her closet, stuff she wore back in the ‘60s,” she said. Her mother was fairly petite, and the clothes fit Tina well.

Tina set the table while I finished preparing dinner, tossing a salad, mashing potatoes, and opening a bottle of wine. Ramon, Del, and Paco sat down to eat while Tina and I served.

During dinner, Ramon could hardly take his eyes off of Tina's sweater. She'd grown quite a bit over the last year, going from a training bra to a full 32-A adult bra, the lacy kind of bra, not a stretchy cotton training bra like I was still wearing.

Afterwards, Del and Paco cleared the table and did the dishes as Tina and I each took one of Ramon's arms and steered him to the living room. We sat on the couch, Tina and I flanking Ramon, our thighs pressed against him. His bottle of rum was on the coffee table, and I poured some into a glass and handed it to him. Ramon took a sip and gave me a sly glance.

"I feel like Ricky Ricardo when Lucy concocts some hare-brained scheme," he said. "A big dinner, plenty of wine and rum, your friend dressed like a puta. What's up, Annie?"

"I made you happy last night, right?" I said. Ramon smiled at the memory of our spirited coupling in his bed.

"I thought Tina could make you happy, too."

Ramon looked at Tina and she smiled and leaned her head on his shoulder, her hand resting on his thigh. I did the same, as Del and Paco came into the room and sat down on the carpeted floor across from the couch.

"Dios mio," Ramon muttered, shaking his head. I could tell that he wanted to say no to this, to send Tina home before things got out of hand. But the growing bulge in his jeans said otherwise.

Tina, eager to see what was in Ramon's pants, wasted no time in unbuckling his belt and tugging at his zipper. She fished inside his boxers and pulled out his

growing cock, sliding his foreskin back to expose his purplish glans, a tear of precum glistening on the tip. Tina lowered her head into his lap and took him in her mouth, making Ramon groan as she bathed his cock with her tongue.

Then it was my turn. Tina pulled Ramon's cock from her mouth and I kissed her before parting my lips and sucking his glistening tool. While I sucked and licked his cock, Tina stood up, unzipped her skirt, and pulled her sweater over her head. Then it was her turn again. Del unzipped my dress and I stepped out of it. His erection was tenting his gray cotton sweatpants in anticipation what was yet to come.

Tina sucked Ramon for a while and then we helped him out of his jeans and boxers. Tina and I knelt between his legs and we shared Ramon's hard cock, alternately licking his shaft and sucking his fat cockhead while we felt each other up with our free hands. Ramon sighed and settled back on the couch.

"He's going to come soon?" Tina asked, feeling Ramon's big balls twitch in her hand.

"Yeah, real soon," I said, letting her take his cockhead in her mouth while I stroked his shaft and cupped his heavy nuts. Suddenly he groaned and erupted in her mouth, filling it with his hot spunk and making Tina's cheeks bulge. She swallowed as much as she could, though some of his cream dripped down his glistening shaft.

"Damn," Ramon said. "Where did you learn to suck like that?"

Tina just smiled and went back to milking the cum out of his softening cock.

"Who's next?" I said. Del stood up from where he and Paco had been watching us suck his father. He undid the drawstring holding his sweatpants up, letting them fall around his ankles. I sat him down on the coffee table and knelt between his legs. Tina, in the meantime, was busy pulling off Paco's jeans and briefs, taking his stiffy

in her mouth and greedily sucking him. I watched her for a minute before lowering my head into Del's lap and taking his hardness into my mouth.

Ramon poured some more rum into his glass and watched us sucking his two sons. He reached out to brush the hair from my face so he could see Del's cock going in and out of my mouth better. I glanced over at him, seeing him smile, his penis beginning to stir again.

Del must have been really horny from watching us fellate his father, because it didn't take long for him to start spurting his hot cum in my mouth. After I swallowed his load and cleaned him off with my tongue, we watched Tina as she gobbled Paco's little dick, sucking down his scant offering when he came.

"Get some condoms from my bedroom, Del," Ramon said. "I want to fuck these horny little twats." Tina giggled nervously; she'd never had a cock as big as Ramon's inside her.

"Don't worry. It's going to feel so good," I told her, taking her hand in mine. Del returned with the condoms and gave them to his father, who was still seated on the couch. Ramon opened one and unrolled it over his had cock while I unsnapped Tina's bra and pulled her panties down, holding her hand to steady her as she stepped out of them. She took a long look at Ramon's throbbing prick and took a deep breath before straddling his lap. She reached between her legs and guided his cock towards her slit. I stood behind her, caressing her bottom and cupping her breasts as she settled down on my stepfather's hard cock.

"So big...," Tina gasped as Ramon's cockhead wormed its way inside her. He reached up to knead her breasts, flicking her nipples with his thumbs.

"You got a tight little pussy, just like Annie," Ramon said, obviously enjoying the way Tina's young sex gripped his member. He put his hands on her hips and

encouraged her to bounce up and down on his cock, slowly at first then faster as she became accustomed to his fat tool.

I felt two pairs of hands on me, caressing my thighs and bottom, and I realized that Del and Paco weren't content with just watching their father fuck Tina. I kissed her shoulder and let go of her; she barely noticed anything other than her pleasure. I turned and embraced my stepbrothers, slowly kneeling and taking both of their half-hard cocks in my mouth at the same time.

When they were both hard, I made Del lay on his back on the carpet and unrolled a condom over his prick. Then I straddled him and guided him inside me, lowering myself down until he filled my hungry snatch. I wanted to suck Paco while I fucked Del, but I wouldn't have been able to watch Tina and Ramon.

“Paco, get the olive oil from the kitchen,” I said. He smiled and ran off, knowing what I had in mind. When he returned, I greased up his stiffy and momentarily stopped humping Del, leaning forward to present my ass. Paco knelt behind me and pushed his greasy prick into my bottom.

“Ow, not so fast,” I protested. Ramon and Tina looked over to see what was happening. Tina smiled when she realized that I was taking two cocks at once.

“Sorry,” Paco said, slowly pressing into my anus with his hard stiffy. He held me by my waist while Del held my hips, and my two stepbrothers began to pump my tight little holes. I felt like such a little slut, with two stiff cocks filling me down there while I watched my stepfather's fat tool sawing in and out of my best friend's pussy.

Tina's moaning began to get louder, and I knew she was close to coming. She ground her hips into Ramon's lap, trying to get as much of his cock inside her; all but the last two inches were buried in her dripping snatch. Ramon leaned forward and began to flick one of her nipples with his tongue and that sent her over the edge,

making her buck and thrash in his lap as she came. I could see her pussy spasming around Ramon's hardness and knew he wouldn't last very long either.

“Fuck!” he grunted, lifting his hips off the couch as he filled the rubber with his spunk. Tina seemed to come a second time when he did this, a mini-orgasm like the aftershock that follows an earthquake. Her bouncing slowed and stopped, and she gave Ramon a long, deep kiss in gratitude. Then she lifted herself off his lap and pulled the condom off of his softening cock.

“Watch this,” she said, putting the open end of the used rubber in her mouth and upending it, swallowing Ramon's yummy cream. After emptying the condom, she smiled, licked her lips, and came over to where I was sandwiched between Del and Ramon. Tina kissed me, letting me share the taste of Ramon's sperm on her lips and tongue.

“What a pair of sluts,” Ramon said, laughing. He got up off the couch and knelt by my head, presenting his limp cock for me to clean off. I accepted his penis into my mouth, greedily licking the remnants of semen that lingered on the tip. His pubic hair was matted with Tina's love juice, so it was like tasting both of them at the same time.

Tina knelt behind me, fascinated with the sight of Del's cock in my pussy and Paco's dick in my ass. I could feel her fondling their balls while they pumped my two tight holes, making them fuck me harder and faster. Between the pair of boycocks inside me and Ramon's stiffening member in my mouth, I felt like a porn star, a pleasure machine.

I could feel it start to build, a kernel of pleasure that started in my loins and spread through my whole body. My moans became cries, cries that were muffled by Ramon's cock in my mouth. When I came I had to release his now-hard penis, lest I bite it off. My ass and pussy clamped down on my stepbrothers' tools, urging them to

release their seed inside me. Paco came first, grabbing my shoulders and grunting as he erupted in my ass, pulling out afterwards and heading off to the bathroom to clean off his messy cock.

I tightened my pussy around Del's cock, humping him faster now that I didn't have Paco clinging to my back. I felt Tina's finger probing my bottom which made my pussy clamp down even tighter around Del's pole. He let out a short grunt and arched his back, burying his cock deep inside me as he filled the condom with his seed. Almost out of breath, our movements slowed and finally stopped.

“Damn, that was so sexy,” Ramon said, helping me up off of Del. When Del stood up I unrolled the condom from his waning erection and emptied the contents into my mouth, just as Tina had done, and she and I swapped his come between us. While we kissed, I felt Ramon's hand on my ass, probing my bottom with a moistened finger. His erection pressed against my thigh.

“I know what you want,” I said, laughing.

“You sure? This ain't Paco here,” he said, placing my hand on his hard cock.

“Just go slow,” I said. I went over to the couch and knelt on the cushions, facing the back, and presented my ass to him. Tina took the bottle of olive oil and greased up Ramon's tool. He stood behind me and she guided the tip between my ass cheeks. I felt his greasy cockhead press against my anus and slowly slide inside. Paco had stretched me out pretty good, and the remnants of his sperm and the olive oil that coated his dick made an adequate lubricant.

“How's that?” Ramon asked, slowly easing himself into my bottom.

“Damn, you're so big,” I said. He laughed and kissed me between my shoulder blades, holding my hips as he pushed inside me. I reached down and began to rub my swollen clit, savoring the feeling of Ramon's fat cock filling my bottom.

Tina decided that she wanted some of what I had earlier, Del and Paco fucking her at the same time. While my stepbrothers watched their father take his pleasure in my ass, she knelt between them and began to suck them, alternating between their two young cocks. Then she wrapped Del's cock with a fresh condom and lubricated Paco's stiffy, climbing on top of Del and lowering herself on his hardness. Paco had some trouble getting into Tina's virgin ass, but managed to pierce her bottom on the third try. A look of amazement crossed Tina's face as she got acclimated to this new sensation.

“You can go faster,” I told Ramon, even though his cock felt like a horse’s member compared to Paco’s stiffy. I pushed back against him, wanting to feel him fill me with his hard meat. He began to thrust faster, his grip on my hips tightening with each stroke. I frigged my clitty madly, eager to come and make my stepfather’s fat mancock inside me erupt with pleasure. I glanced over at Tina, seeing her sandwiched between my stepbrothers, their two cocks pumping her tight holes. Her look of amazement was replaced by an expression of bliss, savoring the feeling of the two hard cocks inside her.

I knew what she was feeling, and I wished I had another cock inside my pussy while Ramon pumped my ass, but my fingers would just have to do at the moment. I stuck two inside me, feeling how hot and wet I was down there, spreading my moisture over my clit as I rubbed it furiously. I could hear Tina start to moan with pleasure, Ramon grunting behind me, my stepbrothers’ heavy breathing, and my own sighs as we all sought our release.

Ramon began to pound my bottom relentlessly, thrusting hard and fast and slapping my ass as I pushed back against him. I began to squeal involuntarily, shuddering against the back of the couch as my climax mounted. Ramon thrust deeply

into my bottom and this sent me over the edge, making me tighten my bottom around his rigid member. He leaned over and wrapped me in his arms, pushing his dick deep inside my bottom as he came, filling me with his hot spunk. I cried out, my whole body convulsing, and fell limp against the back of the couch.

Ramon held me in his arms, kissing the back of my neck and nibbling my ears as I gathered my strength. He rolled over on to the couch, his cock still inside me, tenderly caressing my belly as I lay splayed out on top of him.

The sound of Tina's moaning brought me back to earth, and I opened my eyes to watch her wiggle and writhe, pinned between Del and Paco, impaled on their stiff cocks. Every time they pushed inside her she'd let out a little squeak and push her hips back against their stiff cocks. Soon enough, her squealing became a constant cry of pleasure, and she fell against Del's chest as Paco pounded her ass. Paco let out a yell as he pumped his seed into her bottom, followed by Del, who merely grunted and lifted his hips off of the carpet as he came. Even after Paco pulled out of her and went to get another clean washcloth from the bathroom, she laid on top of Del's sweaty body, her face buried in the crook of his shoulder.

Paco returned from the bathroom, wiping his dirty little cock with the washcloth. My energy had returned, and I finally had the strength to stand up, though I was still a bit unsteady, especially after feeling Ramon's cock slip out of my bottom, something that gave me a post-orgasmic shiver of delight. Ramon held my arm so I wouldn't fall over, but I kept my balance and took the washcloth from Paco and knelt between Ramon's legs, gently cleaning his flaccid cock. When I was done, I gave it a loving kiss and got a big smile in return.

Tina finally recovered to the point where she could get up off of Del, though she was too spent to suck the spunk from his condom. However, she had a couple of

joints that she stole from her mother's stash, so we relaxed on the couch and watched the New Year's celebration in Times Square on the television. Ramon even let us have a glass of rum to celebrate. 1980 was barely an hour old when we all went to sleep, with Tina and I snuggled up against Ramon, and Del and Paco on either side of us in the king sized bed.

Chapter Three - April's Fools

1980

That winter and into the spring, Tina and I had more sex than a pair of thirteen-year-old girls ought to have. In February we went to a free clinic in Miami to get fitted for diaphragms -- we were too young for birth control pills -- just so we could fuck Ramon, Del, and Paco without condoms. I loved the feeling of a twitching, spasming cock filling my pussy with its hot, creamy load. If Tina was there, she'd lick and suck my pussy clean, enjoying the mixture of semen and vaginal juices. She almost always made me come that way.

Ramon was happy. He loved to fill my holes with his hot spunk and he even learned to like eating my pussy, but only if it hadn't been creamed. He seemed to enjoy watching his sons fuck me, coaching them while we did it, teaching them new positions, even making sure they didn't finish until I came at least once.

Tina would stay over once a week, usually on Saturday nights when her parents went out. We'd take turns riding the three eager cocks at our disposal, sometimes taking all three at once. Del, fourteen now, was beginning to last nearly as long as his father. Paco, now twelve, had grown a lot since we first met. His young cock was growing nicely and he'd begun to spurt his load instead of dribble a few scant drops.

As far as life outside the bedroom went, I was getting pretty good grades despite doing all of the cooking and most of the housework. Ramon's family almost treated me like one of their own, though I wondered what they'd think if they knew what we did in private.

My life changed again that spring, even more so than when my mother was killed.

On April Fools' Day that year, Fidel Castro opened up the Cuban prisons and released thousands of criminals and mental patients who then commandeered fishing and pleasure boats and built makeshift rafts and crossed 90 miles of ocean, the survivors landing on the beaches of South Florida. Some of them came ashore only blocks from our home. My father was working that day on the fishing boat and he helped rescue a dozen men from their foundering boat. They repaid his kindness by trying to overpower the crew so they could return to Cuba for their friends. Fortunately, the boat's captain had an old revolver and ended the impromptu mutiny. But that was only the beginning of our problems.

A man Ramon had known before emigrating, a petty thug from his village back in Cuba, was one of the Marielitos, as those involved in the boatlift were known. Ramon was one of the people who helped put this man in prison and the man vowed revenge, even though over a decade had passed.

That was just the beginning of our problems. Over the next few weeks there was a crime wave sweeping through South Florida, and even our quiet neighborhood wasn't spared. Two houses down from us, a retired couple was beaten, tied to chairs, and robbed. Even worse, this creepy guy followed me home from school one day, though he ran off when Del went after him with a baseball bat.

The week after school ended we began to get a series of phone calls. At first whoever was calling would just hang up, but then he grew bolder, making explicit death threats in Cuban-accented Spanish. Ramon went to the police with the tape from our answering machine, but there wasn't much they could do at that point.

It was then that Ramon decided that we had to move away, to leave Florida for a while, maybe for good. He'd managed to save a fair amount of money, along with most of my mother's life insurance benefits, almost \$100,000 in all.

"I have an old friend in Maine who owns a fishing boat and a house. He's ready to retire and wants to live in Florida," Ramon explained. He'd pay cash for the boat and we'd swap houses, and that would be that.

"I don't want to go to Maine," I protested, tears starting to flow from my eyes. Del put his arm around me, but I shrugged it off and ran out of the house.

Tina was just sitting down to dinner with her family when I knocked on her door. She asked me what was wrong while I wiped my tear-stained face with a tissue. When I explained what was going to happen it was her turn to cry. She let me lie down on her bed while she picked at her dinner, coming in afterwards to hold me while we both cried.

"I'm going to miss you," I said.

"I'll miss you, too. And your brothers. And your father."

We hugged and sobbed for hours, mindful that her mother was watching from the open doorway. She must have called Ramon, because he showed up to take me home. He held my hand as we walked back to our house.

"I know it's tough," he said, "but we're not safe here. Maybe when things settle down we can come back."

"But...but I love her." The tears started to come back.

"I know, Anita. But you love Del and Paco, too, right? And you wouldn't want to see anything bad happen. Am I right?"

I squeezed his hand. I knew he really meant that he loved me and this was partially for my benefit, my safety. We walked home in silence and I went straight to my room and went to bed.

I wanted to have one last sleepover with Tina, but the next two weeks were too busy. There was so much to be done, so many boxes to pack. On the last day, when Ramon's van was loaded with our stuff, Tina came over to say goodbye.

"I want you to have these," I said, handing her a brown paper bag. She looked inside. It was the marriage manual and the pink plastic dildo Luci had given me when she moved away. Tina smiled and we shared one last kiss, promising to write each other.

"I'll never forget you," she said, wiping away a tear.

"I love you, Tina."

"I love you, too."

And that was the last time I saw her. She stood on our front lawn, clutching the paper bag and waving as we drove off.

I expected a long, boring trip north, but once we crossed the state line into Georgia things began to get interesting. Neither I nor my stepbrothers had been further north than Daytona, and other than Cuba, Ramon had never been out of Florida. I'd never seen a hill taller than a sand dune. The trees looked alien. The air smelled different. I sat in the van, looking out the window, imagining that we were in a spaceship, headed towards another planet.

We spent our first night on the road in a motel in Fayetteville, North Carolina. Paco was excited about the motel for some reason, but all I could think about was trips my mother and father and I used to take when they were still together, and how

most of the places we stayed in were cheap motels like this one. Faded panelling on the walls, threadbare carpets, saggy beds, and an old television in the corner.

I sat down on one of the beds and started crying. I missed Tina, I missed the old neighborhood.

I missed my mother.

I remember thinking that my father, wherever he was, wouldn't be able to find me now that I was moving so far away. Not that he'd even try, but the thought made me feel like a little girl who just lost her parents at the mall and couldn't do anything but cry.

It was Del, not Ramon, who came over and put his arm around me. He didn't try to say anything. He just stroked my back while I quietly sobbed into his chest. Paco was flipping through stations on the television and Ramon was out cold and snoring in the next bed. He'd never driven twelve hours straight before.

The next day we were on the road by eight in the morning. We had to be in Philadelphia in time to have dinner with one of Ramon's aunts. We'd be spending the night there as well. Even though I had brought a book along to read during the long drive, I just stared out the window the whole way, lost in my gloom.

We arrived a little late, having been caught in traffic around Washington D.C., and having gotten a little lost in the streets of Philadelphia. Ramon's aunt and uncle lived in a house not much bigger than ours. Pictures of their grown children and their grandchildren were everywhere. His aunt was happy to have some kids to cook for, and Ramon's uncle was happy to have someone to drink with. They didn't speak any English while I was there, and I could only manage to understand every fifth or sixth word.

I could tell they were talking about me by the way Del looked at me and said as little as possible in return. Some of Ramon's family thought that I should have been shipped off to my father when my mother was killed, instead of Ramon assuming my legal guardianship.

Sleeping arrangements were a bit weird. There seemed to be some agreement that Ramon, Del, and Paco would share the guest room, leaving me to curl up on a lumpy couch in the living room. I had trouble going to sleep that night with all those pictures of Ramon's cousins staring at me from the wall and the mantle.

Breakfast was a huge affair, with eggs and chorizo sausage, mofongo, and dark, sweet coffee. After Ramon's aunt and uncle kissed and hugged everyone except me, we were back on the highway, heading north.

New York was impressive. I had no idea it was that big. Washington sort of impressed me with how spread out it was, not dense like Miami, where the buildings were taller and newer. Philadelphia seemed pretty big. But New York topped them all, being tall and spread out. It seemed to go on forever, and that's just the parts we saw from the highway.

By contrast, Connecticut and the rest of New England seemed like an ocean of green trees, the rolling hills like giant waves. Not that it was any lusher than Florida, but that you could see thousands of trees from any one spot because of the hills.

It was nearly dark when we crossed into Maine. We had a couple of hours to go before we'd arrive in Coopersport, so we stopped off for dinner in a roadside restaurant. Ramon treated me to my first lobster; it was pretty good. Paco thought it looked like a big bug.

I suppose I had some mental image of the house we were going to live in, that it would be just like our house in Florida. Ramon's aunt's house reinforced that image,

being just like ours in a number of respects. But nothing could have prepared me for the house in Coopersport.

It looked like something out of a haunted house movie.

Three stories tall, with a steep roof that surrounded the top floor windows, it was the oldest house I'd ever seen. There was a separate garage building just as old, and a bunch of huge trees in an overgrown yard bordered by a weathered gray picket fence. There was a pickup truck in the gravel driveway with an assortment of nets and floats in the bed. Ramon pulled in beside it and turned off the van's engine.

"I guess it needs a little work," he said.

Paco and Del just stared at the place. They almost seemed scared.

"Ramon! Hola!" Ramon's friend came out of the house with a flashlight and shined it on the van. His wife was right behind him, wiping her hands on her apron. Ramon got out of the van and hugged his friend.

We were shown inside by Carlos, Ramon's friend, and his wife Consuela. Unlike Ramon's aunt, she doted on me as well as Del and Paco, offering to cook us dinner even though we'd already eaten. Del and Paco managed to down a plate of rice and beans anyway. I sat quietly at the kitchen table and listened to Ramon talk with Carlos and Consuela. They were nearly the same age as Ramon's aunt and uncle, but they seemed older. Their hair was almost the same color as the weathered picket fence. Carlos's face was etched with fine lines, his complexion nearly as red as the flannel shirt he wore beneath his faded overalls.

Carlos and Consuela were only half packed. Cardboard boxes and shopping bags filled the living room and dining room, but the kitchen hadn't been packed yet, nor had their bedroom. There was also a guest room and a room where Consuela did her sewing. She supplemented Carlos's income by working at home as a seamstress,

and she had a massive old sewing machine, bolts of cloth, and four scary old dress forms that looked like headless torsos on wheels.

The third floor was largely empty, except for stacks of old newspapers in one room and a pair of old cots in another. There was a bathroom that looked like it hadn't been used in years and a hatchway that lead to the attic crawlspace. Even though it was early June, there was both a chill and the odor of mildew in the air.

Del and Paco slept in the cots on the third floor, Ramon slept in the guest room, and I ended up on the day bed in Consuela's sewing room, headless mannequins watching me while I slept.

The next day, after another big breakfast, Ramon went down to the town docks with Carlos to see the boat. Del, Paco, and I helped Consuela pack the rest of their things. Even though they weren't taking any of their furniture they still had a mountain of stuff; old clothes, boxes of family photos and letters, stacks of books. Some of the books were in German and French and there were almost as many books in English as in Spanish. Consuela saw me reading the spines.

"Carlos taught in the university before Castro. That was how we met," she said.
"He was chairman of the Department of Philosophy, I was in Mathematics."

"Why is he a fisherman? Why doesn't he teach here?" I asked.

"Carlos says 'Philosophy, fishing, it's all the same'" she said.

"Oh."

Consuela ignored my confusion over that statement and took me on a tour of the house, pointing out her most valued furniture, items that required particular care. Everything seemed to be an "heirloom" to her, a strange concept considering she'd come to this country twenty years before with nothing but the clothes on her back. I patiently listened to her instructions.

Consuela rewarded my patience by showing me a few simple stitches on her sewing machine. It actually seemed pretty neat, and even though she was taking her machine with her when they left, she had another that she'd leave behind, an older, smaller machine on an antique stand of walnut and wrought iron, powered by a treadle. She showed me how to use a dress pattern and which dimensions to reduce for someone my size.

She seemed to enjoy giving this arcane knowledge to someone. I was eager to learn, not that I cared about sewing, but because I felt like she accepted me. She wasn't a member of Ramon's family, just the wife of his friend, and she could care less that Ramon had a skinny, blonde-haired, green-eyed daughter. She knew Ramon had an Anglo second wife, but probably not for how long, and for all she knew I was his blood relation. Looks aren't everything.

I didn't feel like such an outsider, such a stranger in a strange place as Consuela showed me how to thread the machine, how to hem a skirt, how to sew in a zipper.

Carlos and Consuela stayed for two weeks before leaving. During that time Ramon took title on the boat, we finished helping them pack, and Consuela gave me a crash course in becoming a seamstress. Their last night there Carlos and Ramon got drunk on rum and Carlos talked about all the times he'd almost been killed by the sea.

I caught this whole conversation second-hand from Del in their temporary bedroom. Paco was snoring under his blanket. Afterwards, I went to leave. Del caught my arm as I got up from the floor.

"Hey. Don't go," he said.

"Just go to sleep, Del." I couldn't have fit into that cot with him, anyway.

"How about just a..." He pulled away his blanket to reveal his erection.

"We shouldn't do anything until they leave," I said.

“Aw, c’mon.”

“Well...,” I said, hesitating. I hadn’t felt even remotely horny since we arrived in Maine, but Del had an almost pleading look on his face. I thought about how he held me while I cried in the motel room during the drive up here; I’d never felt so close to him before, even when we were intimate.

I relented, taking Del’s penis in my hand and gently stroking it before parting my lips and taking him into my mouth. I sucked him slowly, trying not to make the old cot squeak. Del reached into my blouse and under my bra, fondling my breasts while I fellated him. His hardness danced in my mouth, stiffening and twitching with each swirl of my tongue.

We hadn’t done anything sexual in two weeks, though I was sure he and Paco had kept up their usual routine of jerking off before going to sleep. Even so, when Del’s cock erupted in my mouth, it seemed as if he’d been saving up his sperm over the last fortnight. His prick kept gushing and gushing, nearly as much as Ramon’s did. I milked his penis with my lips until the creamy geyser subsided. After I cleaned him off with my tongue, I pulled the blanket back over his hips and kissed him.

“Thanks,” he said, smiling. “Can I do you?”

“No, that’s okay. I’m tired and we should wait until they leave.”

“Okay. Good night, Annie.”

“Good night, Del.”

I kissed him again and headed to the sewing room. The mannequins were gone, already loaded in the trailer that was hitched to Carlos’s truck. Only a few boxes remained. I took off my blouse and jeans and laid down on the day bed in my bra and panties. Though I was tired, sleep didn’t come easily. My bra felt uncomfortable so I took it off, skinning off my panties as well. The woollen blanket Consuela had given

me felt rough against my skin, so I threw it aside. It was chilly in that old house, even in June. Gooseflesh nipped at my skin and my nipples contracted into two pebbly patches.

Sucking Del's cock had made me sort of horny; it always did. I loved the way his hips moved when he was about to come, the softness of his balls, the hardness of his penis, the taste of his cum. Though I still felt like I was in some stranger's house, and was afraid of making too much noise, I began to touch myself.

For some reason I thought about Luci. We would spent hours exploring each other. I missed her gentle touch, the way her breath felt on my pussy just before she'd start to lick me. I missed the softness of her thighs, her pliant lips, her probing tongue. As I gently traced a line along the bottom of my breasts I wondered what she looked like now, whether her breasts had grown like mine. We were two flat-chested little girls when she moved away. Now I was thirteen and outgrowing my training bras. I longed to flick my tongue over her nipples again, except this time they'd be atop a pair of titties like mine.

As my hands edged down my belly I began to regret not having packed my vibrator in my suitcase. It was tucked away in a box of clothes that was still loaded in Ramon's van. I still had my fingers, though. I ran my hands over my thighs before concentrating on my sex, one hand parting my labia and the other teasing my clitty from its hood.

As I dipped a finger in my vagina, feeling the heat and moisture there, I started to rue not letting Del fuck me in his room. No doubt he was asleep by now. As I slid my finger deeper I felt a peculiar longing for him. Not just his cock, which would have felt great inside me just then, but for the feeling of his skin against mine, the feeling of his arms around me.

I slipped a second finger inside my pussy, slowly rubbing my swollen clit with my other hand. The day bed creaked when I moved my hips, so I tried to stay as still as possible. This was harder than it sounded. Every time I'd start to lose myself in my sex my hips would start to rock back and forth and the day bed would creak.

It took nearly an hour of start and stop, each time bringing me closer to the edge. I remembered one of the porno magazines Luci had, a German one with women tied up, some on beds, some on strange devices that seemed to be made just for that purpose. I wondered what it would be like to be bound to a bed, not allowed to move, while a man did things to me with his tongue and fingers. Not being able to move my hips while I masturbated was sort of like that, I thought.

I was imagining Del teasing my pussy with a feather while I was tied to his old bunk bed when I finally came. I didn't try to stop my hips at that point, hoping that everyone in the house was already asleep and that Carlos and Consuela weren't light sleepers. Still, I tried not to cry out when I came and almost bit through my tongue with the effort.

After I came down from my climax I noticed that the door was ajar and someone was watching me. Whoever it was saw the look of surprise on my face and quickly moved away from the door. I leaped out of the bed and slammed the door shut. There was no way to lock it, so I pushed some of the boxes against it and went back to bed. I hoped it was Ramon and not Carlos or Consuela, but I knew Ramon wouldn't have just stood outside the doorway and watched me masturbate. We were far too close for that.

The sky was beginning to lighten with the first rays of dawn when I finally fell asleep.

The next morning at breakfast, I tried to figure out who had spied on me. Carlos was already loading boxes on his truck, Ramon and the boys giving him a hand. It was just me and Consuela in the big old kitchen and I had my doubts about whether it was her. It had to be Carlos. Even so, they were leaving that day and I looked forward to being able to salvage some of our old routine with Ramon, Del, and Paco. At the very least I'd be able to masturbate without worrying about making noise or anything.

As I stood on the lawn that afternoon, waving as Carlos and Consuela drove away in their truck, it occurred to me that this was the first time I was happy to see someone moving away.

“I never thought they’d leave,” Del said.

“You and me both,” I added, taking his hand and squeezing it.

“C’mon, let’s get the van unloaded,” Ramon said. We had an afternoon’s work ahead of us.

Ramon moved his things into Carlos’s and Consuela’s bedroom, so I chose the guest room as my own. It had an antique four-poster bed and a huge old armoire. As I lay down on the bed and stared up at the canopy, I realized that I finally had my own room again, and a rather romantic one at that.

Del and Paco each chose a room on the third floor, though we had to move the day bed from the sewing room up the twisty staircase for Paco and drag my old mattress in from the van for Del. They seemed delighted with their rooms, even though they were pretty small compared to the rest of the rooms in the house. They’d never had their own rooms, though, not that they seemed to mind sharing one in Florida.

After all the lifting and unpacking we did that day, I was too tired to cook dinner. I just wanted to soak in a hot bath and let the hot water take care of my aching

muscles. The boys were hungry, though, so we went off in Ramon's van in search of a restaurant. The nearest one was in the village, an all-night diner that served the town's fishermen and the truckers that hauled their catch to Portland and Boston. We were all too hungry and tired to talk, so we wolfed down our food in silence.

After dinner, I was lying in the claw-footed tub in the second floor bathroom, letting the hot water loosen my aching muscles. I was half-asleep when there was a knock on the door. It was Ramon, and he had a bottle of rum and two glasses.

"Drink?" he asked. I nodded and he poured me a glass of rum. I sipped it as he poured one for himself and sat on the edge of the bathtub.

"Like your new room?"

"Yes, very much," I replied.

"I was hoping...," he said, hesitating.

"What?"

"I was hoping that you would share my bedroom," he said. I reached out and placed my hand on his thigh, leaving a wet spot in the shape of my hand on his jeans. He leaned over to kiss me, the sweet taste of rum on his lips and mine.

"I will, sometimes," I said. He smiled and gently brushed the hair from my face with his fingers. I could see a bulge forming in his jeans, and I reached for it, grazing it with my fingertips as we kissed again. I thought I felt him shiver.

"You have a lot of cum for me, Papi?" I asked. He smiled and nodded. I wanted to fuck him right on the bathroom floor, aching to feel his big cock worm its way inside me, but my diaphragm was in the other room. I decided on the next best thing, and began to unbuckle his belt and undo his trousers.

Ramon stood next to the bathtub and pulled down his jeans, while I sat up so my face was level with his crotch. His erection was pointing right at my lips, but I

didn't swallow him right away. Instead, I teased him, gently stroking his shaft with my hands and cupping his heavy balls. When I finally did take him in my mouth, I heard him groan, a low, guttural note that seemed to travel all the way to the tip of his penis.

It had been two weeks since he'd come, so I tried to make him last, keeping him on the edge and backing off when he seemed to get close to coming. I knew his orgasm was imminent from the many times I had pleasured him, how his balls would twitch and his cockhead seemed to flare like a cobra's hood. I'd pull back when this happened, applying a gentle pressure on the base of his shaft, only the tip of my tongue lingering on his glans. He'd tense up and then relax, and only then would I take him in my mouth again.

I kept him like this for a while, so long that my bathwater began to get cold. I decided to give him his release, enjoying the power I had over this older man.

“Come for me, Papi,” I cooed. “Cover my face with your cream.” I stroked his cock quickly, looking up at his flushed face. His tense features suddenly relaxed and he began to ejaculate like a fire hose. I opened my mouth to catch some of his cream, but most of it spurted over my nose, cheeks, and chin, dripping down to my breasts and into the bathwater. Ramon groaned again, this time from satisfaction as he covered me with his spunk.

He could barely stand while I took him back in my mouth, milking the last drops of semen from his softening cock. He sat down on the edge of the tub while I ducked under the water, washing his sperm from my skin. When I surfaced again, he kissed me on the lips, something he rarely did after I sucked him.

“You’re a good little girl, Annie,” he said, handing me a towel as I stepped out of the now-lukewarm bath. I dried off and backed into his lap, letting him run his hands over me.

“I’m not so little anymore,” I said, as he cupped my breasts.

“You’ll always be my little girl,” he said.

“Thank you, Papi.” We kissed again and he left after pouring some more rum for me. I finished drying my hair and went to my bedroom. After putting in my diaphragm and donning my prettiest nightie I walked into Ramon’s bedroom.

Ramon was waiting on the bed, naked except for his boxer shorts. Del and Paco were with him, also in their undershorts. Ramon had given them glasses of rum to drink. The bottle was nearly empty.

“Come here, sweetheart,” Ramon said. “Let us show how much we love you.”

I climbed into the his bed and kissed him while Del and Paco caressed me, their hands roaming under my nightie and all over my body. Del slipped the nightie over my head and I was gently laid on my back while three pairs of hands explored my skin. I closed my eyes and surrendered to them; it felt even more soothing than the hot bath.

Someone pulled my panties down and off my legs and began to kiss my thighs, slowly working up to my sex. I had shaved off my bush before getting into the bath and I felt super-sensitive down there. I looked down to see Del between my legs, his lips only an inch away from my slit. He smiled before diving into my slit, his tongue probing me and teasing my clit.

While Del ravished my pussy with his tongue, Ramon and Paco sat on either side of me, caressing my face and fondling my small breasts. I reached out to fish

their erections from their shorts; Ramon's fat cock in one hand, Paco's growing stiffy in my other hand. I settled back into the big, soft bed as Del licked and sucked my slit.

This time I didn't have to worry about making too much noise or having a stranger watch me when I started to come. Del was never really good at oral sex, but this time he worked me like a pro, writing "I love you" with his tongue on my clit, over and over and over. He grabbed my ass and brought my hips up to his face, his tongue lashing my nubbin. That sent me over the edge, making my thighs quiver and my body go stiff as I came. He even kept doing it until I had to make him stop, another first.

Lost in the throes of my orgasm, I had let go of Ramon's and Paco's cocks, but when I opened my eyes they were stroking themselves, staying hard while I came. Del knelt over me and we kissed, his lips wet and fragrant with my juices. I desperately wanted to feel him inside me, but he moved aside, letting Paco position himself between my legs. Paco skinned off his briefs, his stiffy throbbing in front of him. I reached out for it, gently pulling him closer and guiding him inside me. He slid in easily.

Paco had never lasted so long before. Maybe it was the rum, maybe he'd been masturbating a lot. Maybe he was growing up. His cock, no bigger than a finger when I first touched it three years before, was getting closer to Del's in size, and I appreciated every inch he had. I held his hips as he pumped his cock inside me, trying to keep him from fucking too fast and coming too soon. It must have worked, because he didn't come until he'd brought me off, making my pussy spasm over his eager pole. He didn't fill me with as much cum as Del or Ramon, but I felt his hot spurts nonetheless. I held him after he came, wanting him to stay inside me, but he soon got up and let Del take his place.

Del gently rolled me over on to my belly. I thought he was going to put it in my bottom, but he slipped it into my messy slit instead. I had my head in Ramon's lap, his cock brushing against my cheek. As Del slowly fucked me from behind, I opened my mouth and accepted Ramon's big cock again.

I felt like such a horny little slut, being filled from both ends by a father and his son. Del poked me from behind with his long, smooth penis while Ramon filled my mouth with his fat, veiny meat. I pushed my hips back against Del's as he thrust himself in and out of my hungry pussy. It was like my body was making up for lost time, craving another orgasm and more semen, delicious semen. Del's cock felt wonderful, hitting all the right places as he pumped my sex-starved slit.

I felt another mind-blowing climax building up, and I had to take Ramon's cock out of my mouth so I wouldn't bite him. Instead, I licked his penis like a lollipop, up one side, over the tip, and down the other, stopping at the base of his shaft before working my tongue back up to the tip. I managed to lick his pole three or four times before Del made me come by driving his cock deep inside me and rotating his hips. I grabbed two fistfuls of bedsheet as I moaned and screamed from the intense waves of pleasure coursing through my body. It wasn't until my orgasm subsided that Del finally came, adding his semen to his brother's meager load before pulling out of me.

I had enough strength to sit up and take Del's waning cock in my mouth, sucking the last drops of come and cleaning him with my tongue. He gently caressed me until I finished, and then he sat down on the bed, spent from his effort.

Del and Paco were the appetizers; Ramon was the main course. I lay back on the bed and spread my legs, eager to feel his fat prick inside me. He knelt between my legs, noticing for the first time that I had shaved off my scant growth of pubic hair.

Unlike his sons, Ramon hadn't fucked me when my cunny was bald. The sight of the hairless twat he was about to stuff delighted him.

"Fuck me, Papi. Fill me with your cum," I whispered, feeling like a complete slut. He was more than happy to oblige, placing the tip of his cock at my oozing entrance and pressing it home. I almost came right then, just from the feeling of his big member worming into my slit and stretching me.

Ramon lay on top of me and began to thrust, each deep stroke pushing the wind out of me. I could barely move under him, but I somehow managed to keep up with his movements, rocking my hips against his. I wrapped my arms around his strong back, feeling the muscles moving beneath his skin, muscles that were working to push his cock in and out of me.

"Oh, Papi...oh, Papi...yes...don't stop," I gasped, squirming under him as he fucked me like a machine. Steady, relentless strokes, not slow, not fast, but with an constant speed and power. It was like being fucked by a locomotive. This was the difference between a boy and a man.

"Papi...make me come, Papi," I pleaded, even though it was inevitable. Lubricated by his sons' semen and my juices, his cock churned my sucking snatch, making obscene little sounds as it pistoned in and out. My grip on his back tightened just as my pussy's grip on his pole did in anticipation of the blessed release to come. Ramon buried his face in my hair, his breath a warm cloud on my neck, as he picked up the pace ever so slightly, just enough to push me over the edge.

"Papi...oh...oh...yes..." I had never been so vocal when I'd come before, but this time felt different. Maybe it was the hiatus, maybe it was the strange bed in a strange house. It just felt good to call out his name, to vocalize my pleasure. It wasn't long

before my words became mere screams and cries, moans and grunts, as wave after wave of pleasure knocked me senseless.

“Come for me, Papi. Please come for me,” I moaned. The relentless motion of his cock within me became almost too much to bear. I clenched myself around his pounding tool, trying to squeeze him with all my might. He looked down for a moment, watching his glistening rod poke my newly-shorn cunt, and finally, he let go. With a groan, he stuffed his cock into me with one last thrust and began to spurt his hot seed.

In a way, it was too bad that I’d sucked him in the bathroom first. I would have liked to feel him erupt inside me with that much force, that much volume. Ramon stayed inside me while I clenched my pussy around his penis, trying to milk him with my twat. When he had softened and began to slip out, he gently kissed me on the lips and withdrew, his flaccid cock shiny with our juices.

I lay there on the bed for a while, feeling well and truly fucked. Then I reached for my glass, a drop of rum remaining at the bottom. I rolled out of bed and squatted on the bedroom floor, holding the glass below my dripping pussy. Semen oozed out of me and dripped into the glass. Del and Paco watched, fascinated, as I drained my messy slit, poured a little more rum into the glass, swirled the mixture around, and sipped it like a fine liqueur. Ramon could hardly stop laughing.

I was still leaking sperm, so I slipped my panties back on before climbing back into bed to lay in Ramon’s arms. There was enough room for Del and Paco, too, and we had one last drink before Ramon turned out the lights.

Chapter Four - Julia

It didn't take long for us to return to something resembling our old routine. The difference was that I was alone throughout most of the day. Ramon took Del and Paco out on the boat with him every day, from right before dawn until late in the afternoon, leaving me alone in the big, old house. For the first couple of weeks, I was busy unpacking and cleaning. Then I occupied myself in the sewing room, practicing stitches on scrap pieces of fabric. I had brought most of my mother's clothes with us, so I began to alter some of her dresses and skirts, taking in the hems and waistlines. My first attempt at making a dress from a pattern was a miserable failure, so I stuck with alterations for a while.

When I ran out of clothes to take in, I began to explore the neighborhood. It wasn't like our old place: the nearest house was about a quarter-mile away. There was an old bicycle in the garage, and though the tires were flat, I found a hand pump and reinflated them.

There was a dairy farm about a mile down the road. When it was sunny out I'd pedal over there and sit on the fence, watching the cows graze. Sometimes I'd ride into town, bringing back groceries or a book or magazine. Coopersport wasn't a big tourist attraction, but during the summer months it had its share of out-of-towners, most of them just passing through. I'd buy myself an ice cream and sit in the town square, looking at all of the different license plates.

One day I decided to follow the sound of the ocean. It took twenty minutes but I finally reached it. It was hard to believe that it was the same ocean that washed the Florida shores. Even on the sunniest day it was a leaden gray color. The shoreline was

different, with jagged rocks and steep cliffs instead of a gently sloping margin of sand. I could see fishing boats near the horizon; I wondered if one of those was Ramon's. After there was a storm the waves would crash hard on the rocks; for some reason it would make me think about orgasms.

It rained for almost a week at the end of July, and by the time the clouds lifted I had nearly gone stir crazy. The weather was too bad for riding, the batteries in my vibrator died the second day, and I'd already read just about every book in the house. The rough weather meant that Ramon, Del, and Paco were exhausted by the time they came home, with Paco falling asleep at the dinner table and Del not doing much better. Even Ramon nearly fell asleep while we were fucking.

When the weather lifted, I put on my prettiest yellow sundress, an old one of my mother's that I had altered, and hopped on my bike to go somewhere, anywhere. All that rain had made the sunlight seem especially bright and the grass and trees seem particularly lush and green. The air smelled fresh, just a hint of saltiness. I stopped at our nearest neighbor's house to smell the flowers that grew around the mailbox. We had plenty of wildflowers in the meadow behind our house, but these had been planted and taken care of, and they were especially fragrant.

“Would you like to pick some, dear?”

The voice seemed to come out of nowhere, startling me. I looked up and thought I saw a ghost for a second, startling me even more. I was about to bolt towards my bike when I realized that this wasn't a ghost, just a fifty-ish woman in a flowing white dress. Her silver hair was tied back in a long ponytail, and she wore a wide-brimmed straw hat and sunglasses.

“I didn’t mean to startle you, dear. Would you like to pick some flowers?” she asked, lowering her sunglasses and looking me over. She had blue eyes the color of a Florida twilight.

“No, thank you, ma’am,” I replied, recovering my composure. The woman walked across her lawn and held out her hand.

“My name is Julia Harrington. What’s yours, dear?”

“Annie,” I said, standing up and taking her hand.

“Pleased to meet you, Annie. I was about to go inside to get some iced tea. Would you like to join me?”

“Yes, please.” I followed her into the house, which was even older than ours, but filled with the most interesting things: antique furniture, paintings, shelves filled with books. I followed her into the kitchen and sat down at a table that looked like it had fifty coats of lacquer. She poured two big glasses of iced tea and sat down across the table.

“Are you here for the summer, Annie?”

“No, we just moved here from Florida. We’re in the house down the road.”

“Ah, I see. I didn’t know it had been on the market,” she said. I explained how we swapped houses with Carlos and Consuela, how Ramon bought the boat and was working it with Del and Paco.

“And where’s your mother?” she asked. There was an uncomfortable silence.

“She was killed last year,” I said, the words leaving a metallic taste in my mouth.

“Oh. I’m so sorry.” Mrs. Harrington reached out and took my hand.

“It’s not your fault,” I replied. There was a sadness in the woman’s eyes that made me want to cry.

“I lost my husband ten years ago,” she said. “He was an attorney, a partner in a firm in Boston. Heart attack, the poor dear.”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“It’s not your fault, dear,” she replied, patting my hand and giving me a sly smile. “Come, let’s take our tea out to the garden. It’s lovely this time of year.”

She was right. It was beautiful. We sat on a rough wooden bench beneath a shade tree, surrounded by flowers she’d planted, and we talked. Mrs. Harrington told me about Coopersport, the town, the people, the sea.

When it was time for me to leave and head back home to start dinner, she invited me to stop by anytime I wished. She walked me around to the front of the house where my bicycle was, took my hand, and gave it a little squeeze as she kissed me on the cheek.

“You’re a lovely young woman,” she said.

“Thank you, ma’am.”

“Call me Julia.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, before catching myself. “Yes, Julia,” I said, giggling. I mounted my bike and pedalled down the road, looking back to watch her wave.

The next day was bright and sunny, and as soon as I finished my housework I biked over to Julia’s house. There was no answer at the door, so I went around back. She was in the garden, kneeling on a cushion while she weeded a flower bed. She called me over and greeted me with a hug. I pulled a cushion off of one of the lawn chairs so I could kneel next to her and help. Four hands made fast work of the weeds, and we went inside for iced tea before moving on to the next flower bed.

Instead of the flowing white dress that made me see a ghost the day before, Julia wore blue jeans and a men's oxford shirt, starched white that set off her deep tan. She poured a couple of glasses of iced tea and sat down.

"Lonely?" she asked.

"I guess," I said. "School doesn't start for another month and I don't know anyone here."

"And your stepbrothers?"

"They're good company," I said. If only she knew.

"But not like having a girlfriend? Someone with whom you can share confidences and secrets of the heart?" Julia reached out for my hand across the table.

"No, I guess not." I suppose Del would do in a pinch, but I knew I felt closer to Tina in that respect.

"A charming young woman like you should have no problem making friends in a new school," she said, giving my hand a gentle squeeze.

"Thank you," I said. There was something strange about the way she was looking at me as she held my hand. It took a minute to realize what it meant.

"Something wrong, dear?" she asked, seeing my expression change.

"No, not at all," I replied. I got up from the table and walked around to her chair, taking her hand and placing it on the bodice of my sundress, directly on my breast. Julia stood up and, without taking her hand away, leaned in and kissed me on the lips.

"Was I that obvious, dear?" she said, laughing.

"No," I said, kissing her again. "I just think we want the same thing." That made her laugh again and pull me closer. Then she took me by the hand and I followed her out of the kitchen.

“Come, let me show you my bedroom. I think the weeds can wait for another day.”

She led me to her room, a light, airy space with a four-poster bed like mine. Unlike my room, the furnishings were all expensive antiques and the fabrics and wallcoverings were carefully chosen and expertly applied. Julia sat on the edge of her bed and I stood in front of her, lifting my short pink sundress over my head and letting it fall to the floor. I didn’t wear a bra that day, just a pair of white cotton panties under my dress and sandals on my feet.

“You’re lovely,” she said, reaching out to caress me, her fingertips lightly sculpting my curves. She pulled me closer and planted a kiss between my young breasts before feasting on my pebbly nipples. I ran my hands through her fine gray hair as she suckled me.

I felt her tugging on the waistband of my panties, pulling them down over my thighs and down my legs. I slipped out of my sandals and steadied my self with my hands on her shoulders as she helped me step out of my underwear. She looked me up and down as I stood naked before her.

“Why, you’ve shaved, dear. That’s so precious,” she said, lightly grazing my bare mons with her fingertip. Her light touch sent a chill up my spine, and my arms and legs felt prickly with goosebumps. She stood up from the bed and we kissed, her hands caressing me before coming to rest in the small of my back.

“Let me see you,” I said, starting to unbutton her blouse. She shrugged her shirt off her shoulders, revealing an expensive white lace bra. She unclasped it and let it fall to the floor next to her blouse, pulling me close to her again so that our breasts were pressed together, nipple to nipple. She wasn’t much bigger than me on top, but her breasts were perfect, firm with not a hint of sag.

Her belt buckle was digging into my belly, so I helped her out of her jeans and tennis shoes. She was well-tanned all over, her bronze skin contrasting with the white lace panties she wore. She skinned those off, leaving us both standing naked in her bedroom. This time I was the one who pulled her closer, interposing my thigh between hers as we kissed, feeling her hot sex against my leg.

We climbed into her bed, continuing our kiss as we lay next to each other. I explored her body with my hands, cupping her breasts, tracing the swell of her womanly hips and belly. Other than a bit of extra flesh on her bottom, she was quite slender and her figure was well-kept. It was hard to believe that she had nearly forty years on me.

“Lay back, Annie,” she whispered, gently rolling me on my back. I sighed in anticipation as she began to suckle my nipples again, her soft lips working their way down my belly and up my thighs. It seemed to take forever before she touched my sex, parting my nether lips with her fingers and tasting me with her tongue. It was like an electric shock when the tip of her tongue touched my clit, a sudden spasm of pleasure that made me gasp for air.

I’d never felt anything like this. Not even Ramon’s fat tool or Del’s beautiful boycock could compare with the pleasure Julia gave me. Her tongue danced over my clit, sometimes teasing, sometimes lashing, always the right thing at the right time, as if my sex was an instrument and she was a virtuoso.

She carefully probed me with her fingers, mainly out of curiosity as to whether I was still a virgin, I suppose. But it was her soft lips and skilful tongue that did the trick, making my breasts heave and my thighs quiver as I lost myself in an intense, blinding orgasm, one that seemed to go on and on forever. I finally began to feel too sensitive down there, and had to tug on her shoulder to make her stop. She scooted up

on the bed and held me in her arms as we kissed, sharing the taste of my juices on her lips.

“Wow. That was so...” It took me a while to catch my breath, but I was still speechless.

“Hush, Annie,” she whispered, kissing the tip of my nose. “Let’s just lie here for a while.”

We lay on her bed, a warm breeze flowing through the windows and making the gauzy curtains flutter. I almost drifted off to sleep in her arms, feeling safe, feeling loved. There was something about the perfume Julia wore that reminded me of someone, though who that was eluded me.

I rested my head on her chest, feeling her gentle caresses on my back, shivering with pleasure when her fingernails lightly grazed me between my shoulder blades. Her breasts rose and fell with her breath, and I brought one up to my lips, feeling her nipple harden when I circled it with my tongue.

“Oh, Annie. That feels delicious,” she said as I suckled her breasts. Just as she had done, I began to plant a trail of kisses down her body, over the swell of her belly, parting her legs to kiss the insides of her thighs, slowly closing in on her cleft.

I’d never been this close to an adult woman’s sex before. The pictures I’d seen in magazines couldn’t compare with Julia’s flower. Unlike the hair on her head, her pubes were jet black with only a few gray strands, neatly trimmed along her bikini line. Her labia bloomed like an iris when I touched them, revealing her innermost parts, a moist slit and a monk-hooded clitoris that seemed to swell to meet the tip of my tongue.

Julia shifted her hips as I hooked my arms under her thighs, taking her own breasts in her hands and cupping them as I began to lap at her sex. It seemed like

years had passed since I'd done this with Tina, though it had only been a couple of long months. Still, I remembered what to do and how to do it, and I began by lightly lapping at Julia's button like a kitten at a bowl of cream.

I held her hips as I began to lick in earnest, first circling her clit and then lashing it directly as she began to respond with soft moans and a slow rocking of her pelvis. I pressed inside her with my tongue, carrying her own moisture up to her slippery clit, making her moan even harder. She tasted sweet and her fragrance had a faint note of strawberry atop her womanly musk.

Occasionally I would glance up at her, watching her knead her breasts, her eyes closed and her mouth open in a silent "O". When I began to suckle her clit her jaw quivered and I felt a shiver run through her body, her thighs tensing and relaxing against my sides. I made my tongue rigid like a finger and began to move my head from side to side, short, quick movements that made her arch her back and squeeze her breasts even tighter.

Her moans and sighs became one continuous note as I moved my hands lower, cupping her bottom and pulling her closer to my mouth. I began to alternate between sucking her clit and ravishing it with my tongue, and she began to rock her hips harder, faster, pressing her sex against my lips, seeking her release. I knew she was getting close; my intuition, I guess, and I pulled one of my hands out from under her ass, using my thumb to penetrate her sex while I used my index finger to probe her bottom.

When my thumb grazed the roof of her vagina she began to convulse, wrapping her legs around my back as she came. She let go of her breasts and grabbed two handfuls of duvet, her eyes clamped shut as she let out a husky alto cry of ecstasy. Her hips rose and fell from the bed, and I barely managed to keep my lips clamped to her

sex as I ravished her clit with my tongue. Her climax seemed to go on for an eternity, until finally she'd had enough and unwrapped her legs from around my body, sitting up and gently pulling me closer for a long, deep kiss.

“I think you’ve done that before,” Julia said.

“Yes, I have,” I replied, hesitating for a second before telling her about Luci and Tina, though I left out anything involving Ramon or my stepbrothers.

“You’ve been a busy little girl,” she said, smiling and kissing my forehead. “The things you did at ten I didn’t even know about until I was in college.”

“Is that bad?” I asked.

“Do you think it’s bad?”

“Um...no, I guess.”

“Well then, that’s all that matters, isn’t it?” she said.

I lay my head on her breasts and wrapped my arms around her, holding her for dear life. As she kissed the top of my head and caressed my hair, I felt like I never wanted to let go. We lay together until it was time for me to head home. Reluctantly, I got dressed and rode home, looking forward to the next day I could come back and play in her garden.

That night, while laying underneath Ramon and feeling his big cock stretching my wet slit, I couldn’t help thinking about that afternoon with Mrs. Harrington. When I came, I was coming for her, even though it was Ramon’s hardness instead of her tongue that brought me off. Afterwards, I felt a twinge of guilt, as if I’d been unfaithful to my papi. I tried to put it out of my mind as I listened to Ramon fall asleep next to me.

After he started snoring, I wrapped myself in my robe and tiptoed out of his bedroom, sneaking up the stairs to Del’s room. It was a warm night and his door was

ajar, the windows open, and he'd thrown off his sheets and was laying on top of his bed, naked. Moonlight filtered through the blinds, painting parallel lines on his skin. The bed was narrow, but I managed to crawl in next to him. He stirred and rolled on his side, his arm falling over my waist.

He must have been having a sexy dream, because I felt his erection press against my thigh. I reached down to stroke it, feeling a drop of precum on the tip. Quietly, trying not to wake him, I moved a bit lower on the bed, threw my thigh over his, and guided his hardness inside me. I was still filled with Ramon's sperm and Del's cock slipped in easily. Del stirred again, but didn't move. I wasn't looking for another fuck; I just wanted to feel his smooth cock inside me. I brushed his lips with my own and fell asleep in his arms, embracing his penis with my sex.

Del's cock woke me up the next morning. He'd arisen before me, managed to roll me on my back without waking me, and was slowly fucking me, supporting his weight on his elbows and knees. I reached out, pulling him on top of me as he continued to hump me.

I didn't think of Julia when I came this time. I thought of Del, his smooth muscular back, his hardness inside me, his lips on my nipple, suckling my breast. We heard Ramon calling him to breakfast, even though it wasn't even light out. Now that I was awake, he could pump my pussy faster, striving for his own climax.

"Come for me, Del," I whispered, pushing my hips back against his. He grunted, sounding just like his father, and pushed deeply inside me, spurting his hot cream as he came. His thrusts slowed and stopped, and he got off me all too quickly as he hurried to catch up with his father and brother. I lingered in his bed, holding his

pillow close, a sort of proxy Del. There were still a couple of hours left before I had to get up, so I fell asleep in his bed, wrapped in his sheets and the scent of his skin.

I hurried through my housework that morning, even getting a head start on preparing dinner so I'd have more time to spend at Julia's. When I was done, I put on my shortest shorts and a tank top and biked over to her place, eager to spend the day with her.

There was no answer at the front door. I went around to the back of the house, expecting to find her in the garden. She wasn't there, but there was a note pinned to the back door with my name on it. She had some business to attend to in Boston and wouldn't be back until after the weekend, three days from now. Crestfallen, I clutched the note as I sat in her garden and choked back my tears.

As I rode my bike back up the road to my house, I felt so confused. I loved my Papi, I loved Paco, and I really loved Del. How could this woman I'd met only three days ago steal my heart like this? I longed for the touch of her fingertips on my skin, her breath on my sex, her strawberry scent.

My legs felt like lead as I trudged up the steps to our big empty house. I sat on my bed, feeling sorry for myself for a while. Then I had a flash of inspiration. I headed for the sewing room.

Consuela had left some fabric behind, including some bolts of unbleached cotton. I pawed through her old dress patterns until I found one I liked, carefully tracing the pattern and cutting the fabric. The old sewing machine was hard to thread, and badly in need of a good oiling, but I managed to get it to work. As my legs pumped the treadle, I thought of Julia, picturing her on her bed as I tongued her to a climax.

There was a vaguely pleasant feeling between my legs as I pumped the treadle, and I clamped my legs together to add a bit of friction while I worked the old machine. I began to find it hard to concentrate and had to undo and redo a few stitches. Between thinking of Julia and working the machine, I teetered on the edge of an orgasm the whole afternoon.

It was a simple dress, similar to the one she wore when I first saw her, floaty and breezy, cool on a hot summer afternoon. After I removed the last few pins and basting stitches, I took off my shorts and shirt and put it on, letting the gauzy material drape over my skin. I imagined her wearing it, feeling the cotton brush against her nipples, my hands reaching underneath. Hiking up the dress, I laid down on the hardwood floor and pulled the crotch of my panties aside. The sewing machine treadle had made me so horny that it only took a minute of rubbing my pussy to make me come.

I lay there on the sewing room floor, wrapped in the dress I'd made her, enjoying the afterglow of my orgasm. Even though Julia wasn't with me, I felt as if I'd shared something with her just then. I could have fallen asleep on the floor, but instead I got up, carefully hand-washed the dress, and hung it up to dry.

The weekend went by fast. Ramon had netted a decent catch that week, so he took the weekend off, taking us into town for a movie and dinner. We slept late on Sunday and spent the afternoon playing catch in the meadow behind the house. We hadn't done that since leaving Florida, and I realized how much I missed horsing around with Del and Paco, just being kids like we used to be. I felt like part of a family again.

Still, I couldn't wait for Monday to arrive.

The sound of Ramon's van pulling out of the driveway woke me up the next morning. The sun was just coming up, orange and pink rays filtering through the trees and making my room glow like a lump of amber. I took a nice, long shower, letting my hands linger over my soapy breasts before rinsing myself off. There were breakfast dishes to wash and laundry to do, but I blew through my housework quickly, eager to ride over to Julia's house. When I had finished my chores, I took another shower and wrapped up the dress I had made her. I had added a delicate lace trim to the sleeves and neck line, and used some of the leftover lace to tie up the package.

I put on my shortest sundress, pale pink with a pretty floral pattern, tied my long hair into two pigtails with some pink ribbon, tucked my gift under my arm, and got on my bike.

Julia was in her front yard, weeding the flowerbed around her mailbox. When she saw me coming down the road, she smiled and waved. I jumped off my bike and ran to her, giving her a big hug and a sloppy kiss. She took my hand and we walked around the house to her back yard, her private garden.

“I missed you,” I said, looking up into her eyes.

“I missed you, too, Annie.” We kissed again, a more passionate kiss, full of heat and desire.

“What’s that you have there?” she said.

I held out the gift, trying to find the right words to say, but all I could manage was “For you.”

We sat on the bench under the shade tree, my heart pounding as she carefully opened it.

“It’s beautiful,” she said, holding it against her body. “Where did you buy this? It must have cost a fortune!”

“I made it. For you,” I said.

“How wonderful,” she said, “Come, let’s go inside. I can’t wait to try it on.”

We went into her house and up to her bedroom. There was a package on her bed, gift wrapped and tied with a ribbon.

“I picked up a little something for you when I was in Boston,” she said. “Don’t open it just yet. I want to try on your dress first.”

I sat on the edge of her bed, my heart still pounding with anticipation as she unbuttoned her pink oxford blouse and stepped out of her khaki slacks. She reached behind her back and unclasped her coral pink bra before pulling the dress over her head and letting it fall over her tanned body. She adjusted the neckline before looking in the mirror.

“Oh, it’s absolutely lovely! I can’t believe you made this! I love these raglan sleeves, and the lace trim is so precious!” I blushed at her compliments, secretly relieved that the dress actually fit her. One of the side seams was a bit crooked, but it was hardly noticeable.

“I’m glad you like it,” I said.

“Like it? I love it!” She did a half twirl, letting the hem swirl up and fall back down. She came over to the bed and took my hands in hers. I stood up and we kissed again. “Thank you, Annie. Now, let’s open my gift, shall we?”

We both sat down on her bed, the carefully wrapped package in my lap. I slipped the ribbon off the package and pried open the wrapping paper, trying not to rip it. Underneath was an ivory-colored box with a gold embossed label from an expensive boutique. I lifted the top of the box and pulled away the thin tissue paper inside to reveal an expensive silk and lace brassiere, pale pink like the color of dawn. Underneath was a pair of panties that matched the bra.

“Julia! It’s lovely!” My eyes began to well up with tears as I hugged her.

“I hope it fits, Annie. I had to guess your size. Let’s try it on, shall we?”

I stood up and she lifted my dress over my head, helping me undo my simple cotton bra and step out of my pink cotton bikini panties, sending shivers up my spine when her fingertips lightly grazed my thighs. She held the delicate silk panties out for me to step into, slowly pulling them up my legs and smoothing the lace waistband. Then she helped me into the bra, clasping it in the back.

I stared at myself in the mirror, Julia standing behind me, her hands on my hips. The bra and panty fit perfectly, but there was one thing wrong.

“These don’t look right,” I said, untying the ribbons that held my hair in pigtails. My hair spilled over my shoulders, and Julia brushed it back from my face, planting a kiss on my cheek.

“You’re a lovely girl turning into a beautiful young woman,” Julia said, kissing me again. I turned around in her arms, seeking her lips with my own.

“Thank you, Julia. Thank you so much,” I said, kissing her again.

It didn’t take long for us to remove our new garments and climb into her bed, laying head to toe as we pleasured each other, fingertips gently parting labia, lips and tongues seeking the pearls of pleasure, hips swaying and thighs quivering. Our songs of passion and the scent of our sex filled the room.

“I really did miss you, Julia,” I said while we were cuddling afterwards.

“And I missed you, dear.”

“No, I mean I really did miss you,” I repeated, looking her straight in the eyes. “Julia, I...”

“Shhh...,” she said, putting her finger to my lips. “I know, dear. I know.” She brought my head to her breast and held me, caressing my hair and back as she rocked me like a baby.

“Let’s have some lunch, Annie. Then we can make love all afternoon.”

We dined in her garden, grilled chicken salad and glasses of white wine. She talked about her trip to Boston, a day of meetings with the board members and trustees of some charitable foundation, followed by a day of shopping, a Saturday night dinner party, and a stroll through the Museum of Fine Art that Sunday.

“It sounds wonderful,” I said.

“I have to go to Boston again later this week. Perhaps you’d care to join me?”

“I’d love to,” I said. “But...”

“What’s wrong, dear?”

“I’d have to talk to my papi first. I’d need his permission. He’ll want to meet you.”

“Of course, darling. I wouldn’t have it any other way,” she said, raising her glass to mine. We finished lunch and I helped her wash the dishes. Then it was back to bed.

“I’ve never cared much for toys,” Julia said, opening the top drawer of her dresser, “but I found a shop in Boston that specialized in this sort of thing and I thought you might enjoy it.” She pulled a strap-on dildo from the drawer, a long, pink phallus attached to a harness.

“Shall I go first?” she said.

I helped her put it on, tightening the belts that held it to her loins. There was a small pink stub on the inside that was meant to go inside her sex and it took a few minutes to position it properly. I was about to lay back on the bed, but instead I leaned

over and took the thick tip of the dildo in my mouth, wetting it with my saliva until it glistened.

“You like to do that, don’t you,” she said. I just smiled and nodded.

I lay back on her bed, my legs apart as she positioned herself over me, the pink silicone cock jutting obscenely from her crotch. She leaned down to kiss me as I guided her inside me, gasping as the thick dildo entered me.

“Is it too big, dear?” Julia said.

“No, no, no, it’s fine. Keep going.” I wasn’t any bigger than Ramon’s cock, and I’d taken that often enough. I held Julia’s hips, slowly guiding her inside me until she filled me completely. She lay on top of me, our breasts pressed together as we kissed. Then she began to move her hips, ever so slowly.

“How is that, dear?”

“Mmmmm...it feels good,” I whispered. “Fuck me, please fuck me.”

I felt ashamed for using such coarse language around Julia. She was so polite and genteel; saying “fuck” seemed like a breach of etiquette. But she smiled when she heard my crude plea, and the pace of her thrusting increased.

“Yes, I’m going to fuck you, my dear. I’ll fuck you ‘til you come,” she cooed. Such a vulgarity sounded strange on her lips, but if her intention was to get me all fired up and squirming with pleasure, she succeeded. I rocked my hips in time with hers as we found a steady rhythm that made her bed squeak like a field full of crickets.

“Oh, Julia...yes...yes...,” I cried as that familiar feeling began to gnaw at my belly. I grabbed her bottom, pulling her closer as I sought my release. The little stub inside her must have had the desired effect, because her movements became erratic,

creating a little stutter with each thrust. When I started to come, she must have come, too, because she fell on top of me, her thrusts getting shorter and faster.

One disadvantage the strap-on had was that it didn't spurt inside me. I sort of missed that. The feeling of a twitching cock spewing a load of sperm was like an exclamation point at the end of a sentence. On the other hand, the big pink stick didn't soften afterwards, and when Julia began thrusting again, she quickly brought me to a second climax.

"I'm sorry, dear. These old bones are too tired to go any further," Julia said, pulling out of me and rolling over. "I wish I were thirty years younger."

"That's okay," I said, rolling over and kissing her. "You made me feel so good."

She smiled when she heard that, her blue eyes glistening.

"Help me out of this harness. It's your turn, my dear."

It was strange to have a cock between my legs, even an artificial one. I stroked it as if I was masturbating myself, but the only sensation was the stub pressing against my clit. So many times I had seen Del and Paco, even Ramon stroking their cocks; I wondered what they were feeling. I knew my orgasms were more intense than a man's, but I was still curious. Stroking the strap-on didn't answer any of my questions.

I did realize one thing, however: having a cock was a powerful thing when there was a woman on the receiving end. With the harness strapped tightly around me, I entered Julia's supine form, looking down to watch the progress of the pink shaft disappearing inside her. I started slowly, sometimes teasing her the way Ramon would tease me, pulling out until only the tip was within her, using short strokes to keep her on the edge before quenching her thirst by going deep again.

Then I fucked her like Paco would, quick strokes that made her breasts jiggle and her thighs quiver.

Again, I fucked her like my papi fucked me, with his long, steady thrusts that reminded me of a locomotive.

And then I fucked her like Del, the corkscrew motion of my hips driving the strap-on against her clit with each stroke. He never failed to make me cum when he did that, and it worked with Julia, making her weep with pleasure.

“You’ve made me so happy,” she whispered to me afterwards as we held each other in our arms.

I wanted to tell her I loved her, but I chickened out. Instead, I lay my head on her breasts and held her as she caressed me. As we lay in her bed I finally realized what that perfume she wore was.

It was the same as my mother’s.

Julia drove me back home that afternoon. My bike was in the trunk of her car, a big silver Mercedes. My old cotton bra and panties were in a paper bag in my lap; under my dress I wore the lingerie Julia had bought me. We pulled into the driveway, the sand and shell amalgam crunching under the tires of the Mercedes.

“Ramon isn’t home yet,” I said. “But I can show you around. Would you like to see the house?”

“I’d love that,” she said.

We went inside and I put on a pot of water for tea. I gave her a tour of the house, starting with the kitchen, dining room, and parlor on the first floor.

“Is this where you made my dress?” she asked as we entered the sewing room on the second floor. “That sewing machine is a museum piece!”

“It works pretty good,” I said, sitting down behind it and pushing the treadle with my feet. I began to feel the friction between my legs and felt my face go flush.

“Julia, I have a confession to make.”

“What is it, dear?” She came over and took my hand.

“When I was sewing your dress, I got so turned on just by working the sewing machine. I had to rub myself afterwards,” I said, looking down at my lap. Julia startled me with her laughter.

“My dear, that’s nothing to feel ashamed about,” she said, leaning over to kiss my forehead. “I’d once heard that seamstresses would gratify themselves by working a sewing machine’s treadle, but I never thought it was really true.” We both laughed about it and I had Julia sit down at the machine to feel it for herself.

“I was wearing the dress when I came,” I whispered. She seemed particularly aroused by this and pulled me into her lap for a long, deep kiss, her hands roaming under my short dress.

“Then it was truly a labor of love,” she said. We began to kiss again but the kettle in the kitchen started whistling. We broke off our kiss for our tea. I wanted to show her my bedroom, perhaps share a quick bit of love on my bed, but Ramon’s van pulled into the driveway.

I introduced her to Ramon, Del, and Paco. She seemed to be charmed by my brothers, especially Paco. Ramon even warmed to her, inviting her to stay for dinner. She politely declined, which was a relief to me because tonight we were having leftovers. I’d have preferred to spend all day making a special dinner, serving it on my mother’s best china, just for her.

I felt like jumping for joy when Ramon gave me permission to go to Boston with Julia. I hugged him and then walked with Julia out to her car, stealing a quick

kiss behind Ramon's van. I watched her drive off and went back inside to throw dinner in the oven.

"She's a nice lady," Ramon said. We were lying together in his bed after dinner, having just made love. Ramon held me from behind, his sticky cock nestled between my cheeks, his semen oozing down my thighs.

"Yes, she is," I said.

"Is she the one who bought you those fancy undies?" he said. My new bra and panties were draped on the bed post.

"Yes. Aren't they pretty?"

Ramon kissed my neck. "I'm sharing you with her, right?"

My heart froze in my chest.

"Is...is that a problem?"

"No," he said. "It is good for a girl to have a woman in her life."

I turned around in his arms and kissed him.

"Thank you, Papi," I whispered, reaching down to stroke his hardening cock. This time I was on top, riding him to another orgasm before we fell asleep together.

Chapter Five - Boston Toy Party

The week passed in a blink of an eye. I'd spent most of the day Thursday cooking a weekend's worth of meals for Ramon and my stepbrothers, taping notes to the casserole dishes with times and temperatures for heating them in the oven. The laundry was done, I'd mopped the floors and cleaned the bathrooms, and I went to sleep that night feeling like Cinderella, waiting for her fairy godmother to take her to the ball in her silver Mercedes.

Julia picked me up early so we'd arrive before noon. She had a 2 o'clock meeting downtown, and this would give us time to check into the hotel and have lunch. I threw my overnight bag in the back seat and climbed in next to her, leaning over to give her a kiss.

“Excited, dear?”

“Yes, very,” I replied. Julia put the car in gear and we headed for the highway.

It was a long drive, but it wasn't boring. We talked the whole way, about everything and nothing. I learned a lot about Julia, that she was born in London and her parents shipped her over to the U.S. in 1940 because of the Blitz, how she'd lost her accent in boarding school, her college years at Radcliffe and the Sorbonne. She met her husband while she was at Yale, working on her doctorate in French literature. She married and never finished her thesis, having moved to Boston with her new husband instead.

“You never had children?” I asked.

“Sadly, no. We went to a score of doctors and specialists, but it seems that I am ‘barren’, as they once called it.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, reaching out for her hand.

“No need to be,” she said, “My husband was wonderful. This was grounds for divorce back then, but he said he’d made a vow ‘in sickness and in health’. We’d meant to adopt someday, but he worked such long hours and I was always so busy with this charity or that foundation.”

I was about to say something, but the city appeared when we crested a hill, taking the words from my mouth.

“It’s a lovely view, isn’t it?” she said.

“Beautiful.”

“We’ll be there soon enough.”

It was well past rush hour, and we were there in no time at all. Julia pulled up in front of the Ritz-Carlton and the doorman took our bags from the back seat, loading them on a tall brass trolley and taking them into the lobby. Another man in a white shirt and black bow tie parked the car for us. We walked into the lobby and Julia steered me towards the front desk.

A few minutes later we were in our room. The bellhop brought in our bags and graciously accepted Julia’s tip, bowing crisply before shutting the door behind him.

“It’s beautiful,” I said, looking over the room. There was a marvellous view of the city with the Public Garden and the Commons spread out below. Julia came up behind me and kissed my neck as I looked out the window.

“Yes, it is,” she said. “Come, let’s take some lunch. There’s a wonderful cafe that I’m sure you’ll love.”

We dined outside at a sidewalk cafe a block away from the hotel and then took a taxi downtown to the law firm that served as legal counsel for one of the charitable foundations that Julia served as a trustee. I waited in the reception area while she

disappeared down a long walnut-panelled corridor, accompanied by a secretary. There was a panoramic view of the city, and I watched the sailboats on the Charles while I waited.

Julia returned a few minutes later and we took a taxi back to the hotel so she could change from her charcoal-gray suit into something a bit more summery, a pale yellow dress and a broad-brimmed straw hat.

“Let’s go shopping,” she said.

We worked our way down Newbury Street, stopping at every store and boutique. Even though I’d brought clothes for the whole weekend, Julia insisted on buying me three new outfits, shoes, lingerie, and even a sequined clutch purse, though I had nothing to put in it except my house keys and my diaphragm. Laden with bags, we had to take a taxi back to the hotel.

“Thank you, Julia,” I said, as I unwrapped my new clothes and accessories. I was holding an ivory silk chemise to my face, holding the cool, smooth fabric against my cheek. Julia embraced me from behind and kissed the top of my head.

“We have a couple of hours to relax, then we’re having dinner at the Cabots’,” Julia said, stepping out of her dress. “Shall we have a bottle of wine sent up and take a nice hot bubble bath?”

The bathtub was big enough for both of us, and I sat between her legs, her erect nipples rubbing against my back as she fondled my soapy breasts. Her hands roamed lower, finding my sex and teasing my clitty. I squirmed and moaned between her legs as she brought me to a climax in the warm, frothy bathwater.

I wanted to return the favor, but we had to get dressed for dinner. Julia helped me into my first garter belt, a lacy black number that matched the bra and panty set she’d bought me that day, showing me how to attach the garter tabs to the tops of the

stockings. I slipped into my first pair of heels, walking a bit unsteadily at first. I had just zipped up my new black cocktail dress when Julia reached into her suitcase and produced a small blue velvet box.

“My late husband gave me these when we were still dating. I’d like you to have them,” she said, opening the box and pulling out a pearl choker. Inside the box were matching pearl earrings.

“Julia, I...I couldn’t,” I stammered. “They’re too nice.”

“You deserve them, then,” she said, clasping the choker around my neck and helping me put on the earrings. She stood behind me as I looked in the full-length mirror. She wore a simple black sheath dress and a single strand of pearls.

“They’re beautiful. Thank you, Julia.”

“You’re beautiful,” she said, brushing my hair back and kissing me on the neck.

“Thank you,” I repeated, turning around and kissing her on the lips.

“Careful,” she laughed, “we mustn’t smear our lipstick. Come, let’s not keep the Cabots waiting.”

I wish I could say that dinner was exciting, but for the most part it was pretty tedious. The Cabots were a blueblood couple in their nineties, ensconced in a Beacon Hill manse that could have doubled as a mausoleum. Julia introduced me as her niece for propriety’s sake, and we sat down to a nine-course meal, attended by manservants and maids in formal uniforms.

As I picked at the main course, something that had once been a small bird I supposed, I tried to picture Ramon, Del, and Paco in this situation. At that very moment, they were eating dinner, beef stew with rice and beans that I had prepared for them during the week. Del would have made some snide remark about the fact that

there were four forks, two knives, and three spoons at each placesetting. Paco would have eaten the main course with his hands. Ramon would have belched loudly and poured himself some more wine.

Wine. Maybe I looked older than thirteen in my cocktail dress, pearls, and makeup. Maybe it didn't matter that I was thirteen. The Cabots' servants kept filling my glass either way. I felt giddy and light-headed, even though I'd drunk rum with Ramon before. It was a good thing that the Cabots never addressed me directly; I would have tripped over my tongue. Throughout dinner I just swilled my wine and looked at the paintings that lined the room.

Coffee was served after dinner, and I began to sober up a bit. Mr. Cabot retired to another room to smoke a cigar, while Mrs. Cabot took Julia into the "sitting room", whatever that was, to show off some expensive work of art she'd recently acquired. I suppose I should have followed, but I needed another cup of coffee or I was going to be able to walk the four long blocks back to the Ritz. Out of nowhere, a servant appeared with a carafe to refill my cup.

Julia returned, along with the Cabots, and we bid farewell to them and their mausoleum. I held Julia's hand to steady myself as we negotiated the brick sidewalks on the way back to the hotel. Back in our room, Julia helped me out of my dress and I flopped down on my bed.

"You had a bit much to drink, my dear," she said, slipping out of her dress and sitting on the edge of the bed. Like me, she wore a black lace bra and panty set, with a matching garter belt holding up her stockings.

"I'm sorry, Julia." I felt ashamed. I'd disappointed her.

“Don’t be, dear,” she said, leaning down to kiss me on the lips. “The Cabots are so dreadfully boring. I did the same thing when I was a newlywed and attended my first dinner there. But you held your wine well.” She kissed me on the forehead.

“You’re not angry?”

“On the contrary,” she said, “I’m proud of you. You didn’t end up swinging from the chandelier like I did.”

“Let’s make love,” I whispered, wrapping my arms around her and nibbling on her earlobe.

“Let me have a glass of wine or two first. I think I need to catch up with you,” she said, laughing.

Julia poured me a glass, too, but I had to promise to sip this one. I caught a glimpse of our reflections in the full-length mirror on the wall, two women in black lingerie and heels, sipping wine in a room in the Ritz. I felt as if I was crossing a threshold into the secret world of adults.

“You look lovely in black lace,” Julia said, embracing me as we gazed at our reflection.

“I wish I looked as lovely as you,” I said. There was something about the way Julia walked, the way she carried herself, the way she entered a room that I envied. Noble. That was the word. Queen Julia.

I wanted to be her princess.

There was nothing particularly noble about what we did next. But it was satisfying all the same. We slow danced to the music of the traffic that rose from the streets below and floated in through the open windows. Taking off our bras, we swayed together, breast-to-breast, sharing brief kisses that were like pearls on a string.

Soon enough, we were both in bed, our discarded panties laying next to us, but still wearing our garter belts and stockings. There was something about the way our legs felt when they touched, how the sheer black material gave us both a slippery second skin. As I curled up between Julia's legs, my tender nipples slid across the insides of her stocking-clad thighs, sending a small shiver up my spine. My lips lingered on the exposed part of her thighs, above her hosiery, before homing in on her sex.

I draped her legs over my shoulders as I began to pleasure her, gently nipping at her labia with my teeth. I parted her delicate flower with my tongue, probing her depths and tasting her sweet nectar before moving up to tease her pearl from its hiding place. Julia's hips began their own slow dance as my tongue gently lashed her, and she began to give her passion a voice. Her quiet sighs became a persistent moan, reaching a crescendo when she came. I felt her thighs tense and relax, her hips speed up and slow down, and then she was still. The dance was over.

“Oh, Annie,” she whispered, taking my hand in hers and gently pulling me on top of her.

“Julia...,” was all I could say before we kissed. I wanted to say more, to pledge my undying love, but I was afraid it would break the spell, chase the magic feeling away. I could only hope that her heart knew what my lips could not speak.

Then it was her turn to make me sing. I lay on my back as she teased my nipples, lightly grazing them with her teeth just as I had done with her petals. I began to squirm with anticipation as her kisses moved down my body, feeling a fire in my loins that only she could put out. She cupped my bottom in her hands and brought my sex up to her mouth, drinking from my chalice as if it contained some magic elixir.

She began with small, delicate sips, shallow dips of the tongue and soft nibbles. I began to feel as if I was floating above the bed upon a cushion of air. Julia's hands roamed freely over my body, caressing my thighs, tracing the curve of my hips, the swell of my breasts, her fingertips leaving a tingling wake behind them. Her tempo increased almost imperceptibly, her tongue cantering and then galloping over my swollen button.

It hit me like the waves that crashed against the rocky shore near Coopersport, without warning, no gentle build-up, just an orgasm that turned my vision a deep, dark red with silver sparkles. My breasts heaved, my stomach rippled, my thighs pressed tight against her shoulders, but she didn't let up for a second. Just as one wave follows another, it hit me a second time, making my hips shudder in her hands as I pressed my sex against her ravishing tongue. I barely had time to catch my breath when my third climax arrived, less intense than the first two, but hard enough to nearly bring tears to my eyes.

I reached down and took her hand, signalling that I'd had enough, more than enough. Julia scooted up to lie next to me, cradling me in her arms as we kissed. I could taste myself on her full, red lips.

“I saw stars, Julia.” A tear rolled down my cheek.

She said nothing, simply kissing the single tear that lingered on my face. Her own eyes were glistening in the darkness, reflecting the city lights that shined through the windows. Like stars. Just like stars.

Between the wine and our lovemaking, I was too tired to move. Julia unsnapped my garters and rolled the stockings down my legs, kissing the newly exposed skin every few inches. I wanted to do the same for her, but I couldn't find the

strength to move. I watched her as she sat on the edge of the bed and slowly took off her hosiery, almost a strip tease.

We'd never slept together, really slept. I'd nearly fallen asleep in her arms before, but this was the first time we were spending the night together. Julia held me in her arms, gently rocking me to sleep, her breasts my pillow. I closed my eyes, feeling like the luckiest girl in the world.

I felt like a princess.

I woke up before her, force of habit, I guess. Julia lay next to me, and I watched her sleep for a while. Even asleep, she had a regal bearing, a queen in repose.

Watching her breasts rise and fall with her breathing, I had a sudden urge to touch them. Gently, I grazed a nipple with my fingertip, watching it stiffen and the areola crinkle. I leaned over and kissed it, slowly circling it with my tongue. Julia seemed to stir, her thighs parting a few inches, but she didn't wake up.

Emboldened, I slowly positioned myself over her and licked her other nipple, gently teasing it into tumescence. As long as her rate of breathing didn't increase, I'd know she was still asleep. I flitted between her nipples like a bee collecting nectar, pausing between them to see if she'd was still slumbering.

Her legs drifted apart, almost inviting me to taste her. Instead of kissing her thighs, I pursed my lips and caressed her skin with my breath. When I reached her cleft, I paused for a moment to listen to her breathing. Satisfied that she was still asleep, I extended my tongue and slowly began to part her labia. Julia stirred again and murmured something I couldn't make out, but didn't wake up.

I felt so mischievous as I teased her sex, gently tonguing her pearly clit and softly blowing on it as it emerged from its lair. Looking up at her to see if she had

awakened yet, I saw a smile forming on her face and the same slow rise and fall of her breasts. I wondered what she was dreaming about as I pleasured her with small, delicate movements of my tongue.

Suddenly her thighs closed around me. I looked up and saw her eyes open, a confused expression momentarily crossing her face. Then she smiled again.

“Oh, Annie. You naughty, naughty girl,” she said.

“Sorry, Julia. I didn’t mean to wake you,” I said.

“Don’t be sorry, dear. What a wonderful way to start the day,” she said, reaching down to caress my cheek and smiling. “Now, don’t leave me hanging. Finish what you’ve started.”

I gave her a smile and returned to her glistening sex, ravishing her with my lips and tongue. Now that she was awake there was no need to be careful or subtle. I probed her depths with my fingers as I lashed her clit, making her squirm with delight on the bed we shared. She let out a piercing cry and arched her back when she came, pressing her sex against my mouth as I sucked and fingered her, coming again when I probed her bottom with a slick finger. She sat up in bed and leaned over to kiss the lips that had just given her pleasure, her tongue seeking mine.

“Come, let’s shower and we’ll have room service send up breakfast,” she said. “We have a long day ahead of us.”

I bounded out of bed after her, following her swaying hips into the bathroom. We soaped each other up, our hands lingering over breasts, hips, and bottoms, our thighs intertwined as we let the warm water wash over us. Julia held me from behind, her soapy hands roaming over my young body, finding the secret place between my legs. Her slick fingers manipulated my sex, bringing me to a climax in the humid air of the shower. My knees weakened, and I almost fell over, but she held me up as she

kissed my neck and nibbled my earlobes. We kissed again before rinsing off and drying each other with the soft hotel towels.

A taxi took us across town, past the ball field and through a park, stopping at a museum that had once been a rich woman's mansion. Julia paid the driver and we stepped out, dressed in our summer finery.

We spent the morning strolling through the museum. Julia seemed to know the name of every artist without looking at the small white cards next to each painting. She held my hand as she talked about the Renaissance and Impressionism, perspective and proportion, brushes and palette knives, and the artists and the interesting lives they lived. There were so many beautiful things that my head started to swim.

We took lunch in the courtyard, a string quartet playing in the background, before walking a few short blocks to another, bigger museum. This one had more than just paintings and sculptures; there were old musical instruments, suits of armor, clothing, and even whole rooms from European castles and Colonial houses. It fascinated me to see how people used to live, the rich ones anyway.

It was late afternoon when we left the museum. Julia flagged down a cab and we stepped inside.

“Where are we going now?” I asked.

“I thought we’d do a bit more shopping,” she said.

Instead of taking us back the street with all the expensive boutiques, the taxi took us into a funky neighborhood, with old brick row houses lining a broad avenue. Julia directed the driver to a particular address, and he pulled up to the sidewalk in front of a row house that had a dark storefront in the basement level.

“What is this place?” I asked as we stood on the sidewalk.

“It’s a surprise,” Julia said, taking my hand and leading me down the short flight of stairs to the store. There was no sign on the facade, just dark tinted glass. Julia rang the doorbell and a young girl answered, opening the door to let us in. She wore a short black dress, black fishnet stockings, black combat boots, and a spiked collar around her neck. All the black eye makeup she wore reminded me of that “Addams Family” television show.

“Julia Harrington to see Shelly, dear,” Julia said.

“Yes, ma’am,” the girl said, leading us from the foyer and into a large, well-lit room. My eyes went wide when I saw what it held.

There were long display counters lining both sides of the room, filled with some things I recognized, like vibrators, dildos, and even handcuffs, and many things I didn’t recognize or even imagine how they were used. There were shelves containing books, films, and tapes, racks of clothing, and at the far end of the room, a three-way mirror like the boutiques had and a couple of small curtained dressing rooms.

An older woman appeared, not quite Julia’s age, tall and shapely with raven-black hair styled into a short page boy haircut. The girl in black followed her, standing quietly as the older woman greeted us.

“Mrs. Harrington, it’s so good to see you again,” she said.

“Thank you, Shelly. This is Annie,” Julia said.

“What a charming young lady,” Shelly said, extending her hand. She wore a long red silk robe, loosely tied.

“Thank you,” I said, exchanging a soft handshake.

“What can we show you, Mrs. Harrington?” Shelly said.

“Surprise us,” Julia replied.

“Why don’t you come back to our private fitting room,” Shelly said. “I have some items you might find interesting. Margaret, fetch some tea for our guests.”

We followed Shelly down a hallway to a small room behind the dressing alcoves. There were two leather recliners and a small table between them. The only other piece of furniture was a straight-backed chair that faced the recliners. Shelly handed us two red silk kimonos and departed.

“Julia, what is this place?” I asked as we undressed.

“A toy store,” she replied. “Does this make you uncomfortable? We could leave if you’d like.”

“No, no. I’d like to stay. It’s just...weird, that’s all.”

When I saw Julia remove her bra and panties, I did the same, wrapping the kimono around me just as Margaret entered the room with two cups of tea on a black lacquered tray. She placed it on the small table and began to hang our dresses and undergarments up on a pair of hooks near the doorway while we sipped our tea.

“These are pretty,” Margaret said, holding up my panties, a delicate white lace pair that Julia had bought me the day before. When she spoke, I realized that she was even younger than I was, maybe not even twelve.

Shelly returned with a stack of boxes, some plain, some decorated with Chinese characters. Margaret removed the lacquered tray and Shelly placed the boxes on the table, selecting the top one and opening it.

“This one just arrived yesterday,” Shelly said, removing a long pink vibrator from the box. It was remarkably life-like, with thick veins and a fat, knobby head. It could have been modelled after Ramon’s cock, except it lacked a foreskin. “Care to try it?” Shelly said, handing the device to Julia.

“We’re shopping for Annie today,” Julia replied, taking a sip of her tea.

“We have some smaller items if you’d like,” Shelly said, smiling and handing me the vibrator.

“No, this is fine,” I said. The outer skin was amazingly soft and lifelike, and it seemed to warm up in my hand. When I twisted the base it began to softly hum. Twisting it further made it vibrate harder, so hard that I very nearly dropped it.

“It has a variable speed control,” Shelly said. “Go ahead. Try it.”

I looked at it for a second and brought the tip to my lips, moistening the fat knob with my tongue before opening my kimono and placing it at my moist slit. Shelly pulled a lever on the side of the chair and it flattened out into something almost bed-like. I glanced at Julia; she smiled and nodded her approval.

Julia and Shelly watched as I pushed the vibrator into my pussy, working it in and out with shallow strokes until nearly half of it was inside me. I twisted the knob on the base until I found a speed I liked, fucking myself with the big pink toy and feeling the vibrations coursing through my body. I could have come right then, but I knew there were more toys waiting. It glistened with my juices as I pulled it out.

“Like that one?” Shelly asked, pulling a box of alcohol wipes from the small table and cleaning my juices from the toy.

“Yes, very much,” I replied.

“Good, let’s put it aside, then,” she said, putting the big pink vibrator back in the box. She selected another package from the stack and opened it, pulling out another long, veiny phallus.

“This is a unique item, straight from Japan,” she said, twisting the base to activate it. Not only did it vibrate, but ripples began to form along the length of the shaft, making the veins bulge and contract. She handed it to me, still purring, and it

felt like a live animal in my hand. The first vibrator had made me wet down there, so I slid this one inside me without licking it.

“Oooh...it’s so weird,” I said, feeling it ripple inside me, massaging the walls of my pussy. It wasn’t unpleasant, but it just didn’t do anything for me. I pulled it out and handed it back to Shelly.

“Not your cup of tea?” she said. “Not everyone likes that one. An acquired taste, I guess. Margaret loves it, though.”

“Makes me come for hours,” Margaret said, smiling. I tried to picture this young girl, her pussy plugged with the big, rippling vibrator, her thighs quivering as she came. It was an image that made me tingle down there.

“This is another special from Japan,” Shelly said, holding up another vibrator, this one with a pair of life-like testicles hanging from the base. “You fill it up here, and then when you squeeze these...” She cupped the balls in her hand and closed her fingers around them, giving them a gentle squeeze. A thick white liquid spurted from the tip and oozed down the shaft. I reached out and caught a drop on my finger; it looked like the real thing.

“It’s a special non-toxic, water-based fluid,” Shelly said. I tasted it. It was sweet, like cake frosting.

“Not as bitter as the real thing,” she said, “and you can substitute water or glycerin if you’d like.”

“Do you have a strap-on like that?” I asked.

“Not in stock, but we can do a special order if you’d like.”

I glanced over at Julia, and she smiled and took my hand, giving it a little squeeze.

“I think we’d like that,” she said.

“Wonderful,” Shelly said. “It usually takes two to four weeks.”

“Do you like anal play?” Margaret asked me.

“Excuse me?” I said. I’d heard her, but there was something unreal about hearing those words delivered in her squeaky little girl voice.

“Anal play,” she repeated, “You know, putting things in your bottom.”

“Um, yes. Yes, I do,” I said.

“We have some lovely anal specialties,” Shelly said, opening another box. Inside was a long, thin wand with a ball at the end. The shaft was segmented like an earthworm. She flicked a switch at the base and it came to life, purring in her hand.

“Margaret? Why don’t you hop on that chair, dear.” Margaret kneeled on the chair, facing away from us, and leaned over the back as Shelly lifted her young assistant’s dress and pulled down her fishnet tights. Underneath, Margaret wore a pair of white cotton panties with a cartoon character pattern printed on them. Shelly pulled these down over Margaret’s pale thighs.

“For reasons of hygiene, we don’t demonstrate our anal items on customers,” Shelly said, squeezing a clear lubricant on the probe. “Margaret took an enema after lunch, so there shouldn’t be a mess.”

Shelly placed the tip of the probe against the Margaret’s anus, making her giggle and squirm.

“I’m sorry, Maggie. Is that too cold?”

“No, it tickles,” she replied.

Shelly reached under the girl’s belly and fingered her hairless slit, making the girl sigh and rock her thin hips back against the probe. The ball end disappeared inside her ass, and when half of the shaft was inside her, Shelly flicked the switch.

“How’s that, dear?”

“Mmm...so good,” Margaret replied, thrusting her bottom back and forth as Shelly guided the probe deeper. The girl seemed about to come when Shelly withdrew the probe and cleaned it off with an alcohol wipe. Margaret exhaled a little sigh of disappointment.

“Would you like to show them the beads, Margaret?” The girl looked up at Shelly and nodded eagerly.

“Beads?” I asked.

“Very popular with some of our male clientele, but that doesn’t mean women can’t enjoy them, too,” Shelly said, opening another box and producing a string of twelve plastic beads, each about a half an inch in diameter, and strung about an inch apart. It reminded me of a plastic toy necklace I had when I was six.

“Margaret loves the beads, don’t you,” she said, lovingly caressing the little girl’s bottom. Margaret nodded and looked back at me with a smile. Shelly began to insert the beads in Margaret’s bottom, one at a time. At the end of the string was a plastic loop, and it dangled from Margaret’s bottom like a tampon string.

Shelly took the rippling vibrator and placed the tip against Margaret’s hairless cunny. The girl tried to spread her legs wider, but her panties and tights held her thighs together. Despite this, Shelly pressed the vibrator into Margaret’s tight slit and switched it on, making the young girl moan with pleasure. She let the rippling motion of the vibrator work its magic in Margaret’s pussy and slipped her finger through the loop at the end of the string of beads.

“You can pop them out one or two at a time,” she said, tugging on the string, “or you can pull them all out when you’re on the verge of a climax. Margaret likes it both ways.” Shelly demonstrated this by popping first one bead, then two, then a third. Each time a bead appeared, Margaret moaned louder and squirmed harder

against the vibrator inside her. When the girl seemed about to come, Shelly pulled the rest of the beads out with a quick flick of her wrist, making Margaret convulse with pleasure over the back of the chair.

Margaret had barely had a chance to catch her breath when the store's doorbell rang. She pulled the vibrator from her puffy lips, climbed off of the chair, and pulled her panties and tights back up.

“Throw these in the sink first, Margaret,” Shelly said, handing her the beads that had just been in the young girl’s bottom.

“Yes, ma’am,” Margaret said, smiling and curtseying for us before leaving the room.

“What a charming young lady,” Julia said. “Isn’t she, Annie?” Julia reached for my hand and squeezed it, as if to assuage any nascent jealousy.

“She’s lovely,” I said, “but she’d be prettier without all that makeup.” This elicited a chuckle from both Julia and Shelly.

“It’s the style these days, I suppose,” Shelly said, shrugging her shoulders. “What’s a mother to do?”

Shelly showed us a few more items, including an antique vibrator that fit over the back of the wrist with elastic straps and turned the whole hand into a sex toy, and a sample of a new line of translucent silicon jelly dildos that quickly warmed up to body temperature.

Shelly excused herself and left to attend to her other customers and a minute later Margaret returned with a pair of warm washcloths on the lacquered tray. We freshened up before getting dressed while Margaret stacked the boxes on the tray and left.

“Tell me the truth, Annie,” Julia said, doing the clasp on my bra. “Wouldn’t you love to have a little sister like Margaret?”

“The truth?” I said, turning to face Julia.

“Yes, the truth.”

“I wish you were my mother,” I said. Julia’s lower lip quivered for a moment and then her lips sought mine, her arms wrapping me, holding me, loving me.

“Oh, Annie,” she said. “What I wouldn’t give to have a daughter like you.”

We held each other for a while before getting dressed and leaving the private room. Emerging from the hallway behind the dressing alcoves, we saw Margaret on her knees, affixing a leather band around the erect penis of a burly man with his pants around his ankles. Another man, younger and thinner, stood by and watched. Shelly was behind the counter, an assortment of leather straps spread out before her. She saw us emerge from the back hallway and came out from behind the counter.

“Have you decided, then?” she asked.

“Annie? What would you like?” Julia asked.

I didn’t answer immediately because I was fascinated with the sight of the big man’s erect penis and the way it jutted out from his crotch while Margaret adjusted a strap that squeezed his shaved scrotum.

“Annie?” Julia snapped me from my reverie.

“Sorry,” I said, trying not to stare at the man’s large penis. I chose one of the life-like vibrators, the anal probe, and a silicon jelly dildo. Julia wanted one of the antique back-of-the-hand vibrators, the anal beads, and the squirting strap-on. The last item was a special order; Shelly would ship it to Julia’s house in Maine when it arrived.

While Julia paid for our purchases, I kept stealing peeks at the two men with Margaret. She'd adjusted the straps to the burly customer's satisfaction and stood by while the thinner man knelt in front of his friend's crotch and examined the straps closely. Then he did something unexpected: he leaned in and took his friend's cock in his mouth and started sucking. My jaw dropped in amazement. Margaret noticed my dumbfounded expression, smiling and winking at me.

"Thank you, Mrs. Harrington," Shelly said, handing Julia a shopping bag and a receipt. The bag bore the logo of a chain of upscale department stores.

"Come, Annie," Julia said, taking my hand and leading me towards the door. We passed the two men, oblivious to our presence, and Margaret walked us to the door, unlocking and opening it for us.

"Bye, Annie," Margaret said. "Have fun with your new toys." She reached for my hand and gave it a quick squeeze.

"Bye, Margaret," I said, somewhat flustered. She winked again before closing and locking the door behind us. We walked up the steps to the sidewalk and Julia flagged down a cab. A few minutes later we were back at the hotel.

"What's on your mind, dear? You've been awfully quiet since we left Shelly's," Julia said, hanging up her dress in the closet. She sat next to me on the bed and put her arm around me.

"That was so weird," I said. "Shelly and Margaret, those two guys..."

"That's life in the big city, Annie," Julia said. "Surely you must have seen gay men in Florida, right?"

"Yeah, but..." I remembered that night with Del, under the covers with a porn magazine and his flashlight, when he explained what a "maricon" was. He barely

understood it himself. And the gay men I'd seen at the beach never did more than hold hands. Even that was a daring act in public.

"Remember this, Annie: the heart doesn't care about rich or poor, thin or fat, or male or female. Follow your heart, Annie." Julia placed her hand on the bodice of my dress and kissed me on the cheek. I turned to her and sought her lips with mine.

"Let's try out our new toys," I whispered.

"Yes, let's," she said, kissing me again and helping me out of my dress.

Maybe it was because we hadn't come at Shelly's. Maybe it was the sight of that man sucking the other man's harnessed cock. Maybe it was the touch of Julia's hand on my breast, the antique vibrator strapped to her wrist. Whatever the reason, as soon as her vibrating palm cupped my tits I nearly jumped out of my skin. By the time her hand was between my legs, I was reduced to a quivering mass of jelly, trembling and shaking beneath her as she made me come over and over again.

Julia switched off the vibrator and held me while I caught my breath, her soft lips planting kisses on my breasts, my neck, the tip of my nose.

Then it was my turn. I strapped the device on the back of my hand and switched it on. It hummed loudly and made my whole arm vibrate. Julia lay on her back and I knelt over her and gently touched her breasts. She gasped as I fondled her, arching her back and closing her eyes. She clutched the pillow behind her head as I worked my way down her body, lingering over her mons and dipping a finger in her moist pussy.

When I touched her clitoris she went stiff as a board, lifting her bottom off the bed before falling back down, her hips pressing her sex against my hand. I ran my vibrating fingers back and forth over her vagina, holding her quivering thighs in my lap. I made her come once, then twice, then a third time before she reached for my

hand, pulling it away from her dripping pussy. When I turned off the vibrator, my whole arm felt tingly, like it had fallen asleep.

“That was divine,” she whispered, her voice hoarse from her cries of pleasure.
“Did it make you feel that good, too?”

“Yes, it was intense,” I said, snuggling up next to her.

“Let’s rest for a while, then we’ll get ready for dinner,” she said.

“Another dinner party?” I asked, remembering the tedium of the previous night at the Cabots’.

“I think you’ll find tonight to be a bit more interesting.”

We showered together, forgoing the usual soapy sex play. That antique vibrator had wrung all of the sexual tension from our bodies. Well, not all of it; I felt that tingly feeling down below when I kissed Julia and our soapy breasts pressed together. She squeezed my ass and broke off the kiss.

“Save something for after dinner,” she said.

We dried off and got dressed. Julia wore a clingy black sheath dress that flattered her slim figure. I wore one of the outfits she’d bought me the day before, a cherry red dress with a tight, shirred bodice and a flouncy skirt. As we walked through the lobby, I felt everyone’s eyes on us. Even the doorman wore a goofy smile as he flagged down a cab for us.

The taxi took us to a suburb about twenty minutes away, a neighborhood of large houses, wide green lawns, and tall shady trees that arched over the streets. We pulled into the circular driveway of a big white house with four tall columns flanking the doorway. Julia paid the driver and he drove off as we walked up to the double doors. There was a polished brass doorbell. A woman in a skimpy maid’s uniform answered the door and ushered us inside.

She led us through a series of spacious, luxurious rooms and out to the back yard. There were a couple of dozen impeccably dressed people gathered there next to a long swimming pool, sipping drinks and holding small plates of hors d'oeuvres, talking and laughing in groups of two, three, four, and more. A tall blonde woman in a slinky blue dress detached herself from a small group and walked over to us. She and Julia hugged and exchanged kisses.

“Helen, this is Anne. Annie, this is my dearest friend, Helen,” Julia said. I noticed that she didn’t bother introducing me as her niece. Helen took my hand and gave it a little squeeze.

“What a lovely dress, Anne. Come, let’s get you a drink.”

There was a bar set up along one side of the large brick patio, attended by a young man in a white waistcoat and black bow tie. He mixed a scotch and water for Julia and a Coke on ice for me. I didn’t want to get tipsy like the night before, at least not right away. While Julia and Helen exchanged small talk and pleasantries, I looked around for someone my own age.

For the most part, everyone seemed to be at least in their thirties or forties, with a few people around Julia’s age. Then I noticed a young man sitting alone at a table by the pool, sipping a bottle of beer. He was blond, tanned, and looking deliciously handsome in a white dinner jacket and red bow tie. I took a deep breath, gathered my courage, and made my way through the crowd to his table. He noticed me approaching and stood up from his seat.

“Hi, I’m Annie. You look bored,” I said, extending my hand.

“Brad,” he said, taking my hand. “Nice to meet you.”

“You live here?” I asked.

“Yeah. How’d you guess?”

“You look like you wouldn’t be here if you didn’t have to be,” I said.

“Well, it’ll get more interesting later,” he said, smiling.

“What do you mean?” I asked. He saw my puzzled expression and smiled again, a coy smile this time.

“If you don’t know, I wouldn’t want to spoil the surprise,” he replied. “Hey, wanna smoke a joint?” I nodded and followed him into the house. I glanced over at Julia and saw that she was holding Helen’s hand while the other woman whispered something in Julia’s ear that made her giggle and blush. When Julia saw me follow Brad into the house, she smiled and winked.

Brad’s room was on the second floor, at the end of a long, carpeted hallway. His room overlooked the back yard, and the sounds of conversation and ice clinking in glasses filtered through the window. I sat down on the edge of his bed while he dug through a desk drawer, pulling out a rolled-up plastic baggie and a packet of rolling papers.

I looked around his room while he sat down next to me, an album cover in his lap, cleaning the seeds out and rolling a joint. Along with the bed, desk, and a dresser, there was a guitar and amp in one corner of the room and posters for bands I’d never heard of on the walls. A large stereo and television dominated one wall of the room.

“So, you live in Boston?” he asked, twisting the rolling paper between his fingers.

“No. Maine. Julia’s my neighbor.”

“Oh, right. Julia. She and my mom go way back.” Brad lit the joint and took a deep pull before passing it to me. He rolled two more joints and slipped them into his shirt pocket.

“So, you’re her new lover?” he asked. The bluntness of the question made me cough up the smoke. I reached for my soda, taking a big gulp before answering.

“How did you know?” I asked, passing the joint back to him.

“Just a guess. Julia likes them young and pretty. Like you.” He took another drag on the joint and passed it back to me. “Too bad my sister’s not here. She’s in France right now. I think you’d like her. She was with Julia when she was your age.”

The pot was making my head swim. I tried to imagine Julia with another girl. I couldn’t. I got up and walked over to the window and spotted her with Helen. They were holding each other around the waist and Helen was resting her head on Julia’s shoulder.

“So, do you like guys, too?” Brad asked, walking over to the window and coming up behind me. I turned and faced him.

“Yes, I do,” I said, letting him kiss me. His hands were on my waist, drawing me closer. I could feel his erection growing in his trousers. Brad was a good kisser, but nothing like Julia.

“Great,” he said, breaking off the kiss. “Let’s finish this and head downstairs. Dinner will be served soon.” He relit the joint and we smoked it before leaving his room. I ducked into one of the bathrooms to fix my lipstick. I was glad I had brought my diaphragm; the woman at the clinic in Florida made me promise to bring it everywhere.

“It won’t do you any good sitting on your dresser,” she said. I smiled at those prophetic words as I pulled down my panties and put my foot on the edge of the big marble bathtub, folding the latex disk and slipping it inside me. I pulled my panties back up and washed my hands before rejoining the party.

The bartender served me a glass of white wine without any question. I sipped it slowly, mindful that the joint I'd smoked with Brad would make it go to my head quickly. I caught Julia's eye and she came over.

"Pace yourself, darling," she said, clinking her glass against mine.

"Julia?"

"Yes, dear?"

"What kind of party is this?"

Julia smiled and held me by the waist.

"It's a gathering of people who enjoy each others' company," she said, patiently.

"You mean...?"

"Yes. Does that bother you, Annie? I don't want you doing anything you're uncomfortable with. We could leave if you'd like."

"No, no. I want to stay," I said, my gaze falling on Brad, who was talking with a red-haired woman his mother's age. The woman leaned in and kissed him, her hand reaching inside his dinner jacket to rest on his hip. Julia saw me watching Brad kiss the older woman.

"He's a handsome young man," she said. "You'd make a lovely couple."

I laughed nervously and blushed. Julia hugged me and kissed my cheek.

"Enjoy yourself tonight," she whispered in my ear. "You're the youngest, prettiest girl here, the belle of the ball."

"Thank you, Julia," I said, turning to kiss her on the lips, a long, slow kiss. Afterwards, I noticed that Helen was watching us. She smiled and winked at me, exactly as Julia had earlier.

And then dinner was served. People filtered inside, heading for the big formal dining room. Just as at the Cabots' house, there were servants waiting on us, and an array of knives, forks, and spoons at each placesetting. I was seated next to Brad, and he wasted no time in finding my thigh with his hand. Julia was seated on the other side of me, and I reached out for her hand.

Brad's father was seated at the end of the table, a handsome man with graying temples. His name was Brad, too, though everyone addressed him as "Bradley". Across from us was a couple in their thirties, Steve and Monica. They were both attorneys, both rich, both beautiful. Looking at Monica's long black hair, I felt self-conscious, out of place among all these rich, perfect-looking people.

Dinner was a broiled filet of sole and grilled vegetables instead of the dried-out game birds that the Cabots had served. The conversation, however, was just as incomprehensible, as if everyone was speaking in a foreign language.

"What are they talking about?" I whispered to Julia.

"Money," she said. "It's always about money."

"Oh." Brad must have seen my bored and bewildered expression and he leaned over to whisper in my ear.

"Don't worry. Dinner never lasts very long. Then the fun begins." He squeezed my thigh and we held hands under the table.

Brad was right: dinner went by quickly. The servants cleared away the plates and served coffee and liqueurs, cigars were lit, a joint was passed around the table. The cigar smoke reminded me of Ramon's family, portly men in guyabera shirts puffing fat cigars and drinking rum in our Florida living room. What a different world. I wondered what Del and Paco were doing right now. Probably watching television with Ramon, a ball game or something. I wondered what they would think

if they could see me, I wondered if I could tell them about this. They really didn't know the full extent of my relationship with Julia. I wondered if they'd understand.

People began to get up from the table, wandering out of the dining room and back to the patio where a crowd gathered around the bar. I walked out with Brad, still holding his hand.

“Time for the freak show,” he said, chuckling. As I waited while he went to get me a glass of wine, I saw Helen and Julia slow dancing on the patio. Helen’s dress was unzipped and Julia’s hand rested on her tanned back. When they kissed, I felt a tingling feeling in my stomach, part jealousy, part arousal. I knew how those soft lips felt against my own.

Brad returned with my drink, and we stood on the fringe of the crowd, his hand resting in the small of my back as we watched the gathering. As I sipped my wine, I watched Monica shrug off her little black dress and drop to her knees in front of Brad’s father, fishing his long, tanned cock out of his trousers and guiding it to her lips. Her husband knelt behind her and freed her breasts from her lacy black bra, kneading them while she sucked Bradley’s cock.

There was a splash from the direction of the pool; a few people had taken off all their clothes and were skinnydipping. A forty-ish woman clung to the edge of the pool while a younger man penetrated her from behind. Her ample breasts pressed against the side of the pool as he banged her.

A woman approached us, blonde and petite, in her mid-thirties, and wearing a slinky pastel yellow dress. She smiled as she looked me up and down.

“Who’s your pretty friend, Brad?” she said.

“Laura, this is Anne. She’s Julia’s friend.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Anne,” she said, extending her hand and giving it a quick squeeze. I squeezed back, thinking that this was some sort of secret handshake these people had. Squeeze if you’re interested. I was interested. In the privacy of this big back yard, people were forming couples and threesomes, and the first moans of pleasure could be heard.

“Are you two busy?” Laura asked. I glanced at Brad.

“Not yet,” he replied.

“Good! I have a bet going with my husband,” Laura said.

“A bet?” I said. Laura leaned over to me.

“I bet my husband that you were wearing red panties under that pretty dress. He bet that you were wearing virginal white cotton, but I know better,” she whispered.

“How much did you bet?” I asked.

“Two thousand dollars,” she said. “Come, I could use a new dress or two. You too, Brad.”

I took her hand as she led us across the patio to where an handsome man was standing. He looked to be the same age as his wife, but with the same graying temples as Brad’s father. He put out his hand, giving me the secret squeeze as Laura introduced us. I squeezed back, getting a smile in return.

“Anne, this is my husband Rob. Rob, this is Anne,” Laura said. Apparently he already knew Brad, giving the younger man a playful punch in the shoulder.

“Let’s go inside, away from the crowd,” he said. Brad and I followed Rob and Laura back into the house. On the way, I exchanged my nearly empty wine glass for a full one from a maid holding a tray. She was wearing an abbreviated uniform, lacy petticoats peeking out from her hem, her legs clad in fishnets, the bodice of her uniform accentuating her cleavage. She was young, with a dark complexion, big

brown eyes and thick black hair like one of Ramon's sisters. She smiled as she took my glass, and I thought she'd have squeezed my hand if she wasn't holding the tray of glasses.

We entered the living room, a large space with a fireplace at one end and two huge leather couches in the middle. Two women lay on one of the couches, kissing and fondling each others' breasts. Brad and Rob took off their jackets, folding them over the back of the couch before taking a seat. Laura guided me over to stand in front of them.

"Ready to lose some money, dear?" Laura asked her husband. He smiled and took a sip from his glass, some kind of amber liquid on ice.

I felt Laura unzip the back of my dress and rest her hand on my skin, lightly grazing me with her long nails and sending chills up my spine.

"Relax, Annie. We're all friends here," Laura said, feeling me shiver. She gently kissed my cheek. I reached up for the bodice of my dress and slowly pulled it down, revealing my red strapless bra.

"Aha!" Laura said. "Pay up, dear."

"Hey, we said panties, not bra," he protested.

"Double or nothing?" she said.

"Deal," he replied.

Laura caressed my back as I slowly pulled my dress down towards my waist. First my red garter belt appeared and finally my lacy red panties. I let the dress fall to the floor and stepped out of it, smiling inwardly as Brad looked me over, a hungry expression on his face.

"Pay up, dear," Laura said, tugging on the waistband of my panties and letting them snap against my hips.

“I’ll write you a check later,” Rob said, reaching into his pocket. “In the meantime, here’s a little something for you.” He peeled off four bills from a thick wad of cash and tucked them into my garter belt. I looked down: they were hundred dollar bills.

“I can’t...” I started to say. Laura silenced me with a kiss.

“Take the money, Annie,” she said. “That’s just pocket change for him. Buy yourself some more pretty lingerie, okay?”

“Who wants to do a line?” Rob asked, pulling a small silver case from his pocket. Even the two women kissing on the other couch stopped what they were doing and looked up. Laura turned around so I could unzip her dress. Underneath her pale yellow dress she wore a bra and panties of the same pastel hue. She sat me down on the couch next to her husband.

“Candy? Kathy? Care to join us?” she said to the two women. As Rob opened his case and emptied the contents of a vial on the glass coffee table, the two women got up from the couch and sat on the carpet next to the table. Introductions were made, hands shaken and squeezed.

Candace was a blonde like Laura, roughly the same age, but voluptuous instead of petite. Katherine was a slender woman with raven black hair, slightly older, with creamy skin that bore only a hint of makeup. There was something striking about her, a chiselled nose, a delicate chin, and deep blue eyes that seemed to look right through you. The two women sat across from us, their hands intertwined.

“May I?” Laura said, her hand on the clasp of my bra. I nodded, letting her remove it.

“Lovely,” she said, reaching over to cup my small breasts. “Aren’t they beautiful, Rob?” He looked up from the pile of white powder he was chopping with a shiny silver blade.

“Wonderful,” he said, looking over before returning to the white powder. While he separated the pile into a series of lines, Laura played with my breasts and leaned down to kiss my stiff nipples. I looked over at Brad, who sat on the other side of Rob. He smiled back at me and reached across the back of the couch for my hand. Laura’s lips felt great, but I wished they were Brad’s lips instead.

“Honey? You go first,” Rob said, handing Laura a rolled-up \$100 bill. As she leaned over the coffee table, he held her hair back behind her head.

“Thanks, dear,” she said. Holding the bill to her nose, she placed the other end next to one of the lines and loudly snorted it. She chased it with a sip of wine and handed the bill to me. “Annie?”

I took the bill and gathered my hair back, snorting a line just as she had. Suddenly, it seemed like the room got brighter, the music louder. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up and I felt a numbness spread from my nose to the back of my throat. My eyes started to water and I reached for my wineglass.

“Good stuff,” Rob said, taking the bill from me and snorting a line. He handed it to Brad and he did the same, passing it to Kathy when he was done. Candy and Kathy held each others’ hair as they did their lines. Candy passed the bill back to Rob.

“Next round’s on Annie,” he said.

“But I don’t have any...”

“That’s not what he means, silly,” Laura said. “Here, scoot around sideways.” She tugged at my legs, pulling them into her lap and laying me down so my back rested on Rob’s thighs and my head ended up in Brad’s lap.

“Hold still, sweetie,” Rob said, scooping up some of the white powder with a credit card and dumping it between my breasts. “This round’s on you. Literally.”

As Rob divided the lines with the card, Brad leaned over to kiss me. I could feel his cock growing in his trousers, pressing against the back of my head. I wanted to press my head against it, but Rob was holding me still as he formed the cocaine into lines between my titties.

Laura was the first to lean over and inhale a line from my breast. She licked the remainder and gave my nipple a quick suck before passing the bill to Rob. He cupped one of my breasts in his hand as he leaned over to snort. Brad went next, licking one of my nipples afterwards, just as Laura had done. Then Candy and Kathy came over. Candy went first, and instead of giving me a quick lick, she leaned over and kissed me. Then Katherine did her line, kissing me just as Candy had, only deeper and longer, her deep blue eyes lingering on my face afterwards.

“We didn’t forget you, Annie,” Rob said, separating a line of coke from the pile on the coffee table. It was twice as long as the ones he’d cut before, and it took me two tries to snort it all. My eyes didn’t water as much as before, but I had this feeling of exhilaration, like I could have jumped on my bike and pedalled fifty miles, just like that.

“Let’s get these off,” Laura said, tugging at my red panties. I stood there in front of everyone as she pulled them down over my thighs, but my self-consciousness was gone. I felt ecstatic to be with these beautiful people, beautiful people who found me to be attractive.

“Ooh, she’s hairless,” Candy said.

“She’s shaved like you,” Kathy said. I turned around and noticed that Rob had unzipped his trousers, and his half-hard cock was exposed. Laura sat me down on the

couch and gently guided my hand to his crotch. I took his cock in my hand, feeling it grow between my fingers.

“Go ahead, Annie,” Laura urged. I lowered my head in his lap and guided his stiffening cock into my mouth. I felt Laura’s hands between my legs, curious fingers seeking my sex, probing my wetness and finding my clit. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Candy and Kathy return to the couch where they had been kissing, undoing their bras and peeling off their panties, and laying head to toe, their heads wedged between each other’s thighs.

I reached past Rob for Brad, not wanting him to feel left out, and found his hand in his lap. He guided it to his young cock, and I began to stroke it while I sucked Rob’s cock. I suddenly realized that both of them were circumcised. I’d seen pictures of circumcised cocks before, but I’d never seen one in person. Now I was sucking one and stroking another. I wondered how they would feel inside me.

I found out soon enough. Rob lifted me off his cock and stood up to remove his shirt and trousers while Laura fingered my moist snatch. Then he sat down on the couch and Laura helped me straddle his lap, even guiding her husband’s cock inside me. I settled down on his hardness and felt it stretch me inside, the fat ridge of flesh on his cockhead pressing against the walls of my cunt. As I began to move up and down on his hard cock, there was no foreskin moving up and down inside me, just the delicious feeling of his veiny shaft rubbing the walls of my cunny. He pulled me closer and began to suckle my breasts, his hands cupping my bottom and urging me to fuck him faster.

Brad stood up and got undressed, walking behind the couch and offering his cock for me to suck. I leaned over Rob’s shoulder and took Brad’s young tool in my mouth, hungrily sucking it while I bounced up and down in Rob’s lap. Laura caressed

my back while I fucked her husband, then she called Brad over. I felt a twinge of disappointment when he pulled his hard cock out of my mouth and came over to Laura, who was leaning over the back of the couch, presenting her ass to Brad. She reached back and guided him into her pussy, starting to moan almost immediately as the young man began to briskly pound her from behind.

I was beginning to enjoy the feeling of this man's cock inside me, someone I'd just met, someone who had tucked a few hundred dollars in my garter belt, plied me with cocaine, and was now fucking me on a couch next to his wife, who had a teenager's cock buried in her snatch. I felt my climax start to rise, starting in my thighs and creeping up my belly. I felt sexy, like the women in those magazines I used to read with Luci and my brothers, back when we still thought those photos were real and not just models posing for the camera.

I bounced faster in Rob's lap, seeking my release. He squeezed my ass, guiding it up and down, impaling me with his rock-hard tool. I cupped my breasts together, pinching my nipples with my fingers, the sensation of pain and pleasure mixing and triggering my orgasm. I clenched myself around Rob's tool, hoping to make him come, wanting to feel his sperm splashing against the walls of my cunt. He just squeezed my ass harder, urging me on to a faster pace while I writhed in his lap.

"It takes me a while to come after a couple of lines," he said. "Why don't I drive for a while?" He helped me off of his lap and I kneeled on the couch, leaning against the back next to Laura. I was just about to lean over and kiss her when Rob speared me from behind, making me gasp with pleasure.

"Feels wonderful, doesn't it?" Laura said, leaning over for that kiss while Brad kept pumping her from behind. "I'm lucky to have a stud like Rob for a husband."

“Yes...oh, yes,” I gasped, feeling his fat cockhead touch me in places no one had, not even Ramon. When Rob leaned over my back and began to rub my swollen clit, I lost it again, holding on to the back of the couch for dear life as another orgasm took control of my body, making me shake and spasm.

Behind us, I could hear Candy and Kathy, their moans muffled by each other’s sex. Laura was about to have her second orgasm and neither Brad nor Rob seemed like they were about to come. I wondered how long they could keep it up.

“Fill her up, Rob,” Laura cooed. “Fill her with your cum so I can lick it out of her yummy little slit.”

“She’s tight, hon. Tight like that slutty little babysitter,” he said, his teeth clenched. His cock slammed into me faster and harder, nearly knocking the wind out of me. I felt his big balls hitting my ass with each stroke.

“How’s my pussy, Brad? Tight enough for you?” Laura asked the young man fucking her.

“Just fine, ma’am,” he said.

“What a polite young man you are,” Laura said. “Now, fill me with your spunk.” Brad leaned over her back, his hands reaching for her tits, his hips a blur as he pounded Laura’s pussy.

Just then I felt Rob’s cock start to twitch inside me, feeling him grow harder and bigger, his cockhead flaring like a cobra’s hood. He gripped my hips and gave one last deep thrust and I felt him flooding me with his cum, hot spurts of his love juice filling my pussy.

It wasn’t until Rob pulled out of me that I realized it was Kathy kneeling behind him and tonguing his ass that had made him finally come. Candace was kneeling behind Brad doing the same thing, making the young man grunt and spurt his

hot load in Laura's dripping snatch. Kathy saw me wrinkle my nose at that; I could finger someone's ass, but I couldn't imagine licking it.

"Don't knock it 'til you've tried it," she said, seeing my expression of mild disgust. "Besides, we want some more lines." Rob laughed at this and presented his cock, dripping with his cum and my juices, to Kathy, who cleaned it off with her tongue. "Mmmm...you taste really good, Annie."

Just as she promised, Laura laid me down on the couch and began to clean her husband's semen from my pussy while Rob cut some more lines. Her tongue probed me, her hands groped me, and she drank from my slit, leaving me wanting more.

We did another round of lines and then Brad pulled a joint from his shirt pocket, lighting it up and passing it around.

"Chaser," he said. I was about to pull him down into my lap when Kathy sat down on the couch next to me.

"So, you're here with Julia?" she said. I nodded.

"Well, we have something in common. I used to spend weekends at her place in Maine when I was your age," she said. "She was good friends with my aunt. We had such good times in her garden." Kathy put her arm around me and looked at me with those blue eyes. I forgot all about Brad.

"Your eyes..." I started to say, mesmerized by her gaze. She leaned in and kissed me, her lips as soft as clouds.

"I wish I had pretty green ones like yours," she said. "Maybe someday they'll invent some contact lenses that..."

"No, don't. They're beautiful," I said. I could have stared into them for hours.

"Aw, you're so sweet. Lay back for me, angel. I want to taste you."

I let her have her way with me, gently laying me back on the couch while she ravished my sex with her tongue, her blue eyes looking up at me, holding me in her spell. What Laura had started, Katherine finished, drinking Rob's sperm and my juices, making my body convulse with pleasure as I came again and again. When she had finished, she leaned over me and kissed me, her face moist with my fluids.

"I've got to find Candy. Maybe I'll see you again. Take care of Julia for me. She's still close to my heart." She kissed me again and walked off. I called after her, wanting to make her come, too. But she was gone.

Brad was gone, too. Only Rob and Laura were left in the living room and they were busy coupling on the floor, oblivious to my presence. I found my panties stuffed between cushions in the couch, slipping them through my garter belt and snorting a quick line before leaving them to their pleasure. There was a half of a joint on the coffee table and I grabbed it and went looking for Brad.

"Need a light for that?" I heard a voice behind me as I walked through the kitchen. It was Brad's father.

"Yes, please," I said. He grabbed a pack of kitchen matches and lit one. We passed the joint back and forth. I took a sip of his drink: scotch on ice. It took the edge off of the cocaine and relaxed me.

"I saw you with Brad earlier," he said.

"He's cute," I said, suppressing a giggle. I wanted to find him and fuck him silly.

"Yes, I guess he is," he said. "So are you."

"Thank you," I said, passing the joint to him.

"Would you mind?" he said, taking a pull from the joint and placing it on the kitchen counter. I knew what he wanted from the look in his eyes, and I smiled and

nodded, letting him hoist me up on to the counter and kiss me. I ran my fingers through his graying hair as he hoisted my legs over his shoulders and kissed me on my sex, his tongue probing me, seeking out my clit and teasing it. He pleased me almost as well as Julia, as his tongue darted about, finding all my most sensitive places, and making me come on the kitchen counter.

I wanted to return the favor, to take his cock in my mouth and make him spurt his seed, but he kissed me and squeezed my hand and walked away before I could thank him. I picked up what was left of the joint and resumed my search.

The back yard was a sea of naked, writhing bodies. Couples, threesomes, and moresomes squirming on cushions on the patio, on the lush grass, in the pool. It seemed as if there was twice as many people as had been seated at dinner. The waiters and waitresses looked on amused, and a few of them had been drawn into the action. The young Hispanic maid I'd seen earlier was kneeling next to the pool as two men penetrated her from both ends, making her squirm with pleasure.

“Scotch, please,” I said to the bartender. He was young, early twenties perhaps, with a thick mane of black hair that was slicked back with some sort of gel or mousse.

“Neat, water, soda, or on the rocks?” he said.

“Ice, please.”

“On the rocks,” he said, filling a glass with ice and scotch and handing it to me. I took one of the bills from my garter belt and handed it to him as a tip.

“Miss? This is a hundred dollar bill!”

I just smiled at him and walked away, sipping my drink, looking for a familiar face in the tangle of bodies around the pool. A woman with long gray hair was surrounded by men; she had a cock in each orifice and two more in her hands. I edged closer to the writhing mass of flesh, wondering if Julia was at the center. It wasn't.

I couldn't find Julia anywhere, but Brad emerged from the pool. He'd been fucking someone, an older woman his mother's age. His cock glistened with pool water and her juices as he dried himself off with a towel and found his shirt.

"Let's go to my room," he said, taking my hand and leading me back into the house.

Alone in his room, sitting on his bed, he pulled the last joint from his shirt pocket and lit it, taking a drag and handing it to me. I inhaled the smoke and washed it down with a sip of my drink.

"What do you think? About all this, I mean," he said. He sucked on a bottle of beer between hits.

"I really don't know what to think," I said. "This is so strange."

"Yeah, I know," he said. "So many different people."

"I thought sex was something shared by people in love," I said, taking another hit from the joint and passing it to him. "But all these people..." I told him about our afternoon in Shelly's shop.

"Wow, what a trip," he said. His cock stirred in his lap, barely hidden by his shirt. He leaned over and kissed me.

"You're really cute," I said. I thought I'd blush when I said that, but I didn't. Instead, I pushed him back on his bed and took his cock in my mouth, ravishing it with my tongue. He was a bit bigger than Del, and almost as thick, even without a foreskin. When he was hard I straddled his hips and guided him inside me. He reached up to cup my breasts and I leaned down, seeking his lips with mine, my hips moving against his, his young cock filling my sex.

We fucked slowly, passing the joint back and forth while we did it. The cocaine had worn off and the pot took over, and instead of a thousand different thoughts per

second rushing through my mind, there was just the feeling of skin on skin, hip bone against hip bone, cock and pussy and lips and tongues and hands.

Brad's young cock wormed inside me as I rode him, my hips thrusting against his. I merely moaned when I came instead of my usual cry of pleasure; the evening's activities had taken their toll, dulling my senses a bit. Brad's hips rose and fell as he filled me with his sperm. Afterwards we lay together, connected, exchanging gentle kisses.

There was a knock on the door and it opened. Julia and Helen, both half-dressed, bra and panties and stockings. Helen knelt by the bed and gave her son a tender kiss as Julia caressed my back.

“Ready to go, dear?” she said.

“They look so lovely together,” Helen said.

“You’re welcome to come visit us in Maine,” Julia said, her hand around Helen’s waist. As they kissed, I climbed off of Brad, his softening cock slipping out of me. I pulled my panties from my garter belt and slipped them on, pulling them tightly against my crotch to catch his oozing cum.

“He’d like that,” Helen said, giving Julia a kiss as passionate and deep as the one she’d given her son.

“Would you like that, Annie?” Julia said.

“Yes,” I replied, leaning down to give Brad a quick kiss. I drained the rest of my drink before following Julia from the room, looking back to see Helen sitting on the edge of Brad’s bed, taking his young cock, still wet with my juices, in her mouth.

We found the rest of my clothes where I had left them, in the living room. Rob and Laura were nowhere to be found, nor were Kathy and Candy. I put on my bra and slipped on my dress, taking the three remaining \$100 bills from my garter belt and

slipping them in my purse. There was a rolled up bill on the coffee table and a half of a line of coke. While Julia went to say goodbye to Brad's father, I snorted the line.

As the cab took us back to our hotel, I leaned my head on Julia's shoulder, her arm around me. Despite that last line of coke, I was exhausted. I had to lean on Julia when we emerged from the cab and walked into the hotel. It was late and the lobby was deserted.

She helped me get undressed, hanging up my dress for me, taking off my stockings and undies, helping me remove my makeup and wash my face.

"Drink some water, dear," she said. "Otherwise you'll feel awful in the morning." She watched while I downed two full glasses of ice water and took an aspirin, and showed me how to use the bidet to clean myself, something I'd never done before. Then she half-carried me to bed and got undressed.

"Did you have fun tonight?" she asked me, climbing into bed next to me.

"Yes," I said, "but it was so strange."

"How so?"

"Everyone was so...it seemed like...it seemed like everyone was so intent on having fun that it became like work."

"Yes, that happens sometimes, especially with the younger crowd," Julia said, "younger" in this case referring to the couples in their thirties, not Brad and I.

"It's not always like that?"

"No," she said. "Only the larger gatherings, like tonight."

As we lay together in bed, Julia told me how it all started years before. She and her late husband and Helen and Brad decided to switch partners one night. It became a regular thing, and instead of going off to separate bedrooms, the four of them began to share the same bed. The circle widened as other couples and single women became

involved. Then it became a circuit, a gathering at a different house each weekend. Even after Julia's husband passed away, she was still welcome to attend, making an appearance about once each month.

I tried to process what I had seen tonight. In light of what Julia had told me, I realized that the sex and pleasure were secondary to the social aspect. The same way Ramon's family gatherings were centered around rum and cigars and big casseroles of food, baseball on the television and salsa music on the radio, these people had sex, drugs, alcohol, and more sex. It seemed so shallow until I remembered what my relationship with Ramon, Del, and Paco was like before I started to sleep with them. Sure, I loved them, but was there really any difference?

“Julia?”

“Yes, Annie?”

“There's something I should tell you.”

“Can it wait until morning?” she said. She was tired, too.

“Yes, I guess.”

“Good night, dear.” She kissed me and pulled me closer.

“Good night, Julia.”

My body was drained of energy, but my brain was still awake. I replayed the events of the day in my mind until I fell asleep.

I had a bizarre dream that night. I was back at Bradley and Helen's house, laying spread-eagle on a padded table in the living room, my arms and legs bound with silken sashes, surrounded by a crowd of people. Brad was on top of me, his hard cock pumping in and out of my pussy, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. When

he erupted inside me, everyone applauded. He pulled out of me and rotated the table so that all could see the semen oozing out of my slit.

Then it was Del on top of me, fucking me, filling me with his seed, another round of applause when he finished. Then Brad's father, his big cock stretching my sex as he entered me, then Ramon, his fat cock feeling even larger than usual. Rob followed, inhaling a line of coke from between my breasts as he pounded my twat. Then the bartender. Then one of the men I'd seen in the pool. I looked past him and saw a line of men formed behind them, all of them waiting their turn, waiting to fuck me, waiting to fill me with their seed.

“Where's Paco?” I cried out.

Then I realized that I didn't have my diaphragm in me, and I began to worry that I'd get pregnant and I wouldn't know who the father was with all these men spurting their cum inside me.

“Don't worry, dear,” Julia said, stroking my hair as another man climbed on top of me, his throbbing cock disappearing between my legs. “We'll take care of it.”

I didn't know what she meant by that, and I wanted to ask her, but after the man came and climbed off me, Helen stepped forward and lowered her face to my sex, drinking from the river of semen that flowed from my pussy. Then she stepped aside and Julia took over, her tongue scooping the sperm into her mouth, her hands on my breasts, her eyes looking into mine.

And then I woke up and felt a tongue inside me and hands on my breasts. I looked down into Julia's eyes, and she stopped licking me and smiled.

“I loved the way you woke me yesterday, Annie. Shall I continue?”

I smiled and nodded, closing my eyes and losing myself in the pleasure she was giving me, letting the dream I'd had dissipate like a wisp of smoke. I felt a bit sore

down there from the night before, but Julia's tongue soothed me, aroused me, and finally, brought me to a climax. I wanted to return the favor but she stopped me with a kiss.

"We slept a bit late this morning," she said. "If we hurry, we can catch brunch and come back to the room for a bit of pleasure before checkout time." We kissed again, took a quick shower, and got dressed, heading down to the hotel's dining room where brunch was served.

A little over an hour later, we were back in our room, undressed and on the bed, the toys we'd bought the day before scattered around us. I had my face buried between Julia's legs, teasing her clit with my tongue as I penetrated her bottom with the anal probe. She writhed with pleasure as I lashed her clit and turned the probe on its highest setting, slowly pushing the probe in and out until she came.

After she'd caught her breath, Julia had me lay face down on the bed, my ass propped up with a couple of pillows, while she inserted the anal beads in my bottom. Strapping the antique vibrator to the back of her hand, she massaged my pussy, homing in on my clit with her vibrating fingers. Every time she'd pop a bead out of my ass, I'd moan and squirm, and just as I was about to come, she quickly pulled the rest out of me, making me scream and grind my hips, pressing my sex against her fingers as I climaxed. I felt something wet between my ass cheeks and realized that she was tonguing me back there. The nastiness of what she was doing made me come again, and when I imagined myself licking her back there I came a third time.

"What was it you were going to tell me last night?" she asked as we were laying together.

"Oh, nothing," I said. Last night it seemed like a good idea to tell her about me and Ramon and my brothers, but now I wasn't so sure.

“You can tell me, Annie.”

“Well...” I wasn’t sure what she’d think of me. I knew I could trust her with our secret, but I desperately wanted her respect.

“Is it about last night?” she asked.

“No. It’s about my family. My stepbrothers and my papi and I...” This was all I had to say. I could see it in her eyes, a knowing expression. I felt my eyes well up and a tear formed, slowly rolling down my cheek

“For how long?” she asked.

“Since I was ten with my brothers. We just started fooling around. With Ramon, after my mother died. I wanted to see him happy again.”

“I thought I sensed something between you and Del. He’s the older one, right?”
She kissed me on the cheek where the tear had left a wet trail.

“Yes,” I replied. “Is this a bad thing?”

“Do you think it’s a bad thing?” She stroked my hair.

“No. I love them very much.”

“And they love you?”

“Yes, of course.”

“And it gives you pleasure?” she said.

“Yes.”

She kissed me again, letting me draw my own conclusions. I turned in her arms to face her.

“You don’t think any less of me?”

“Quite the contrary,” she said, placing her hand on my breast. “You’re a young girl with a big heart, filled with love for everyone in your world. Don’t hoard it, don’t let it go to waste. Give your love and it will come back in many ways.”

“Julia, I...” She cut me off with a kiss.

“I know, dear. I know.”

I felt as if an enormous weight had been lifted from me. I felt as if I could have flown over the city on gossamer wings of joy. I felt closer to Julia than I’d ever felt to anyone since my mother’s passing. As I lay in her arms, my head laying against her breast, her heartbeat thrumming in my ear, I wanted to preserve this moment forever, to make time stop and spend the rest of my life in her arms.

Unfortunately, I couldn’t stop the clock. Checkout time loomed, and we had to get dressed and pack, a long drive home ahead of us. The bellhop brought our bags to the lobby and the valet brought Julia’s car around. As she returned the room key to the front desk, the concierge approached us with a bouquet of red roses.

“Anne?” he asked.

“That’s me,” I replied.

“These arrived for you just now,” he said, handing me the flowers.

“Thank you,” I said. Julia handed him a tip, and he bowed slightly and turned on his heel.

“They’re lovely, dear,” Julia said. “Is there a card?”

I found a small handwritten note between the stems.

“Thinking of you,” it read.

“It’s from Brad,” I said.

“What a well-mannered young man,” she said. “Come, they’ve brought the car around.”

I floated out of the lobby, my feet barely touching the ground. No one had ever given me flowers before. I held them on my lap the whole way home, sniffing their sweet fragrance every ten miles or so.

We pulled into the driveway of my house and Julia helped me bring my things inside. Del and Paco were watching television in the living room. Ramon was down at the docks, doing maintenance on the fishing boat. I greeted my brothers with hugs and kisses as Julia looked on, and then I walked her out to the car.

“Don’t forget to put those flowers in water,” she said, kissing me on the cheek.

“Thank you, Julia,” I said, returning her kiss with one on the lips. “Thank you so much for this weekend.”

“You’re welcome, Annie. I’ve got to go back in a couple of weeks,” she said. “I’d love for you to join me again.” We kissed again, and I watched her drive off before going back into the house. After three days in the lap of luxury, it seemed so dreary and worn.

I brought my new clothes upstairs to my room, carefully hanging up my new dresses and putting my new toys away in my bedside table, and then changing into shorts and a t-shirt. I went back downstairs to the kitchen to put dinner in the oven before joining Del and Paco on the couch. There was a ball game on the television.

“So, how was Boston?” Del asked.

“Wonderful,” I replied, reaching out for his hand. Paco snuggled up to me, leaning his head on my shoulder.

“We missed you,” he said.

“Yeah,” Del added. “Papi did too.”

“That’s sweet,” I said, kissing Del and then Paco on the cheek.

I heard a key in the front door lock; it was Ramon. He gave me a big hug and a kiss before flopping down on one of the living room chairs, exhausted from working on the boat.

“You have fun in Boston?” he asked.

I told him about the museums and shopping, leaving out the visit to the sex toy store and the orgy in my account. I didn't want to risk making Ramon jealous. I wanted to be able to go there again with Julia in a couple of weeks.

After dinner I slipped on the ivory silk chemise Julia had bought me and went into Ramon's bedroom. He was waiting for me on the bed, dressed only in his boxers. I climbed into bed next to him and we kissed, a faint trace of rum on his lips.

“The boys missed you,” he said.

“And you?”

“I did, too.”

I kissed him again and tugged on his shorts. He lifted his ass up from the bed so I could pull them down before curling up between his legs and taking his fat cock in my mouth, feeling it grow between my lips. After all the strange penises I'd seen the night before, Ramon's thick tool seemed familiar, comforting. As soon as he was hard enough, I climbed on top of him, lifting the hem of my chemise and guiding him inside me.

He held me gently as I rode his stiff prick, pulling the chemise over my head so he could plant tender kisses on my breasts. I missed the way he held my hips in his strong hands, guiding me up and down on his cock, my ass bouncing against his thighs with each stroke. There were some big cocks at that party, but none could match Papi's thickness, filling my hungry pussy and grinding against my swollen clit. His hands cupped my ass, urging me to fuck him faster, bringing us closer to our release.

That familiar feeling began to take hold of me, starting at my clit and radiating outward through my thighs and belly, making my toes curl and my nipples stiffen and crinkle. I closed my eyes and savored this feeling, trying to tighten my pussy muscles

around my papi's hard cock. My orgasm began with a flushed feeling in my face and a tightness in my belly, the tension inside me building until it snapped like a watch spring. I collapsed against Ramon's chest, holding him close as I shuddered on top of him, my thighs clamping against his. He held me to his chest, moving his hips when I could no longer move mine, pushing his cock deep inside of me with each stroke. I felt his cock twitch inside of me and heard him let out a soft groan. There was a flood of warmth inside me as he filled me with his hot cream, his hips slowing and finally coming to rest beneath me.

“You really did miss me,” I said, reaching down to feel the river of cum that leaked from my pussy. I rested my head on his chest, feeling loved as he kissed me and stroked my hair.

“Your brothers missed you too, you know,” he whispered. I kissed him again and pulled myself off his cock, letting more of his cream leak from my messy snatch and run down my thigh. I grabbed his boxers and held them between my legs to stop the flow.

“I'll be back,” I said, kissing him again. I picked up my chemise from the bed and left his bedroom, holding his cummy boxers between my legs.

“We need a bidet,” I thought to myself, heading to the bathroom. I cleaned myself as best as I could, leaving the sticky boxers in the hamper. Then I walked up to the third floor, to Del's bedroom. He was sitting on his bed, reading a comic book. I grabbed him by the hand and led him to Paco's room. Paco happened to be looking at a porn magazine; his cock was out as if he was about to jerk off.

“Put that down,” I said. “I've got something better for you.” I took my brothers down to my bedroom and helped them get undressed. Del laid down on his back atop

my bed, already erect, and I climbed on top of him, just as I had done with his father only a few minutes before, feeling his young cock easily slip inside sloppy pussy.

“Paco, get the lotion from my dresser,” I said. He happily complied, lubing up his stiffy and climbing into bed behind me.

“Slow down, Annie,” he whispered, his hands on my bottom, trying to steady my moving hips long enough to pierce my bottom with his pole.

“Sorry, Paquito. Try it now,” I said, pausing my humping long enough for him to enter my tight bottom. He pushed inside me, letting out a satisfied sigh when his cockhead passed through the tight ring of muscle.

Del liked to set the pace when we did this, holding my hips while Paco had his hands on my waist, barely moving as my ass moved up and down on his cock. Del’s hips moved against mine, and I could feel their poles pressing together inside me, separated by a thin wall of flesh.

What I liked most of all was the feeling of being sandwiched between them, feeling their skin against mine, their muscles flexing and relaxing, their hearts beating against me, within me. I savored the feeling of these two young men, eager to please me, eager to take their pleasure within me, their smooth hard cocks piercing my tender holes. I closed my eyes and thought how lucky I was to have them.

My mind began to wander as I lay between them. I wondered if they had ever fooled around with each other, trying to imagine them laying side-by-side in bed, stroking each other’s hard cock. I tried to picture Paco on his knees, taking Del’s organ in his mouth, like the two men in the sex shop. I knew it would have never crossed their minds; even at their age they had a well-developed sense of machismo. But the mental image served to arouse me even more, and in my mind’s eye I could

see Del's hard cock pressing against Paco's little asshole, impaling his younger brother on his erection.

It was a potent trigger, and the pleasure welled up within me again, making me moan and buck and squirm between my brothers' pumping cocks as I came. I began to bear down on the two rigid members inside me, seeking the extra friction that came from tightening myself around their tools. As was usually the case, Paco came first, his cock plunging into me again and again and spurting a warm jet of cum in my ass. His movements slowed, and he lingered inside me for a minute before slipping out of me, kissing me tenderly on the back and heading to the bathroom to wash himself off.

That left me and Del, our hips grinding against each other, making my bed squeak as we fucked. Our lips met and melted together, our tongues meeting halfway, his hands roaming over my body. I broke off the kiss to let out a gasp, feeling another climax coming on. Del's lips found my breast, and he suckled me as I came, his teeth lightly grazing my stiff nipple, his hands on my ass, urging me to hump him faster. I felt his cock stiffen and twitch inside me, and he lifted his hips off of the bed, burying himself in my hungry snatch as he flooded me with his sperm. He fell back to the bed with a sigh, caressing my back as I lay on top of him.

We lay like that for a while, until his cock softened and slipped out of me. I rolled off of him, reaching for a towel to blot the river of spunk that flowed from my cunny and ass. Del kissed me and went back to his room. When the flow of cum subsided, I put on an old pair of cotton panties and returned to Ramon's bedroom. He was asleep already, so I climbed into bed next to him and watched him for a while before falling asleep next to him.

Chapter Six - Leaves of Grass

I met Julia for lunch the next day at a cafe in town, near the docks.

“Helen called me this morning,” she said, sipping a cup of tea. “Brad wants to come up to visit.”

“He does?” I said. My heart skipped a beat.

“He was quite taken with you, my dear,” she said, reaching for my hand. “I can’t blame him at all.”

“I...I don’t know, Julia.” She saw my expression change and squeezed my hand.

“What’s wrong, Annie? I thought you liked him.”

“It’s just that...I don’t know. Where will he stay? Where will we go? My house is so old and shabby, he’ll think it’s a dump. My brothers and Ramon are around every evening...”

“Relax, Annie,” Julia said, patting my hand. “Brad can stay with me and you can have the run of the house if you wish, spend the days in the garden or at the beach and the nights in my guest room.”

“Can I think about it?” I asked.

“Of course. Take a day or two,” she said.

We went shopping after lunch. I bought Julia a pair of crystal candlesticks with some of the money Rob had given me at the party. Julia gave me a book of Walt Whitman’s poetry, “Leaves of Grass”. We drove back to her house and sat in her garden, under the shady tree, and read poems to each other.

“I sing the Body electric”, Julia read. I lay my head in her lap, breathing in the music of her voice.

“The armies of those I love engirth me, and I engirth them; They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them, And dis corrupt them, and charge them full with the charge of the Soul.”

“Do you believe we have a soul?” I asked.

“Yes, Annie. I do. I believe it is the wellspring from which our love pours forth.”

“What happens when we die?” I asked. Julia paused for a second before answering.

“If you’re asking whether I believe in Heaven or Hell, the answer is no. But I do believe that our souls live on in the hearts of everyone we’ve loved in our life.” She leaned over and kissed my forehead before continuing to read. I closed my eyes and let the words wash over me. A gentle breeze blew through the garden and caressed us, the rustling of the leaves sounding like a tranquil ocean lapping against the beach.

When it was my turn to read, I stood up and slipped off my dress instead. Without a word between us, Julia did the same. We laid down on the cool garden grass and made love until clouds obscured the sun, our moans and sighs of pleasure mixing with the trills of the songbirds in the trees above us.

It started to rain as I was heading home, big warm summer drops making my thin dress cling to my body. Ramon and the boys were already waiting when I got home. I was in my room, changing out of my wet clothes and towelling my hair when Ramon knocked on my door.

“Annie, I need to talk to you,” he said, sitting down on the edge of my bed. I put on my robe and sat down next to him. The rain started to come down hard, pelting the windows.

Ramon explained that the state had closed the inshore fishing grounds because of red tide, a bloom of algae that washed from the rivers and poisoned the fish. This meant that Ramon had to take the boat further offshore, and instead of leaving early in the morning and returning before dusk, he’d have to be gone for days, maybe even weeks at a time.

Coming along with him was not an option. It was dirty, dangerous work and I would have been seasick the whole time. But he was reluctant to leave me here, a thirteen-year-old girl all alone in this big house.

“What if I stayed with Julia?” I asked.

“Will she let you?”

“Yes, I think so. I can ask her tomorrow.”

“Good,” he said, putting his arm around me and hugging me. After he left my bedroom, I sat on my bed, filled with conflict. On one hand, this meant I could spend time with Brad this week without having to excuse myself and make dinner for Ramon and my brothers.

But on the other hand, I was worried for Ramon, Del, and Paco. Fishing boats disappeared all the time, and hurricane season was looming. On top of that, I’d miss not having them around. I liked cooking for them, I liked sitting and watching television with them, and I liked crawling into bed with my papi and my brothers, feeling their hands on me, their cocks inside me, their hot cum filling my cunny.

I carried my mixed feelings with me that evening, making dinner for them, cleaning up afterwards, pouring a glass of rum for Ramon and sitting with him on the couch.

“I’m afraid for you, Papi,” I said. “I’m going to worry about you when you’re gone.”

“Don’t be,” he said, wrapping me in his arms. “I’ve been fishing since I was a boy. I know what I’m doing.”

“But this isn’t like Florida or Cuba,” I said.

“I know. But I have to make a living, right?”

“Yes, Papi,” I said. He kissed me and stroked my hair.

“Tomorrow I will get you a radio and we can talk every day, so you will know we’re all right.”

The thought of being able to stay in contact with them made me feel a bit better. I kissed him and took his hand, leading him to his bedroom, where I undressed, curled between his legs, and sucked his cock dry.

“For luck,” I said, snuggling up next to him.

“We’re not leaving until the day after tomorrow,” he said.

“Good. I’ll have plenty of time to give you more good luck,” I said, resting my head on his shoulder. I wanted him to fuck me, to feel his fat cock inside me, but I fell asleep in his arms instead, lulled by the sound of the rain.

I woke up before Ramon, something that almost never happened. Usually he’d be up before dawn and miles offshore before I’d wake up, but today he had to provision the boat, buying enough supplies and food for a week at sea. Pink sunlight filtered through the curtains, slanting across the bed. I sat up and watched him sleep

for a while and then I carefully pulled the sheets down, exposing his slumbering penis.

I gave it a soft kiss, feeling it stir against my lips. I handled it gently, pulling back the foreskin as I guided it into my mouth, swirling my tongue over the tip as it hardened between my lips. Ramon stirred but didn't wake up.

I sucked him slowly, lightly, using just a bit of suction, gently stroking his shaft and cupping his balls. It was just like the way I made love to Julia while she was still sleeping on the big hotel bed, except it was my papi's penis instead of Julia's sex. I looked up from what I was doing every so often, mindful of any sign that Ramon was waking up. His eyes remained closed, and his breathing was slow and steady, but precum began to weep from the tip of his cock, making the head slippery against my tongue. I concentrated on his hard member, taking as much as I could into my mouth and swirling my tongue over his shaft.

“Anita,” he murmured. I pulled his cock from my mouth, seeing his eyes open slowly and a smile spreading across his face. “Come here, baby.”

He gently pulled me up to the head of the bed and kissed me. His breath was a bit sour, but I didn't mind.

“Fuck me, Papi,” I whispered. He rolled me on my back and I spread my legs for him, feeling his cock press against my moist labia as he positioned himself over me. I reached down and parted my lips with the slick tip of his penis, pushing my hips against him as he entered me.

“You feel so tight this morning,” he whispered in my ear as he started to thrust, his cock worming deeper with every stroke. I wrapped my arms around him, feeling his muscles move beneath his skin as he slowly fucked me.

“You feel so big, Papi,” I cooed. It was true: his cock felt especially thick inside me, stretching me as it steadily pistoned in and out of my pussy. I began to tighten myself around his pole, wanting to make it tighter for him, better for him. He must have liked that, because he groaned and began to thrust faster, the top of his cock grinding against my swollen clit. The feeling of naughtiness and arousal I’d had from sucking him while he slept became the kernel of my pleasure, spreading outward from my hips.

“Oh, Papi,” I moaned, wrapping my legs around him, using my heels to urge him on to a faster pace. He began to fuck me harder, faster, his low hanging balls slapping against my upturned bottom. Ramon buried his face in my hair, kissing my neck, nibbling my earlobe, his breath a warm cloud on my shoulder. As my nipples began to rub against his broad chest, I began to come, waves of pleasure making my thighs quiver against his hips.

“Annie,” he whispered, the steady pace of his hips stuttering, hesitating. He drove his thick tool deep inside me and groaned as he came, a warm feeling filling my sex as he spent his seed within me. His thrusting slowed, each stroke punctuated by a diminishing jet of semen, until his balls were drained and his cock began to soften. Without warning, he rolled over on his back, pulling me on top of him, still connected to me by the column of flesh inside my sex.

“Good morning, Papi,” I whispered, resting my head on his chest. He gently caressed my back with his strong, callused hands, his breathing slowing again, a contented sigh escaping his lips.

“Good morning, Annie,” he said, kissing the top of my head. We lay like that for a while, the pink rays of dawn turning orange, then yellow as the sun rose past the

treetops. I would have loved to spend the day like that, but Ramon had to go to the bathroom. I picked up my clothes from the floor and went to my room to get my robe.

I wanted to wake my brothers up the same way, but they were already up. Del was in the third floor bathroom but Paco was still in bed, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. I sat on the edge of his bed and have him a sisterly kiss on the forehead.

“Tired, baby?” I asked him. He nodded, still looking groggy. I pulled the sheets off of him, exposing his morning erection.

“I know how to wake you up,” I whispered, lowering my head into his lap and taking his smooth young cock into my mouth. Since he was already awake, I could dispense with the subtle, gentle approach I’d used with his sleeping father, hungrily ravishing his stiffy with my lips and tongue, fondling his balls and caressing his smooth skin with my hands. It didn’t take long before he was squirting his boycum in my mouth, a little offering for my empty stomach.

“Gracias,” he whispered, kissing me and wrinkling his nose when he tasted his own semen on my lips. I laughed and tousled his hair, playfully swatting his little butt as he got out of bed.

As I passed the boys’ bathroom, I could hear the shower running, the sound of Del humming some tune over the rushing water. The door was unlocked, so I quietly turned the knob and let myself in, shrugging my robe from my shoulders as I approached the shower stall. I could barely see him behind the steamed up glass, soaping up his body. I made my move, opening the stall door quickly and darting inside.

“Hey!” he shouted, looking flustered.

“Did I scare you?” I said, taking the bar of soap from his hand.

“No, I...I just didn’t expect you. I thought it was Paco, being an asshole.”

“Sorry,” I said, kissing him as I soaped up his back. I felt his cock begin to rise, pressing between my thighs.

“Ew. Did you just suck Papi?” he said, his expression of mild disgust mirroring his brother’s.

“No. Paco,” I said, pulling away so I could stroke his stiffening penis with my soapy hands. I lathered his cock and balls well, taking a brief detour to soap up his chest and stomach before returning to his glistening hardness.

“Now do me,” I said, handing him the soap. He started at my shoulders, slowly working lower, lingering over my breasts, making my nipples stand at attention like two little pink soldiers. He went lower, past my belly, his soapy fingers parting my labia, feeling Ramon’s sperm oozing from my slit.

“Papi?” he asked. I nodded. “Turn around,” he said.

Again, he started at my shoulders, lathering my back and my bottom, reaching lower to do my thighs before working back up between my cheeks. I felt a soapy finger probing me back there, his slick digit slipping into my ass. I leaned forward, against the cool tile of the shower stall while his finger wormed inside me.

“You like that?” he asked. I nodded and presented my bottom to him, arching my back so my stiff nipples rubbed against the tile. He slipped his finger out of my ass and I felt the tip of his soapy cock replace it, pressing against my anus.

I reached back to spread my cheeks as he pushed his hardness into my bottom, making me gasp as he stretched me back there. As Del’s hard cock wormed its way into my tight ass, I reached down to rub my clit, the mixture of soap and Ramon’s sperm making it slippery beneath my fingers.

Del gripped my hips as he began to thrust, pressing me against the tiles with each stroke. I fingered myself as he fucked me, the warm water caressing our bodies

and rinsing the soap from our skin. I wished I could see his cock, the glistening shaft disappearing into my cheeks, but the best I could do was to stuff a couple of fingers into my slit and feel its progress as it pistoned in and out of my ass.

Del began to thrust faster, his hips slapping against my cheeks with each stroke, just as his father's balls had done earlier that morning. I was thinking about how nice it would be to have a cock in my pussy as well, or even a dildo. My fingers would have to do for now. I frigged myself furiously as Del speared me with his soapy pole, feeling my knees weaken as my climax approached.

“Come for me, Del...come in my ass,” I urged him. Saying those nasty words was a potent trigger for both of us, and I came hard, almost slipping off of his dick. Del gripped my hips, keeping me from falling to the floor of the shower stall as he buried his cock inside me, grunting as he erupted in my ass. His hips pushed against my cheeks as he gave a few last thrusts, his hands moving from my hips to my waist and up to my breasts, squeezing them as he filled my ass with his hot spunk.

“We’re going to use up all the hot water,” he said, holding me from behind. I laughed, making his softening cock slip from my bottom. I turned around and kissed him, lathering up his cock and cleaning it before we rinsed off and stepped out of the shower.

“About time,” Paco said, waiting patiently outside the bathroom in his robe and slippers. I gave him another playful swat on the bottom and went downstairs to put on some coffee and start breakfast.

After breakfast, Ramon and the boys piled into the van, heading into town to get supplies for the boat. I did three loads of laundry so they’d have enough clean clothes, taking a quick shower after it was done. Then I hopped on my bike and rode

to Julia's house. The sky was a cloudless blue bowl, and the previous night's rain made everything look so lush and green.

Julia was in her garden, asleep in a chair set in a shady spot, a book of poetry open in her lap. I knelt at her feet and gently kissed her hand. Her eyes slowly opened. She smiled when she saw me, leaning forward to give me a kiss.

"You're beautiful when you're sleeping," I said, taking her hand in mine.

"You're beautiful, always," she said.

"What's that you're reading?"

"Emily Dickinson," she said, "A favorite of mine when I was your age."

"Will you read some to me?"

"Of course, dear." Julia thumbed through the book, looking for a particular poem. Finding it, she began to read.

"When roses cease to bloom, dear,

And violets are done,

When bumble-bees in solemn flight

Have passed beyond the sun,

"The hand that paused to gather

Upon this summer's day

Will idle lie, in Auburn,-

Then take my flower, pray!"

As if on cue, a bee emerged from one of the flowerbeds and floated past us. We looked at each other and laughed. Julia smiled at me, a smile as brilliant as the sun.

She put the book aside and took me by the hand, leading me into the house, upstairs to her bedroom, undressing me and laying me down on her bed.

“Then take my flower, pray,” I said, parting my legs so she could taste my nectar, making me sing my song of joy. Then it was my turn to make her rose bloom, to hear her trills of pleasure on a warm summer’s day.

We lay idle upon her bed, her soft breasts my pillow, her breathing my lullaby. Our reverie was broken by a rumbling from deep within my belly.

“Let’s get some lunch,” she said, her gentle laughter like a songbird’s call. We dressed in silence and drove into town, back to the cafe near the water.

“Have you thought about Brad visiting?” she asked.

I told her about what Ramon had said, how they had to start fishing offshore, how they’d be gone for days, how I’d be alone, my worries, my conflicted feelings. I felt better having confided in her, but I still had a nagging feeling of dread.

“I’d be more than happy to have you stay with me,” she said, taking my hand.

“You don’t mind?”

“Not at all.”

“Thank you, Julia.”

“My pleasure, Annie.”

After lunch we walked along the docks and found Ramon. He was loading boxes on the boat. Del and Paco were stowing them below, their shirts wrapped around their waists, sweat glistening on their bronze skin. Ramon greeted her with a polite handshake and told the boys to take a break. Julia and Ramon strolled down the pier and talked while Del helped me aboard the boat. The gentle rocking motion began to make me queasy. I began to break out in a sweat, my stomach turning and twisting. The smell of diesel fuel and fish guts wasn’t helping.

It wasn't until Del helped me off the boat that I noticed the name that was freshly painted on the transom: "Valerie". My mother's name.

"Are you okay, Annie?" Ramon asked. Julia pulled a handkerchief from her purse and wiped my brow.

"Just a little seasick," I said.

"I can drive her home," Julia said.

"Thanks," Ramon said, hefting another box of supplies and passing it over to Del. "I'll be home in a couple of hours."

We went back to Julia's place and she made me drink some ginger ale to help settle my stomach, holding me while I lay on her bed. When the queasiness passed, she let me call Brad. We talked for almost a half hour, mostly small talk. I liked listening to his voice. He made me feel all mushy down there.

"Sorry I was on the phone so long," I said.

"Don't worry about that, dear. So, he's coming up?"

"He's taking a bus on Thursday morning." Brad had a learner's permit and wasn't allowed to drive out of state or after dark.

"Good. I can drive you into town to meet him," Julia said, giving me a gentle hug.

"Thank you, Julia. For everything."

"You're welcome, dear. I love to see you happy like this." She kissed me. "You must be so excited."

"I am." It was true. The queasiness in my stomach was replaced by a tingle of anticipation, and the phone call had made me very horny. I kissed Julia again, this time with a tender passion, my hand sliding inside her blouse to cup her breast.

"Feeling better, I see," she whispered, leading me back to her bedroom.

We slowly undressed each other, pausing to plant kisses on each newly exposed part: her breasts, then mine, her belly, then mine, her thighs, and then mine. Soon we were naked, lying on her bed, our thighs intertwined, her sex feeling hot and moist against my skin. I scissored her thighs open with my own, pressing my shaved pussy against her pubes, grinding my clit into hers. Julia cupped my breasts along with her own so our nipples were pressed together as well. I began to rock my hips, wishing I had a penis between my legs to fill Julia's sex.

"Should I get the strap-on?" she asked, reading my mind.

"Let me eat you first," I whispered, making her smile in anticipation.

I slithered down her body like a serpent, my tongue flicking over her nipples and the soft skin of her belly, rubbing my nose in her downy pubes as I homed in on her cleft. She was as wet as I was, and I scooped up her juices and spread them over her pearly clit with my tongue. Julia began to moan and grind her hips, pressing her sex against my lips.

I sucked and licked her clit, my hands roaming over her body from her tits to her hips. Julia squirmed as my tongue lashed her sex, probing her depths and swirling over her swollen nubbin. Though we had been lovers just a few short weeks, I knew what she liked, I knew how she responded, I knew when she was close to coming and how to nudge her over the edge, into an ecstatic abyss. It was like the first time she made love to me, except I was the concertmistress and she was the diva, singing her climactic aria of pleasure.

"Come here, Annie," she said, bidding me to emerge from between her thighs and lay upon her breasts. She kissed my wet cheeks, my fragrant lips, redolent with her scent and pungent taste.

“You do that so well,” she whispered, her voice hoarse and husky from her cries and moans.

“I love to make you come like that,” I said, punctuating my words by pressing my sex against hers, making her gasp and catch her breath.

“I envy young Brad, having you all to himself for the weekend,” she said, smiling and brushing her lips against mine.

“Maybe you can join us,” I said.

“I wouldn’t dream of it. I want the two of you to have a lovely romantic weekend. Consider me your hostess, my house your bed and breakfast.”

“But...”

“Hush, Annie,” she said, kissing me again. We lay in silence for a while.

“Julia?”

“Yes, dear?”

“When you and Helen came into Brad’s room, when I was still on top of him in his bed...”

“Yes?”

“I wanted you with us,” I said. I really did. I wanted to share Brad with her, to watch his smooth boycock disappear into her cleft, to see her come beneath him.

“Annie, I haven’t been with a man since Thomas passed away,” she said, her eyes glistening. Thomas was her late husband; there were pictures of him on her mantle and her dresser. He was a handsome man with gray hair, icy eyes but a warm smile.

“You miss him?” I said, more of a statement of fact than a question.

“Yes,” she replied.

“I miss my mother,” I said.

“Valerie?”

“Yes. How did you know?”

“Your father’s boat.”

“He never told me he named it after her,” I said.

“How does that make you feel?”

“Honored, I guess. But I don’t know why he kept it a secret.”

“Maybe he thought you’d object?”

“I guess. But I don’t. I think it was a wonderful thing to do.”

“Don’t worry about it Annie. Men do things like that,” she said.

I wanted to ask her about Thomas. I wanted to know about him, what his voice was like, his scent, his taste, whether his laugh was a warm as his smile.

“He was a fine man, a gentle man in a terrible business,” she said, reading my mind again.

“How did you know...?”

“You were looking at his photograph on my dresser,” she said, kissing my forehead. “I do this to honor his memory, a memory I cherish with all my heart. I suppose there is another man I can fall in love with, but there will only be one Thomas, and I feel blessed to have been with him. Perhaps if I’d been younger, it would have been different...”

“You amaze me, Julia,” I said. “If I can be half the woman you are...” Again, she silenced me with a kiss.

“You will be all that and more, Annie. You have a heart as big as the ocean, a soul as deep.” She kissed me again and held me as I wept upon her breast, weeping for Thomas, weeping for my mother, and weeping tears of joy for having met and fallen in love with Julia, sweet Julia.

We never got around to using the strap-on. I had to get back to my house to make dinner for Ramon and my brothers. I wanted to give them a home-cooked meal before they left and a little something to look forward to when they returned. A week on the open seas with nothing but freeze-dried food to eat and a callused hand for company; for once I was glad I got seasick easily. I'd hate to have to be stuck on that boat.

Julia and I got dressed and she walked me downstairs. We kissed and held each other before I left, making plans to meet for lunch the next day. When I got home, Ramon and my brothers were there, Del and Paco watching television, Ramon in the sewing room where he'd set up a two-way radio. He'd mounted an antenna on the roof and strung a cable down the side of the house and through the window, leading it to the radio which sat on an end table from the living room. He sat in front of it, twiddling the dials, getting mostly static in return until he found the frequency used by most of town's fishing boats. I pulled up a chair and sat with him as we listened to the faint and scratchy transmissions.

I made pork chops, mashed potatoes and gravy for dinner, one of Ramon's favorite meals. While the boys did the dishes afterwards, I poured a glass of rum for Ramon and sat with him in the living room, snuggled against him on the couch.

"Be careful out there, Papi," I said.

"I will. Don't worry," he said, kissing me, the sweet taste of rum lingering on his lips. We sat together on the couch, sharing the glass of rum, until Del and Paco came in from the kitchen, having finished washing the dishes. Ramon kissed me again and then scooped me up in his arms, carrying me to his bedroom. Del and Paco followed us.

Ramon laid me on the bed and sat next to me, leaning down to kiss me. I began to unbutton his shirt, exposing his broad chest, a few graying hairs beginning to show against his tanned skin. As he helped me lift my dress over my head, Del and Paco began to shed their clothes. Soon the four of us were naked on Ramon's bed, three pairs of hands roaming over my body, three hard cocks for me to stroke. As I leaned over to take Ramon's hardness in my mouth someone began kissing my thighs and gently parting my legs. It was Del, his big brown eyes smiling at me as he began to kiss my sex.

I began to slowly suck Ramon's cock while Del licked my slit and Paco kissed and suckled my breasts. I reached out for Paco's dick, stroking it while I ravished his father's tool with my mouth. Del's tongue probed my wetness, plunging into my vagina and swirling over my clitty. My moans of pleasure were muffled by the rigid member in my mouth.

I could have stayed like this all night, teetering on the edge of orgasm, a cock in my mouth and another in my hand, but Ramon had other ideas. Pulling his penis from between my lips, he laid back on the bed and gently pulled me on top of him, away from Del's loving mouth. My disappointment lasted only a moment as Del's tongue was replaced by the tip of his father's penis, rubbing the length of my slit and searching for my entrance. I reached down to help him, guiding his cock inside me and pushing back against it, feeling it fill me as it wormed its way inside my cunny.

Del knelt on the bed next to me, offering his smooth young cock for me to suck. I leaned over and took his hardness in my mouth as he began to fondle my breasts. Ramon had grabbed my hips and was guiding me up and down on his pole when I felt something warm and wet between my ass cheeks. I stopped sucking Del for a second and looked back over my shoulder: it was Paco, his face buried between

my cheeks, licking my tight ass. I smiled at him and returned to Del's glistening cock, taking it back in my mouth as I rode his father's cock.

Paco licked me back there, his rigid little tongue probing my tight entrance, making it slick enough for his stiffy to penetrate. Then he climbed on my back, kneeling between my legs, and began to press his cock into my anus. He entered me slowly, mindful that his saliva was a poor substitute for a real lubricant. Still, he'd managed to lick me well, and his small, hard boycock slid in easily.

I could see Ramon smiling out of the corner of my eye as his hips began to move again, his fat cock filling my wet snatch as his sons filled my other holes. Sandwiched between Ramon and Paco, I could hardly move, but I rocked my hips as best as I could, feeling their two cocks pushing in and out of my tight holes while Del fucked my face and squeezed my titties.

I felt like such a little slut, the family pleasure toy, taking three cocks at once. The feeling of two cocks pressing against each other inside me was indescribably delicious, and Del's twitching cock in my mouth added to the feeling. I pressed down with my hips, trying to bring my clit in contact with the top of Ramon's fat tool, wanting to feel that lovely friction as his shaft pistoned in and out of my pussy. He held my hips tighter, thrusting faster under me, pushing me towards the inevitable climax. When I came, I came hard, squirming between Ramon and Paco, dropping Del's cock from my lips so I wouldn't hurt him. Del smiled and stroked his shiny cock, delighted to watch my orgasm.

I shuddered as the two cocks sawed in and out of me, clamping down on them as I climaxed. I felt Paco speed up his thrusts, his cock twitching and spasming in my ass as he came. As Ramon kept a steady pace, Paco pulled out of me, kissing my bottom as he climbed off of bed. I felt empty back there, but not for long, as Del

moved around behind me, placing his cockhead against my ass. Paco had loosened me up, his semen lubricating me, and Del's cock slipped inside me easily, filling me in a way the Paco couldn't, at least until he'd grown a bit.

"Sexy little girl," Ramon said. Now that Del was in my bottom instead of my mouth, I could kiss Ramon while he fucked me, my blonde hair spilling over his head and shoulders. He kept his tight grip on my hips while Del held my waist, their hips rocking as they fucked my ass and pussy.

"Oh, Papi," I moaned. "Fill me with your cum, Papi."

Paco returned from the bathroom, a washcloth in hand, having cleaned off his messy cock. He climbed back into bed, sitting next to me and playing with my little breasts as he watched his father and brother fucking me. His hands fondled me gently instead of kneading my tits like Del had, his fingers flicking my stiff nipples and sending chills through my body. I felt another climax rising, ripples of pleasure radiating from the two cocks inside me, spreading outward and making me tremble between the two strong bodies that held me. As I began to come for a second time, I collapsed against Ramon's broad chest, rocking my hips and clenching my ass and pussy around the two pistonning poles that impaled me.

As if by silent agreement, Del came first, his cock seemingly growing bigger and harder before he erupted in my ass. His thrusting slowed and he leaned over to kiss me between the shoulder blades before pulling out of me. I felt a warm stream of semen dripping out of my ass, running down my slit and coating Ramon's pistonning shaft. Now that only Ramon was left inside me, he began to pump me faster, like a racehorse galloping down the home stretch.

"Come for me, Papi," I whispered. He kissed me and lifted his hips off the bed, driving himself deep inside of me, his cock spasming in my tight cunny as he came,

hot spurts of semen filling my pussy and leaking out around his thick shaft. I squeezed him with my vaginal muscles, milking the last drops of sperm from his penis, sighing contentedly as I rested my head on his chest. He kissed me and caressed my back.

We lay together for a while, Del and Paco snuggled next to us, until Ramon's cock softened and slipped out of me. Paco handed me the washcloth, and I gently cleaned Ramon's flaccid penis before blotting the river of cum that flowed from between my legs. I snuggled up between Del and Ramon, and with Paco curled between my legs, his head resting on my belly, I fell asleep.

Chapter Seven - Only Breath

I woke up the next morning, all alone in Ramon's bed. I wrapped his robe around me and walked downstairs. The house was empty. Their breakfast dishes were in the sink, the van was gone from the driveway. There was a note on the kitchen table from Ramon: he'd call me on the radio every day at 5 PM. I folded it up and slipped it into the pocket of the robe, heading back upstairs to take a bath and clean the sticky mess between my legs.

After my bath I made some breakfast, washed the dishes, and did the laundry. Though I'd had the house to myself almost every day, today it seemed especially empty. I missed them already and they hadn't been gone but for a few hours. I tried to put it out of my mind. When noon approached, I hopped on my bike and headed to Julia's house.

"Still worried, dear?" Julia asked as I picked at my salad. It was a lovely sunny day and we were dining in her garden.

"The house seemed so empty this morning," I said. I wondered if this was how she felt after her husband passed away, but I couldn't bring myself to ask.

"I know the feeling," she said, reaching for my hand. "You can stay with me tonight if you'd like."

"Thank you, Julia," I said, bringing her hand to my lips and kissing her soft skin. I'd meant to stay at my house while Ramon and the boys were at sea, despite what I'd told him. I didn't want to impose on Julia, but right then I wanted her company more than anything.

"Come, finish your lunch. I've got a surprise for you," she said.

I helped her with the dishes and then followed her upstairs to her bedroom. She made me close my eyes until I was inside, leading me by the hand to the side of her bed.

“You can open them now, Annie,” she said. Laying on her bed was an antique white satin corset edged with delicate lace.

“We called it a ‘merry widow’ back then,” she said, holding it up against my body to check the fit.

“Julia, it’s beautiful.”

“I wore it on my wedding night,” she said. “I’d like you to have it.”

“Julia, I...I can’t!”

“Nonsense, dear. I wanted to give it to my daughter someday, and that’s what I’m doing now,” she said, handing it to me.

“Oh, Julia...” Tears welled up in my eyes as I hugged her. I don’t know what filled me with so much emotion, the beauty of her gift or that Julia, childless, thought of me as her own. “Thank you,” I whispered, kissing her.

“Let’s dry those pretty eyes of yours and try it on,” she said, her own eyes moistening. She blotted my tears with a tissue and helped me wriggle out of my jeans and tank top. I slipped the merry widow over my head and she laced up the front, pulling the laces tight so it hugged my form and pressed my small breasts together, making something resembling cleavage.

“Let’s do something about these,” she said, tugging at my pink cotton panties, slipping them down over my legs. Rummaging around in a dresser drawer, she pulled out a pair of gossamer lace panties that tied on the sides with silk ribbons and a pair of sheer lace top stockings. I held the crotch of the panties against my sex as she tied them and sat on the edge of her bed as she unrolled the stockings over my legs,

snapping the corset's garters in place. A pair of white pumps completed the outfit. She led me over to the mirror.

"You look lovely, dear," she said, standing behind me. She brushed my hair aside and kissed my neck. I gazed at my reflection, my body encased in the tight garment, giving me curves that my figure hadn't had before.

"Thank you, Julia," I said, turning to kiss her.

"You should wear this for Brad," she said. "I'm sure he'll love it."

Brad. I'd hardly thought about him over the last twenty four hours, since talking to him on the phone. He'd be visiting in a couple of days. I felt butterflies dancing in my stomach just thinking about him.

"I'm so nervous," I said, leaning my head on Julia's shoulder. She held me in her arms, her hands falling to my waist, a waist confined by the tight corset.

"Don't be," she whispered. "You've already charmed him."

I looked up at Julia, still a bit taller than me despite the heels I wore, brushing my lips against hers, seeking her tongue with my own. She slowly backed me over to her bed and I sat on the edge while I watched her undress. Clad only in her bra and panties, she knelt between my thighs and gently pushed me back on her bed, undoing the silk ribbons that held the delicate lace panties on my hips. She opened them, slowly revealing my sex. She kissed me down there, tenderly at first, her tongue growing bolder as I spread my legs for her.

"Lift up, dear," she said, pulling the panties from beneath my bottom before returning her mouth to my sex. I closed my eyes as her tongue teased my clit, imagining how Brad would see me when I wore this fine lingerie for him. I pulled down the corset's decolletage, freeing my breasts, imagining that it was Brad's hands

pinching my hard nipples. I pictured us in Julia's bed, pretending it was our wedding night, his manhood rampant, eager to pierce my maidenhead.

I was picturing him hovering over me, his hard cock with its prominent glans poised at the entrance of my sex when I began to come. Julia's tongue was swirling over my clit, lashing it relentlessly as my stocking legs pressed against her shoulders. My chest heaved within the confinement of the corset, a secret hug that kept me breathless and made me dizzy, adding a strange intensity to my climax. My head kept spinning as my orgasm subsided. Julia looked up from between my thighs and saw my dazed expression.

"Here, let me help you out of this," she said, undoing the laces and stays, unsnapping the garters from my stockings and removing the heels from my feet. As soon as the corset was loosened, I began to breath easier and I could feel the color returning to my face.

"How did people ever wear these things?" I said after I caught my breath.

"You get used to it if you have to wear one every day," she said, carefully folding the corset. There were faint red marks on my skin where the corset's stays had pressed into my flesh.

"Did you ever do that?" I asked.

"No, dear. That was before my time. But some of the girdles and bras I wore when I was younger were just as bad," she said, laughing. I tried to picture Julia in those big white foundation garments I'd seen in old catalogs, like a big white panty girdle that went halfway down the thighs or a padded bra with bullet-shaped cups. The thought made me laugh out loud.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

“Nothing,” I said, reaching around her back to unsnap her bra and free her breasts. I leaned over to take one of her nipples in my mouth, flicking it with my tongue and feeling it harden between my lips. Julia sighed and stroked my hair.

“Lay back,” I whispered, tugging at her panties. She lifted her hips from the bed so I could pull them down and off, exposing her sex as she’d done mine. Her pussy glistened with moisture, a telltale redness on her labia as if she’d been fingering herself while she ate me. I lowered my face between her thighs, pressing my mouth against her vulva and tasting her with my tongue. Her clit was already swollen, and there was no need to tease her this time.

I didn’t think of Brad or anyone else as I lapped at her pussy, just thinking about Julia, how she had made me come, all the wonderful things she’d done for me. Her freshly trimmed pubic hair tickled my nose as I swirled my tongue over her pearly clit, eager to give this kind, gentle woman the pleasure she’d given me. I cupped her bottom with my hands, pressing her sex against my mouth as I licked and sucked her, feeling her hands running through my hair. I revelled in the sound of her breathing, her moaning, her soft cries of ecstasy, wanting to make her climax last forever.

Julia’s thighs began to quiver as she edged closer to her release, her pussy nearly flooding with her juices and wetting my face. I sucked her clit as if it were a tiny cock, concentrating on it with my lips and tongue, knowing that she was close and getting closer. I grazed her clit with my teeth, the barest, lightest contact possible, and I felt her let go, her thighs shaking and pinning me between her legs, her hips lifting up off the bed as she arched her back. I kept my mouth clamped to her sex, my tongue swirling around her clit and dipping inside her, keeping her on top of her orgasmic plateau, not wanting to stop until she was done.

Her hand caressing my cheek was the signal that she'd had enough, gently pushing me away from her sex, her other hand on my shoulder, coaxing me on top of her. We exchanged a messy kiss, her juices covering my face, my lips puffy from ravishing her sex. Julia's face was flushed and her eyes had a deep glow, big black pupils surrounded by a thin blue rim. I rested my head in the crook of her shoulder, drinking in the scent of her shampoo and the aroma of our sex that seemed to fill the room like incense. I cupped her breast as she caressed my back, our bodies fitting together like pieces of a puzzle.

I could have laid with her all night, but 5 o'clock approached and I wanted to hear Ramon's voice on the radio. Julia offered to drive me home and then back again to have dinner and spend the night.

Ramon's voice was faint and hard to distinguish over the noise and static, but it was good to hear him. Julia stood by while I spoke with him and Del, resting her hand on my shoulder. After they signed off and I sighed with relief, she hugged me, holding me close and giving me a tender kiss.

“Feel better?” she asked.

“Yes, much.”

“We have some time before dinner,” she said. “I’d love to see your room again.”

“Okay,” I said, taking her by the hand and leading her from the sewing room. We sat together on my bed and kissed, our hands reaching for buttons, zippers, and clasps, undoing them as our lips locked and our tongues melted together. Soon we were naked again, in my bed this time. I reached into my bedside table and grabbed my new vibrator, the big veiny pink phallus, smiling at Julia as I licked the tip and

placed it at the entrance of her sex. Laying on my bed next to her, I began to smother her with kisses as I penetrated her with the vibrator.

“Not too deep, dear,” she whispered as I pressed it inside her. I turned it on, making her gasp and her perfect breasts heave as her breathing grew heavier. I leaned down and took one of her nipples in my mouth, sucking it like a nursing infant as I probed her with the big pink toy. I slipped one leg under hers, the other over, pressing my sex against her thigh. I could feel the vibrations travelling down her leg and up to my swollen clit.

It didn’t take long to make Julia come, her whole body shuddering and shaking as I fucked her with the vibrator, her juices flowing and leaving a dark stain on my sheets. Her orgasm left her momentarily speechless, her moans trailing off into silence. She reached down and clasped my wrist, motioning for me to stop and pull the vibrator out of her. I switched it off and eased it out of her dripping slit.

“That was so...” Julia still hadn’t caught her breath.

“Intense?”

“Yes. Intense,” she said, kissing me and taking the vibrator from my hand, holding it up to the light to examine it. “Is this the one I bought you?”

“Yes,” I said.

“I should have bought one for myself,” she said, licking the tip that still glistened with her juices. “Your turn,” she said.

“Wait, come with me,” I said, getting out of bed and taking her by the hand, leading her into Ramon’s bedroom. I climbed into the bed and pulled her on top of me. “Let’s do it in here this time.”

“Your stepfather’s bed? How naughty of you,” she said, laughing.

“Let me tell you what we did last night,” I said. She positioned herself beside me, her arm around me, and kissed me again, brushing my labia with the vibrator and sending a chill through my body.

“Tell me, dear. Was it with your father?” She kicked the vibrator up a notch and parted my slit with the tip.

“Yes, and my bro - oo h, yes...like that.” She’d circled my clit with the tip, making my whole body hum with the vibrator.

“Go on, dear. Tell me.”

“Papi carried me to bed, this bed.”

“Go on.”

“We got undressed...their hands were all over me...touching me...”

“Did it feel good?”

“Yes...it felt wonderful,” I said.

“Go on, Annie.” Julia pressed the tip of the vibrator into my slit, twisting it from side to side.

“They were hard...their cocks...so hard...I took Papi in my mouth.”

“What is his penis like? Big? Small?”

“Big. Not too long, but thick. It feels so good when he fills me.”

“Go on.” Julia pushed the vibrator deeper.

“I took Paco’s cock in my hand. He’s still pretty small. Then Del began to eat me.”

“Does he do that often?” she asked.

“No, only sometimes. Not as good as you,” I said, earning a kiss.

“Keep going. I like this,” she said.

“Then Papi pulled me on top of him, and I put him in me.”

“What about your brothers?”

“Del played with my titties and I took him in my mouth.”

“And Paco?”

“Paco started to lick my bottom. He never did that before.”

“Did you like it?”

“Yes. It felt so nasty.”

“Go on,” Julia said. I could feel one of her fingers, slick with my juices, probing my ass, pressing against my puckered sphincter.

“Paco got behind me and put his cock in my bottom.”

“All three of them at once?”

“Yes.”

“You’re a naughty little girl, Annie,” she said, briefly flicking her tongue over my nipple. “What happened next?”

“We fucked like that for a while and then I started to come. Then Paco came in my bottom and Del took his place.”

“Did it hurt?”

“No, not at all. I liked it. I liked his cock in my bottom.”

Julia pulled the vibrator from my pussy and pressed the tip into my anus, penetrating my tight hole as she turned it up to its highest setting. I reached between my legs and stuck three fingers in my cunny, rubbing my clit with my other hand as Julia fucked my ass with the big pink toy. I gasped as Julia licked my nipple again, my hands a blur as I fingered myself.

“Go on, dear.”

“Papi and Del fucked me, and they fucked me, and they fucked me and I came again and...ungh!” I started to come, bucking and thrashing on my papi’s bed, my

fingers dancing over my sex, the vibrator half-buried in my ass and making my whole body oscillate. I felt Julia's mouth on my nipple again, her teeth lightly grazing it, her warm breath caressing my breast. I pulled my fingers away from my pussy and wrapped them around Julia, hugging her tightly as my orgasm faded. She turned off the vibrator and slowly withdrew it, her lips finding mine for a long, deep kiss.

"Thank you, Julia," I whispered.

"Let's get cleaned up. Then we'll get some dinner, shall we?" she said. We took a quick shower and got dressed. As we put on our clothes I remember thinking that the house didn't seem so empty with Julia here. I still missed Ramon and my brothers, though, even if they hadn't been gone a full day.

We dined in a restaurant by the harbor, watching the gulls wheeling over the water. Though the sun was setting over the western hills, it made the clouds glow in shades of yellow, orange, and red, the reflections of the clouds making the water seem like a sea of fire.

It was nearly dark when we drove back to Julia's house. We went upstairs to her bedroom and she gave me a nightie to wear, a long satin gown with a lace bodice and matching robe. Julia wore something similar in cream colored silk. The soft fabric caressed her form, and I could hardly keep my hands off of her.

We went back downstairs to her living room. Julia lit a few candles and opened a bottle of wine. She selected a book from her collection and we lay together on her couch, my head resting in her lap as she began to read to me.

"Come back to me, Gongyla, here tonight,

You, my rose, with your Lydian lyre.

There hovers forever around you delight:

A beauty desired."

"That's beautiful," I said. "Who wrote that?"

"A woman named Sappho, twenty-seven centuries ago," she said.

"Gongyla is a woman, too?"

"Yes, Annie," Julia said, caressing my cheek. She continued reading:

"Even your garment plunders my eyes.

I am enchanted: I who once

Complained to the Cyprus-born goddess,

Whom I now beseech

"Never to let this lose me grace

But rather bring you back to me:

Amongst all mortal women the one

I most wish to see."

The cover of the book was a photograph of some sort of painting, an ancient work with bits chipped off and a corner missing, that depicted a group of women draped in gowns that didn't seem much different from the nightgowns we were wearing. One woman held a little harp, and she seemed to be plucking it as the others listened. It seemed strange to me that there were women loving each other 2700 years ago; I'd thought it was something new.

I closed my eyes and lost myself in Julia's voice. Some of the words were strange to me, the names of gods no longer worshipped, cities long abandoned, wars

fought and forgotten. But the feelings of love and loss remained. I felt as if Sappho was speaking to me through Julia's lilting voice, across thousands of miles and thousands of years.

Julia read a few more poems and then finished, taking a sip of her wine.

"Is there more?" I asked.

"No. Only a few fragments of her work survived," she said, running her fingers through my hair. "You enjoyed that, didn't you."

"It was so...pure."

"That it is," she said. "Shall I read something else?"

"Read the first one again, please." I didn't want to lose this feeling; it was like the taste of a fine meal, but for the soul instead of the palette. Julia read the first fragment again and then we sat in silence for a while.

"It moves you, doesn't it," she said.

"Like nothing I've ever heard before." I picked my head up from Julia's lap and kissed her, wrapping my arms around her. "Thank you," I whispered.

We held each other, listening to the crickets chirping outside. After we finished our glasses of wine, we snuffed out the candles and headed upstairs to Julia's bedroom. I sat in front of her vanity while she brushed my hair, feeling more like Julia's daughter than her lover. I insisted on her letting me do the same to her, guiding the brush through her long silver tresses until they felt as silky as her nightgown. Then we climbed into bed and nestled against each other, the words of an ancient Greek woman echoing in my ears:

Although they are

Only breath, words

Which I command

Are immortal

Chapter Eight - The Story of A

I woke up feeling hot and sweaty, my nightgown bunched up around my waist. Julia was laying next to me, watching me while I slept.

“Good morning, sleepyhead,” Julia said. She leaned over and kissed me.

“It’s so hot,” I whispered. It was humid, too, just like Florida during the summer.

“We can cool off in the shower,” she said. “Come.”

I pulled the nightgown over my head and followed her into the bathroom, stepping into the shower with her and letting the cool water caress my skin. Julia lathered me up well, her hands cupping my soapy breasts, making my nipples swell and my pussy moisten. I lathered her up, too, and we lingered under the refreshing spray, fingering each other until we came.

“Come, let’s get breakfast and sit by the water. It’s always cooler there,” she said, gently drying me off with a plush towel. We hopped in her car, the air conditioner turned on its highest setting. Before we drove into town, we stopped off at my house so I could change out of my jeans and into a short, breezy sundress.

Julia was right: it was cooler by the ocean. We bought coffee and croissants in town and drove to the public beach, nearly deserted this early in the morning. Julia spread a towel on the sand and we sat and ate our breakfast on the beach.

Wednesdays were when Julia did her grocery shopping, so after we ate we drove back to Coopersport, stopping at the village’s small supermarket, the fish market, and the deli, where we bought sandwiches for lunch. Back at Julia’s house, I helped her carry the groceries inside and put them away.

“Would you like to go back to the beach?” she asked. “You’re awfully pale for a Florida girl.”

“Let’s spend the day in the garden,” I said. “It’s more...private.”

Julia understood what I meant by that and laughed, pulling me close and giving me a long, loving kiss.

“Let me fetch the suntan lotion and I’ll meet you out there,” she said, kissing the tip of my nose.

I found a pair of lounge chairs leaning against the side of the house and unfolded them in a sunny spot between two flowerbeds. Julia joined me a few minutes later, carrying towels, lotion, and a small radio. Shielded from prying eyes, we doffed our dresses and underwear. As Julia tuned in a classical station on the radio, I began to apply the suntan lotion.

“Let me do that,” she said. I handed her the bottle and laid down on my belly as she began to rub the creamy ointment into my skin. She straddled my bottom, her sex feeling hot and moist against my cheeks as she worked her way down my back. Her hands lingered on my ass, slick fingers dipping between my cheeks, teasing my bottom, moving down my thighs and the backs of my legs.

“Roll over,” she said. I turned over on to my back and she began to work her way up, starting at my feet, up my shins and thighs, covering my shaved mons and briefly teasing my sex before covering my belly and my breasts, making my nipples stand at attention like two pink sentries.

“I think you missed a spot,” I said, getting a puzzled expression in return until I spread my legs and looked down.

“Yes, I think you’re right. Such a tender spot deserves extra attention,” she said, squeezing some more lotion on her fingers and rubbing it into my labia. Her

long, graceful fingers danced over my sex, rubbing my clit and probing my slit. The lounge chair squeaked as I rocked my hips, pressing my sex against her fingers, seeking my release.

The way the lotion made my body sheen reminded me of those magazines Luci had given me, the women with their tanned and oiled bodies pleasuring themselves by some swimming pool or offering themselves to men with large, erect cocks. I remembered reading them with Del, fingering myself as he translated the photo captions. It seemed so long ago but it seemed like yesterday, too. As I came I remembered one of the women's names: Alma. Like her, I cupped my breasts and arched my back as I climaxed under Julia's busy fingers. Alma. It meant "soul".

"Let me do you," I said, reaching for Julia's hand. Her fingers were wet with my juices and I couldn't resist bringing them to my mouth and sucking them clean. She smiled and handed me the bottle of suntan lotion, laying down on the other lounger. Just as she had done, I straddled her bottom, squirting some lotion on my fingers, and starting at her shoulders. The sun had left freckles on her upper back, and I couldn't help but lean over and kiss them.

As I worked the lotion into Julia's back, I closed my eyes and tried to commit every curve and hollow to memory. My fingers found the two dimples on her lower back that my eyes hadn't noticed, and I felt compelled to lean in and kiss those as well. My hands sculpted the swell of her hips, the curves of her bottom, the depth of her cleft. Julia spread her legs slightly as I massaged her thighs, exposing her sex and her puckered brown anus. Another compulsion gripped me: I kissed her oiled cheeks and buried my face between them, my tongue probing her nether hole.

“Oooh...yes...,” she gasped as I tongued her bottom. Rather than feeling nasty as I did this, it felt like an expression of my love for her. Even so, I expected it to taste bad, but it didn’t; merely salty, like the residue of perspiration.

“Kiss me,” Julia said, rolling over on the lounger. I lay on top of her, pressing my sex against hers as we kissed. “I liked that,” she said.

“I did, too,” I said, straddling her once again and squeezing more lotion on my fingers. I started at her shoulders again, caressing the lotion into her perfect breasts, again closing my eyes as I memorized each contour of her body, counting her ribs with my fingers, the hollow of her waist, the rise of her hips. I intentionally avoided her sex as I worked the lotion into her thighs and legs, wanting to raise the level of anticipation.

Julia looked at me through hooded eyes as I massaged her feet, bringing her toes to my mouth and sucking them as if I were pleasuring a penis. Spreading her legs, I worked my way up with my mouth, leaving a trail of kisses on the inside of her thighs until my lips were only inches from her glistening pink labia.

“Annie...” she gasped as my tongue barely brushed against her pussy. I teased her, grazing her sex with my lips, making her clitoris emerge from its seclusion without even touching it. Her sex bloomed like a hothouse flower as I kissed it, the delicate labia parting and revealing her moist center.

“You’re delicious,” I said, barely loud enough for her to hear as I dipped my tongue inside her, tasting her sweet honey. While I made love to her with my mouth, I brought my oily fingers to her flower, probing her vulva and the brown bud below. She parted her legs wider, her hips moving slightly to reveal herself to me as I began to pleasure her in earnest.

The sunlight caressed my back as I dwelled between her legs, using my mouth and fingers with all the skill she had taught me. Attacking her pearly clit with my tongue, I pressed two slick fingers into her pussy and another into her bottom, pushing them in and out and making her moan on this hot summer morning. I felt like my world began and ended between her legs; my only purpose was to delight her, to please her, to love her.

“Oh, Annie...” she gasped again, grabbing the arms of the lounger as she rocked her hips. The weathered beach chair creaked from her movements like a squeaky old bed, nearly as loud as her moans and cries. Suddenly she began to convulse, her ecstasy seizing control of her body, making her shake uncontrollably. Julia’s pussy and ass tightened around my fingers as she came, her thighs quivering and clamping around me, almost drawing me inside her. I kept ravishing her sex with my tongue and fingers until she sat up, leaning over and gently pulling me up from between her legs, meeting my lips with her own.

I lay on top of her, our lotion-slick skin making slippery contact as we kissed. The lounger groaned and sagged but didn’t break as we pressed against each other.

“I’m glad we didn’t go to the beach,” she said, laughing.

“I bet we could have found a private spot,” I said, kissing her again before I got up and lay down on the other lounger. We lay together under the relentless sun, letting it bronze our bodies as it rose higher in the sky.

Just after noon, I went inside and brought out our sandwiches and a couple of tall glasses of iced tea. We ate our lunch in the shade before returning to the sun to tan. By mid-afternoon clouds had rolled in from the ocean, beginning to block out the sun’s rays. We folded up the chairs and headed inside, showering off the greasy

suntan lotion. As the clouds thickened outside, Julia and I took to her bed, laying down for a nap as a summer shower broke the day's heat.

When we woke up, a few minutes before 5, the rain had passed, the sun was out again, and the air had cooled off. Julia drove me back to the house to talk to Ramon on the radio. The fishing had been good, but I could tell they were bored; Del didn't want to sign off and even the normally quiet Paco wanted to speak to me.

I packed some clothes and personal items in a bag and we returned to Julia's house and I helped her prepare dinner, a rich coq au vin, heavy on the vin. I set the table, lighting a pair of candles, and we had a quiet, romantic dinner. Afterwards, we did the dishes together and changed into our nightgowns. Julia wore the long ivory silk gown she'd worn the night before, but instead of the white satin gown I'd donned that night, I wore a sheer pink babydoll that had once been my mother's, the one I'd worn that first night in Ramon's bedroom.

While Julia poured us some more wine, I browsed through the books on her shelves, looking for something as engaging as the poems she'd read to me the night before. I picked a book at random, opening it to the first page:

The Story of O

By Pauline Réage

I

The Lovers of Roissy

I was about ten pages into the book, absolutely engrossed, when Julia returned from the kitchen.

“Here, Annie,” she said, handing me a glass of wine and glancing at the title of the book in my hands. “Are you sure you’re ready for that?”

“The wine?”

“No, the book,” she said.

“Why?”

“You may think it’s a romantic tale, but it can be brutal at times,” she said, punctuating her words with a tender kiss. “Come, let’s read it together. I’m sure you’ll have questions.” We sat together on the couch and began to read the book to each other.

She was right; I did have questions. Why did O let them mistreat her? Why did she like it? Why did her lover give her away? Julia was also right about the brutality: the whipping, the piercing, the branding. The cruelty for cruelty’s sake.

The sexiest parts of the book weren’t about sex. The sex itself didn’t seem sexy, it seemed like more like a punishment. To me the best parts were the descriptions of the clothes, even the restraints, the collars and cuffs, how O put her body on display to be used by her lover and others. She even had her sex shaved, just as I shaved myself, though I used a razor instead of wax.

It was a short book, but it was late at night when we finished reading it. Julia patiently answered all my questions. The end left me hanging, and that’s all I’ll say, because I don’t wish to spoil it further. At times I was incredibly aroused, but then a particularly cruel bit would bring me back to earth.

“What did you think, Annie?” Julia asked me. We were laying together on the couch, my head leaning against her shoulder, her arm around me.

“I don’t know. There were parts I liked, but...”

“Yes?”

“But it didn’t seem like...I mean it wasn’t...” I tried to find the words to describe how I felt. “It seemed more like slavery than love.”

“Yes, that’s what it was,” Julia said. “Except slavery implies coercion, a lack of consent.”

“And the pain. Why was there so much pain?”

“Some people find pain to be a pleasure,” she said.

I thought about that for a while. There were times when sex had hurt, like the first time I’d ripped my cherry with Luci’s vibrator, or sometimes when Ramon was in my bottom, but that was only temporary, something to get past when seeking pleasure.

“When O spoke of her ‘lovers’, did they really love her? Did she love them?” I asked. Julia pondered this question for a moment before answering.

“There are different types of love, Annie. I’m sure you know that. In this case I suppose O expressed her love by surrendering herself to them, submitting to their will. And in return their love was one of possession, one of dominion.” Julia gently kissed my hair.

“Have you ever...?” I asked her.

Julia turned and looked me in the eyes, her face an expressionless mask.

“There was a time...,” she began to say and then stopped. “Come.” She stood up from the couch and took me by the hand, leading me down to the basement. It was cool and dark down there, with only a single bare lightbulb for illumination. There was an old steamer trunk in the corner, next to a stack of boxes. We each took an end and wrestled it up the stairs, out of the basement and up another flight of stairs to her bedroom.

“Go get the bottle of wine and the glasses,” she said, holding the trunk’s lock in her hand and staring at it, as if trying to remember the combination. When I’d returned, she had the trunk open and was rummaging through the contents.

“There was a time during my marriage with Thomas when sex became somewhat passionless, a routine. We began to ‘experiment’. Our involvement with Brad’s parents and their parties was one aspect of this. This was another,” she said, holding up a whip and a leather collar with a chain attached to it. I handed Julia glass of wine and sat next to her on the bedroom floor as she pulled items out of the trunk. There were tight leather corsets, collars and cuffs, shoes with absurdly high heels, even a chastity belt.

As we sat next to the trunk and sipped our wine, Julia described the things she and her husband had done together, his dominance, her submission. It was just like “O”, except not nearly as cruel. Nor did it involve other people, or all that much pain for that matter. I got the impression that this was a private matter between two lovers, and the emphasis wasn’t so much on pain but on a pleasure deferred, controlled. As Julia described how Thomas would leave her on the edge of orgasm for hours, I felt my desire growing stronger, my arousal mounting. I held a leather corset in my lap, fingering the laces.

“Julia? Would you...?”

“Oh, Annie. You’re so...you’re too...”

“Too young?”

Julia reached out for my hand.

“You’re too sweet for this. I couldn’t hurt you. I just couldn’t.”

“I don’t want to be hurt,” I said. “I just want to feel what it’s like, the restraints, being tied up.” I told her about the dream I’d had when we were in Boston, laying in

bed with her after the party, about the silk sashes around my wrists and ankles, the line of men waiting to use me for their pleasure. I could see Julia's face begin to flush, her nipples slowly appearing through the bodice of her silk nightgown.

"Oh dear," she said, taking a big sip of wine. "That was quite a dream."

"Will you...?" I took a leather collar from the trunk, wrapping it around my neck. The scent of leather was still quite strong, reminding me of a new baseball glove. Julia looked at me for a moment, sitting on the floor next to her in a black leather collar and my pretty pink babydoll nightie. She leaned over and kissed me on the lips.

"Yes, dear," she whispered. "But I don't want to hurt you. Please let me know, okay?"

"I will," I said.

I took off my nightie and panties and Julia pulled various items from the trunk, looking for things that would fit my skinny figure. She wrapped a black leather corset around my torso and she laced it tight. Unlike the white satin corset she'd given me, this garment didn't stretch at all. I found it hard to breathe, but I liked the way it felt on me, hugging me, constricting me. And unlike the other corset, it didn't cover my breasts. Instead, it pushed them up from underneath, making my nipples point towards the ceiling.

"I'm afraid it hasn't aged too well," she said, "but that's nothing a little saddle soap couldn't fix. It was really quite supple when it was new." Julia reached into the trunk and brought out a leather girdle. Six black garters dangled from the open bottom. She held me steady as I slipped into it, though even with the laces tightly tied it was too loose.

“Let’s try this instead. It was always too small on me,” she said, holding up a shiny pair of black latex panties. She sprinkled some talc inside them and helped me slip them on. The panties had a slit in the crotch, exposing my sex.

“These feel so weird,” I said. The panties were extremely tight, and the latex was making me perspire down there. Julia wrapped a leather garter belt around my waist and handed me a pair of black fishnet stockings. As I rolled them over my legs, I thought about Margaret, the girl at the Boston sex shop. She’d worn fishnet tights when we visited the store, though with an incongruous pair of white cotton panties underneath. I wondered if she’d worn leather or latex garments like this, and I had no doubt that someone, somewhere, sold things like this in her size, corsets and girdles that would fit her little-girl figure.

“Here, put these on,” Julia said, handing me a pair of black leather pumps with tall stiletto heels. I slipped them on; they were one size too big. When I tried to walk in them, I nearly fell over. Julia caught me and helped me back to the bed. I sat and watched as she selected garments from the trunk to wear, briefly looking at the item in her hands as if each one told her a story.

I helped her lace up her corset, a long black leather garment that went from her hips to her neck, open sleeved like a halter top, and cutouts on the front that exposed her breasts. There were six garters dangling from the bottom and she affixed these to her fishnets. Over the garters she slipped on a tiny g-string that had a small triangle of leather at the front that tapered to a thin strap that ran between her legs and up to a silver chain that served as a waistband. Finally, she put on a pair of black satin gloves that went up past her elbows.

Julia helped me up from the bed and we stood before the mirror, gazing at our reflection.

“I’ve always liked the clothing,” she said. “That was my favorite part.”

“It feels like armor,” I said. The leather corset was so stiff I could hardly bend over.

“In a way, it is,” she said, brushing the hair from my neck and kissing me there. Her fingers grazed my nipples, making them stand up, the areolas crinkling like prunes. “You do look lovely in leather.”

“Thank you,” I said, turning to kiss her. I cupped one of her breasts, feeling the contrast of her soft skin against the hard leather.

“Come, it’s time,” she said, helping me wobble back to the bed. “Try to tiptoe. It makes walking easier.”

Julia laid me down on her bed, making me lie on my back as she rummaged through the trunk. She pulled out two pairs of leather cuffs and some silver chains, wrapping the cuffs around my wrists and ankles before attaching the chains, which she clipped to the post of her bed and adjusted, taking in the slack so that I was spread-eagled. I tugged at the restraints, testing them. They held fast.

“I’m not going to gag you,” she said, sitting on the edge of the bed and circling one of my nipples with a gloved finger. “I never liked it much myself. And we need a safeword.”

“Safeword?”

“A word that tells me that I’ve exceeded your limits. Something that isn’t ‘no’ or ‘stop’.”

I thought for a minute, searching for a word. The coq au vin we’d had for dinner was the first thing that came to mind. “How about ‘chicken’?”

“‘Chicken’. That will do,” she said, squeezing my breast.

Julia's demeanor had changed. As I watched her take a sip of her wine, she no longer seemed the genteel woman who held me while I slept or read poetry to me. There was a coldness in her eyes and a briskness in her gestures, and though she was reluctant to do this and said she didn't want to hurt me, I wondered if this was still true.

"Raise your head," Julia said, slipping a blindfold over my eyes. It was soft black satin, edged with lace, and a wide elastic band held it in place. When it had been pulled over my eyes, completely blocking my vision, I felt Julia's lips lightly brush my own. My heart began to pound with excitement and anticipation, and not a little fear. I really hadn't known Julia all that long. Could I trust her?

With the blindfold over my eyes, I tried to figure out what she was doing by sound alone. I heard the wine glass being set down, the sound of the contents of the trunk shifting around, a drawer opening and closing, the click of Julia's heels on a spot of wooden floor not covered by the rug.

Then I felt the touch of a feather on my thigh, on the exposed flesh above the fishnets. It tickled slightly and I reflexively tried to scratch my thigh but the leather bracelets around my wrists restrained me. The tip of the feather moved up my thigh, tracing the legband of the latex panties. I began to squirm within my bonds; an excruciating tension began to build, swirling in the pit of my stomach.

Julia drew the feather away and paused for a moment before bringing it up to my breast and teasing my nipple. My chest began to heave and the corset suddenly felt tighter as I squirmed. Julia followed my movements with the feather, keeping it in contact with my nipple.

And then it stopped. There was another pause and I heard the sound of the wine glass being lifted from the bedside table and then being replaced. Julia's mouth found

mine again, the taste of wine lingering on her lips. She kissed me hard, aggressively, like a man and not in her usual gentle manner, her tongue lashing mine, her hand squeezing my breast and pinching my nipple.

And then the feather again, the tip brushing against my sex, tickling my exposed labia and teasing my clit. Encased in stiff leather, bound hand and foot, I began to feel helpless, at the mercy of this woman, wondering what she was going to do to me, what was going to happen next. I squirmed and tried to catch my breath, but the corset seemed to get tighter when I did that.

Julia pulled the feather away and I relaxed for a moment, a respite from this sweet torture. There was the sound of the wine glass again and then the feather returned to my thigh, tracing a line from my stocking to the tight latex panties. And then another pause.

I expected the feather to return to my breast, but instead it was Julia's mouth, sucking my nipple into her mouth and grazing it with her teeth and biting it, not hard, but just enough to make me gasp as I felt a brief flash of pain followed by a wave of pleasure spreading across my chest. She kept suckling me, almost chewing on my nipple and I heard a soft rustle of clothing followed by her fingertip lightly grazing my labia. She'd taken off her glove and I felt her fingernail on my nether lips, parting them, a finger dipping inside me. I was so wet down there that I could hear my pussy make a distinct sucking sound as she fingered me.

Julia began to suckle and bite my other nipple as she inserted a second finger inside me, slowly pushing them in and out. I began to move my hips to her rhythm but she suddenly pinched my clit between her thumb and forefinger and bit down hard on my nipple. I shrieked and she stopped.

I suppose she was waiting for me to say the safeword, to make her stop, but I didn't. I liked what she was doing. I wanted to feel more. She resumed her fingering and suckling, and when my hips started to move, she pinched my clitty and bit my nipple again.

Now I knew what was expected of me. I was not to move. She began again, and I had to fight my urge to move my hips, to press against her fingers. It was difficult. I had to concentrate and control myself at a time when I just wanted to let go, to let my body seek its pleasure at her hands. It was just like that first night in the house down the road, when I tried to masturbate without making any noise. It took me over an hour to reach my climax that night, starting and stopping every time I made the bed creak.

I realized that this wasn't just about control, at least not just about Julia mastering my body. I was mastering myself, controlling my own responses, mastering my pleasure, keeping it within myself and nurturing it rather than letting it go and allowing it to control me.

Julia didn't pinch me again; I'd kept my hips still while she fingered my aching sex. It took all my effort, all my strength, though. I began to perspire, partially from the tight corset and panties, but mostly from the exertion of keeping my hips still.

Julia withdrew her fingers and released my nipple from her lips, kissing me again, softer this time. I felt her get up from the bed, heard her take another sip of wine, and open a drawer in the bedside table. After a few more clicks of her heels, I heard a switch being flicked followed by the gentle humming of something electric.

The humming drew nearer, receded, came closer again, sounding like a bee advancing and retreating. This went on for a few minutes, and the sound began to lull me.

Then I felt Julia's hand on my breast, vibrating my whole body. She'd strapped the antique vibrator to the back of her hand and was now caressing my breasts, rubbing my nipples with her palm. The suddenness of this intense sensation made me gasp and squirm, but I managed to regain my control, gritting my teeth as I forced my body to hold still. Julia worked my breasts until my nipples felt so hard they began to hurt.

She pulled her hand away from my titties and I felt her shift position on the bed. The vibrations were replaced by the feeling of her soft breath as she lowered her lips to my breasts and kissed them. I heard the humming vibrator recede slightly and then get louder as she turned it on to a higher setting. As she tongued and suckled my breasts, she placed her hand on my sex. I almost jumped out of my skin when I felt her vibrating finger dip inside me. I lost control of myself and began to move my hips against her hand, my arms and legs straining against the chains that held them as I tried to hump her fingers.

“Ow!” I yelled, as she pinched my clit and bit my nipple, withdrawing her hand and lips as she listened for the safe word. But I wasn't going to say it. I struggled to regain control of myself. Her hand and lips returned.

She kept me like this for what seemed like an hour. Maybe it was only a few minutes. I know it sounds so cliché, but time stood still. The world stopped. I no longer noticed the crickets outside or the trees rustling in the gentle evening breeze. All I knew was the feeling of Julia's lips, her fingers in my sex, the sound of the old vibrator humming, my pleasure rising and falling like the tides. I couldn't even feel the corset or the leather straps that held me.

And then the humming stopped, her hands and lips left my body, leaving me hanging on the edge of my climax. The world flooded back into my senses. The corset

felt like iron, the latex panties felt like they were melting into my skin, the straps on my wrists weighed my limbs down like cement. I could feel every thread of the fishnets on my legs, every gap in the mesh. The sound of a drawer being opened again was deafening, the scrape of the wine glass on polished wood pierced my ears. I heard the sound of more garments rustling, the squeak of old leather, a buckle being fastened.

I felt Julia climb into bed again, her knees straddling me, her bare bottom brushing against my breasts. Then there was something touching my lips, something plastic, hard and cold.

“Suck,” she commanded. It was the first word she’d said to me since she’d blindfolded me. I parted my lips and she slipped the tip of the strap-on into my mouth, pushing it back and forth as I moistened it with my tongue. As I sucked the hard plastic cock, I felt my nipples press against Julia’s soft bottom.

When the fake phallus was sufficiently wet, Julia withdrew it from my mouth and shifted on the bed, kneeling between my legs. I felt the tip of it enter my dripping sex, making me gasp and fight to catch my breath as she slowly pushed it inside me. As it filled me, I felt Julia lay on top of me, her lips pressing against mine as she began to thrust.

There was no starting and stopping this time, no pinches or bites when my hips began to move against hers. Instead, she removed the blindfold and kissed me again, her eyes no longer cold, a smile spreading over her face.

“You did so well,” she whispered. “Come, Annie. Come for me, sweetheart.” I glanced up at my shackled wrists, and she paused her thrusting as she released my arms from the restraints. My legs were still bound, holding my sex open for her, but I didn’t care. I just wanted to hold her while she fucked me.

“Oh, Julia,” I gasped, her rhythm getting faster as she pumped me with the strap-on dildo. “Oh...” The pent up pleasure, dammed inside me by the effort of holding still for her, began to spill out, making me shiver and shudder beneath her. My legs began to quiver making the chains that held them to the bed rattle and shake. I began to feel dizzy, my head began to spin, and I had the sensation that I was falling, falling, falling...

“Come, baby,” she cooed.

When it hit me I screamed. Not a shriek, not a cry, but a full-out bloody murder scream. I convulsed beneath Julia, gripping her leather corset tight as my climax washed over my body, robbing me of every shred of control I’d worked to attain. I felt tears welling up in my eyes and running down my cheeks, and then it hit me again, a second orgasm more intense than anything I’d ever felt, pulses of ecstasy and pleasure that radiated from between my legs and spread outward, making my toes curl and my fingers dig furrows in the thick leather of Julia’s corset. Just like that night in the hotel, my vision faded to a dark red field punctuated by sparkling silver dots, twinkling like stars in the night sky.

Except this time I passed out cold.

The smell of ammonia woke me up, and I bolted upright, afraid that I had lost control of my bladder and wet the bed. As I reached between my legs, feeling for the warm, damp stain I thought would be there, my eyes regained their focus and I realized that the ammonia scent came from a bottle of smelling salts that Julia was holding. She capped the vial and placed it on the bedside table, and then she put her arm around me and kissed me on the cheek.

“How long...?” I asked. As I came to my senses, I realized that she’d taken my corset off, unshackled my legs, and removed the leather collar and the cuffs from my wrists and ankles. Only the tight latex panties remained on me.

“About twenty minutes,” she said. “You gave me quite a scare. I was about to call the paramedics.”

“Julia, I’ve never...” I couldn’t begin to describe what I’d felt.

“I know, dear. I know. Come, I’ve drawn a bath for you. Let’s get these off first,” she said, tugging at the latex panties.

Doing so was easier said than done. It took a few minutes of pulling and tugging to peel them off my hips. The talc had combined with my perspiration to form a coarse grit that left little red marks on my skin. Between that and the sweat that covered the rest of me, I felt like a mess. Taking a bath sounded like a good idea.

The only problem was that I could barely walk. My legs were like rubber and I felt as weak as a kitten. My vision blurred and dimmed when I stood up and I felt as if I was about to pass out again. Julia half-carried me to the bathroom, supporting me on her hip. She’d somehow managed to take off her corset by herself, and was wearing only her silk robe; I kept slipping and sliding against the fabric. By the time she’d managed to steer me into the bathroom, the tub was nearly full. She guided me into the bath, one leg at a time, and I held her shoulders as she lowered me into the soothing warm water. She gently kissed my forehead and poured a bit of bath oil into the tub. I tried to reach for the washcloth, but I still didn’t have the strength.

“Relax, baby,” she cooed, taking the cloth and wetting it under the faucet, washing the dried tears from my cheeks. “Let me do that.”

Her breasts spilled from her robe as she leaned over me, cleaning me with the washcloth. I wanted to reach out and kiss them. Julia had me lean forward to scrub my

back, and her breasts pressed against my shoulder. I began to realize how sore I was, my arms, my legs, my pussy. There were red marks on my wrists and ankles where the restraints had been, along with a set of parallel welts on my belly and under my breasts from the corset.

“They’ll be gone by morning,” Julia said, when she noticed me looking at the marks on my wrists. “They make fur-lined restraints these days.”

“Fur...” was all I could manage to say in my languor and drowsiness. I still felt light-headed, nearly drunk. My mouth was dry, my throat parched. “Water...” I croaked.

“Thirsty? I’ll get you a drink,” she said, putting down the washcloth. She returned a minute later with a pitcher of ice water, filling a tall glass and handing it to me before removing her robe and kneeling by the tub. I drained it in one gulp, passing it back to her with a shaky hand. I sipped the second glass slowly as Julia scrubbed my legs with the washcloth.

“Thank you,” I said, putting the glass down next to the tub.

“Feeling better, dear?”

“Yes, thank you,” I said, weakly.

“You still look a little pale. Maybe I should call...”

“No, I’m fine. I just never came like that, ever.”

“You really had me worried. I was afraid your heart...” Julia stopped herself from finishing the sentence. It was a heart attack that took her husband away. I looked up at her. It seemed as if all the blood had drained from her face.

“Oh, Julia...” I reached for her hand, taking it in my own, bringing it to my lips and kissing it. I looked up at her again, seeing her eyes glistening, tears starting to

form. I reached up to caress her cheek, gently pulling her closer, kissing her on the lips.

“I’m sorry, Annie. It’s just...”

“Shhh. I know, Julia. I know.” I hugged her, holding her close, holding her tight, feeling her soft skin against mine. I knew the bond between us went beyond sex, even beyond love. We’d both known the pain of sudden loss, the loss of someone we’d loved dearly. Tonight, when she thought she’d lost me, that bond had been cemented forever.

“Let me finish you, then we’ll go to sleep. It’s late and your young man will be here tomorrow.” She began to gently scrub my belly and breasts with the cloth, like a mother washing a newborn baby.

I’d forgotten about Brad! He’d be here in less than twelve hours. I felt my stomach tighten with excitement and anticipation, and the strength began to return to my limbs.

“Your color’s coming back,” Julia said, stroking my hair. “Must be the thought of Brad coming to visit. Come, let me dry you off.” She helped me from the tub, wrapping me in a big, plush towel. My strength had returned and I was steadier on my feet. I stood in the middle of the bathroom as Julia towelled me dry. I could have done it myself at that point, but I was enjoying how she was pampering me.

Julia walked me back into the bedroom, under my own power this time, but staying close by my side in case I passed out again. We climbed into bed and Julia turned out the light, holding me close as we lay together. We kissed and bid each other good night, and as I drifted off to sleep, I knew she was watching me, listening to my breathing, feeling my pulse as she held my hand, afraid to let me go.

Chapter Nine - About a Boy

Julia woke me up the next morning, a cup of hot coffee in her hand.

“Sleep well?” she asked.

“Yes, thanks.”

“Breakfast should be ready in a few minutes,” she said, gently kissing me on the forehead. She left the bedroom and headed for the kitchen. I sipped some coffee and went to the bathroom to wash up. The welts on my wrists and ankles were gone.

The smell of frying bacon drew me downstairs. I wanted to help Julia with breakfast, but she insisted that I sit down and let her cook for me, handing me a tall glass of orange juice. I watched her bustle around the kitchen, her silk robe loosely tied around her waist.

“Here you go, dear,” she said, placing a plate of bacon, eggs, and toast in front of me. “Would you like preserves or butter?”

“Butter, please,” I said.

She turned to get the butter from the counter, but I reached for her waist, pulling her towards me.

“Thank you, Julia,” I said, kissing the soft swell of her belly. She ran her fingers through my hair and leaned down to kiss me.

“My pleasure, Annie. I love to take care of you.”

After breakfast I took a shower, alone unfortunately, as Julia had taken one before I woke up. As I soaped myself up, lathering my breasts and pinching my nipples, my thoughts wavered between Brad and Julia. I ran my fingers over my cleft, teasing myself almost to orgasm, stopping right at the edge.

Julia was already dressed when I emerged from the bathroom, wearing a powder blue sundress and sandals. I put on a short yellow dress I'd brought from home, and we drove to town in her Mercedes. Brad's bus wouldn't arrive for another hour, so we passed the time by sitting in the town square, just watching people.

"It's almost time," Julia said, looking at her watch. "Excited?"

"Yes, very," I replied, giving her a quick hug.

Brad stepped off the bus, his backpack slung over his shoulder, looking cool and sexy as he lowered his sunglasses and looked around. I got out of Julia's car and waved, his name on the tip of my tongue when he spotted me. He smiled and walked over to us.

"Hey, Annie," he said, giving me a kiss and a quick squeeze.

"Hi," I said, an unexpected shyness taking hold. Julia greeted Brad with a kiss on the cheek, taking his knapsack and putting it in the trunk. It was already past noon, and he was hungry, so we stopped at the cafe for lunch. I watched with rapt attention as he wolfed down a cheeseburger. I barely touched my salad; the butterflies in my stomach felt like a flock of geese flapping their wings. I had such a crush on Brad that I gasped and almost spilled my iced tea when his foot touched mine under the table.

"Why don't you two take a walk by the water," Julia said after we'd finished lunch. "I have some shopping to do. We can meet back here in an hour and go back to the house."

I kissed her on the cheek and whispered "Thanks" in her ear. She smiled and squeezed my hand. "See you soon," I said.

Brad and I walked along the docks, holding hands and talking, stopping to kiss every so often. His lips felt so soft, his breath so sweet, and the way his hands felt on my waist as we kissed felt divine, making my heart beat so fast I thought it would

jump out of my chest. I wanted him to take me right there, behind a fisherman's shack, but there were too many people around. There would be plenty of time for that later.

We walked back to the cafe and met Julia and she drove us back to her house. It was mid-afternoon, the sky was cloudless and blue, and the air was dry and fresh. It was a perfect day.

“Why don’t you two sit in the garden while I start dinner,” Julia said. “I’ll bring out some drinks in a few minutes.” I took Brad’s hand and led him through the kitchen and out to the back yard. We sat under a shady tree, watching the breeze blow through the flowers.

“Here you go,” Julia said, placing a tray on the bench next to us. I’d expected iced tea, but instead there were two glasses of white wine. She handed them to us and turned to leave.

“Smoke a joint with us, Julia?” Brad asked, pulling a small brass case from his pocket.

“Yes, thank you. Let me get my glass first,” she said, surprising me. I had no idea that she’d ever smoked pot. Julia took the tray back into the house and returned with her glass of wine. Brad lit the joint and passed it to me first, and I took a deep hit before passing it to Julia.

“I didn’t think you smoked,” I said to her.

“I don’t make a habit of it, but I find it relaxing,” she said, taking a small toke and passing it to Brad. “Though I can’t smoke too much. It’ll make me too scattered to cook dinner.”

After a couple of hits, Julia excused herself and returned to the house. I finished the joint with Brad and we sipped our drinks. Between the wine and the pot, I began

to feel comfortable in his presence, no longer anxious. He put his arm around me and I rested my head against his shoulder and my hand on his thigh, caressing his leg through his jeans. I turned to face him and his lips met mine, our tongues melting together in a long, deep kiss.

“It’s nice and private here,” I whispered, slowly unbuttoning his shirt. His hand found my bare thigh, slowly creeping under the hem of my dress, his fingers lightly grazing my panties as I ran my hand over his tanned chest. Even though he was nearly seventeen, he had the barest growth of hair on his chest, just a fringe of downy blond fleece rimming his nipples. I leaned over and kissed his pecs, taking a nipple in my mouth and suckling it, making him softly gasp.

“Lay back,” I whispered, gently pushing him back on the bench. He swung his leg over and lay along the length of the weathered wooden planks, and I unbuckled his belt and unzipped his jeans, fishing his beautiful cock from his briefs. There was something special about his circumcised penis, a fierceness, the prominent head and sheathless shaft reminding me of an arrow. I straddled the bench between his legs and lowered my head into his lap, taking his hardening tool into my mouth.

His cock stiffened in my mouth as I licked his shaft and swirled my tongue over the head, reaching further into his briefs to gently squeeze his balls. As I sucked him his hips began to move, making the old bench rock back and forth on the garden’s flagstones. His breathing grew heavier and his cock began to twitch in my mouth, the muscle that ran along its length tensing and relaxing as I swirled my tongue along his shaft.

“Annie, I’m...” he groaned, and before he could finish the sentence he came, his cock spurting his hot spunk in my mouth. It seemed like he’d never stop coming, and I had to swallow twice to keep it all from spilling out of my mouth. I milked his penis

with my lips, extracting the last few drops of his sweet sperm before releasing him from my mouth.

“Give me a cum kiss,” he said as he sat up. Our lips met and his tongue probed my mouth, seeking the traces of his own essence that lingered there. “I like the way you do that,” he said.

“I like the way you taste,” I replied, kissing him again.

“Your turn,” he said, helping me lift my dress over my head. I reached back and unsnapped my bra, and as soon as my breasts were free Brad began to fondle them, leaning in to lick and suck my nipples. I held his head in my hands as he ravished my tits, squeezing them with his strong hands, his tongue flicking over my stiffening nipples. I lay back on the bench as his lips kissed a trail down my body, lifting my hips off the rough wood so he could pull my panties down and off. I felt his breath on my sex, his tongue lightly touching my labia, parting them and probing my slit.

With his strong hands he cupped my ass, bringing my pussy closer to his mouth, his tongue finding my swollen clit and attacking it, parry and thrust, parry and thrust. I ran my fingers through his sandy blond hair as he pleasured me with a skill nearly as sharp as Julia’s. I wondered how he’d become so experienced a cunny licker until I remembered that he participated in his parents’ parties. Perhaps it had been Helen, his own mother, who had instructed him, or even Julia herself.

Regardless of who had schooled him in the oral arts, he seemed to know exactly what I liked: the indirect approach with my clitoris, the knuckle pressing against the top of my vagina, the finger probing my bottom. It didn’t take long for him to make me come, making my hips rise off the bench to press against his mouth as he lashed my clit with his tongue. After my climax he gently lowered me back to the

bench and stood up to strip off his pants and underwear. His cock was hard again, an arrow of flesh waiting to pierce my sex.

“Let’s do it on the grass,” he said, taking my hand and helping me up. I pressed my naked body against his, feeling his cock throbbing against my thigh as I kissed him, tasting my own juices on his lips.

“You have to catch me first,” I said, breaking our embrace and running through the garden. He ran after me, laughing, chasing me between the flowerbeds and around the trees. He caught me on a patch of tall grass, wrapping his arms around my waist and tackling me. We rolled around in the soft grass and then came to rest under a maple tree, our lips meeting and our hands exploring each other’s body.

“Fuck me like an animal,” I said, getting up on my hands and knees and presenting my ass to him. “Like a dog.”

“Woof,” he said, laughing, burying his nose between my legs and inhaling deeply. He climbed on to my back, holding my breasts in his hands as I reached between my legs and guided his hard cock into my dripping snatch.

Brad didn’t start slowly. As soon as he was inside me he began to thrust hard, fast, and deep, nearly knocking the wind out of me. I pushed my ass back against his hips, meeting him with each stroke, his hands squeezing my titties every time his cock pushed into my pussy.

“Yes...Brad...yes...” I gasped as he pounded my slit. Without the extra flesh of a foreskin, I could feel every vein and tendon in his penis, the ridge of flesh on his cockhead sliding through my sugar walls, the prominent muscle that ran along the bottom of his shaft pressing against the sensitive spot on the roof of my vagina.

Brad pressed his lips against my shoulder and lightly bit me there, making me gasp and bear down on his hardness. I felt my pleasure begin to rise, the power of his

thrusts making me burn with raw desire, making me moan like a rutting animal, a moan that became a howl when I came, a howl that flushed a flock of birds from the trees.

The sound of my cries spurred him on, and he fucked me faster, pushing me down on the grass and flat on my belly. He held my wrists, restraining them as he pounded my pussy from behind, his hips hitting my cheeks with each stroke with a sharp slapping sound. I knew he could be gentle, like that first night we'd met, but I loved this roughness, this savageness. I tried to struggle against him, to release my arms from his grip, but this only inflamed his passion and his thrusts sped up, bringing me to a second, more intense climax.

As my pussy spasmed around his cock, he groaned and slammed into me one last time, his hips pressed against my ass, as his cock twitched inside me, filling my cunny with his hot spunk. I scissored my legs against his, trying to keep him inside me as I convulsed with pleasure under him. The spurts of come tapered off into a warm dribble, and he collapsed on top of me, kissing my neck and shoulders as we lay in the grass.

“Was that too rough?” he whispered.

“No, no. I liked that,” I said, turning my head and smiling. He released my wrists and our fingers intertwined as we kissed, his softening cock still buried inside me. “I don’t think I’ve ever been fucked that hard,” I whispered.

“You’re so nice and tight,” he said. “And that thing you do, that squeeze.”

“This?” I said, tightening my pussy around him. I felt his cock twitch, a bit of life returning to it as it stiffened inside me.

“Yes, that,” he said, kissing me again. “Where did you learn that?”

“From a book,” I said. It was something I had learned from the marriage manual Luci had given me, tensing a certain muscle as if trying to stop the flow of urine. I couldn’t remember the name of the muscle, just that it rhymed with “bagel”.

As we lay on the grass, I squeezed his cock, feeling it grow and harden until he was fully erect again. This time he fucked me slowly, with long even strokes, planting light kisses on my back and shoulders as he thrust his cock in and out of my messy snatch. He brought me to another climax, a quieter one, before filling my cunny with his seed.

After he slipped out of me and rolled off my back, he put out his hands to help me up, but instead I knelt at his feet and licked his sticky cock clean, greedily slurping up the mixture of his sperm and my juices that coated his beautiful penis. Then he helped me to my feet and kissed me before we walked back to the bench, holding hands.

I could feel his semen dripping out of me, so I put my panties back on to catch the flow. We sat together on the bench, our arms around each other, sipping our wine under the clear blue sky. About an hour later, Julia came out and joined us with the bottle of wine, refilling our glasses.

“Enjoying yourselves?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Brad said. I smiled and reached for her hand, pulling her over to the bench to sit beside me. I put my arm around her, holding both Julia and Brad.

“Why don’t you take these off?” she asked, tugging at my white satin panties, a lacy pair she’d bought me in Boston.

“I’m leaking a little,” I said.

“Then let me clean you up,” she whispered. I thought she wanted to take me inside and bathe me again, but instead she stood me up, pulling the panties down over

my thighs and off my legs, and sat me down on the bench again, making me straddle it like I had earlier when Brad and I ate each other. As I laid my head in Brad's lap, Julia lowered her head between my thighs and began to lick the semen that dripped from my slit. I began to squirm with delight, feeling his cock harden behind my head.

As Julia greedily licked and sucked Brad's semen from my cunny, I looked up at him and put my finger in my mouth, sucking it like a little cock. He smiled, knowing what I wanted, and he got up, gently laying me back down on the bench. His penis was hard again, jutting out from a nest of downy blond hair. Brad straddled the bench and squatted over my head, pressing his cock downward and aiming it at my open lips. I sucked him into my mouth, swirling my tongue over the rubbery glans, locking my lips around his swollen shaft. It was awkward for me to lift my head, so he began to bend his knees slightly, dipping his cock into my hungry mouth.

While Brad fucked my mouth, Julia paused her licking for a moment to unbutton her dress, step out of it, and remove her bra and panties. When she was as naked as we were, she resumed her oral ministrations with a purpose, ravishing my pussy with her lips and tongue. Brad's semen was already long gone, but that didn't matter to her. What did matter was the pleasure she was giving me, to make me moan and squirm on the bench, to make me come again.

Brad's balls were level with my eyes, bouncing back and forth as he dipped his lovely cock into my mouth. I reached for them, holding them in my hands, caressing the soft skin beneath the downy blond hair that covered them. He'd already come three times that afternoon, and I wondered if there was anything left in them for me.

Julia lifted my legs on to her shoulders, her tongue swirling over my clitty, rekindling the fire within my loins. My climax began to mount, building up from a glowing ember between my legs to a raging fire that consumed my whole body. My

cries of passion and pleasure were muffled by Brad's plunging cock, and when he felt my stifled moans, he began to move faster. I reached up for his ass, squeezing his tight buns and urging him to shoot his yummy cream in my wanton mouth.

Julia pressed her mouth to my sex, sucking my swollen clit, and I began to come really hard. I was afraid that I was going to bite down on Brad's lovely cock, but he kept dipping it into my mouth. Suddenly I felt his ass tense up in my hands, his balls began to twitch, and his cock started to spasm and spurt, shooting his cream down my throat. I clamped my lips around his cock, accepting his sweet sperm. It wasn't as thick as his first load, and there wasn't much left, but I eagerly swallowed it, milking his cock with my fingers until he began to soften. He pulled his cock from my mouth and kneeled next to the bench, leaning over to kiss me.

"All clean," Julia said, looking up from between my legs. "Oh dear. I've missed a spot." She leaned over me and licked a drop of Brad's semen from my chin, kissing me afterwards, the taste of his cum on her lips.

"Thank you, Julia."

"My pleasure," she said, reaching for her wine glass and taking a sip.

"What time is it?" I asked her as I sat up on the bench. I wanted to be home at five to talk to Ramon on the radio.

"Don't worry. You have an hour left," she said.

"Are you leaving? I thought we were going to have dinner here together," Brad said, sitting next to me.

"Just for a few minutes. I'm expecting a call," I said, taking his hand in mine. Brad looked relieved when he heard this, as if the thought of not spending the night with me was a big disappointment.

When the sun began to fall in the sky, chasing the shade from our spot, we carried our clothes and wine glasses inside. The aroma of the roast in the oven filled the house, piquing my appetite. Julia poured us some more wine, and Brad and I went to sit in the living room, rather, lay together on the couch, skin against skin. As five o'clock approached I finished my wine and got dressed.

"Meet me out by the car, dear. I'll just be a second," Julia called out from the kitchen.

I gave Brad a kiss and headed for the driveway.

Five minutes had passed and still Julia hadn't come out to the car. I was about to go inside when Brad appeared, her keys in his hand.

"Where's Julia?" I asked. I was hesitant to let Brad see my shabby old house. Compared to the luxurious home he lived in, mine was a dump. I began to panic, and tears started to form in the corners of my eyes.

"She forgot about the potatoes so she asked me to drive you home and back," he said. I'd been leaning on the car while I waited; Brad came up close, pressing his body against mine, his lips against my lips. Then he noticed my trembling, my tears. "What's wrong?"

I pulled away from him, choking up, unable to speak.

"Annie!" he said, reaching for my arm, pulling me close, holding me. "What is it?"

"I'm sorry, I can't..." I leaned my head on his chest and quietly sobbed in his arms.

"Tell me," he said softly. I looked up at him and he kissed me again, first on the lips and then on my tear-stained cheeks.

“It’s my house. It’s awful. I didn’t want you to see it,” I said. He began to smile.

“Don’t be silly. How bad could it be? Come on, let me drive you. You’re gonna be late if we don’t leave now.” He opened the car door. Reluctantly, I got inside. He got in the driver’s side and started the car.

A minute later we were pulling into the driveway of my house, only a quarter-mile away.

“This is it?” Brad asked. My blood froze. I felt so ashamed.

“Yes,” I said meekly, my hands folded in my lap.

“Wow, cool. We used to live in an old Victorian like this,” he said.

“Really?” My shame began to melt.

“Yeah, when I was really young. C’mon. Let’s go in.”

I let him into the house. I began to think that our house wasn’t that bad, not as bad as I’d thought. At least it was clean.

Brad wandered around the place while I talked to Ramon and the boys. They were no less bored than the day before, and the day’s catch hadn’t been so good. Ramon sounded a bit down. He talked about coming back to port in a few days, sooner than he expected. I told him I loved him, and to be safe.

After I’d signed off, I noticed Brad standing in the doorway. He came up behind me and kissed me on the neck.

“Your father?”

“Stepfather,” I said.

“Oh, right. My mom mentioned something about that.”

I wondered how Helen knew that. Did Julia tell her?

“What else do you know?” I asked him, getting up from the chair putting my arms around him.

“That you’re beautiful,” he said, kissing me. I wanted to have him right then, on the floor of the sewing room. I know he wanted it too: the bulge in his jeans said as much. I pressed my crotch against it, feeling his heat through the blue denim.

“We should get back. Julia will have dinner ready soon,” I said, trying to control my lust for this sixteen-year-old blond Adonis. “We’ll have all night.”

He kissed me again and we left the house, driving back to Julia’s.

“That was quick,” she said, opening another bottle of wine, red this time, and greeting me with a kiss on the cheek.

“Didn’t want to miss dinner,” I said, pouring a glass of wine for myself.

“I see,” Julia said, giving me a knowing look. “Help me set the table, dear.”

We ate dinner by candlelight, Julia seated at the head of the table, Brad seated across from me, playing footsie with me and making me giggle and blush.

After dinner, I cleared the table and washed the dishes while Julia took Brad upstairs. She wouldn’t tell me why or for what, just kissing me and saying “Shhh...it’s a surprise.” By the time I had finished cleaning up after dinner, she’d returned, leading me upstairs to her bedroom. On the bed she’d laid out the white satin corset, the gossamer lace panties, and the white lace top stockings. Julia helped me out of my dress and underwear, dressing me in the pretty white lingerie she’d laid out. After I slipped into her white heels she took me by the hand and led me out of her bedroom towards her guest room.

There must have been at least a hundred candles burning in the guest room. Brad was laying naked on the bed, a bed strewn with rose petals from Julia’s garden, white, pink and red.

“Beautiful,” was all Brad said when he saw me. Julia led me to the bed, sitting me down on the edge and leaning down to kiss me.

“Enjoy yourselves,” she said. “If you need anything, just ring this bell.” She gestured to a brass bell on the bedside table, kissed me again and left the room, closing the door behind her.

“She’s a wonderful person,” Brad said. “You’re so lucky to know her.”

“I know,” I said, leaning across his body, seeking his lips with my own. “I’m lucky to know you, too.”

“Annie, there’s something you should know,” he said. My heart froze. Was it a girlfriend?

“What?” I asked, my voice catching in my throat.

“I leave for school in two weeks,” he said. “Boarding school. Deerfield Academy. This might be the only time I see you for months.”

“Then we’ll have to make the most of the time we have,” I said, kissing him again. I laid down next to him and we kissed and caressed each other. As I reached for his hard cock, gently stroking it, I felt his hands between my legs, petting my pussy through the delicate lace panties. His fingers slipped under the legband, parting my lips, and dipping inside my moist snatch.

“You’re very wet,” he whispered.

“And you’re very hard,” I said. “Screw foreplay. I want you in me.” I rolled over on my back, untying the silk ribbons that held the panties to my hips, and spread my legs for him. He kneeled between my thighs and lovingly gazed at me. A pearl of precum on the tip of his cock glistened in the candlelight. He leaned down and kissed me again.

“Take me now,” I said, reaching for his hard penis, gently pulling it closer to my sex, guiding it inside me.

“Annie...” he whispered, kissing me as his cock pressed inside me, filling me. I held his hips as he began to thrust, and we began our horizontal slow dance.

“It feels so good,” I whispered, his hardness filling the tight sheath of my sex. Brad fucked me slowly, his hips turning with a corkscrew motion, just like Del. He began to kiss my shoulders and neck, and I reached down to free my breasts from the corset so he could kiss them, too. I held his head in my hands, running my fingers through his hair as he suckled my nipples.

“Brad, oh Brad...” I began to moan, the steady pace of his thrusting making my pleasure mount. He switched to a cyclical motion, pressing his hardness against the bottom of my slit on the in stroke, grinding his shaft against my clit on the out stroke. I ran my hands down his back, squeezing his buns, urging him to move faster, harder.

Brad clamped his lips on mine, our tongues meeting and melding together as he began to speed up. My pussy was soaking wet, making squishing sounds around his cock as he plunged into me repeatedly. He fucked me masterfully, pulling out until only the tip of his penis remained in me, teasing me, and then pounding me hard, his cock impaling me. I began to come, my moans of pleasure becoming a cry of surrender as Brad pounded my spasming pussy.

Brad grimaced, beads of sweat forming on his forehead, and I thought he was about to come, too, but he didn’t. He reached for my ankles and pulled my legs over his shoulders, placing his hands under my ass, pumping me hard and deep. Every time he banged me his balls slapped against my upturned ass, making a soft “thwack” sound with every stroke.

Brad kept it up for a while, holding my ankles while he plunged deep inside my pussy, bringing me to another intense orgasm that nearly brought tears to my eyes. I wondered if he'd ever come, and I began to feel a soreness down there. I reached down to feel his pistonning shaft; it was nearly dry.

"Brad, come for me, baby," I cooed. I wanted to feel his soothing cream inside me. My expression changed as his cock began to chafe.

"What's wrong?" he asked, seeing my discomfort.

"I'm all fucked out," I whispered. "I'm so sorry."

"That's okay, Annie," he said, pulling his reddened cock out of me and letting my legs fall to the bed. He lay on top of me and kissed me, his hardness pressing against my thigh.

"Take me from behind," I whispered. "I want you in my ass. Let me make you come that way." I looked into his eyes and kissed him. "Please?"

Brad smiled at the thought of fucking my tight hole, kissing me again and squeezing my breasts. I opened the drawer in the bedside table, looking for something to use as a lubricant. There was a bottle of baby oil, and I spread some on my hand and rubbed it into Brad's beautiful cock.

"Now do me," I said, handing him the bottle of oil and rolling over on to my belly. Brad gently probed my bottom, working the oil into my tight sphincter and loosening me with his finger. Then he set the bottle down on the bedside table and kneeled between my legs, the rubbery head of his tool pressing against my anus. I took a deep breath and let it out, relaxing my ass, letting his cock push inside my bottom. He did it slowly, gently, painlessly, sliding his shaft into my ass until his soft pubes tickled my cheeks.

“You’re so tight,” he whispered, nibbling my earlobe as he began to thrust. I pushed my ass against his hips, tightening my sphincter around his hard pole. From the sound of his breathing I could tell he wasn’t going to last very long, and he didn’t. It was barely a dozen strokes before he came, his cock twitching and spurting his cream into my bottom. Brad settled down on my back, sighing contentedly and gently kissing my cheek.

“Stay in me,” I whispered. “Forever.”

“Forever,” he repeated, reaching for my hand, our oily fingers intertwined. I felt so relaxed that I fell asleep with my corset and stockings on, Brad’s cock still plugging my hole.

I woke up in the middle of the night. Brad had rolled over and slipped out of me, most of the candles had burned out. I quietly got out of bed, took off my lingerie and hosiery, and tiptoed into the bathroom for a washcloth. I returned to the guest room and gently cleaned Brad’s flaccid penis, careful not to wake him up. Then I blew out the rest of the candles and got back into bed, slowly placing his arm over my waist, snuggling against him so his cock nestled between my cheeks, and falling asleep again.

“Wake up, children.” Julia gently roused us from our slumber with kisses. She’d brought breakfast on a tray, orange juice, eggs and toast, and coffee, serving us in bed. “It’s going to be a hot one today. Let’s spend it at the beach.”

After breakfast, Brad and I showered together, soaping each other up, and rubbing our lathered bodies together. We didn’t do much more than tease each other; I stroked his soapy cock while he slipped a finger inside me. We rinsed off and dried

each other, put on our swim suits, and went downstairs to meet Julia, who drove us to the beach.

She was right: the day turned out to be a scorcher, and even the onshore breeze didn't give much relief. That I was horny from our shower didn't help either. The beach was crowded and there was no chance of finding a quiet place behind a dune or on the rocks for a quick screw. As Brad rubbed suntan lotion into my back, I wondered if we could do it in the water standing up, or maybe in the back seat of Julia's car. She glanced over at me from time to time, smiling as if she knew what I was thinking.

"Anticipation is delicious, isn't it?" she whispered, seeing the expression on my face as I watched Brad run into the water to cool off, his bathing suit hugging his tight buns.

"If I don't get it soon I'm going to explode," I said, reaching for her hand. She smiled and squeezed it.

When Brad came out of the water, I reapplied his suntan lotion, "accidentally" brushing against his crotch with my hand and feeling him stiffen inside his suit. He blushed and looked around to see if anyone saw his inadvertent boner, getting his revenge by reaching behind my neck and untying my halter bikini top, making my breasts spill out of my suit. I quickly retied it and chased him back into the water, wrestling with him in the surf, which did nothing to make his erection recede.

After lunch, we stayed at the beach for a few more hours, until nearly four o'clock before packing up for the short drive home. The ice cold shower at the beach bathhouse did nothing to cool our ardor, and as we headed back to my place so I could radio Ramon's boat, Brad and I sat together in the back seat of Julia's car, making out like two kids at a drive-in movie.

There was still time before Ramon was due to check in, so I invited Brad and Julia inside for a soft drink. I was in my room changing out of my bikini when Brad sneaked in and came up behind me.

“How about a quick one in your bed,” he whispered, pressing his bulging swim suit against my bare bottom.

““We’ll be back at Julia’s in a little while,” I said, turning around to kiss him.

“I can’t wait,” he said.

“We have to,” I replied. “Julia’s waiting downstairs. Still...” I dropped to my knees and pulled down his bathing suit. His hard member sprung free and I parted my lips, sucking it into my mouth. He groaned as I began to slowly suck him, swirling my tongue over his veiny shaft, feeling a few stray grains of sand on his penis. I kept him on the edge, glancing over at my alarm clock every so often. As five o’clock approached, I released him from my mouth with a loud “slurp” and kissed the tip of his glistening penis. Brad helped me to my feet and kissed me, watching as I got dressed. I put on a short pink sundress over my white cotton panties, and tied my hair up into ponytails.

“Hey, little girl,” Brad said as he grabbed me from behind, his hands reaching under my dress and into my panties, feeling the wetness between my legs.

“Wouldn’t you like a younger sister like me?” I asked, grinding my ass into his crotch.

“Aw, yeah,” he said, his hands reaching for my breasts and cupping them. I hadn’t bothered putting on a bra; I wanted to be accessible for him.

“Not yet,” I said, reaching back to squeeze his hard cock.

“Okay, I can wait,” he said, “But not long.”

Brad went back downstairs to keep Julia company while I raised Ramon on the radio. He seemed to be in a happier mood than the day before, and the fishing had been better, though he still planned on returning on Sunday. We spoke for a while and I signed off, heading back downstairs to join Julia and Brad.

We weren't in Julia's house more than 30 seconds before Brad took me by the hand and nearly dragged me upstairs to the guest room. Within five seconds, he'd peeled off his bathing suit, tossed me on the bed, had my dress off, and was pulling my panties off. As soon as I was totally nude, he dived between my legs and went straight for my pussy, lashing my swollen clit with his tongue. The direct approach.

"Ungh...yessss," I hissed, running my fingers through Brad's thick blond hair. I was as horny as he was, even before I'd sucked him in my bedroom back at my house. I'd been looking forward to this since breakfast. "Fuck me, Brad. Fuck me now."

I'd barely finished my sentence when Brad was on top of me, his lips pressing against mine, his hips already moving even though he hadn't penetrated me yet. I reached for his hard cock, stroking it, pulling it, guiding it into my hungry snatch. He filled me with one quick stroke, pulling out slowly, pushing back in fast.

"I'm gonna come, Annie. I'm gonna come quick," Brad said through clenched teeth. I could tell he was trying hard to hold it back, but I could feel his cock beginning to twitch inside me.

"Go ahead, baby. Let go. Fill me with your cum," I whispered. That sent him over the edge, triggering his climax, and he began to ejaculate inside me. I had a pre-orgasmic shiver as his thrusts slowed to a halt.

"Sorry," he said, sheepishly.

"Don't be," I said, stroking his back. "You made me come so much yesterday." I kissed him and he relaxed in my arms. "Stay inside me," I whispered.

“You’re so cool,” he said.

There was a knock on the door. It was Julia, wearing the gauzy white dress I’d made her. Sunlight through a hallway window silhouetted her, making her look like an angel. She walked into the guest room and sat on the edge of the bed.

“I’m afraid there’s a problem with dinner: the chicken didn’t thaw in time. Let’s go out instead, okay?” She gently stroked my cheek, placing her other hand on the small of Brad’s back.

“That sounds fine,” I said. Brad smiled and nodded.

“You look so sweet together,” she said, gently stroking Brad’s smooth back. “I’ll leave you two alone until dinner.” Julia leaned over and kissed me on the forehead.

“Stay with us,” I said, reaching for her hand. “Join us.”

“I couldn’t...I’d be intruding,” she said.

“Please?” The thought of sharing a bed with his mother’s friend must have appealed to Brad; I could feel him start to harden again, his cock growing inside me.

“We’d like that,” he said. “Stay with us.”

“Well, it would be impolite of me to turn down such a heartfelt invitation,” Julia said. She stood up and pulled the dress over her head, reached back to unclasp her bra, and stepped out of her panties. Then she climbed into bed with us, cradling my shoulders with her arm. She gently cupped my breast and we kissed. I felt Brad’s cock become fully erect as he watched us, and he began to slowly thrust. I was in heaven, with Julia’s soft lips on mine, and Brad’s hard cock inside me.

“Suckle me, sweetie,” Julia said, bringing her nipple to my lips. I licked and sucked it like a baby, and I felt Julia straddle my thigh with her legs, pressing her sex against me, feeling hot and moist against my skin. As Brad slowly fucked me, his

thigh pressed mine against Julia's steamy pussy. I took a hand off of Brad's pumping hips and slipped two fingers into Julia's slit, pressing her swollen clit between them.

As I released Julia's nipple from my mouth, I could see that she had her arm around Brad's waist, holding him while she cradled my shoulders, feeling us move against each other. Her arm moved lower, and as the pace of Brad's rhythm increased, I could tell that she was squeezing his firm ass, urging him to move his hips faster and making his cock penetrate my hungry pussy deeper.

"Fill her with your manhood," she urged him. "Make her come for me."

Her words were hardly necessary, as a day's worth of horniness and deferred pleasure began to flow through my limbs, an electric surge that took my breath away as I came. I had one hand tightly gripping Brad's back, the other buried in Julia's pussy as I climaxed, and I could feel her pressing her sex against my fingers, seeking her own release. She suckled my nipples, trying to keep me atop this plateau of pleasure, trying to make my orgasm last forever.

Brad hadn't come yet, and he kept thrusting inside me, pounding me with a strong, steady rhythm. Julia pulled my hand from her sex and began to suck her juices from my fingers, her legs wrapped around my thigh, humping it as Brad's thrusts pushed it against her cleft. Just as she kissed me, sharing the taste of her pussy that she'd licked from my fingers, she began to moan, her own climax approaching. Her legs tightened around mine, and I could feel her hips start to spasm as she came. I held her trembling body close to mine, seeking her soft lips with my own.

"Let me finish you with my mouth," I said to Brad. Though my pussy hadn't gotten dry like the night before, I was still feeling a bit sore down there. Brad kissed me and slowly pulled out of my sex, sitting down at the foot of the bed, his glistening cock pointing towards the ceiling. I scooted around so my face was in his lap, the tip

of his cock barely an inch from my mouth. As I parted my lips and began to suck him, I felt Julia move between my legs, her long hair grazing my thighs, her lips closing in on my cleft. She began to lick me, drinking the mixture of Brad's semen and my juices, the same flavor that coated the cock in my mouth.

“Suck me, Annie,” Brad whispered as my head bobbed in his lap. As my tongue swirled over his head and shaft, I stroked him with one hand and cupped his balls with the other. Unlike the slow suck I'd given him in my bedroom, I fellated him quickly, urging him to spurt his seed in my mouth rather than keep him on the edge. As I sucked him, Julia's tongue found my clit, dancing over and around it, making me squirm with pleasure as she licked me from behind.

“I'm coming, Annie. I'm com...” Brad hadn't even finished the sentence when the head of his cock flared, his balls began to twitch, and he erupted in my mouth, filling it with his thick, sweet cum. Even though he'd come before, he seemed to spurt for a while before tapering off to a trickle of semen. I milked him with my lips, my hands gently squeezing his balls, until he was empty, his cock softening in my mouth. I released him from my mouth and rolled over, giving Julia free access to my swollen clit. She smiled at me, reaching up to smear away a drop of sperm that lingered on the corner of my mouth, returning to my pussy after licking her finger.

“Thanks,” he said, holding me in his arms, my head in his lap. I looked up at him and smiled as he leaned over to give me an upside-down kiss. As Julia ravished me with her tongue, Brad gently cupped my breasts, fingering my nipples with his fingers. It wasn't long before Julia began to bring me off, her skilled tongue and probing fingers sending me into a delirious climax, making my whole body tremble with delight. She kissed me afterwards, letting me taste the nectar she found so intoxicating, the flavor of my own young pussy.

We relaxed together for a while, Brad and Julia sandwiching me between them, their hands running all over my body, caressing me. It was a heavenly feeling to be trapped between my lust for Brad and my love for Julia and not having to decide between them, to be able to share tenderness and pleasure with both.

We dressed and went out for dinner by the waterfront, taking a walk through town afterwards. Brad and I held hands as we strolled through the square, Julia walking a few steps behind us. It was a warm, humid night and she treated us to ice cream before we returned to her house.

Once we were back home, Julia poured us some wine and Brad lit a joint. We shed our clothes, and though it would have been cooler in the garden, the mosquitoes kept us indoors. Instead, we stayed in the living room, Brad and I sitting on either side of Julia on her couch, passing the joint back and forth as we sipped our wine.

“Let’s get Brad upstairs and tie him to the bed,” I whispered in Julia’s ear. She gave me a mischievous grin and nodded.

“What are you two whispering about?” Brad asked. Instead of answering him, we each took an arm and dragged him upstairs to Julia’s bedroom. He made a half-hearted attempt to struggle, but didn’t try to break free. While I pinned him to the bed, Julia dug the restraints from the steamer trunk.

“Hey! What are you...?” he yelled when he saw the leather cuffs. I cut off his protests with an aggressive kiss, seeking his tongue with my own. His cock began to rise to the occasion as Julia attached the restraints to his wrists and ankles, tightly chaining them to the bedposts.

“You’re our prisoner, Brad. Isn’t that right, Julia?”

“Yes, Annie. And we’re going to torture you. But I think you’ll like it,” she said. As Brad struggled against the bonds, Julia and I held each other and kissed. We

stood next to the bed so Brad could watch us grope each other, our thighs intertwined, our lips locked together.

“Fuck! Let me go!” Brad rattled the chains but they held him fast.

“Let’s go back downstairs and finish our wine, dear,” Julia said.

“Good idea.” We left Brad alone in the bedroom while we went downstairs and discussed a plan of action, returning in a few minutes with the wine, a joint, and a bucket of ice.

“Here, put this on him,” Julia said, handing me the blindfold. I slipped it over Brad’s head and lowered it over his eyes. Then I gave him a kiss, softer and gentler this time.

“Relax, baby. We won’t hurt you,” I whispered. “You’ll love this.”

Brad smiled weakly, even though he wasn’t too pleased at being forced into a passive role. Still, he stayed erect.

We started with the feather, teasing his nipples, tickling his taut stomach, running it over his thighs and his swollen shaft. He struggled against the chains when we tickled him, but soon he relaxed and submitted to the teasing feather. As a reward, I took the head of his cock in my mouth and gently sucked the tip, making him gasp in surprise.

Brad was perspiring from his struggles, so the ice was next. I made him gasp again when I touched his nipple with a cube and followed this by sucking the watery melt from his skin. I slowly drew the ice cube down his body, circling his navel, inching closer to his manhood, but avoiding it, running the ice over his thighs instead.

I handed the feather to Julia, who used it to tease him while I slipped her antique vibrator over the back of my hand. She surprised me by taking Brad’s cock in

her mouth as she teased his balls with the feather, making him groan and pull against the chains.

I turned the vibrator on, making my whole hand tingle and hum, dipping a finger into my sex and sending a shiver through my whole body. Julia got up from the bed and we kissed again, our breasts pressed against each other, nipples rubbing together. I ran my vibrating hand down her back to the top of her cleft, feeling her shudder with pleasure in my arms as I cupped her bottom and probed between her cheeks. We embraced for a moment before turning our attention back to Brad.

There was a puzzled expression on his face from the unfamiliar sound of the old electric vibrator. His expression changed when I grazed his nipple with my fingertip, and his body went taut as a chill ran down his spine. I sat on the bed next to him and leaned over to kiss him as my hand moved down his belly, edging slowly towards his crotch.

“Ungh...yes...” he grunted when I cupped his balls. I stroked his shaft with my vibrating hand, making a drop of precum appear at the tip. Julia was quick to lap this up, leaning over the bed to kiss me and share the taste of his young cream. As I returned my hand to his balls, she took his cock in her mouth and slowly sucked him, swirling her tongue over his hard shaft, making his hips buck as she lovingly fellated him.

There was a tube of lubricant on the bedside table, and I got up from the bed to apply some to my finger. As Julia kept sucking Brad’s hard cock, I slipped my finger into my own ass, feeling the vibrations travel up my spine and throughout my body. It felt delicious. I applied more lubricant and sat down on the bed again. Julia paused her sucking for a moment so I could lift Brad’s balls and probe the crack of his ass. When

I had found his tight hole, I slipped my greasy finger inside it and turned the vibrator up to its highest setting.

“Hey, what are you...?” Brad arched his back and rocked his hips from side to side as he felt my finger invading him, but the vibrations in his ass and Julia’s tongue on his cock got the best of him. He began to gasp and moan, his chest heaving as his breathing grew heavier, his beautiful face contorted into a grimace of pleasure. I wormed my finger deeper, feeling his ass contract around it as I pushed past the tight ring of muscle.

“Mmmph!” Julia got a mouthful of cum but kept her lips clamped tightly around his spasming organ. Semen began to spill from the corners of her mouth and she had to let go of him as she swallowed his seed. His cock kept pumping out a nearly clear stream of sperm, covering his belly and dripping down his sides. I leaned over to take his twitching cock in my mouth, keeping my finger in his ass as I sucked him. The stream of cum kept flowing, with no sign of letting up.

“I think you hit his prostate, Annie,” Julia said, wiping Brad’s semen from her chin with a tissue. “Do you feel something the size of a pea in there?”

I answered with a nod as Brad kept filling my mouth with his cream. When I pressed against the pea-sized nodule he began to spurt harder, though his offering began to grow thin. When I pulled my finger from his ass, the flow stopped, only to start again when I reinserted it, making Brad grunt and moan even harder than before.

“Stop, stop, please stop,” he pleaded. I pulled my finger out of him and released him from my mouth even though he was still hard.

“Too much?” I asked him, switching off the vibrator and unstrapping it from my hand. I straddled his hips, pressing my pussy against his cock.

“I’ve never felt anything like that in my life,” he said, his voice hoarse.

“Let’s see if you have anything left for me,” I said, guiding his cock inside me and settling down on it. As I caressed his shaft with my pussy, I leaned over and kissed him, the pool of semen covering his belly and chest gluing us together.

I hadn’t even noticed that Julia strapped the vibrator to her hand and lubricated her finger, and I jumped in surprise when she slipped her greasy digit into my bottom and switched on the vibrator, making Brad’s cock slip out of me. I felt her guide him back inside me as her oscillating finger slipped deeper in my ass, giving me a taste of what Brad had felt. My pussy tightened around his pole as my whole body seemed to vibrate, a sensation that made me unable to move for a moment. Brad started to rock his hips, thrusting inside me as best as he could, considering he was still tied hand and foot.

Just as I began to come, Julia slipped her finger out of my bottom and into Brad’s ass, making his cock vibrate inside me. She must have found his prostate because he gasped, his cock twitching and spraying a steady stream of semen inside my pussy. The sudden flood of warmth pushed me over the edge, and I began to gyrate my hips as I climaxed, tensing and releasing my cunny around his hardness.

Brad’s head tilted back, his mouth open in a silent moan as he finally climaxed, though I was making enough noise for both of us, bucking and thrashing on top of him as I rode his spurting cock, mewling like a cat in heat. When Julia finally switched off the vibrator, I collapsed on top of Brad’s chest, exhausted, a veritable river of semen leaking around his softening tool. It took all my effort to pull the blindfold off his face and kiss him. Brad looked drained, as if he’d run a marathon, and when Julia untied him he hardly had the strength to put his arms around me.

“You two are a mess,” Julia said, sitting next to us on the bed and stroking my back. “I’ll draw a nice hot bath. The tub’s big enough for both of you.” She leaned over and kissed us both before heading off to the bathroom.

“That was incredible,” Brad whispered. His cock had softened and it slipped out of me, followed by a stream of his cum that washed over his balls and pooled on the sheets. I didn’t reply; instead, I kissed him again and again.

Brad’s knees were weak, his legs rubbery, so Julia and I had to help him into the bath, just as she had on the night she tied me up. I got into the bathtub with him, sitting across from him and gently scrubbing the semen from his chest and belly with a washcloth. Julia brought us some wine, a glass of ice water for Brad, and lit the joint as she knelt next to the tub and helped me wash him.

“My bedroom smells like a sperm bank,” Julia said, “and my sheets are soaked.”

“Sleep with us tonight,” I said. “I think Brad’s done for the night.” He was half asleep, lulled by the warm water, the pot, and the gentle touch of our hands. We had to wake him up to get him out of the tub and dry him off, taking him by the arm and steering him into the guest room. As soon as his head hit the pillow, he was out like a light. Julia and I got into bed and held each other while he softly snored.

“Thanks, Julia. For everything,” I whispered.

“My pleasure, Annie. I love to see you happy.” She hugged me and we kissed while Brad slept next to us. I felt compelled to show her my gratitude, gently rolling her on her back and bathing her neck and shoulders with kisses.

“Don’t wake him up,” she whispered as my kisses travelled down her body.

“He’s fast asleep. I don’t think a bomb could wake him,” I said, parting her thighs. Julia smiled and settled back on the bed as I parted her flower with my tongue,

teasing her pearly clit to life, making love to her slowly, gently. Other than a soft gasp, she barely made a sound when she came. I lingered between her quivering thighs, drinking her fragrant juices and tenderly kissing her sex before returning to her embrace.

As we lay together in each other's arms, I felt Brad roll over behind me and drape his arm around my waist. He was still asleep, and soon I was, too.

The sound of rain on the window woke me up. I looked over at Julia and Brad; they were still asleep. I slowly crawled from under Julia's arm, and woke Brad with a kiss.

“Shhh,” I said, touching my fingertip to his lips. “Come with me.”

We headed to the bathroom together, and I held Brad's cock while he peed. It took a while, as he kept getting hard and I didn't help matters by stroking him.

“Your turn,” he said after he flushed the toilet. I sat down to pee and Brad stood in front of me, his hardness pointing straight in my face.

“Just a sec,” I said, blotting a drop of urine from the tip of his cock. I leaned forward and took him in my mouth, slowly sucking him as I emptied my bladder. I remembered one of those magazines Luci had, a German one that showed men and women pissing on each other. The thought still disgusted me, but what we'd just done had a nastiness that aroused me. It was such an intimate act, and one that I'd never dreamed of sharing.

Brad turned on the shower and stepped inside while I put my diaphragm back in and then I joined him. Unlike the day before, we didn't stop at teasing each other: Brad fucked me from behind while he kneaded my soapy breasts, making me come buckets and then filling me with his hot cream. Afterwards, I let him wash my pussy

while I cleaned our juices off his penis. We rinsed off, dried each other, and checked in on Julia. She was still asleep.

“Go strip the sheets off her bed while I start breakfast,” I said. Brad kissed me and headed for her bedroom while I went downstairs to the kitchen. I put on a pot of coffee and made toast and scrambled eggs.

“What do you want to do with these?” Brad asked, holding the sheets we’d stained the night before. I had him keep an eye on the stove while I went down to the basement and threw them in the washer. When I returned to the kitchen, Brad had the toast buttered and poured a glass of orange juice. After the eggs were done, I placed everything on a tray and had Brad carry it up to the guest room.

Julia was still asleep, so I woke her the same way I woke Brad, with a gentle kiss.

“Annie?” she murmured. “What’s that?”

“Breakfast in bed, m’lady,” Brad said, bringing over the tray.

“For you, Julia. Today’s your day,” I said.

“How sweet of you,” she said, hugging me. “Too bad you can’t stop the rain.”

“I’ll try to think of something,” I said, giving her a kiss. “Now, enjoy your breakfast. We’ll be back up in a while.”

I cooked breakfast for Brad and myself, all the while pretending that I was his wife. I knew it was a corny little fantasy, but I was thirteen and I’d had more sexual experience than most women twice my age, so I dreamed of this sort of cozy domesticity all the time.

“Go get Julia’s tray while I clean up,” I said after we’d finished breakfast. Brad kissed me on the cheek and headed upstairs while I cleared the table and started washing our breakfast dishes.

Ten minutes later he still hadn't returned. I went down to the basement to throw the sheets in the dryer and headed upstairs to the guest room.

Brad was in bed, laying on his back, and Julia was kneeling between his legs, his hard cock in her mouth, greedily sucking it. I stood in the doorway and watched them for a while before they noticed me. Julia looked up, an expression of surprise on her face.

"Annie. I'm...I'm so sorry..." she stammered. I walked to the bed and sat next to them.

"Don't be," I said, leaning down and kissing her. I could taste his precum on her lips. "I'm not jealous. Keep going. I want to watch."

Julia smiled and kissed me. Brad looked like he couldn't be happier as she took his cock back in her mouth and began to ravish his tool. I leaned over to kiss him, feeling his hands reach for my breasts, cupping them, his fingers dancing over my nipples.

"Is she good?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said, groaning as her head bobbed between his legs. "It feels so..." Brad gasped and his hips rose off the bed. I could tell he was coming, filling Julia's mouth with his seed. I heard her swallowing his semen, milking him dry with her mouth.

"Bring the dishes downstairs," I said to him. "I'll wash them later. Then come back and join us."

"Okay," he said, kissing me and taking the tray downstairs.

"You liked that, didn't you," I said to Julia, getting a cum kiss in return.

"It took so long for Thomas to persuade me to suck him," she said. "I was such a prude when we married. Can you believe that I was a virgin until our honeymoon?"

“No!” I couldn’t believe it. I’d lost my virginity to that vibrator Luci’s mother owned, a toy I still had. Del had taken what was left. I couldn’t imagine not losing it until I was in my twenties.

“Yes. It’s true. It hurt so much that first time,” she said. “I thought I’d have to go to the hospital, and I cried so much. There wasn’t a lot of blood, but nobody ever told me what to expect.”

“Oh, Julia,” I said, holding her in my arms and kissing her.

“Don’t feel sorry for me, dear. The next night it was better, and the night after that was pure ecstasy. I woke up the couple in the suite next door with my cries of passion.” Julia’s eyes shined as she recounted her honeymoon on Cape Cod.

“Tell me more,” I said.

“Thomas was circumcised. He was Jewish, you know, and it looked so strange when I first saw him in the nude. I’d seen my brother’s penis when I was younger, so I expected this little thing in a ‘coat’. It was quite a surprise.”

“Was he big?” I asked.

“Not huge. Above average, I suppose,” she said. “But the head was nice and thick. It felt so good going inside me.” Julia blushed slightly as she remembered this long-lost detail.

“You don’t mind talking about this?”

“Not at all,” she said, gently kissing me.

“Would you want Brad...?”

“I’m tempted,” she said, staring off in the distance. “He does remind me of...no, I shouldn’t. I made a promise to myself.”

“I understand,” I said. “But I’d love to see...”

“I know, dear. But I’ll content myself with the vicarious thrill of watching him take you,” she said.

Brad returned from downstairs, climbing into bed to join us. He held me from behind and I could feel his cock begin to stir as he nestled it between my cheeks. As Julia and I kissed, he held us both, his hands roaming over our bodies, his hardness returning. I felt Julia’s fingertips grazing my sex, parting my labia and teasing my clit.

“You’re very wet,” she whispered. “Lay between my legs. I want to hold you while he takes you.”

I moved between Julia’s legs and she positioned me so that my tailbone pressed against her sex. While she cupped and fondled my breasts, Brad knelt next to me, offering his penis for me to suck. When he was glistening and hard, he kneeled between my legs and I guided him inside me. As he began to thrust, I felt Julia pressing her sex against me, her hips moving in time with Brad’s as if they were fucking by proxy with my body sandwiched between them.

Brad leaned over and kissed me, his tongue finding mine as Julia ran her fingers through his hair. The three of us moved as one, Brad’s tool slowly pistonning in my pussy, Julia’s sex feeling warm and moist against my back. I loved the way her legs pressed against me, holding me in place as Brad began to thrust faster. She licked her fingers and found my nipples, rolling them between her slippery fingers, making me gasp when she lightly pinched them.

“Fuck her, Brad. Fuck her hard. Make her come for me, baby,” she cooed. Her words spurred him on, and he pumped my hungry snatch harder. I ran my hands over his smooth back, feeling his muscles dance beneath his skin, feeling his pounding cock inside me. My pleasure began to rise as Julia fondled my breasts, and I could hear her start to moan as Brad’s thrusting pressed my tailbone against her clit.

Julia's breasts heaved against my back, her pebbly nipples pressing into my skin, her thighs beginning to quiver as they clamped around me. I could feel her moaning through my skin, and I began to join her, singing a duet of pleasure as Brad pumped my pussy.

"Make her come, Brad. Make her scream," she urged, squeezing my breasts and holding me tighter, her own orgasm rising from her cleft. I grabbed Brad's cheeks, trying to take him deeper, as if I could make him fuck through me and into Julia. He groaned and pounded me harder, his cock beginning to twitch inside me. As Julia began to gasp and shudder behind me I felt my climax approaching, making my whole body vibrate.

Julia came first, her thighs quivering and pressing against me, her pussy hot and wet against my back. She cupped my breasts in her trembling hands, burying her face in my hair to muffle her cries of pleasure. This triggered my own orgasm, my violent convulsions threatening to collapse the bed. My pussy spasmed around Brad's pumping tool, squeezing it, bringing forth an eruption of sperm as he came. Brad's thrusts began to slow as he spurted his seed inside me, and he collapsed on top of me, nearly knocking the wind out of Julia.

"Am I too heavy for you?" he asked her.

"No, you're fine," she said, caressing his back.

"Stay in me," I whispered, holding his hips as he started to pull out. I liked being the filling in this flesh sandwich, and I wanted to stay between them forever. I squeezed Brad's cock with my cunny, getting a final dribble of sperm as a reward.

"Is this what 'vicarious thrill' means?" I asked Julia.

"Yes, dear," she said, kissing the top of my head. Brad chuckled, making his cock twitch and nearly slip out of me, but I clamped down on it, feeling it start to stir.

I wanted to get him hard again, but Julia had to go to the bathroom, and all the weight pressing on her bladder added an urgency to the situation. Brad climbed off me, pulling his half-hard cock from my snatch, leaving me feeling empty inside. I got up from the bed, letting Julia sprint to the bathroom, and put on a pair of cotton panties to absorb the semen that was oozing from my pussy. I'd have taken Brad again, but we had all day and all night, and I decided that I shouldn't wear him out too soon.

We went downstairs and he helped me do the dishes. As Julia showered, we put fresh sheets on her bed and then went back downstairs, sitting together in the living room, watching the rain. A few minutes later, Julia joined us, wrapped in a comfortable terry-cloth robe.

“Bored already?” she asked.

“Not really,” I said.

“Just resting up between rounds,” Brad added, squeezing my thigh.

“I see,” Julia said. “How’s your sister, Brad?”

“Carrie’s fine,” he said. “She’ll be back from Europe in a couple of weeks. I’ll be at school by then, so I won’t see her until Thanksgiving.”

“Ever fool around with her?” I asked.

“You ever fool around with your brothers?” he countered.

“I asked you first,” I said. Brad started to blush.

“Yeah, we did.” His cock stirred as the memories came back.

“Tell me,” I said, eager to hear about it.

“You tell me: did you ever fool around with your brothers?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Both of them?”

“Yes.”

“At the same time?”

“Yes,” I said. Now it was my turn to blush.

“Cool. Tell me,” he said.

“You first.”

“Okay,” he said, hesitating. “When I was really young, my sister caught me.”

“How young? Caught you doing what?” I asked.

“I was ten, she was twelve, and she caught me jerking off in the bathroom.”

“So? That doesn’t seem so bad,” I said. Del and Paco used to jerk off every night in the bedroom we shared back in Florida. It didn’t seem like such a shameful act.

“We shared a bathroom, and when she caught me I was using a pair of her panties I’d dug out of the hamper to do it,” he said, blushing beet red. Julia and I started laughing hysterically, and I couldn’t get the image of a preteen Brad rubbing his stiffy in his sister’s cotton panties out of my mind.

“I’m sorry for laughing, Brad. That’s just too funny,” I said.

“So, what happened next?” Julia asked, leaning forward in her seat. I was eager to know as well. But before Brad could continue, I skinned off my panties and wrapped them around his penis, stroking him with the soft cotton.

“Feel familiar? I asked, making Julia laugh and Brad blush again. Even though he was embarrassed, he began to grow hard in my hand.

“That feels good,” he said, putting his arm around me. “Anyway, she took the panties from me and threw them back in the hamper, and she brought me into her room and had me take off the rest of my clothes.”

“You weren’t wearing pants?” I asked.

“No, just shoes and a shirt. Anyway, I’m naked on her bed and she starts to dress me up.”

“In her clothes?” I asked, stroking him faster.

“Yeah.”

“What did she make you wear, dear?” Julia asked.

“An old dress of hers,” he said.

“That’s all?” I asked. “No panties?”

“Yes, panties, too.” Brad gasped as I tightened my grip on his penis, sliding my panties along his shaft.

“And a bra, dear?” Julia asked. She’d shed her robe and sat on the couch next to Brad, placing her hand on his thigh.

“One of her old training bras,” he said through clenched teeth.

“Then what happened?” I asked.

“She began to rub me through the panties. They felt so soft, so good. And then...”

“And then?” I knelt between his thighs and began to stroke him faster, cupping his balls with my other hand.

“She pulled them down and started sucking me,” he said. Suddenly he groaned, his cock twitched in my hand, and he began to spurt his hot cum in my panties. Brad relaxed against the back of the couch, and I unwrapped the panties from his softening cock, leaning down to clean his sticky penis with my tongue. The panties were soaked with his semen, but I put them back on and sat in his lap.

“Did she do that often?” I asked.

“Almost every day until I was twelve. Then I started boarding school.”

I looked at Julia, getting a knowing smile and a nod in return.

“Come,” I said, getting up from Brad’s lap and holding out my hand.

“You’re not going to tie me up again, are you?” he asked, slowly getting up off the couch.

“No, dear,” Julia said. “We’re going to play dress-up.”

“No way,” he said, digging his heels into the living room rug.

“Come on,” I pleaded, “It’ll be fun.”

“No fucking way,” he repeated. “And you haven’t told me about your brothers.”

“I’ll tell you if you let us dress you up,” I said. “I promise.”

Brad relented, letting us take him upstairs. Instead of going straight to Julia’s bedroom, we steered him into the bathroom. I started to fill the bathtub with warm water while Julia put a fresh blade in her razor.

“What are you doing with that?” Brad shouted.

“Relax, baby. We just want your skin to be nice and smooth,” I said.

“It’s not going to grow back in time for school!” he protested.

“Your body hair is so sparse and blond that no one will notice,” Julia said.

Brad resigned himself to his fate, letting us bathe him and shave his legs, his underarms, and even his crotch and the downy hairs around his nipples. By the time we’d finished shaving him, drying him off, and moisturizing his skin, he was erect and throbbing.

While Julia took Brad into her bedroom, I went into the guest room and stripped off the cum-soaked cotton panties I’d been wearing, changing into a lacy white bra and panty set that Julia had bought me. After I’d wrapped the garter belt around my waist and fastened the tabs to a pair of sheer white stockings, I joined them.

Julia had sat Brad down at her makeup table and was brushing out his shoulder-length blond hair.

“You have such wonderfully delicate features,” she said. “You’re going to look just like your sister.”

“What do you think, Julia?” I asked, rummaging through her underwear drawer and holding up a pair of pink satin briefs.

“They’ll look lovely on him, Annie. There’s a matching bra somewhere in there.”

Brad sat quietly as Julia did his face, applying just enough makeup to transform him into a pretty young woman without making him look like a slut. I helped him into the pretty pink panties and bra, brushing against his satin-clad cock, feeling it grow inside the briefs. Julia shrugged off her robe and donned a black lace bra and matching panties, and helped me stuff nylons in Brad’s bra, giving him a simulated b-cup.

“It’s almost too pretty to hide under a dress,” she said after we’d rolled stockings up his legs and fastened them to his garter belt. The only problem was that his feet were too big for any of Julia’s heels, but we weren’t going anywhere on this rainy day, except to bed.

“How does that feel?” I asked him as I ran my hands over his stocking clad thighs.

“It feels...weird,” he said. He was still hard inside his panties, and there was a small spot of wetness on the shiny satin from his precum.

“Good weird or bad weird?” I asked, pulling down the waistband of his panties, freeing his cock, and stroking it.

“Good weird,” he said.

I sat him down on the bed and knelt between his legs, guiding his hardness into my mouth, making him gasp as I slowly sucked it. Julia sat next to him and ran her hands over his smooth skin, leaning over to press her lips against his, smearing the lipstick she'd just applied on him.

"Help me with this," I asked Julia. She kneeled next to me and helped me pull Brad's panties down a bit further, revealing his freshly shaved balls. While she licked and sucked his veiny shaft, I took his soft sac in my mouth, gently tonguing it.

"Ungh! Don't stop...don't stop," he said when I looked up to see if he was enjoying this. Julia and I took turns with his cock and balls, swapping his glistening shaft between our mouths. I was swirling my tongue over his glans and Julia was sucking his nuts when he groaned and erupted in my mouth, his sweet cum sliding down my throat as he shuddered. After I released him from my lips, Julia and I kissed, swapping the remnants of his offering from tongue to tongue. Brad sat up and watched us, gently grazing the back of my neck with his fingertips, making me shiver.

"You promised to tell me about you and your brothers," he said, leaning over to kiss us both.

"Okay," I said. "Let's get lunch started and I'll tell you."

Julia and I helped Brad up from the bed, pulling his panties back up over his flaccid cock. I gave him a playful slap on the fanny as we went back downstairs for lunch.

"Okay, so what about your brothers?" he asked, picking at his salad.

"Well, it started when my best friend found some porno magazines in her mother's closet," I said. I began to recount my earliest experiences with Luci, the magazines, the vibrator, the marriage manual her mother had, the first time we'd kissed.

“What’s that got to do with...?” Brad asked.

“I’m getting to that,” I said. I explained how I’d shown the magazines to Del and Paco, how they’d jerk off every night in bed, and the time I had Del translate the captions in the Spanish language one.

“You shared a room with them?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied. I continued my story, recalling the first time we’d touched each other, the time Luci licked Paco’s stiffy, the first time I’d sucked them, all the things Luci and I did together, and the gifts she’d given me when she moved away: the marriage manual and the sex toys her mother had thrown out. My voice wavered as I recalled that last part and a lump began to form in my throat.

“You still miss her, don’t you,” Julia said, reaching for my hand. I’d told her most of these things, but never in such great detail.

“Yes, I do,” I said. “Tina, too.”

“Who’s Tina?” Brad asked.

“I’m getting to that,” I said.

I told them about the hole in the closet, how we’d watched our parents make love, and the first time my brothers had fucked me. Brad and Julia listened quietly as I talked about Tina and how we’d almost been caught on her bed. After I recalled how she and I would fool around with my brothers, my voice caught in my throat again.

“That’s when my mother was killed,” I said, swallowing hard.

“I’m sorry,” Brad said. He leaned across the table and kissed away the tear that fell from the corner of my eye. Julia squeezed my hand again and I continued.

“Then I started to go to my papi’s room at night and crawl into bed with him,” I said. “He was so sad after my mother died. I wanted to make him feel better.”

“Your stepfather?” Brad asked, “Did you...?”

“Not at first. I’d suck him and then go back to my room and get into bed with Del and Paco. It wasn’t until late last year, after I turned thirteen.”

“Wow,” he said. “I’ve seen my parents do it dozens of times, all those parties, you know? I never thought about...”

“I bet you think I’m a real slut,” I said.

“No,” he replied, reaching for my hand.

“Annie is an angel of mercy,” Julia said, softly.

I sat quietly at the table, holding both their hands, listening to the pouring rain.

“Why don’t you two go upstairs. I’ll take care of the dishes,” Julia said, breaking the silence. Brad got up and took me by the hand, leading me up the stairs.

“Help me wash this stuff off,” he said, heading for the bathroom. We scrubbed the makeup off his face and I helped him out of the pink lingerie he’d been wearing. We headed for the guest room and Brad gently laid me on the bed and kissed me.

“What a weird life you’ve had,” he whispered.

“I know. I wonder what a normal life is sometimes,” I said, unhooking my bra so Brad could kiss and fondle my breasts.

“I couldn’t tell you,” he said, making me laugh for the first time since before lunch. I put my arms around him and held him, running my hands over his smooth skin.

“I wish you didn’t have to leave,” I whispered.

“Me neither. It’d be cool to have you as a neighbor or something.”

“Or a sister?” I said, laughing.

“Yeah,” he replied, “That would be nice.” He began to suckle my breasts, his hands roaming over my body, caressing my thighs, brushing against the crotch of my panties. He tugged at them, pulling them down over my thighs and off my legs,

exposing my sex. Brad laid on top of me, his hardness pressing against my cleft, and I wrapped my stocking-clad legs around him, pulling him closer.

“Do me slowly,” I whispered, reaching down to press the tip of his cock against my wet slit. He slipped inside me easily, making me gasp as his hard tool slowly wormed its way into my pussy. I held his hips, trying to keep his thrusts from speeding up. He controlled himself well, plunging into me with slow, even strokes, planting a bouquet of kisses on my neck and shoulders as he fucked me. I looked up at him, seeing affection in his eyes as he pressed his lips against mine.

“So beautiful,” he whispered. I pulled him closer, seeking his lips again. The kiss lit a fire within me, a kernel of pleasure that started between my legs and radiated outward, making my toes curl and my fingers tingle. I let go of his hips, allowing him to pick up the pace of his strokes ever so slightly, making that kernel of pleasure expand until it took over all of my senses. I felt nothing and everything, as if the bed had disappeared from under me and the rain had stopped and nothing in the world was left but my pussy and Brad’s veiny shaft pumping in and out.

As I began to convulse under him, Brad began to pound me faster, seeking his own release, to join me in my ecstasy. I wrapped my legs around him tighter, my heels digging into his thighs, urging him to possess me completely, totally. I began to take short, shallow breaths, growing dizzy and lightheaded as my climax washed over me, nearly passing out from the intensity.

Brad’s strokes matched the rhythm of my breathing, his hardness pounding my spasming pussy with quick, even thrusts. Suddenly he lurched deep inside me, his cock twitching and pulsing as he came, filling my slit with his hot semen. A sensation of warmth spread through my whole body and I relaxed, letting the world, the bed, the rain flood back into my senses.

“Ow,” Brad said when I squeezed his cock with my cunny.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Feels sore,” he said. “I think it’s my turn to be all fucked out.”

“Poor baby,” I cooed, kissing him again. “I’ll let you rest for a while.” He slowly pulled out of me, and lay next to me, gathering me in his arms and holding me from behind. We nestled like spoons and fell asleep, lulled by the sound of the falling rain.

“Wake up, Annie.” Julia sat on the edge of the bed and kissed me again. “It’s almost five.”

I sat up in bed. The rain had stopped and the sun had come out, golden rays piercing the dark clouds.

“I don’t have to check in with Ramon,” I said, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. “They’ll be back tomorrow.”

“Oh, good,” she said. “Do you want to nap some more?”

I shook my head and looked over at Brad, still asleep next to me. I wanted to make the most of the time we had left together.

“Okay, I’m going to start dinner,” Julia said, kissing me again and walking out of the room. I looked over at Brad again, sound asleep on his back, his flaccid penis laying across his thigh. I crawled around on the bed and lowered my face into his lap, sucking the head of his cock into my mouth. He stirred but didn’t wake up as his flesh hardened between my lips. I sucked him quietly, gently, mindful of the soreness that followed our last coupling.

“Annie,” he whispered, his hand caressing my cheek as I looked up at him. I tried to smile with a mouthful of meat, making him laugh as he began to wake up.

“Still sore?” I asked, pulling his cock from my lips.

“Just a bit,” he said.

“I’ll be gentle, then,” I said, straddling his hips and guiding his glistening pole inside me. I settled down on it and lay on top of him, seeking his lips with my own, slowly grinding my hips against his. Brad cupped my breasts while we kissed, his fingers circling my areolas and making my nipples emerge. His hands roamed over my body as we slowly coupled, down my back, cupping my bottom, caressing my thighs, and coming to rest on my hips. He slipped his fingers under my lacy garter belt, regulating my movements as I humped his stiff prick.

“Slow down, Annie,” he whispered. “Make it last.”

I kissed him again and let him guide my hips up and down on his pole, even though I was on top. Though I wanted to feel him pound me fast and hard, forcing myself to keep to a slow, steady pace created a delicious tension. I swivelled my hips, stirring my pussy with his cock like a wooden spoon in a saucepan, feeling every vein and ridge in his shaft as it glided in and out of my slit.

Brad bucked his hips up off the bed, plunging his cock deep inside me and making me gasp. He squeezed my bottom as he began to take control of our movements, and the tension I’d felt melted into a wave of pleasure that coursed through my veins. I closed my eyes to savor this feeling and felt Brad’s lips on my breast, his tongue flicking over my engorged nipple. My climax began to build, finally breaking like an ocean wave when I felt him probing my bottom with his finger. As I began to convulse on top of him, he released my nipple from my mouth, planting a hard kiss on my neck as I shuddered against his chest.

Brad's finger pushed deeper inside my bottom, making my pussy tighten around his cock, extending the length of my orgasm. I felt him start to twitch inside me, but he didn't come; he just kept rocking his hips back and forth.

"Come for me," I whispered.

"I don't know if I can," he said.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm a bit numb," he replied. "It happens sometimes."

"Should I finish you with my mouth?"

"I don't know if that'll do it."

"What about my ass?" I asked.

"We could try," he said.

I pulled myself off of his pole, and it popped out of me with a squishing sound. I'd gotten really wet while we were fucking, and his cock was glistening with my juices. I positioned myself on my hands and knees, presenting my ass to Brad while he kneeled behind me on the bed.

"Lube?" he asked.

"Just do it," I said. "I want you in my ass."

I expected to feel his cock press against my tight hole, but I felt something softer and wetter: Brad was licking me first, his tongue probing my bottom, moistening me for his spear. I gasped as an orgasmic aftershock passed through my body, having barely come down from my climax. Reaching under my belly, I rubbed my swollen clit as Brad pressed the tip of his cock against my anus.

"Ready?" he asked. I nodded, feeling his hardness penetrate my tight little hole. He pushed inside me slowly, mindful of any sign of discomfort. Despite the lack of

lubricant, it felt wonderful as his cock impaled me, and I pushed back against his hips, eager to feel his manhood fill my bottom.

It felt exquisite, a delightful friction as his firm penis wormed into my ass. Brad held me by the waist, working his cock in and out of my bottom with slow, steady strokes. I clenched my muscle against his tool, trying to augment his pleasure, wanting to feel him come inside me. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Julia standing in the open doorway, watching as Brad took me from behind.

“You look a little dry, sweetie,” she said, walking over to the bed. “Should I get some oil?”

“A little bit might feel good,” I said, wiggling my bottom as Brad impaled me with his cock. Julia reached into the bedside drawer and pulled out a bottle of baby oil, squirting some on Brad’s pistonning tool. The friction diminished somewhat, but not the pleasure as Brad’s cock began to slide inside me easier. Julia sat on the bed next to us and poured some oil on her palm, reaching beneath me to massage my breasts and belly. Between her caresses and Brad’s cock in my bottom, I began to come again, my moans rising to a crescendo as Julia’s oily fingers found my swollen clitty.

I looked over my shoulder and saw that Julia was caressing Brad as well, cupping his buns as they tensed and relaxed with his thrusts. She must have done something -- I couldn’t see what -- because all of a sudden Brad gasped, let out a little grunt, and his cock began to twitch and spurt inside me. I pushed back against his hips one last time, feeling his hardness fill my hungry ass as Brad collapsed on my back, kissing my neck and shoulders.

“You’ve got time to clean up in the shower before dinner,” Julia said, leaning in to kiss both of us on the cheek. She gave my breast a gentle squeeze with her oily fingers before getting up and heading back downstairs.

I wanted Brad to stay inside me, but we were covered with baby oil. Brad pulled out of my bottom and I felt a trickle of semen start to ooze out of me, dripping down my thigh. We headed for the bathroom and washed off the lubricant in the shower, lathering each other up with plenty of soap and warm water. After drying off we got dressed, just panties for me, a pair of boxers for Brad.

Julia had made chicken cordon bleu for dinner, with a dry white wine to accompany the rich meal. She insisted on serving us when we offered to help, so Brad and I sat at the table and played footsie while we sipped our wine. After dinner we persuaded her to let us clean up, and I found out what a pain in the ass it is to get chicken cordon bleu out of a baking dish.

“All done?” Julia asked. She’d been sitting in the living room, reading and sipping her wine.

“Yes, ma’am,” Brad said.

“Come with us,” I said, taking her hand.

Julia stood up and I led her upstairs, Brad close behind us carrying the bottle of wine. We entered her bedroom, and as I embraced and kissed her, Brad unhooked her bra while I freed her perfect breasts from their lacy confines. He held her from behind while I kissed her and caressed her breasts.

“The last three days have been wonderful,” I said. “We’d like to thank you for all you’ve done for us.”

“Oh, Annie,” she said, kissing me again. “Seeing you happy has been its own reward.”

“You’re so sweet,” I whispered. Brad and I led her to the bed and gently laid her down, quickly skinning off our undies. He gave her a passionate kiss as I pulled her lacy black panties down and off her legs and climbed into bed next to her. With Brad on the other side of Julia, we took turns kissing her, suckling her nipples, caressing her flat belly and the curve of her hips. Julia gasped with delight as I planted a trail of kisses down her body, lightly grazing her thighs with my fingertips as I slowly parted them.

“Oh, Annie,” she whispered as I homed in on her sex, parting the petals of her flower as my tongue found her clit. Brad concentrated on her breasts, fondling them as he sucked her pebbly nipples, while I glued my mouth to her sweet pussy, probing her slit with my fingers and lashing her clit with my tongue. I could feel Julia’s thighs begin to shake and quiver as her pleasure mounted, knowing her climax was approaching as her juices began to flow around my fingers.

When she started to moan I looked up from between her legs. Brad’s head blocked my view of her face as he continued to ravish her breasts, but I could see that she’d reached under his belly and was gently stroking his beautiful cock, making it twitch against her fingers. She reached for his hairless balls, cupping them in her hand and gently squeezing them.

I concentrated on Julia’s clit, alternately circling it with my tongue, swirling over it directly, and then sucking it like a tiny penis, making it swell from its hood and gleam like a pearl. As her pleasure began to build, Julia’s hips started to move back and forth, making her moist quim engulf and release my probing fingers. When I pressed a wet finger against the brown bud below her flower, she began to convulse, her thighs clamping against my shoulders and her breasts heaving against Brad’s busy lips. He managed to hang on as she bucked and thrashed on the bed, clamping his

mouth to one nipple as he cupped her other breast in his hand, ravishing her bosom as she came.

I kept my mouth glued to her clit until I felt her hand on my cheek, gently pulling me up from between her legs, coaxing me to lay my head on her still-heaving belly. I laid like that for a few minutes, listening to her breathing return to normal as she stroked my hair.

“Thank you, Annie. That was wonderful,” she said. “You too, Brad.” Julia gave him a tender kiss and held him close to her breast. His hard cock was pressing against her thigh, and I reached for it, gently stroking it. Then I reached for Julia’s hand and placed it on Brad’s hardness, feeling her fingers curl around it.

“I know what you’re thinking, Annie,” she sighed. “But I can’t.”

“It’s been ten years, Julia,” I said, looking into her eyes.

“I know, I know. But a promise...”

“A promise you made to yourself,” I reminded her. Brad listened to this exchange with interest, even though he wasn’t aware of what was at stake. “Ten years,” I repeated. “Is it really any different than making love to me?”

“I suppose you’re right, Annie. I’m just being stubborn,” she said, caressing my cheek. “Come on, Brad. It’s time to see if you’ve got anything left for me.”

Brad had the cutest expression of bewilderment on his face as I positioned him between Julia’s legs and guided his hardness to the entrance of Julia’s sex. I kissed him and helped him enter her, watching as his beautiful cock disappeared into Julia’s hungry slit.

“It’s been ten years since Julia’s been with a man,” I explained. “Show her what she’s been missing.” He smiled and kissed me again as he began to rock his hips back and forth, moving his cock deeper inside Julia’s sex with each stroke. I laid

down next to Julia, holding her by the shoulders as I caressed Brad's smooth back, watching the progress of his young cock as he filled Julia's hungry hole.

"How does it feel?" I asked her, cupping her breast as Brad began to slowly thrust.

"I've missed this so much," she gasped, "He feels wonderful inside me." She hooked her hand behind Brad's neck and brought his lips to hers, kissing him passionately as he impaled her with his hard flesh.

"Make her come, baby," I cooed, squeezing Julia's breast. "Make her come for me." Brad smiled as he pumped Julia's hungry sex, leaning over to kiss me.

Julia turned her head and took one of my nipples in her mouth, greedily sucking it as I watched her pussy engulf Brad's hard cock. It was such an arousing sight to see his beautiful penis, glistening with her juices, pistonning in and out of her luscious slit. I reached between my legs and felt my own heat and wetness, my pearly clit swollen with lust and delight.

As Julia and Brad coupled, their hips rocking against each other and making the bed squeak, I reached into the bedside table and found Julia's strap-on. The pink plastic was cold and dry, but that was nothing a bit of sucking couldn't fix. I slipped the tip into my mouth and began to lick it, making it slippery and wet with my saliva.

"Annie...let me...suck..." Julia gasped. I pulled the pink plastic phallus from my mouth and placed it at her lips. She took it into her mouth, closing her eyes and sucking on it while Brad pumped her messy snatch. When the plastic toy was wet enough, I pulled it from Julia's hungry mouth and kissed her as I guided the tip into my wet pussy, slowly pressing it inward until it filled me completely.

I began to fuck myself with the strap-on, trying to match Brad and Julia's rhythm, hoping to bring myself off at the same time. The plastic toy lacked the feel of

Brad's lovely cock, but the size and prominence of its veiny shaft made up for that to a degree. I pumped it in and out of my slit, wishing that there was some way that Brad could fuck both of us at the same time.

Julia saw what I was doing and smiled, turning her head to take my nipple in her mouth again. She sucked my breast, lightly grazing my areola with her teeth and sending a delightful chill down my spine. I could feel gooseflesh rising on my arms and thighs and I gripped the dildo tighter, plunging it into me faster, hoping to catch up with them.

Alas, I had started too late. Julia's moans get louder and louder, building up to a scream of pleasure that forced her to release my nipple from her lips. She clung to me with one arm, bringing Brad's head down to her heaving bosom with the other, and I felt her whole body tense and relax as she came.

Brad's hips began to slow, but he didn't stop thrusting and he didn't seem close to his release. I wondered if he was getting sore from all the screwing we'd done over the last three days.

"Come for me, Brad," Julia urged.

"I don't think I can," he said.

"Are you...?" I asked.

"Yeah, I think I'm numb again," he said. I looked down at his cock as it disappeared between Julia's legs; it was starting to turn red as if it was sunburned.

"Would you like to come in my ass?" I asked him.

"Yeah," he said, smiling.

"Wait," Julia said. "Let's try this." As Brad pulled his crimson cock from her pussy, she took the strap-on from me and knelt on the bed as I helped her harness it to her hips. Then she laid down on her back again, the pink plastic phallus standing at

attention. As Brad applied lubricant to his sore cock, I straddled Julia's hips and impaled myself on the strap-on. Julia began to move her hips, pulling me close so our breasts pressed together, her lips finding mine for a passionate kiss. She reached down and grabbed my bottom as Brad climbed back into bed, spreading my cheeks to make his entry easier.

I felt the greasy tip of Brad's penis press against my tight hole, forcing its way into my bottom. He held me by the waist as he moved his hips back and forth with shallow strokes, worming his cock a little deeper into my ass with each thrust. Soon he was fully inside me, holding on to my shoulders and gently kissing the back of my neck as he began to fuck my tender hole. Julia matched his rhythm with the strap-on, grinding her hips against mine, filling my pussy with the thick pink phallus.

“I can feel it...I can feel it moving inside you,” Brad said, as the strap-on in my pussy pressed against the membrane that separated my two holes. I loved this sensation, having two cocks inside me, even if one was artificial. A real one would have been nice, but the feeling of Julia's breasts pressing against my own more than made up for it. She and Brad held me between them, kissing and caressing me as they both fucked me. I felt my pleasure begin to build, a wave of warmth spreading from my cunny and ass.

“How's that feel, baby?” Julia asked.

“Wonderful,” I whispered. “I'm gonna come...I'm gonna...ungh!”

My climax surprised me, sneaking up and seizing my body, making me convulse with pleasure between their pumping bodies. Brad held me tighter, moving his hips faster as he sought his own release. Julia's hips moved with a purpose, the bumpy stub at the other end of the strap-on grinding against her clit as she undulated

beneath me. She squeezed my breasts, triggering a second orgasm, and making me clench my ass muscles around Brad's cock.

Brad pumped my bottom even harder, every thrust of his hips pressing the other end of the strap-on against Julia's clit, bringing her to another climax under my trembling body. The tightness of my ass and the sound of two women coming beneath him must have been too much even for his numb tool, and I heard him grunt loudly as he began to spurt his seed in my bottom, filling my belly with a spreading warmth. He collapsed against my back, spent from all the exertion, the last drops of semen left in his balls dribbling from his tool.

We lay like that for a while, perspiration cooling on our skin. Brad pulled his softening cock from my bottom and I pulled myself off of Julia's strap-on, heading for the bathroom on rubbery legs to get a washcloth. When I returned, Brad was helping Julia out of the strap-on's harness, the pink plastic tool shining with my juices. I gently cleaned Brad's cock and then my dripping ass and sticky thighs. As Brad and I lay on either side of Julia, her arms around us, our hands caressing her soft skin, I thought it would have been nice for Brad to come in her pussy. I really wanted to lick his sperm from her slit and taste the mixture of their juices.

It was still early in the evening, and the rain was long gone, so we dressed and went into town for ice cream, sitting by the docks as we ate our treats. The moon was full, leaving a silver trail that reflected on the water, a trail I hoped would lead Ramon safely back home. Though the last three days with Brad had been heavenly, my papi and my stepbrothers were always in the back of my mind.

Back at the house we had a couple of glasses of wine and then went to bed. Julia came into the guest room and gave us both good night kisses before heading off to her bedroom, leaving me and Brad alone on our last night together. After we turned

out the lights, he held me from behind, his arms around me, kissing the back of my neck.

“I’m going to miss you,” he whispered.

“I’ll miss you, too. You’ll write me, won’t you?”

“I promise,” he said.

Contented, I closed my eyes and fell asleep in his loving arms.

Chapter Ten - Homecoming

Julia woke me up the next morning in the usual manner: her soft lips on my own, her hand lightly grazing my breasts.

“I thought I’d get you up a little early,” she whispered. I looked at the clock; there were still a couple of hours before Brad had to catch the bus home.

“Thanks,” I said, kissing her. She smiled and headed downstairs.

While Brad slept, I put my diaphragm back in and climbed back into bed, stretching out against him as I laid head-to-toe. His slumbering penis was inches from my lips and I hoped his soreness had disappeared while we slept. I wanted to feel him inside me one more time before he left.

I kissed the tip of his cock, extending my tongue and scooping his column of flesh into my mouth, slowly sucking him as he slept. As his penis stiffened between my lips I felt his hands caressing my thighs, gently parting them, his lips finding my sex and kissing my sensitive clit.

“Still sore?” I asked him as I stroked his hardness.

“Naw, it feels great,” he said, smiling at me from between my legs. As he went back to pleasuring me with his mouth, I took his cock back in my mouth, bathing his shaft with my tongue as I played with his smooth, hairless balls. We licked and sucked each other, our hands roaming over each other’s bodies, fondling, squeezing, caressing. Brad ate me well, working me into a pre-orgasmic frenzy as my breasts heaved against his firm stomach.

“Take me, Brad. I want to feel you in me,” I said, releasing his glistening tool from my mouth. He gave my wet pussy a kiss and sat up on the bed.

“How would you like it?” he asked, his face wet with my juices.

“On the floor, from behind. Fuck me hard like you did in the garden.”

I climbed out of bed and got on my hands and knees, presenting my ass to him like a bitch in heat. Brad knelt behind me, his cock poised at my entrance. Suddenly, he rammed it inside me, filling me with one quick thrust that nearly knocked the air from my lungs. I felt him lean over my back as he began to thrust, his hips banging against my bottom with enough force to make his balls swing against my pussy. He grabbed my hips and pulled me against him with every stroke, pumping me fast and hard on the guest room rug.

Brad’s hands found my budding breasts, squeezing them as he pounded me from behind. His hips moved quickly as his cock pistoned in and out of my hungry hole, stirring up my juices and filling the room with the smell of sex. I closed my eyes and listened to the sounds of our coupling: my squishing pussy, Brad’s heavy breathing, his hips slapping against my bottom.

Suddenly Brad wrapped his hands around my wrists and pulled my hands behind my back, dropping my head and shoulders to the floor as he restrained me, his thrusts growing faster and harder. I began to struggle against him but that only spurred him on as he started to pound me quicker and deeper. Finally, I stopped resisting and let him possess me completely.

“Too rough?” he asked, nearly out of breath. I shook my head, barely able to speak as he pounded my tender pussy. He released my wrists and pushed me flat on my belly, pushing my thighs together and clamping his legs against them, making his cock seem bigger, harder, fatter, almost like Ramon’s thick tool. Brad laid on top of my back and humped me, lightly biting my shoulder as we fucked.

The feeling of submitting to him, to be taken so savagely inflamed my passion, bringing me to a blinding orgasm. I squirmed under him, moaning and clawing at the carpet but he held me fast as he assaulted me with his manhood, spearing my sex repeatedly on the hard floor. I screamed as I climaxed again, probably loud enough to be heard downstairs, maybe even outside. My orgasmic cries and the sobs that followed triggered Brad's release, and he uttered a guttural grunt as he pushed his cock in me with one last hard thrust, spurting his hot seed against the latex barrier of my diaphragm.

He collapsed on my back, our fingers intertwined as he kissed me through the tangle of blonde hair that covered my face. I began to feel the effects of our coupling, a slight case of rug burn on my knees and elbows, a layer of sweat that coated us both.

“Hurt you?” he said, still panting and out of breath.

“No, I loved it,” I said. He kissed me again, brushing the hair from my face.

By the time we'd finished our shower, our last one together, Julia had breakfast ready. Afterwards, I helped Brad pack his things and we drove to town, where the bus was waiting. Brad and I kissed and held each other until the bus driver made his last call for departure.

“Annie, I...” Brad said.

“I know,” I whispered, cutting him off. I knew it. He didn't have to say it. Hearing those words would have just made me cry. I didn't feel like crying; I wanted to see him off with a smile and a kiss. “Good bye, Brad.”

“I hope to see you soon,” he said, kissing me again. I fought my tears as he shouldered his backpack and headed for the bus. Just before he stepped aboard, he smiled and waved. I blew him a kiss, waving again as the door closed and the bus left, trailing a cloud of diesel smoke. Julia came up behind me and held me.

“You’ll see him again soon,” she said, caressing my shoulders. I turned in her arms and she held me as I sobbed against her breasts. She dried my eyes with a tissue and we got back in her car, driving to the docks to sit and watch the sea.

“Thank you, Julia,” I said as we sat together and held hands.

“It’s been my pleasure, Annie,” she said. “You looked so lovely together. You’re still glowing.”

“If we were just a few years older...” I said.

“You’re young and beautiful. There will be plenty of handsome young men in your life.”

“I guess,” I said. But I wanted Brad. I could feel his juices seeping out of me, soaking into my panties. I was tempted to stick a finger in my pussy, to scoop out a drop of his cum and taste it, but there were too many people around, even on a Sunday morning. People were walking to church, fishing boats were arriving and departing, summer tourists were strolling around.

“Annie? Isn’t that your stepfather’s boat?” Julia pointed towards the entrance of the harbor, where a fishing boat was passing a bobbing buoy.

“I’m not sure...I think so,” I said. The boat was too far away to tell, but it looked like his. As it motored closer, heading for the fish pier, I could see Ramon on the flying bridge, Del and Paco standing next to him. My heart leapt in my chest, and I sprang to my feet, running towards the dock, Julia close behind. From the depths of my sorrow over seeing Brad leave, I was suddenly elated that my papi and my brothers were home, safe and sound.

“Papi!” I yelled out when they were within earshot. Del and Paco waved and Ramon tooted the boat’s air horn. The boat sidled up to the dock, Del leaping off the

forecastle to handle the mooring lines. When the boat was secured, he ran to me and hugged me.

“I missed you, *chica*,” he said, giving me a brotherly kiss on the cheek and squeezing my ass in a less fraternal manner.

“Damn, isn’t there a shower onboard?” I asked. He reeked of fish, sweat, and diesel fuel.

“We had to save water,” he replied. “The engines kept overheating.”

Paco ran up to me and gave me a big hug. If anything, he smelled even worse, and his clothes were covered with dried fish blood and scales. Ramon was talking to a man in greasy overalls, a local mechanic, and came over when he’d finished.

“Anita,” he said, wrapping me in his arms and kissing my cheek.

“Papi.” I held him and planted a kiss on his stubbly cheek. “I missed you.”

“I missed you, too baby,” he said. By now, my dress was almost as filthy as their clothes, but I didn’t care. I was happy to have them back.

“Thank you for taking care of Annie,” Ramon said, taking Julia’s hand and giving her a friendly peck on the cheek.

“It’s been my pleasure,” she said. “We had a wonderful time.”

Ramon and the boys couldn’t come home right away; they had to offload their catch first, clean up the boat, and give the mechanic a chance to look at the balky cooling system. It would be a long day’s work, but they’d be home in time for dinner. Ramon gave Julia some fresh fish filets, a token of his appreciation for looking after me.

“What would you like for dinner, Papi?” I asked him.

“Anything but fish,” he laughed. “I’ve been dreaming about pork chops, though. How about that?”

“Anything you want, Papi,” I said, kissing him. Julia and I headed back to her car.

“I’d love you to join us for dinner,” I said.

“I wouldn’t want to intrude,” she said. “I’m sure you’ll be busy.” She gave me a sly smile and squeezed my hand.

“You can join us anyway,” I said.

“Let me think about it,” she said.

Back at Julia’s house, I helped her with the housework, doing the breakfast dishes and throwing two sets of stained sheets in the laundry. She fried up some of the fish Ramon had given her for lunch and we spent the rest of the afternoon in the garden, basking in the warm summer sun. Brad had left a joint for me, and I smoked it with Julia, washing it down with some white wine.

“How about it?” I asked her as we sunbathed in the nude on a big towel spread out on the grass. “Will you have dinner with us?”

“Yes,” she said, leaning over and kissing me. “I must admit that I’ve been curious about you and your family.”

“I knew it,” I said, cupping her tanned breast with my hand, feeling her nipple engorge beneath my palm.

“I just want to watch. Do you think they’d mind?”

“You can do more than watch,” I said. “And no, they won’t mind.”

“Good,” she said, holding my hand against her breast. “Let me dress you and do your hair before dinner. We’ll make it a special homecoming.”

“I’d love that,” I said. We kissed again and went inside to take a shower. I packed up the clothes and personal items I’d brought and we drove to my house. Julia

had brought some clothes and cosmetics, and I helped her bring them up to my room before going back downstairs to the kitchen to start dinner.

While the pork chops thawed on the kitchen counter, I went back upstairs to my bedroom. Julia had browsed through my wardrobe and had selected a sexy outfit that she'd laid out on my bed: a short black cocktail dress that had been my mother's, black lace bra and panties, a garter belt and stockings, and a pair of black heels that she'd bought for me in Boston. She'd brought a similar outfit for herself, a black sheath dress that flattered her slim figure. I sat in front of my vanity mirror as she brushed out my hair and did my face. When she was done, I looked like an elegant 18-year-old debutante instead of a skinny girl of thirteen.

"Lovely," she said, kissing me on the neck.

"Thank you," I said, reaching up to caress her soft cheek. "I should get dinner started."

"I'll get dressed and help you," she said.

Pork chops and mashed potatoes wasn't part of Julia's gourmet repertoire, so she busied herself by setting the table with my mother's best china, lighting candles she'd brought with her, and opening a bottle of wine. Dinner was almost done when I heard Ramon's van pulling into the driveway. I took off my apron, poured a glass of rum, and greeted my papi and the boys at the door.

"Julia's going to join us for dinner," I said, handing him the glass. "Is that okay?"

"No, not at all," he said. "But I'd really like to..."

"I know," I said, giving him a knowing wink. Julia came out of the kitchen, a glass of wine in her hand. She looked lovely in her black dress, a simple strand of pearls around her neck, her silver tresses falling over her shoulders. She greeted

Ramon and the boys with a smile and a kiss on the cheek. Del couldn't take his eyes off of me and Paco seemed not to recognize me at first. He'd never seen me wearing makeup.

"I hope you don't mind," she said, placing her arm around my waist.

"Not at all," Ramon said, smiling as the reason for her presence dawned on him. "Let's get cleaned up for dinner," he said to Del and Paco.

"Leave your laundry outside the bathroom. I'll do it tomorrow," I called after them as they trooped upstairs.

They came back downstairs just as dinner was done, freshly showered, wearing clean clothes. Ramon had one of his nice guyabera shirts on and he'd shaved the stubble from his face. He poured another glass of rum and sat down to dinner.

The boys dug into their meal as if they hadn't eaten for a month, asking for seconds when they'd cleared their plates. Fortunately, I'd made plenty of food, expecting that they'd be hungry. Ramon didn't have much to say about the week at sea, only how boring it was when they weren't working.

"I really missed your cooking," he said.

"It's delicious, Annie," Julia said, sipping her wine.

"She's a great cook," Ramon added. Julia said something to Ramon in flawless Spanish, surprising Ramon as well as me. I'd had no idea she spoke the language. Ramon replied in kind.

"What are they saying?" I whispered to Del, who was seated next to me. It was as incomprehensible to me as the dinner conversation at Helen's dinner party had been. Ramon had made it a point to speak English exclusively in the house, and the only Spanish I'd picked up over the past few years were names of body parts and sex acts.

“She’s saying that you’re a lovely girl and it’s been a joy to look after you, that she’d be honored to do it again,” he said.

“Oh.” I got up from the table and began to gather the dishes.

“Let me do that, Annie,” Julia said. “I insist.”

“Nonsense, you’re a guest in our house,” Ramon said. “The boys can do that.”

As Del and Paco cleared the table, Julia and I joined Ramon in the living room, settling down on the couch with our drinks. I snuggled up to him, resting my head on his chest, savoring the familiar scent of his after shave.

“What a lovely family you have,” Julia said.

“Thank you,” Ramon replied. “It would be nice if they had a mother, perhaps a lovely woman like you.”

“I’m afraid that I’m a bit old for that job,” she said. “But you’re right.”

“It’s a good thing that you can show Annie the finer things in life,” he said. “When she came back from the trip to Boston, I’d never seen her so happy.”

“And I’d never seen her happier than when she saw your boat enter the harbor this morning,” she said.

“Is that true?” he asked me.

“I missed you, Papi,” I said, squeezing his thigh. “Del and Paco, too.”

“They missed you, too, and not just your cooking,” he said, holding me close. “You look beautiful tonight.”

“Thank you, Papi,” I said. I ran my hand up his thigh, feeling the bulge that was forming in his lap. “I hope you’re not too tired.”

“I’ve been looking forward to this all week,” he said, laughing and taking a sip of rum. “Almost as much as your cooking.”

I started to unbutton his shirt, running my hand over his bare chest. He'd gotten a deep tan on the boat, and a few gray hairs showed amid the thick black thatch on his chest. He leaned over and gave me a long, deep kiss, the taste of rum lingering on his lips. Julia sipped her wine and watched us with interest.

As Ramon shrugged off his shirt, I unzipped his trousers and unbuckled his belt, fishing his hardening cock from his briefs. I heard Julia gasp as I stroked Ramon's fat prick to an erection.

"Annie, how do you manage to get that inside you?" she laughed. Julia looked flushed as she stared at his thick tool.

"It feels good," I said, sliding his foreskin back to reveal the fat purple head.

Ramon stood up so I could pull his slacks and briefs down and help him take them off. He settled back on the couch and I kneeled between his legs. Gone was the funky scent he'd carried off the boat; he smelled of fresh soap and talcum powder. I leaned into his lap and took his fat cock between my lips, sucking him slowly, languorously, savoring the taste of his precum.

"Ah, baby," he sighed, caressing my arms as I fellated him. I felt someone tug at the zipper of my dress; it was Julia. I recognized her light touch on my bare skin, caressing my back as I sucked Ramon. She kissed my neck and knelt next to me, watching me make love to Ramon's big tool with my mouth.

I knew Ramon wouldn't last long, and he didn't. No sooner had I taken his shaft in one hand, cupped his big balls with the other, and swirled my tongue over his swollen glans when he erupted in my mouth, filling it with his hot spunk. There was so much semen spurting from his twitching cock that I nearly gagged as I tried to swallow it all. Julia held her hand under my chin, catching the drops that escaped from my mouth as I gulped the rest of Ramon's heavy load. I milked his spurting cock

with my lips and released it from my mouth. He settled back into the couch, sighing contentedly.

“Wow, you really did miss me,” I said, licking my lips.

“Tastes spicy,” Julia said, sampling the drops of cum she’d caught with her hand.

“All that Cuban cooking,” I said, licking Ramon’s semen from her palm. She was right: after three days of feasting on Brad’s sweet cream, Ramon’s cum did taste piquant.

“Let’s get that lovely dress off so it doesn’t get stained,” she said, standing me up and helping me slip my short black dress over my hips, holding my hand as I stepped out of it. She turned around so I could undo her zipper and it was my turn to help her disrobe. Clad in our lacy black lingerie, stockings, and heels, we stood in front of Ramon and embraced, Julia’s lips seeking my own for another taste of his tangy sperm.

Del and Paco came in from the kitchen, having finished washing the dinner dishes. They stopped short when they saw Julia and me kissing in front of Ramon, who sat naked on the couch as he watched us. He motioned for them to join him on the couch, and he poured a couple of glasses of rum for them.

“Why don’t you get comfortable?” I said to Del and Paco as I held Julia in my arms. Without taking their wide eyes off of us, they began to unbutton their shirts and undo their pants, pulling off their briefs to reveal a pair of erect penises, pulsing with anticipation.

“Why, Del! You’re such a lovely young man,” Julia said, moving to kneel in front of him as he sat next to his father. He smiled, basking in her attention as she

placed her hands on his thighs. "You're going to grow up to be as handsome as your father."

I knelt in front of Paco and kissed him. His lips, like his father's, tasted of rum. "You've grown while you were away, Paquito," I said, making him blush. Ramon smiled and gave him a playful punch on the shoulder as I reached for his young cock, stroking it gently. I glanced over at Julia, who was kissing Del, her hand slowly moving back and forth in his lap as she masturbated him. Ramon put his arms around his sons' shoulders, a proud expression on his face.

Julia's kisses travelled down Del's body, pausing at his nipples and his taut stomach before stopping at his lap. She gave me a sly smile as she parted her lips and took his cock in her mouth, slowly sucking his hardness. I kissed Paco again, running my hands over his smooth skin and down his slender hips, spreading his thighs so I could take his stiffy in my mouth. He gasped as my tongue swirled over the tip and bathed his smooth shaft, squirming on the couch as I fondled his hairless balls.

As I sucked Paco's young dick, I could hear Julia's lips smacking over Del's hardness and see Ramon stroking his semi-erect cock as he watched us. Paco's slim hips began to move up and down, spearing my mouth with his smooth cock. I clamped my lips around his shaft, increasing the amount of suction while I held still and let him fuck my face. He placed his hands on my shoulders and bounced his bottom on the couch, letting out a delighted little shriek as my tongue bathed his shaft. Suddenly he gasped and I felt his cock begin to twitch in my mouth, spurting a couple of jets of his salty semen.

"Thank you, Annie," he said, after I'd milked his stiffy dry and kissed the tip. I gave him a loving kiss on his lips, making him shiver when I stroked his half-hard boycock.

“That was yummy, Paco.” I kissed him again and caressed his smooth cheek before moving over to watch Julia pleasure Del. Ramon pulled me into his lap, his fingers dipping under the waistband of my lacy black panties to cup my bottom.

Julia’s head bobbed between Del’s firm thighs, her hands busily stroking his shaft and fondling his balls. Del’s mouth was agape, his head tilted back on the couch as he submitted to her oral ministrations. His breathing grew heavier, his chest began to heave, and he started to moan as Julia worked him over with her tongue and lips. All of a sudden, he gasped and lifted his ass from the couch, his thighs tensing and relaxing as he erupted in Julia’s loving mouth. She gulped it down, swallowing twice, a tiny pearl of Del’s semen appearing at the corner of her mouth.

I slid off of Ramon’s lap and knelt next to her, kissing away the drop of Del’s sperm that lingered on her lips. Our lips met again, and we shared what was left, our tongues intertwined, tasting of semen and wine.

As eager as Julia was to see Ramon’s fat cock buried inside my cunny, I knew he and my stepbrothers were curious about the things we did together. I decided to put on a little show for them, and I reached around Julia’s back to unhook her bra, freeing her perfect breasts from their lacy confines. When my tongue flicked over her pebbly nipples, she gasped and tilted her head back, her long fingers running through my hair, fingernails lightly grazing the back of my neck, making me shiver with delight.

I felt Julia unclasp my bra, her fingers dancing over my breasts, making my nipples stiffen and engorge. She lifted my face from her breasts and kissed me, her lips heading lower, down my neck and shoulders, suckling my breasts just as I had done hers.

She stood up, bring me to my feet and embracing me, her hands running up and down my back, coming to rest on my bottom. I felt her tugging at my panties, pulling

them down my thighs, kneeling at my feet as she placed a gentle kiss on my mound. I stepped out of my panties and she sat me down on the coffee table. Ramon leaned forward to move the bottle of rum out of the way as I lay back, cupping my breasts as Julia parted my thighs.

“Annie has the sweetest pussy,” Julia whispered as she leaned forward and kissed my sex. Her hands roamed over my stocking-clad thighs as she touched my cleft with the tip of her tongue, parting my nether lips and licking the length of my slit. Paco came around from where he’d been sitting and knelt on the floor next to Julia, watching intently as she teased my clitty from its hiding place.

“Do you like to lick your sister’s pussy, dear?” she asked Paco. He nodded, which wasn’t exactly true, but I wasn’t going to call him on it.

“Let me see you do it, baby,” Julia said, moving back to give him room between my legs. I looked down to see his head duck between my thighs. Del shifted on the couch to get a better view, and even Ramon leaned over for a better look. I felt Paco’s tongue penetrate me, fucking me like a little cock.

“A little higher, Paco,” Julia said. “See that pearly bump? Swirl your tongue around it.” He followed her instructions, making me gasp as his tongue found my clit. “That’s right, baby. See how she likes it?” she said. I felt his tongue run up and down my slit as he nodded.

Julia coached Paco as he ate me, her hands running over my belly and cupping my breasts. She leaned over and kissed me, finding my tongue with hers, probing my mouth as Paco probed my slit. I rocked my hips, pressing my sex against Paco’s tongue, feeling my pleasure start to build. I was just about to come when Julia broke off our kiss.

“That’s fine, Paco. You’ve almost brought her off. It’s Del’s turn now,” she said. Paco stood up and grinned, his face wet with my juices, and he went back to the couch, washing down my taste with a sip of rum. Del stood up and Julia guided him between my legs, caressing his smooth back as he approached my center. He looked up at me and smiled, gently kissing my shaved mons before taking his brother’s place between my legs. I gasped again when his tongue teased my clit, swirling around it and sucking it with his lips.

“That’s right, you know what to do,” Julia said, seeing the effect he had on me. Del had gotten good at this, and this time he pulled out all the stops, making me squirm on the polished wooden coffee table. He alternated between circling my nubbin and lashing it directly, pausing occasionally to suck my labia and probe me with his tongue. I felt my pleasure rising, nearing my climax, when Julia made him pause, leaving me on the edge.

“Ramon? Your turn,” she said.

“No, I can’t...” he said.

“Of course you can. Come here,” Julia said in a form tone of voice, sounding like a schoolteacher. He looked at me with a sheepish expression on his face and I nodded and looked down between my legs. Reluctantly, he put down his glass and got up from the couch, taking Del’s place between my thighs.

Unlike Julia or my brothers, Ramon’s tongue felt rough like an animal’s. He lapped my pussy with long, heavy strokes, cupping my bottom to bring my sex to his mouth, sucking me hard and nearly chewing me with his teeth. I flinched and started to move back and away from his mouth.

“Gently, gently,” Julia said. “It’s not a piece of beef jerky.” Ramon eased off, using his tongue instead of his teeth, following Julia’s instructions as she showed him

the proper way to perform cunnilingus. I felt my pleasure begin to return, and though Ramon was still a little rough, it was a good rough, making me moan and shudder in his strong hands.

“Ungh...yes...Papi...yes,” I gasped, feeling my climax approach. He looked up at me, seeing me cupping my breasts, my mouth agape, and he started to get into it, playing with my clitty as Del had done. My ass began to quiver in his grip and my thighs clamped around his shoulders as I came, waves of pleasure flowing from the place where Ramon was ravishing me. I had to push his face away or he’d have kept going all night. He looked up at me, smiling with satisfaction that he’d brought me off. He released his grip on my bottom and I sat up, seeking his wet lips for a kiss.

“Oh, Papi. That was so good,” I said.

“I could learn to like this,” he laughed, kissing me again. Julia knelt next to me, running her fingers through my hair and stroking my back.

“Let’s give him his reward,” she said. “I’m dying to see him inside you, dear.” She kissed me and brought Ramon to his feet, his semi-erect cock level with my face. I leaned forward and took it in my mouth, slowly sucking him until he was fully erect. Julia gently laid me back on the coffee table and Ramon kneeled again, his fat cock poised at my glistening entrance. She held it in her hand, encircling it with her fingers and guiding it inside me, watching with fascination as I took my papi’s thick tool in my dripping snatch.

“Amazing,” Julia said, seeing Ramon sink his fat cock inside me. “How does it feel, baby?”

“Wonderful,” I gasped, wrapping my legs around Ramon’s waist. He held my stocking-clad thighs and slowly began to thrust, working his knob in and out of my hungry hole. Julia leaned over to kiss me, fondling my breasts and flicking my stiff

nipples as our tongues met and melted together. As Ramon's hardness began to make me moan, she kissed my forehead and stood up.

"Come here, Paco. I'd love to feel that beautiful boycock inside me," she said, stepping out of her panties and walking over to the couch. "You too, Del. Let's see if we can stuff both of you inside me at the same time."

Julia arranged Del and Paco on the couch with Paco's thighs on top of his brother's, their balls pressed together as they lay on their backs, their two stiff cocks pointing towards the ceiling. Julia knelt by the couch and leaned into their laps, taking both of their young spears in her mouth at the same time. Ramon had a look of amazement on his face, and he began to pound me faster as we watched her.

Julia looked up from the boys' lap and smiled at me, holding their glistening tools in her hand. She stood up and kicked off her heels, straddling the boys' hips and guiding their two cocks towards her sex. She faced towards Del, and his longer penis entered her first. She adjusted her hips slightly to accommodate Paco's stiffy, and his smooth cock disappeared inside her as well.

"Julia...that...looks...so hot..." I said, gasping between my papi's pounding thrusts. Even though I loved the way Ramon's big pole felt as it pistoned in and out of my sex, I couldn't wait to try taking both of my stepbrothers at once. And to think she'd been so reluctant to take Brad's lovely cock inside her. Something within her had been unleashed.

"It feels wonderful," she moaned, encouraging Del to reach up and fondle her breasts. Paco's hands were all over her bottom as she rocked her hips back and forth, engulfing and releasing their glistening cocks.

Meanwhile, Ramon's cock began to work its magic on my pussy, his thick shaft worming in and out of my tight cunny, grinding against my clit with each stroke. I

reached out for his hands, placing them on my little breasts, encouraging him to fondle and knead them. He leaned over and kissed me as he began to thrust faster.

“Fuck me hard, Papi,” I whispered. “I missed having your big cock inside me.” This was true, and despite how many times Brad had fucked me or how well he did it, he was no match for Ramon when it came to size and strength. Maybe in a few years he’d be as big and strong as my papi, but right now he was no match for Ramon, whose pounding prick was quickly reducing me to a quivering pile of jelly.

“I missed you, my pretty baby,” he whispered, grinding his hips against my thighs. His skin felt wonderful against the silky fabric of my stockings, and I wrapped my legs around his waist again, spurring him on with my heels, urging him to drive me hard and fast.

I looked over at Julia, seeing her hips move faster, her pussy swallowing two young cocks at once. My brothers’ hands were all over her, caressing and squeezing her lovely figure as she pleasured them with her pussy.

Ramon began to fuck me with long, even, powerful strokes, twisting his hips as he plunged deep inside me. The waves of pleasure returned, centered this time on the fat head of his cock as it plowed within me instead of my swollen clit. I held him tightly, bringing my hips up against his with each deep stroke, his thick tool almost sucking the wind out of me as he pumped my pussy. It didn’t take long before he brought me off again, and though I wanted to keep watching Julia, my eyes closed involuntarily as my orgasm seized control of my body. I trembled and shuddered on the coffee table, squirming beneath Ramon’s cock as I came, my pussy spasming and clenching around his thick shaft.

“Come for me, Papi,” I cooed, returning to my senses. I could hear Julia’s moans and cries, knowing she was getting close to where I’d just been as she humped

my brothers' hard cocks. Ramon kissed me again and I felt his cock begin to twitch, hot jets of semen spurting inside my hungry hole, filling me with a warmth that spread through my whole body. His powerful thrusts tapered off as I felt him soften inside me. I caressed his strong back, savoring the afterglow of our coupling until he slipped out of me and stood up. Before he had a chance to reach for his glass of rum, I knelt at his feet, holding his hips as I cleaned off his sticky cock with my mouth.

“Annie,” he said, looking down at me and caressing my cheek as I released him from my lips.

“Papi,” I said, looking up at him and smiling. He helped me to my feet and held me by the waist as we went to retrieve our drinks. Ramon sat on the coffee table and sipped his rum as he watched his sons' cocks disappear between Julia's legs. I stood behind the couch, seeking Julia's lips with my own, and we kissed as she humped Del and Paco, her soft moans muffled by my wine and semen flavored lips.

“How does that feel?” I asked, curious to know the sensation of taking two cocks at once.

“Divine,” she said. “I'm in heaven.” Suddenly she gasped, and I could tell by the flush on her face, spreading across her freckled chest, that she was close to her release. I reached out for her breasts, cupping them and pinching her nipples, trying to push her over the edge. She moaned and gasped again, her hips speeding up, and then she fell against Del's tanned chest, pressing her lips against his as she came. Paco nearly slipped out of her, but he managed to stay inside her sex, pushing his hips against her bottom as he ground his shaft against his brother's cock. He gave out a little cry and trembled on the couch, his stiff little dick slipping from her pussy and spurting his semen in the crack of her ass, the thin, milky liquid dripping over Julia's brown bud.

Alone in Julia's snatch, Del began to thrust faster, his hips rising off the cushions of the couch as his balls tightened and his shaft twitched. When Julia gasped again, I knew he was shooting his cum inside her. His hips slowed to a halt as his semen began to drip from her vagina, coating his cock and balls. He cupped her breasts as she kissed him again, a long, deep, passionate kiss that lasted until his waning erection slipped out of her.

As Julia sat upright and dismounted the couch, I sought her lips with mine again, happy to share the pleasure of my stepbrothers' cocks with her.

"What a lovely family," she said, sitting on the coffee table next to Ramon and sipping her wine.

"Thank you," he said, putting his arm around her. Del and Paco sat up on the couch, making room for me to sit, and we watched Julia and Ramon kiss as we relaxed together.

After a while we moved to the bedroom. Ramon and the boys watched as Julia and I removed each other's stockings and lay on the bed head-to-toe, licking and sucking the cum from each other's pussy. That got Ramon pretty horny, and he wanted to fuck me again, but I insisted that Julia take her turn with his thick tool. I wanted to try taking Del and Paco in my pussy at the same time, just as she had. Alas, after a number of attempts, I couldn't get them both inside me. I was too tight down there, despite having had Ramon's cock stretch me out earlier. I settled for riding Del's hardness and having Paco take my ass from behind while we watched Julia squirm under Ramon's pumping body. Her cries of passion were like music to my ears, triggering my own climax as I rode my brothers' hard flesh.

We laid in bed afterwards, a tangle of arms and legs, enjoying the cool night breeze that caressed our overheated bodies. Ramon and the boys fell asleep quickly,

even though the lights were still on. I felt a hand caressing my thigh; it was Julia's light touch. She started to get out of bed, moving slowly so as not to wake anyone up.

"Julia, please stay," I whispered, reaching for her hand.

"I'd love to, but I can't, sweetie. I have a conference call with the trustees scheduled for 7:30 tomorrow morning," she said, leaning over and kissing me.

"Can I meet you for lunch?"

"I'd love that," she said. I extricated myself from the tangle of flesh on the bed, put on one of my papi's robes, and helped her with the things she'd brought over. I walked her out to her car and we shared a kiss under the stars. After I watched her drive away, I went back inside, removed the makeup she'd lovingly applied, and climbed back into bed with Ramon, Del, and Paco, turning out the lights and snuggling up in my stepfather's arms. I fell asleep almost instantly.

Ramon didn't have to go back to sea for a few days. The boat's engines needed repairs, and there was other work to be done. The week's catch had been good, though, and he could afford the downtime. I caught up on the housework I'd missed over the weekend, and there was plenty of laundry to be done. I was just hanging a load of wet clothes on the line when Julia drove up to the house. After I changed out of my cutoff jeans and tank top and into a sundress, we drove into town for lunch.

"Thank you for the wonderful dinner last night," Julia said, sipping her coffee as we lunched in the town's only outdoor cafe.

"I hope you had fun last night," I said, reaching for her hand.

"I did," she replied. "I could barely walk this morning." She gave my hand a gently squeeze.

“I know it sounds crazy, but I wish you could live with us,” I said. Julia smiled, but then her expression turned serious.

“Ramon’s a lovely person, and he seems to be a good father, but I like my solitude, my garden, my own personal Walden,” she said. “Besides, do you really think I’m his type? Or he’s mine? I’m fifteen years older than he.”

“You’re right, but...”

“Annie, you’re an angel,” she said, cutting me off. “Wanting everyone in your life to be happy. So generous with your love, such a big heart. But not everything can be tied up into a neat little package.”

“But Julia...” In my heart I knew she was right. Still...

“No buts, Annie. Ramon is still young. I’m sure he’ll find someone.”

“But I want you. I want to be your daughter.”

“And I’d love to have you as my daughter. But they need you,” she said.

“Don’t you need me?”

“Yes, Annie,” she said. “I do need you. I treasure every moment we’re together, and when we’re apart I count the minutes until I can see you again. I do need you. But they depend on you. And that’s more important, isn’t it?”

She was right. I’d stepped into my mother’s shoes, doing everything she had done and more. I was wife, mother, lover, Ramon’s child bride. I wondered how I’d feel when Ramon met someone who’d take my place. Would it be jealousy? Or relief? I didn’t mind the housework so much, but school was going to start soon, and between that and the cooking, housework, and laundry, I had long days ahead of me.

And then there was college. I hadn’t thought about it until I met Julia. The things she knew, about art, poetry, and the world; it had lit a spark within me. There was money from my mother’s life insurance settlement held in trust for me, enough to

send me to a state university. If I worked hard and got a scholarship, there was the chance of getting into a better school. I didn't want to be a bank teller or a fisherman's wife like my mother. I wanted to follow Julia's path through the world.

"You're right," I said. "It was a silly idea."

"Not silly, dear," she said, smiling and squeezing my hand. "I'm just not the right person."

I tried to pay the check, but she wouldn't let me, even though I still had most of the money that Rob had given me at the party for losing his bet with his wife. As we left, Julia told me she had to go back to Boston for a few days. No parties this time, just business. That had been the reason for the early morning conference call.

"Helen's next get-together is over Labor Day weekend. She'd love us to be her guests. I hope you can make it," she said as we drove back to her place.

"I'd love that," I said. Too bad Brad wouldn't be there, but I'd have fun anyway. I thought of Katherine, the woman with the piercing blue eyes, and Brad's father, who had eaten me on the kitchen counter. All the beautiful people, the bar, the pool, the luxurious house. It was a different world, but it was one I wanted to live in someday.

We went back to Julia's house and made love in her garden, lying on the grass and looking up at the clouds afterwards. Julia held me in her arms, caressing me with her soft hands.

"I love you, Julia." I finally said it. After all these weeks I finally said it. I felt her pulling me on top of her. Her eyes were moist, reflecting the clouds above us.

"I love you too, Annie." She pressed her lips against mine and we kissed for an eternity, our tears mingling and falling to the grass like drops of rain. We made love again, slowly, carefully, languorously, the sounds of our passion blending with the

birds singing in the trees, the wind rustling the leaves. Afterwards, we laughed like children as we picked the grass from our hair and brushed the dirt from our thighs. We took a shower and Julia drove me home.

“I’ll see you in a couple of days,” she said, bringing my hand to her lips and kissing it.

“I’ll be counting the minutes,” I said, seeking her lips with my own.

I watched as she drove off, elated that I’d finally told her how I felt about her. I knew she loved me, and she knew I loved her, but saying it meant so much more, even though our only witnesses were the trees in her garden and the birds in their branches, the flowers, and the patch of grass that was our bed. My heart pounded with joy as I went inside to finish the laundry and start dinner.

The next day Ramon had to go to Portland to get parts for the boat, and since I’d caught up with the housework and Julia wasn’t around, I persuaded him to take me along. Portland was a dingy looking city, dirty sidewalks and old brick buildings, but there were some interesting stores. Ramon parked the van in front of a marine supply warehouse and let me and Del explore the city on our own while he took Paco in with him.

“Let’s go in here, Del,” I said, pulling him into an old bookstore. Stacks and shelves of musty volumes dominated the place, presided over by an old gentleman in a flannel shirt, smoking a pipe, who kept an eye on us as we browsed through the books. Del wasn’t interested in anything, but I had my eye out for a gift for Julia. An old leather-bound book entitled “The Love Songs of Sappho” caught my eye, and I pulled it from the shelf to leaf through the pages. On the same shelf was another book, “Ancient Greek and Roman Dress”. I pulled that one down as well, poring over the

pictures, trying to figure out if I could sew any of the cloaks and dresses. They looked simple.

“See anything you like, missy?” The man in the flannel shirt stood next to me, puffing on his pipe, eyeing me suspiciously.

“I’d like to buy these,” I said, opening my purse to pay. The sight of money softened his expression and he smiled around the stem of his pipe.

“Is there anything else you’d like?” he said, ringing up my purchase.

“Del? See anything you want?” We’d been in the store for only a few minutes and already he looked bored, his hands buried in his pockets.

“Got any comic books?” he asked. The old man’s expression soured.

“Three doors down, there’s a store,” he said, placing my books in a paper bag and handing me my change.

“Is there a store that sells fabric?” I asked the proprietor. He thought for a moment, puffing on his pipe.

“There’s one down on Fore Street, by the corner of Union,” he said. “About four blocks south, by Long Wharf.”

“Thanks,” I said, taking Del’s hand and leading him out. We stopped off at the store that sold comics, and while he browsed through the racks I pulled out “Ancient Greek and Roman Dress” and started reading. The names of the garments were strange: chiton, himation, peplos. And the diagrams and drawings made them seem easy enough to make, but I knew that getting the folds and drapes right would be a difficult task.

“Let’s go,” Del said, walking over to where I was sitting. He was emptyhanded.

“You’re not going to buy anything?” I asked.

“No money.”

“Here,” I said, pulling a \$20 bill from my purse. “Get something for Paco, too.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah.”

“Thanks,” he said, heading back to the racks. I flipped through the pages of the book until Del brought a small stack of comics to the cashier and paid for them. We left the store and headed towards Long Wharf.

“I got some change back,” he said.

“Keep it.”

“Where’d you get all this money?” he asked. “From Mrs. Harrington?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“C’mon, tell me,” he insisted.

“Del, I can’t. It’s a secret.”

“I wanna know, Annie. Tell me.”

“Okay, but you’ve got to promise not to tell anyone, not Paco, not Papi.”

“Promise,” he said.

As we walked to the fabric store, I told him about Helen’s party. Almost everything: the house, the pool, the dinner, the drinks, the sex, the drugs, and the bet Laura had made with her husband over the color of the underwear I had on. Everything except Brad.

“You made \$400 for wearing red panties?” Del said, incredulous.

“Yup.”

“And how much was the bet?”

“\$2,000, but they went double-or-nothing after I showed them my bra.”

“Crazy people,” Del said.

“Yup.”

The lady who ran the fabric shop could have been the bookseller's sister. Stooped and frail, wearing a wool cardigan on a warm summer's day, but with a much sweeter disposition. She smiled when I showed her some of the drawings in the book of Greek costume.

"I have the perfect fabric for this," she said, leading me back through a labyrinth of shelves stacked with bolts of cloth. I bought a few yards of fine imported white linen and a skein of blue satin ribbon for trimming and girding. Del stood by patiently, reading a comic book while I paid for my purchases. We headed back to the van.

On the drive back to Coopersport, I tried to decide what to make, settling on a simple Ionic chiton, tied beneath the breast. When we arrived home, I wanted to get started on it, but there was dinner to start and a few more loads of laundry to do. Ramon took Del down to the boat in the van to unload the parts and supplies while I started cooking, and Paco planted himself in front of the television, a new comic book in his lap.

After dinner I sat in the sewing room and studied the drawings of chitons, laying the linen on the floor and carefully cutting the fabric. I'd just started sewing some temporary stitched by hand when Ramon came in to the room.

"Whatcha doing?" he asked.

"I'm making an Ionic chiton," I said.

"Oh. I see."

"It's a gift for Julia."

"She's a nice lady," he said. "A little old for me, though."

"I know. I'm not trying to get you together. I just thought it would be fun."

“It was,” he said, kissing me on the cheek. “We’re going back out tomorrow. Two weeks this time.”

“You are? You just got back.”

“The engine is fixed. The boat’s not making any money tied up at a pier.”

“Can’t you wait a couple of days? Julia’s in Boston until Thursday,” I said.

“Sorry. I guess you’ll have to be by yourself ‘til she gets back,” he said.

I put aside what I was doing and we went to his bedroom, undressing each other and climbing into bed. We made love three times that night and I fell asleep in his arms, a river of his semen oozing from my satisfied pussy. As much as I hated to see him go, I knew he’d be really horny when he got back. At least it was something to look forward to.

I woke up the next morning alone in his bed. Wrapping myself in my papi’s robe, I padded around the house, hoping they hadn’t left yet. The house was empty, and I felt a twinge of disappointment that I hadn’t had a chance to give my brothers a little going-away present. Not even a blow job. I took a long, hot bath and washed away the residue of the previous night’s activities.

There was a note on the kitchen table from Ramon, plus some cash for groceries. The note said he’d check in every few days on the radio if possible, but that I shouldn’t worry if I didn’t hear from him. Reading this, I really began to feel alone, not to mention worried.

I ate breakfast and did the dishes, going up to the sewing room afterwards and picking up where I’d left off the night before. By lunchtime, I’d finished the temporary stitches. Instead of making something to eat, I got on my bike and rode into

town to have lunch at the outdoor cafe where Julia and I had dined a couple of days before.

On my way back I stopped at Julia's house, hoping that perhaps she'd come back earlier than expected. Her car wasn't there, so I went around to the back of her house and sat in her garden for a while, wishing she'd been there with me. There was a chill in the air, a portent of autumn, and the trees made a dry rustling sound when the wind blew through the leaves.

I headed back to the house and sat down at the sewing machine, making the first permanent stitches in my gift to Julia. Concentrating on my work was a struggle; working the treadle of the sewing machine with my feet sparked a fire between my legs. I fought my horniness and worked through the afternoon and past dinner time. It was dark outside when I stopped to open a can of soup.

It was quiet in the house. I watched a little television, had a few sips of Ramon's rum, and went back upstairs, sewing for a couple of hours until I started to feel sleepy. Then I washed up and went to bed.

Despite my tiredness, sleep didn't come easily. There was no one to hold me while I slept, no warm body to snuggle against. The house made sounds I never noticed before; creaks, knocks, whistles. After about an hour I reached into my bedside table and grabbed a vibrator, the big one Julia had bought me. I pulled my blanket aside and skinned off my panties, licking the tip of the vibrator and placing it at the entrance of my sex before turning it on.

I imagined it was Julia's tongue between my legs as I circled my clit with the tip of the vibrator. All that sewing with the antique treadle-powered machine had left me wet, and the vibrator slipped and slid over my sex, making me shiver and tremble with delight. I flicked my nipples with my free hand, feeling them stiffen under my

fingers. I liked my pert little breasts, but this was one of those times I wished they were bigger, just so I could bring my nipples up to my lips and suckle myself.

I pressed the vibrator into my slit, feeling it stretch me like my papi's big cock. I arched my back as I pushed it inside me with one hand, rubbing my clit with the other. Spreading my legs wider, I fucked myself with the purring toy, rocking my hips back and forth and making the bed quietly creak. Between the humming of the vibrator, the sound of the bedsprings, and my breathing, I barely noticed all of the noises this old house made at night.

I was twisting the vibrator in my pussy, trying to simulate the way Del's hips corkscrewed when he fucked me, when I began to come, clenching my pussy around the toy and nearly expelling it from my cunny. I held it in place while I convulsed on my bed, my whole body resonating with the vibrations of the plastic phallus.

Other than a couple of gasps and a soft moan, I barely made a sound. There was no one but myself to hear. When I switched off the vibrator and slowly pulled it out of me, there was only silence. I licked the tip of the vibrator, tasting my own juices, and set it on my night table before pulling the blanket back up and falling asleep.

I always had strange dreams, even before my mother was killed. That night I dreamed that I was back in the hotel in Boston, the Ritz-Carlton, laying naked in the big comfortable bed. I wasn't alone. Julia was with me, as was my mother, and they were naked, too. They were both holding me, cradling me in their arms, petting me and cooing over me as if I were a newborn baby. Margaret, the little girl from the sex shop was there, sitting in a chair facing the bed, dressed only in her little white cotton panties with the cartoon character print. She smiled at me as her fingers slipped beneath the waistband of her panties.

And then Ramon was kneeling between my legs. I looked down and saw two penises hanging between his legs, a pair of thick, hard cocks pointing at my sex. He penetrated my sex with one, my bottom with the other, and when he leaned over to kiss me, there was a third penis where his tongue should have been, not a fat cock like the ones between his legs, but a smooth little boycock like Paco's. I sucked it as his hips began to move...

“Papi!” His name was on my lips as I bolted upright in bed, wide awake. The sun was up and the birds were singing in the trees. My heart was pounding as I glanced at the clock. It was just past six.

I took a shower, got dressed, and made breakfast. There was no more laundry to do today, so I busied myself with my gift to Julia. It wasn’t as hard to make as I thought it would be, and by lunch time I’d nearly finished it, even the trim and the ribbon that tied it beneath the breasts. I put it on and stood before the mirror. Julia was taller than me and a bit more buxom, so it didn’t quite fit my skinny figure. But it draped in all the right places, and when I compared it with the drawings in the book, I felt a sense of satisfaction. I just hoped that she would like it.

After lunch I realized that there was quite a bit of linen and ribbon left over. I thought about making another garment for Julia, perhaps a veil or a himation, the sash-like garment that draped over the arm. I was flipping through the pages when I happened upon a drawing of a Spartan virgin, wearing a short chiton that was held up by a brooch over the shoulder, exposing a single breast. I decided to make one for myself.

It didn’t take long, as I left it untrimmed and ungirted, just simple white virginal linen. I fastened it over my shoulder with a safety pin and wrapped a wide

sash around the waist; it looked just like the drawing, exposing my right breast and most of my thighs.

I had brought my mother's jewelry box with me. There was a gold brooch, a sunburst, and this replaced the safety pin. Back in front of the mirror, I gathered my hair in my hands and held it on top of my head. The short chiton exposed the crotch of my panties when I held my arms up, and after I took off the garment I consulted the book to find out what sort of undergarments the ancient Greeks wore. They didn't.

After dinner, I wrapped up my presents to Julia, the chiton and the book of Sappho's poems, and spent the evening in front of the television, watching a baseball game. Some of the players were pretty cute. I always loved the way those tight uniforms hugged their butts. The shortstop for one of the teams looked like a young Ramon, except not quite as tall. But he had a bulge in the crotch of his uniform that suggested the possibility of a decent sized package. During the commercials, I fantasized about having him take me, laying me down in the outfield grass, pulling off his jock strap and fucking me. I could almost smell the liniment and feel the muscles in his back.

Horny again, I poured myself a glass of Ramon's rum and went to my bedroom to get my vibrators and some lotion. Spreading a towel on the couch, I undressed and sat in front of the television, legs up on the coffee table, rubbing the big pink vibrator over my clit as I worked the thin anal probe into my bottom. I began to imagine both teams lining up on the field to take their turn with me in front of a sell-out crowd, even the coaches and umpires, dozens of hard cocks of all shapes and sizes.

I half-watched the game through hooded eyes, trying to picture what was inside each uniform and imagining how it would feel in my cunny, my mouth, my ass. The right fielder - he'd have a big black dick and low-hanging balls that would hit my chin

as he stuffed his meat in my mouth. The third base coach - long and thin, maybe circumcised, lots of bushy pubes that would tickle my bottom as he slowly pushed into my ass. The second base umpire - he looked like a fatherly type, gray hair, a bit of a beer belly, the kind of man that would tenderly caress my cheek as he pounded my messy snatch with his short but fat cock.

I brought myself off twice on the couch, the vibrators humming in my hungry holes, imagining how I'd feel after they'd all taken me, their thick semen oozing from every orifice and covering my face, breasts, belly, and thighs, 30,000 people standing up and applauding us. Wiping myself off with the towel, I poured another glass of rum and got pretty tipsy that night.

There wasn't anything worth watching after the game, so I finished my glass of rum and went upstairs to bed. Julia would be back the next day and I wanted to get a good night's sleep. My baseball fantasy was still on my mind, and I fingered myself to one last climax before falling asleep.

I woke up early the next morning, a dull ache in my head from the rum I'd drunk the night before. A couple of aspirin, a shower, and a cup of coffee cleared my head, and after breakfast I busied myself with preparations for Julia's return. It had only been three days, but I missed her terribly.

I packed a picnic basket with a jar of olives, some dried figs, two containers of yogurt in a bag of ice, and a bottle of wine Consuela had left behind, foods that I'd seen pictured in the book of ancient Greek clothing. I slung the basket over my handlebars, tucked my gifts under my arm, and managed to pedal over to Julia's house without falling off my bike. I hid my bicycle behind her garage, took off my jeans, t-shirt, and panties, and slipped on the short chiton. While I waited for Julia to arrive, I pinned my hair up and made a garland of ivy and flowers from her garden,

using a window as a makeshift mirror. All I needed was a lyre or a flute to complete my costume. “Maybe next time,” I thought.

I waited in Julia’s garden, gazing at the sky, smelling her flowers, enjoying the way the cool breeze wafted up my chiton and caressed my body. I cupped my exposed right breast and lightly circled my nipple with a fingertip, sending a delightful chill through my body. I was about to lay down in the grass and finger myself when I heard Julia’s car pull into the driveway. I waited in her garden, the picnic basket and the box of gifts laying next to me in the grass. I heard the car door close, the front door opening, a light going on in the kitchen.

Julia didn’t emerge from the house until a few minutes later. My heart pounded as I watched the back door open and Julia step out, dressed in a black pantsuit and pearls, a tall glass of iced tea in her hand. She didn’t notice me at first, but when she spotted me in the grass she gasped in surprise and walked over.

“Annie! You scared the wits out of me,” she said. “I wondered why there was no answer when I phoned your house.” She sat on the grass next to me and kissed me, her hand cupping my bare breast.

“My name is Gongyla, dear lady,” I said, directing my gaze downward.

“Gongyla. What a lovely name, what a pretty little nymph you are,” she said, gently lifting my face, her soft lips pressing against mine. The scent of her perfume was intoxicating, and I felt tingles of anticipation in my belly.

“Thank you,” I said. “I’ve brought you gifts, an offering of my love. I hope you find them worthy, dear lady.”

“How kind of you, dear nymph,” she said, playing along with my little charade. “Seeing you in my garden is the greatest gift of all.” I handed her the box, wrapped in gold coated paper and tied with a blue satin ribbon. She carefully opened it, trying not

to tear the paper. On top of the chiton I'd sewed for her was the book of Sappho's poems. She opened the cover and read the inscription I'd written:

For Julia,
I breathe for you,
My heart beats for you,
You are my sun, my moon,
My stars, my sky.
I love you.

Annie

Julia's eyes clouded with moisture as she put the book down and embraced me, her tears falling on my shoulder, her body trembling against mine.

"Oh, Annie," she whispered. "Oh, Annie."
We kissed again, our lips locked together, tongues joined as one, holding each other tight. I didn't want to let go of her; I wanted to stay in her arms forever.

I handed Julia a napkin from the picnic basket to dry her eyes. She pulled the chiton I'd made for her from the box and stood up, holding it against her body.

"It's beautiful," she said.
Julia unbuttoned her pantsuit and kicked off her shoes, turning around so I could unclasp her bra. After she stepped out of her panties, she put on the chiton, slipping it over her head and letting it fall, draping her body in folds of soft linen. I tied the ribbon that girded the garment right below her breasts and we embraced again. I could see our reflection in the kitchen window; we looked as if we had

stepped out of antiquity, two figures from a Greek vase, our chitons rippling in the gentle breeze.

“I love it,” she said, kissing me. “Thank you.”

I pinned Julia’s hair up and decorated it with flowers like mine, and then we had a picnic lunch in her garden, enjoying a late summer’s day. After lunch I laid my head in her lap while she read Sappho’s poems out loud, leaning over to kiss me after each one.

Then she quietly closed the book and laid it aside and drew my chiton over my waist, her fingers finding my sex, probing my wetness, parting my lips. As she leaned over to taste me, I slowly raised her hem, exposing her flower, and gently kissed her cleft, drawing a moan from her that I could feel through my belly. We lay together on the grass, goddess and nymph, our beflowered heads nestled between each other’s thighs, drinking from each other’s chalice, until we both found our release.

“I missed you so much,” I whispered. It had only been three days, but it seemed like a year.

“I missed you, too,” she said, tightening her embrace. “Oh, dear. I forgot about your gift.”

“What gift?” I asked.

“I brought some things back from Boston. Come,” she said, getting up from the grass and helping me to my feet. “They’re inside.”

I packed up the picnic basket and followed Julia into the house and up to her bedroom. She hadn’t unpacked her suitcase, so I helped her hang up her pantsuit and dresses. Under her clothes was a box wrapped in plain brown paper. She handed it to me and I ripped it open. Inside was the squirting strap-on we’d seen at Shelly’s and an

antique vibrator just like Julia's, the kind that strapped on to the back of the hand and turned fingers and thumb into sources of exquisite pleasure.

"Oh, Julia! Thank you, thank you!" I blurted out, hugging her and passionately kissing her.

"I stopped by Shelly's store while I was in the city," she said. "She's coming up for a visit this weekend."

"Margaret, too?"

"Yes, both of them. But I'll tell you more about that later. Let's try out your new toys."

We took off our ancient Greek garb, leaving the flowers in our hair. Julia filled the strap-on's reservoir with the bottle of special fluid Shelly had provided and I helped her strap it on her hips. Like hers, there was a stub that pressed against her clit. The toy jutted obscenely from her hips, eight inches of pink silicone that warmed to the touch. I knelt at her feet and took the tip in my mouth, wetting it with my tongue.

"That's probably not necessary," Julia said, squeezing the fake scrotum that hung from the base of the strap-on. A small amount of faux semen squirted into my mouth. I laughed so hard I nearly choked. It had the consistency of semen but it was sweet, like condensed milk.

Julia placed a couple of towels on the bed and I laid on top of them, on my back, my legs spread wide to welcome my lover home. She knelt between my thighs and placed the tip of the strap-on against my sex, slowly pushing forward and penetrating my slit. She squeezed the scrotum again, and I felt a spurt of fluid inside me, lubricating my cunny, allowing the big silicone dong to slip in easily.

"How does it feel?" she asked. Julia lay over me, her nipples lightly grazing mine.

“It feels softer than the other one. Warmer, too,” I said. It didn’t feel as good as a real penis, but it was better than cold plastic. Julia began to slowly thrust, leaning down to kiss me, our breasts pressing together. She paused for a moment to tighten one of the straps and then continued, her hips finding a steady rhythm as she kissed me again.

The strap-on had a flared head with a prominent ridge on the top, and each time it passed the sensitive spot on the top wall of my vagina I gasped and held Julia tighter, my legs lifting off the bed to wrap around her back. She buried her face in the crook of my neck, her breath a warm cloud on my shoulder as she nuzzled me. I could hear her soft moans as the stub end of the strap-on pressed against her clit with each thrust.

“Fuck me, Julia...fuck me,” I cooed, moving my hips against hers, matching her rhythm. Even without the strap-on I would have come, just from the feeling of our breasts pressing together, her soft skin against mine, the way she gently nibbled my ear lobe, her tender kisses. When my climax arrived, wavelets of pleasure radiating from between my legs and making my thighs quiver against her hips, Julia reached down and squeezed the strap-on’s scrotum, filling me with warm jets of fluid, pushing my orgasm to a higher plateau.

“I’m coming...Mommy...I’m coming,” I screamed, thrashing and squirming on the bed beneath Julia’s body. She held me tighter and started pounding my cunny harder. I could hear her heavy breathing over my cries of pleasure and feel her heart pumping in her chest as she fucked me. And then she came, her body shuddering on top of mine, a flush spreading over her freckled chest. She gave the strap-on’s bulb one big squeeze as her thrusts began to slow to a halt, filling me with the rest of the fluid and giving me a post-orgasmic shiver.

Julia pulled out of me, wiping the tip of the strap-on with the corner of one of the towels. She undid the harness and slipped it off, lying next to me on the bed and wrapping her arms around me. As we kissed, I felt the thick fluid dripping from my pussy, pooling on the towel between my legs.

“You called me ‘Mommy’ when you came,” she whispered.

“I’m sorry,” I said. I hadn’t even noticed.

“Don’t be,” she said. “I’m honored.”

I told Julia about the dream I’d had, the one where she and my mother held me while Ramon climbed on top of me, how he had three cocks, how Margaret, Shelly’s daughter was watching. Then I told her about the fantasy I’d had while watching the baseball game, how the team, the managers, and even the umpires took me in the middle of the field while thousands of people watched.

“Heavens,” she said. “You have quite the imagination, Annie.”

“What did my dream mean?” I asked.

“Sometimes they don’t mean anything,” she said. “There was a famous psychiatrist who wrote that dreams were a manifestation of subconscious desires. He would have found your dream quite rich with symbolism. Margaret would have symbolized your innocence, but you know she’s not exactly chaste. And if you’ve been sleeping with your stepfather, having him make love to you in your dream isn’t exactly a ‘subconscious desire’.”

“Oh,” I said, barely understanding what Julia had said. “What about the baseball team?”

“That’s different,” she said. “You were awake and conscious, right?”

“Yes, but I had some rum. I guess I was a little drunk.”

“Alcohol suppresses one’s inhibitions. Even so, you’ve had dreams like that, haven’t you?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Is that something you’d like to do?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t thought about it,” I said, feeling my arousal build up as I recalled the dream I’d had in the hotel room, the one where every man at Helen’s party was lined up to take me.

“I can arrange something like that if you wish,” Julia whispered, her hand stroking my smooth belly, dipping lower towards my cleft.

“Let me think about it,” I said, feeling her finger gently probe my wet cunny. She brought her finger to my lips and I sucked the sweet fluid that coated it. “Mmm...it’s your turn, Julia.”

I refilled the squirting strap-on and Julia helped me affix it to my hips. She laid down on the towels she’d spread out on the bed and I knelt between her thighs, giving the strap-on’s bulb a gentle squeeze and squirting some of the fake semen on her pussy to lubricate her passage. As I rocked my hips, pressing the silicone dong inside her, I closed my eyes and thought about that dream, the line of men at Helen’s house, how she and Julia lapped up the juices that flowed from my well-used pussy. The stub end of the strap-on pressed against my slippery clit, making me come even before Julia had climaxed. I kept pumping until she found her release, reaching between my legs to squeeze the rubber scrotum and fill her spasming pussy with the sweet fluid. After I pulled the glistening toy from her sex, I cleaned her with my tongue, sucking the sticky liquid from her cleft and bringing her to another climax.

We laid in bed for the rest of the afternoon and then took a bath together before heading out to dinner. When we returned to her house, we put on our nightgowns and sat together on her living room couch, sipping wine and reading Sappho to each other.

“Julia?”

“Yes, Annie?”

“The men...this would be at Helen’s house?”

“Yes, dear. Just like your dream,” she said.

“It’s happened before?”

“Once or twice each year,” she said. “Usually it’s a couple that’s new to the group, an initiation of sorts.”

“Oh,” I said. I laid my head in her lap and she gently stroked my hair.

“Think about it, dear. Some fantasies aren’t meant to come true.”

I couldn’t stop thinking about it, even after we went up to her bedroom and climbed into bed, cuddling up to each other under the cool sheets. The thought of a couple of dozen men taking me in front of a crowd was both highly arousing and terrifying. I fell asleep trying to imagine how I’d feel after five cocks, ten cocks, twenty cocks had pressed inside me and filled me with their spunk.

Chapter Eleven - Babes in Toyland

The next morning I helped Julia with her housework, just a bit of cleaning before Shelly and Margaret came to visit. We had lunch in the garden and then drove into town to meet their bus. Shelly wore a lovely floral print sundress, the short hem showing off her long, shapely legs. Margaret was dressed in black, of course, a sleeveless blouse and a long, flowing skirt. She wore dark eye makeup, but not nearly as much as that first time I'd met her. Her light complexion made her look like a ghost, especially in comparison with everyone else coming off the bus.

"Julia, Annie, how nice to see you," Shelly said, kissing both of us on the cheek.

"Hi, Annie," Margaret said. She kissed me, too, but on the lips instead of the cheek.

"Hi, Margaret," I said, taking her hand. Julia put their bags in the trunk of her car and we walked around town, sightseeing and window shopping. An hour and a half later, we drove back to Julia's house. I helped her start dinner while Shelly and Margaret settled into the guest room. A few minutes later they came back downstairs and Julia showed them out to the garden to relax before dinner.

"Here, take these out to them," Julia said, handing me a tray that held a glass of wine for Shelly and a can of soda for Margaret. I walked out to the garden where they sat in the shade. The sun was just beginning to touch the tops of the trees, and a cool breeze was blowing.

"Thank you, Annie," Shelly said, as I handed her the wineglass.

Julia came out of the house, holding a pair of wineglasses. She handed one to me and we sat in the shade with Shelly and her daughter. While Shelly and Julia talked, I took Margaret for a walk through the garden, teaching her the names of all the flowers. I glanced over to where Shelly and Julia were sitting and saw them kiss. Shelly's hand was on Julia's bare thigh, edging under the hem of her dress, and I felt a twinge of jealousy.

"Do you live here?" Margaret asked.

"No, I live in down the road with my stepfather and his two sons."

"Where's your mommy?"

"She passed away," I said.

"Oh." Margaret hiked up her skirt and knelt on the grass to smell the Queen Anne's Lace that grew wild around the fringes of the garden. "My daddy died when I was little." She seemed older than eleven when she spoke those words.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Margaret," I said.

"You can call me 'Maggie'" if you want. Just don't call me 'maggot'. I hate that," she said, wrinkling her little upturned nose. She looked so precious when she did that.

"Okay, Maggie." I felt a sisterly pang, the urge to wash the makeup from her face, to get her out of those black clothes and into a pretty dress, to brush her hair out and put flowers in it, to hold her in my lap and caress her. I wondered if she was reading my mind when she took my hand and held it. We lay together on the grass, looking up at the clouds and trying to find shapes in them, mostly animals and faces. I kept stealing looks at Shelly and Julia, watching them kiss and feel each other up. A few minutes later, Julia got up and headed back into the kitchen.

Shelly got up and walked over to where her daughter and I were sitting, and took a seat in the grass next to us.

“You’re a lovely girl, Annie,” she said, placing her hand on my thigh.

“Thank you,” I said. I felt Margaret’s hand on my other thigh, caressing me. Shelly leaned over and kissed me, her hand roaming under my dress, just as she’d done with Julia. I lay back on the grass between them, Shelly’s hand rubbing my cleft through my panties while Margaret cupped my breasts through the bodice of my dress. Shelly’s tongue was relentless, probing my mouth and seeking my own, aggressive like a man’s kiss. She dipped her fingers under the legband of my panties and began to finger me. I laid there on the grass, letting Shelly and her daughter have their way with me until Julia called us in to eat.

We sat down to dinner an hour later. Julia served her scrumptious coq au vin, and Shelly let Margaret have a half glass of wine with her dinner. After dessert and coffee, Margaret helped me clear the table and do the dishes while Julia and Shelly retired to the living room. After we’d finished cleaning up, we joined them.

“Come see what Shelly’s brought us,” Julia said. She and Shelly had taken off their dresses and were sitting together on the couch in their underwear.

“Just a few tokens of my gratitude for your hospitality,” Shelly said. There was an array of sex toys spread out on the coffee table, vibrators, dildos, and a few things I didn’t recognize.

“What’s this?” I asked, holding up a pink rubber cone-shaped item with a rounded tip and a flared base.

“That’s a butt plug,” Margaret said. “Want me to show you how it works?” She began to undo her long black skirt, stepping out of it and neatly folding it. Just like the

time we first met at her mother's shop, she wore white cotton panties, except this time without the cartoon character print.

"No, thanks," I said. "I think I can figure it out."

"Why don't you get comfortable, Anne?" Shelly said. I turned around so Julia could unzip my sundress and I stepped out of it.

"You have the prettiest undies," Margaret said. She removed her blouse, exposing her puffy little nipples, the merest suggestion of breasts.

"Thank you," I said. "Julia bought these for me." I was wearing the pale pink bra and panty set that Julia had brought back from Boston, right after we'd first met. I sat down on the love seat across from the couch, and Margaret came over to sit next to me. We watched as Shelly demonstrated some of the toys she'd brought with her. It felt like a Tupperware party, almost. Maggie edged closer to me on the couch and I put my arm around her.

"I'm sure you'll have fun with this," Shelly said, holding a huge double-ended dildo, almost 18" long and with a prominent glans on both ends. "The trick is to stay still and use your muscles to push it back and forth. Let me show you, Julia."

Shelly peeled off her panties and Julia did the same. Then she rubbed a clear lubricant on both ends, inserting one end inside her slit. Julia scooted closer on the couch, one leg folded under her bottom as she worked the other end of the dildo into her sex. As they sat connected, I could see the dong move back and forth between them, ever so slightly. Julia started to look a bit flushed as she reached back to unhook her bra, and as she freed her breasts, Shelly leaned forward to cup them, her fingers dancing over Julia nipples as they kissed.

"She has such lovely titties," Margaret said.

“Yes, they’re perfect,” I said. “You’re going to have nice ones when you grow up.” I ran my hand over Margaret’s chest, playing with her little buds. She began to do the same to me, slipping her hand under my bra cup and flicking my nipple. I leaned over to kiss her, soft lips that reminded me of Luci’s. She was a passive kisser, unlike her mother, her little tongue yielding to mine. Her hands, however, were all over me, unclasping my bra, squeezing my breasts, pressing against the crotch of my panties.

“Take these off, sweetie,” I cooed, tugging at the waistband of her little white cotton panties. She leaned against the arm of the love seat, lifting her bottom off the cushion so I could pull her panties off. Her puffy little lips glistened with moisture and there was a damp spot on the crotch of her undies.

“You, too,” she said. I slid my lacy pink panties down my thighs and stepped out of them. I sat on the couch and leaned over to kiss Margaret again, running my hands over her creamy skin, feeling the growing wetness between her legs.

“You look good enough to eat,” I whispered, making her giggle. I began to kiss her neck, her shoulders, lingering over her budding little breasts and the soft, pale skin of her belly. There was a hint of babyfat and her hips were just starting to swell into a womanly figure. I cupped her tiny bottom and brought her hairless cunny up to my mouth, savoring her fresh, sweet taste, the flavor of youth.

“Annie...yes,” Margaret gasped as my tongue probed her puffy labia. I licked her up and down, from her tight bottom to her tiny pearl of a clit. She began to rock her hips, her buns tensing and relaxing in my hands as I ravished her babycunt, feeling a pang of nostalgia as I remembered how Luci’s sex tasted.

Margaret was quick to come, her little thighs quivering and pressing against my shoulders, her moans and gasps rising in intensity. I pressed my mouth against her

pussy, keeping up my relentless assault of her tiny clit, making her come again and again. Finally, she sat up, pulling her sex away from my mouth and leaning over to kiss my wet lips. I felt her fingers reaching for my cleft, dipping inside me and teasing my clitty.

“That was good,” Margaret said, still out of breath. “Let me do you, Annie.” She pushed me back on the couch and laid on top of me, suckling my breasts like a nursing infant, sending an electric shock through my body as her teeth gently grazed my nipples. I looked over to the couch where Julia and Shelly sat, connected by the double-ended dildo. They had their hands on each other’s breasts, caressing each other as they kissed.

I ran my hands over Margaret’s smooth back as she worked her lips down my body, from my breasts to my belly, up my thighs and ending up on my shaved slit. Her little tongue parted my labia, teasing my clit, gently swirling around and over it. I closed my eyes and relaxed against the arm of the love seat as she slowly licked me down there, taking her time as she kissed and sucked my sex.

Margaret was quite an experienced lover for a girl of eleven, carefully bringing me to a climax, backing off when I seemed close, and then pushing me over the edge with her skilful tongue. I cupped my breasts and arched my back when I came, but she managed to follow my movements, keeping her lips pressed against my sex as she lashed my clit with her tongue. She didn’t stop until I’d had enough, pulling her on top of me and kissing her, tasting my own nectar on her lips.

“You do that so well,” I whispered, holding her tight between my legs and caressing her smooth back. We kissed again, longer this time, until the sound of sighs and moans from the couch caught our attention.

Shelly was holding the double-ended dong, pushing it back and forth between her pussy and Julia's. Her head was tilted back as she squirmed on the couch, caught in the throes of her orgasm. Julia held Shelly's ample breasts in her hands, bringing both nipples to her lips and sucking them until her own orgasm forced her to release them. She grabbed the couch cushion with both hands, her knuckles turning white as her bottom quivered. Then she relaxed and laid back against the arm of the couch, reaching for Shelly's hand.

Julia gasped as Shelly pulled the dildo from her dripping snatch and set the glistening toy down on the coffee table. She laid on top of Julia, their breasts pressed together as they kissed. I felt Margaret's lips seeking my own, mirroring her mother's actions. I cupped her little bottom and gently squeezed it, caressing her silky flesh as we kissed.

We lay like that for a while, savoring the afterglow, until Julia got up from the couch to open another bottle of wine. Margaret climbed off of me and went over to Shelly, giving her mother a passionate kiss.

“Will you help put this in me?” Margaret asked Shelly, picking up a fat butt plug from the collection of toys on the coffee table.

“Let's give you an enema first, sweetie,” Shelly said. She got up from the couch and took her daughter by the hand. As she headed upstairs, she turned to me and said “Would you like to watch, Annie?”

I was curious about this. I'd never seen an enema, much less had one. I followed them upstairs to the bathroom and Margaret kneeled in the bathtub while Shelly went to fetch something from the guest room. She returned with a red rubber bladder and a long white hose with a thin nozzle at the end. Shelly turned on the sink's faucets, carefully regulating the temperature of the water, filling up the bag

when she was satisfied that it was neither too hot or too cold. She greased the nozzle with a clear lubricant and knelt next to the tub as Margaret got on her hands and knees, presenting her little bottom.

“Margaret loves these,” Shelly said, pressing the greased nozzle against her daughter’s ass and gently pushing it inside her bottom. “Don’t you, baby?”

“Yes, Mommy,” Margaret said, sighing as Shelly released a clamp that pinched the long white tube.

“Is that too hot?” Shelly asked.

“No, it’s fine.”

Shelly held the rubber bag at shoulder level with one hand, gently caressing her daughter’s belly with the other. Margaret began to moan, moving back and forth on her hands and knees as Shelly began to finger her hairless slit. I sat on the toilet and watched them with fascination.

Julia came into the bathroom just as the bag had emptied, a glass of wine in her hand. She stood next to me and caressed my shoulders as we watched Shelly remove the nozzle from Margaret’s bottom.

“Hold it in, baby,” Shelly cooed, leaning over to kiss her daughter’s smooth back. “That’s a good girl. How does it feel, baby?”

“Mmmmm...so good,” Margaret whispered.

“Just a few minutes more, baby.” Shelly’s fingers worked her daughter’s slit, parting her puffy lips and rubbing her little clitty.

“Yes, Mommy.” She pressed her bottom against her mother’s busy fingers, moaning as she neared her orgasm.

“Okay, baby,” Shelly said, helping Margaret to her feet. I stood up from the toilet, getting out of the way as Margaret rushed out of the bathtub, holding her cheeks

together. She sat down on the toilet and let go, expelling the warm water that had filled her belly, reaching between her legs to rub her reddened slit and shivering as she had a mini-orgasm. She looked up at her mother and smiled, and Shelly leaned down to kiss her.

“Annie? Would you like to try an enema?” Shelly asked, wiping off the nozzle.

“I don’t know,” I said, hesitantly.

“It feels so good, Annie,” Margaret said as she wiped her bottom with a wad of toilet paper. “Try it.”

“Okay,” I said. I took a sip of wine from Julia’s glass to steady my nerves and stepped into the bathtub. Shelly filled the rubber bladder again and lubricated the nozzle. I got on my hands and knees as Margaret had done, feeling Shelly gently caress my back. She pressed the nozzle against my bottom and I flinched, jumping away from it.

“Relax, Annie,” Shelly cooed. Julia sat on the edge of the tub and caressed my cheek, leaning down to kiss me. I felt the slender nozzle penetrate my ass and heard a click as Shelly released the clamp. Suddenly I felt a warmth in my belly, spreading through my whole body. It was like the feeling I had when Ramon would come in my bottom, only more so. I relaxed and took a deep breath, feeling Julia’s hands on my breasts and Shelly gently caressing my back.

“How’s that feel, dear?” Shelly asked.

“Wow, it’s wonderful. I had no idea,” I said. I felt my belly start to expand as the water filled me, followed by a sudden urgency, as if I had to pee and shit at the same time.

“Hold it in, Annie,” Shelly instructed, dipping a finger inside my slit and spreading my wetness over my slippery clit. “Keep it in.”

“No...I’ve got...to go,” I gasped. The urgent feeling in my belly intensified the sensations her fingers were giving me, making my clit seem as swollen as my belly. It felt sexy and strange at the same time.

“Okay, you can get up now,” Shelly said. She and Julia helped me to the toilet as I clamped my cheeks together just as Margaret had done. I sat down and immediately expelled the water. It seemed like it would never stop, and I shuddered with a little climax as the water flowed from my bottom.

“Pretty good for a first time,” Shelly said, cleaning the nozzle and coiling up the hose. She and Julia left the bathroom so I could clean myself in privacy.

“Now you’re all clean inside,” Margaret said, kissing me on the cheek before leaving to join her mother and Julia. I still felt the remnants of the warmth in my belly, leaving me somewhat horny as I wiped myself carefully.

I rejoined everyone downstairs and Julia refilled my wineglass as we watched Shelly grease up a fat butt plug and worm it into Margaret’s tight bottom. The little girl gasped and pushed against it until it was buried in her ass, only the flared base showing between her cheeks.

“Feel good, baby?” Shelly asked her.

“Yes, Mommy. Thanks.” Margaret climbed up on her mother’s lap, leaning over to suckle her nipples as Shelly fingered her daughter’s slit. I picked up a butt plug from the table, smaller than the one in Margaret’s bottom, but still wider at the base than even Ramon’s fat cock.

“Let me help you with that,” Julia said, squirting some lubricant on her fingers. I leaned over the coffee table as she greased my bottom, sawing her fingers in and out of my anus, stretching my tight ring of muscle. Then she pressed the tip of the plug

against my sphincter, slowly working it into my hole until it filled me completely and my ass closed around the thin neck.

“How does that feel?” Julia asked.

“Like a big cock,” I replied. I climbed on to her lap just like Margaret had done with Shelly, leaning my head on Julia’s shoulder as she caressed and petted me. I saw Shelly pick up the double-dildo from the coffee table and, after licking the tip, she slowly slid it into Margaret’s little pussy. The other end jutted out of Margaret’s puffy lips, making it look as if the little girl had a large penis growing from between her legs.

“Scoot over, Julia,” Shelly said, turning on the couch with Margaret in her lap. She supported her daughter on her thighs while folding her legs underneath. Julia shifted her position, still holding me in her lap, so that we faced Shelly and Margaret. The other end of the dildo was only inches from my slit, and Julia moved forward until it touched me. I reached down and pressed it against my sex, feeling the knobby head worm its way inside my cunny. Between the fat dong and the butt plug in my bottom, I felt completely filled, almost as if I had Ramon’s cock in both my ass and my pussy.

Now Margaret and I were connected by the rigid silicone pole. As Shelly began to rock Margaret in her lap, I felt the dong pushing back and forth inside me. Julia started rocking as well, making the double dildo move even more. She held me tightly, her hands crossed over my chest, a breast in each hand as she kissed my neck and nibbled my earlobe.

Margaret straightened her legs, laying them on top of mine. I caressed her smooth skin and she reached for my hands, holding them as Julia and Shelly rocked us in their arms, pushing the dong back and forth between our tender pussies.

Margaret's eyes were half-open, and she was mewling with pleasure, her chest heaving as she breathed. Julia's slow, steady rocking lulled me, and if it weren't for the pleasurable feeling of having my tender holes filled, I might have gone to sleep in her lap.

Julia shifted forward a bit, pushing the dong deeper inside me and making me gasp. Her fingers danced over my nipples, making them engorge, my areolas crinkling like prunes. She kissed my cheek and leaned over to reach for something on the coffee table. I couldn't see what it was, but when I heard a soft humming I knew it was a vibrator. I caught a glimpse of it in her hand, a small oval egg with a wire that connected to a hand-held control. She pressed the egg to my clit, making me gasp and catch my breath as the vibrations travelled through my whole body. I stiffened in her arms, my cunny spasming around the dildo as I began to come. My spasms made the dong vibrate sympathetically, and this began to have an effect on Margaret. Julia passed the vibrator to Shelly, who pressed it to her daughter's clit. I felt the dong move inside me when Margaret began to come, her little pussy clenching around the fat pole, the humming of the vibrator travelling along its length. She began to cry with pleasure, almost a shriek, and the sound of her passion added to my already intense orgasm.

Shelly and Julia kept rocking us in their arms, keeping us on the edge as they passed the vibrator back and forth, taking turns making Margaret and I come. I lost count of how many times we climaxed. When Shelly turned off the vibrator, Margaret promptly fell asleep in her mother's arms. Julia scooted back on the couch, the big dong falling out of my aching cunny. I closed my eyes and lay quietly in Julia's lap, listening to the sound of her sipping wine and talking with Shelly in a quiet voice.

“Helen came by the store yesterday,” Shelly said. “She invited me to their party next weekend.”

“Really? How nice,” Julia said. “I’m sure you’ll have a wonderful time.”

“Do you think I should bring Maggie? I’ve never been to one of her parties before. I don’t know what to expect.”

“There won’t be anyone her age there, and there is a fair amount of drinking and drugs,” Julia said. “Has she ever been with...?”

“Only her uncle. He stayed with us for a few weeks earlier this year.”

“She’s rather mature for her age. Annie will be there, too.”

“Oh, good. Margaret’s twelfth birthday is coming up soon. I think she’d enjoy an early present,” Shelly said, kissing her sleeping daughter’s hair.

They talked for a while longer, mostly about Helen and her husband, the wild parties they threw. Then Shelly excused herself and brought Margaret upstairs to put her to bed. I roused myself from my reverie and got up from Julia’s lap, stretching my limbs and yawning. She helped me remove the butt plug from my bottom and I kissed her goodnight, heading upstairs to her bedroom just as Shelly was coming back down. Shelly gave me a goodnight kiss and returned to the couch, sitting next to Julia. I caught a glimpse of them kissing as I walked upstairs.

On my way to Julia’s bedroom, I stopped in the doorway of the guest room to gaze at Margaret while she slept. She looked even younger without her makeup on, a pale angel with black bangs and an upturned nose, quietly slumbering in a sheer white nightie. I watched her for a while before heading into the bathroom to wash up for bed.

I sat up in Julia’s bed, reading the book of poetry I’d given her, listening to the moans and cries that filtered up from downstairs. About an hour later I heard two sets

of footsteps on the steps. Julia came into her bedroom carrying her dress and underwear, draping them over the back of a chair and climbing into bed.

“Not tired?” she asked, kissing me.

“I thought you and Shelly wanted some time alone,” I said.

“That was sweet of you,” she said. “You’re not jealous, are you?”

“No,” I said, though it was only half true.

“Honest?” she asked.

“Well...” I couldn’t lie to Julia. “She’s very pretty.” I knew I didn’t have a right to be jealous, not as long as Ramon and my brothers were in my life, or Brad, or Margaret for that matter. I still had the feeling of Maggie’s soft lips on my mind, along with lingering memories of Luci and Tina, how wonderful it felt when we kissed.

“That she is,” Julia said. “But I love you. I always will. You know that, right?”

“I love you, too,” I said, snuggling up in her arms and kissing her. She turned off the light and we fell asleep together, holding each other underneath her clean, cool sheets.

We spent all of the next day at the beach, heading out after breakfast. Margaret wore almost no makeup, looking like a normal eleven-year-old girl in her yellow bikini top and cutoff shorts instead of a little punk rocker in black. Shelly wore a white maillot with a wrap-around skirt and sandals, while Julia had her usual red one-piece suit under an oversized white blouse. I wore a skimpy polka-dot string bikini that I’d bought in Florida, about a size too small.

It was late in the season and even though the sun was hot, the water was getting chilly. We lay under the cloudless sky all day, and even Margaret got a tan despite her

heavy use of sunblock. She managed not to burn, though, and I thought she looked good with a little color in her skin.

Late in the afternoon we headed back to Julia's house to shower, and then went out to dinner, ordering lobster at a restaurant at the water's edge. We took an after-dinner stroll through town, and Julia treated us to ice cream before we drove back to her place.

Almost immediately after walking in the door, Shelly and Margaret began to shed their clothes. I followed them upstairs and watched Shelly give her daughter an enema, and she gave me one as well. When we returned to the living room, Julia had moved the coffee table aside and had spread a sheet over the living room carpet, between the couch and the love seat. As she opened a bottle of wine, Shelly and I moved the love seat back against the wall, making more room to play. Julia turned down the lights and lit a few candles, bathing the room in a romantic glow.

"Will you help me with this?" Margaret asked, holding a thick butt plug in one hand, a tube of lubricant in the other.

"Of course," I said, taking the items from her. She knelt on the sheet and got down on all fours, presenting her ass to me. Before I greased up her bottom, I knelt behind her and kissed her little cheeks, reaching between her legs and fingering her hairless little slit. Margaret moaned and pushed back against my probing fingers, her tiny clitty swelling under my fingertip.

I diddled her for a while and then applied a dollop of lube to my finger, spreading some on the tip of the butt plug and the rest on her puckered brown bud, working it into her tight little ass. She slowly rocked back and forth, enjoying the gentle penetrations. Shelly and Julia sat on the sheet and watched us, sipping their wine, their hands resting on each other's thighs.

“Ready?” I asked, pressing the glistening plug against Margaret’s sphincter. She nodded, and I slowly pushed it inside her, twisting it slightly to spread the lubricant around. She gasped as I reached around her thigh, teasing her tiny clit as I filled her bottom with the thick toy.

“Annie’s so gentle,” Shelly said, caressing her daughter’s cheek.

“Yes, she is,” Julia replied, getting up to kneel next to me. She kissed me, her hand cupping my breast as I wormed the butt plug into Margaret’s tight ass.

“Let me do you,” Margaret said, after the toy was buried inside her bottom. I got down on my hands and knees, and Julia began to caress my back and play with my nipples. I felt something warm and wet between my cheeks; it was Margaret’s tongue, probing my bottom as she reached between my legs to part my labia with her fingers. She spread some of my wetness over my clit, making it slippery beneath her fingers. I heard her open the tube of lubricant and felt the cool grease on my puckered asshole, followed by the tip of a butt plug worming its way inside me.

Shelly leaned over to kiss me, her tongue aggressively finding mine as Julia fondled my breasts and took over the task of fingering my damp pussy from Margaret. Shelly and Julia had their hands all over me, roaming over my back and belly as Margaret slowly worked the butt plug into my bottom. As she filled my bottom, Shelly slid closer, sitting in front of me so her breasts were level with my face. They were large but firm, with big brown nipples that stiffened when I tongued them. She gasped as I grazed her areola with my teeth, caressing my back and shoulders while I suckled her.

Margaret took her time with the butt plug, slowly twisting it as she filled me. The last inch seemed to take forever. Finally, I felt my bottom clench around the thin neck, leaving only the flared base protruding from my ass. Shelly laid back on the

sheet, pulling me on top of her, and I rested my head on her ample bosom as she caressed my hair.

“How does that feel?” Julia asked, laying next to us.

“Mmmm...wonderful,” I replied. What felt even better was the three pairs of hands roaming over my body, Shelly’s, Julia’s, and Margaret’s. With my head resting on Shelly’s lovely breasts, I closed my eyes and savored the feeling of their gentle caresses. I felt a hand between my legs, dipping inside my cleft, a pair of soft lips pressing against my own, another hand probing between my cheeks and twisting the butt plug that filled my bottom. When I opened my eyes I saw that it was Julia who was kissing me, Margaret’s fingers in my sex, and Shelly playing with my bottom.

“Come, child. Let me taste you,” Julia said to Margaret. The girl crawled over to Julia, who kissed her tenderly as they lay together. Margaret scooted around so they were laying head-to-toe, and she laid her head on Julia’s thigh as the older woman began to kiss her young cunny.

Shelly didn’t have to say anything to me. I moved around so that my face was only inches away from her sex. As I gently parted her thighs and exposed her juicy slit, I felt her breath on my cunny, followed by a tender kiss on my labia.

Until now, Julia’s sex was the only other adult vagina I’d seen up close. Shelly’s sex was quite different. Her lips were bigger, almost curtain-like, and her clit was much larger; thicker and longer, almost like a tiny penis. Her juices were much saltier and flowed freely when I began to probe her cleft with my tongue. I gently nibbled her labia, swirling my tongue around her clit, penetrating her slit with my tongue.

“You taste so sweet,” Shelly murmured, her voice muffled by my pussy. She ravished me with her lips and tongue, greedily sucking my cunny as she squeezed my

bottom in her strong hands. When I began to suck her clit like a cock, she gasped and began to lick me harder, faster, rocking her hips as she pushed her sex against my mouth. Her juices kept flowing, wetting my face as I sucked her big clit.

I could hear Julia start to moan as she and Margaret made love next to us, with an occasional gasp from the little girl. I could feel Shelly's moaning in my pussy as she clamped her mouth to my sex and fucked me with her long tongue. I sucked her clit harder, drinking in her salty juices.

Margaret was the first to come, losing herself to Julia's loving mouth, almost shrieking as Julia ravished her little cunny. I was about to climax myself when I heard Julia's moaning become the familiar cry of passion, my favorite song of all. The sound of her pleasure triggered my own release, and I stopped sucking on Shelly's swollen clit momentarily while she assaulted my sloppy pussy with her tongue, sending waves of pleasure radiating through my belly. I didn't want to leave her hanging, so I returned to her clit, sucking it madly while I probed her slit with my finger.

Shelly's moaning got louder, punctuated by gasps and cries, until suddenly she screamed and clamped her quivering thighs around my neck. Her juices began to pour out of her pussy, so hard that I thought she might have been peeing. Her hips rocked fast and hard and her pussy tightened around my finger, but I didn't release her big clit from my lips. It wasn't until she pushed my head away from her sex that I stopped sucking it.

“You like my big clit, don't you?” Shelly asked, pulling me on top of her. “Just like a little dick.” Before I could answer her she kissed me, her lips pressed against mine, her tongue finding mine. I felt her hand on my ass, squeezing my cheeks and grabbing the base of the butt plug that was still buried in my bottom.

“You ate me out good, Annie,” Shelly said. “Time for a little reward.” She tugged on the butt plug and pulled it out of my ass, leaving me feeling empty down there.

“But you made me come,” I said as she rolled me on my back.

“I know, but I’ll bet you’ve never come like this,” she said, holding two of the biggest vibrators I’d ever seen, silicone cocks that rivalled Ramon’s fat prick. “Margaret, hold her hands. Julia, why don’t you hold her legs?” Julia and Margaret got up from the sheet where they’d been enjoying a post-orgasmic embrace. I felt Margaret grabbing my wrists and holding them above my head. Though she was strong for her age, I could have broken loose, but I didn’t. Julia leaned over to plant a kiss on my shaved mons before grabbing my ankles and spreading my legs.

“Tell me when you’ve had enough,” Shelly said, leaning over me with the vibrators in her hands. “I wouldn’t want to hurt you.”

“Chicken,” I said.

“What?” Shelly had a puzzled expression on her face.

“That’s our safe word,” Julia explained. “Chicken.”

“Chicken,” Shelly repeated with a chuckle. She placed one of the vibrators against my bottom and slowly pushed it inside me. The butt plug had stretched me out and the toy slipped in easily, even without lubrication. Then she turned it on, making my whole body hum. She turned the second vibrator on and licked the tip before placing it on the entrance of my sex, slowly pressing it inward, filling my wet pussy. The two vibrators oscillated at roughly the same frequency, and the slight difference between them made a third, lower vibration that resonated through my whole body.

Shelly made sure the two dongs were snug and secure in my two tender holes before reaching for a third device, a long white wand with a flat padded end. As she

switched it on I noticed some Chinese or Japanese characters on the handle. Shelly pressed it against my belly first, sending a wave of low frequency vibrations through my midsection, intensifying the effects of the two vibrators she'd inserted in my ass and pussy. I yelped with surprise over this new sensation, arching my back off the floor. Margaret and Julia held my wrists and ankles tight, and the young girl looked almost envious over what I was feeling.

Shelly slid the gadget from my belly up to my breasts, making me gasp as she worked over my nipples. I felt like my tits were going to explode as she went from one to the other. She leaned down and kissed me, silencing my cries as she brought the machine back down the my belly. This new gadget felt so intense that I hardly noticed the two vibrators that were still purring away inside me.

“Chicken? No? Very well,” Shelly said, moving the machine lower, edging down towards the top of my slit. As soon as the flat vibrating pad hit my clitoris I came, struggling against the hands that held my limbs, and screaming my head off. Shelly backed off for a moment.

“More,” I gasped.

“More?” Shelly looked surprised.

“More.”

She touched the gadget to my sex again. I convulsed with pleasure, nearly blacking out as I climaxed again. Shelly pulled the device away again, letting me catch my breath.

“More?” she asked. I couldn’t speak. I could only nod.

“Wow,” she said, bringing me off again, making me scream and my whole body tense up as if I was being electrocuted. This time I passed out for real.

“Annie? Are you okay?” Julia’s voice sounded like it was coming from the other end of a tunnel. My vision returned, fading back in from grayness. I felt something cool and damp on my forehead. It was ice wrapped in a washcloth. Someone had removed the vibrators from my ass and cunny and I realized that my head was in Margaret’s lap. She gently stroked my hair.

“Chicken,” I whispered.

“Wow, a tough girl,” Shelly laughed. She kissed me on the lips, though not as aggressively as she’d done before.

“You had me worried again,” Julia said, leaning over to kiss me.

“That was intense,” I whispered. My voice felt scratchy, as if I’d been screaming for an hour. I tried to sit up but my head was still spinning.

“Lay back, baby,” Julia cooed. “Relax.”

“Can I try that, Mommy?” Margaret asked.

“Later, sweetie,” Shelly said. “Let’s let Annie rest up first.”

As the strength returned to my body and the rubbery feeling left my limbs, Shelly showed me the device that had produced such a mindblowing orgasm.

“It’s called a ‘magic wand’, and it’s Japanese,” she said, “I’m pretty sure that this is the only one in the country. Believe it or not, it’s made for sore muscles.”

Julia helped me over to the couch and handed me a glass of wine. I sipped it slowly as I watched her lay flat on her belly on the sheet. Shelly switched on the wand, running it over Julia’s back, working the kinks from her muscles.

“It feels so delicious,” Julia said.

“I’m working on importing these,” Shelly said. “Everyone whose tried one loves it. Roll over, dear.”

Julia rolled on to her back and Shelly rubbed the wand over her thighs, making her shiver as she edged closer to her sex. Instead of pressing it against Julia's cleft, she ran it up her belly and over her breasts.

"Delightful," Julia moaned. "I must have one of these."

Shelly moved the wand off of Julia's tits, leaving her nipples erect. As Julia cupped her own breasts, Shelly worked the massager back down between her legs, making Julia gasp as it vibrated her mound. She arched her back and spread her thighs, giving Shelly access to her moist slit.

Shelly reached for the vibrator that had been in my pussy, twisting the base to switch it on as she pressed the tip against Julia's wetness. Julia gasped again as the toy invaded her, closing her eyes as Shelly manipulated the two devices.

Shelly's hands worked busily over Julia's pussy, thrusting the humming dong in and out of her slit. She rubbed the wand over her mons with a circular motion, occasionally dipping lower to stimulate Julia's swollen clit. Suddenly Julia began to come, her whole body quivering, her hands grabbing fistfuls of the sheet she'd laid over the living room rug. Her hips rose from the floor, trying to keep her clit in contact with the humming wand.

I got up off the couch and knelt next to Julia, leaning over to take one of her stiff nipples in her mouth, greedily licking and sucking it. Margaret knelt across from me, taking Julia's other nipple in her mouth. We lovingly cupped her heaving breasts, suckling Julia like babies as Shelly continued to stimulate Julia's sex with the vibrator and the massager.

"Chi-chicken!" Julia gasped, her body convulsing as she climaxed again. Shelly withdrew the vibrator from Julia's pussy, licking the juices that coated its length. I felt

Julia tugging at my shoulder, and I ceased my suckling to lay next to her, hearing her breathing slowly return to normal.

“My turn!” Margaret said, as I helped Julia up from the floor, holding her by the waist as I brought her over to the couch. I sat next to Julia, kissing her tenderly as the color returned to her face. Her eyes were half-closed and she seemed spent from the intensity of her orgasms.

“Okay, baby. Let’s take this out first,” Shelly said, tugging at the base of the butt plug that protruded from her daughter’s bottom. Margaret got on all fours as her mother pulled the thick plug from her ass. Shelly set it aside and picked up the two long vibrators that she’d used on me earlier, slipping one into her daughter’s stretched-out anus and the other into Margaret’s tight little cunny.

“Annie? Care to help?” Shelly asked. I gave Julia a kiss and knelt by Margaret’s head, holding her wrists as Shelly knelt between her daughter’s thighs.

“Ready, Maggie?” Shelly asked, holding the massager over her daughter’s belly.

“Yes, Mommy,” Margaret replied. Shelly switched on the wand, running it over her daughter’s belly with a circular motion, slowly moving up to Margaret’s puffy little nipples. The girl gasped and arched her back as Shelly rubbed the massager over her tiny buds. As Shelly moved the massager back down to Margaret’s belly, I leaned over to suck on her nipples, alternating between them and leaving them glistening with my saliva.

Margaret began to moan with anticipation as Shelly edged the wand closer to her hairless little mound. She pumped the long vibrator in and out of her daughter’s pussy, twisting it with each stroke. I could feel the vibrations through Margaret’s

wrists, resonating through her squirming body. When the massager hit her clit, she shrieked and arched her back, reflexively trying to close her legs.

Julia, having recovered her strength, came off the couch to hold Margaret's ankles, spreading them and exposing her sex. Shelly worked her daughter's pussy with the massager as the girl struggled against the hands that held her fast. When Margaret came, her body stiffened and shuddered convulsively. I could see the vibrators that filled her begin to wiggle as her ass clenched and her pussy spasmed around them.

Shelly moved the massager away from her daughter's sex, and Margaret went limp, beads of perspiration forming on her forehead. Slowly, her eyes began to open.

"More, Mommy," she gasped.

"Are you sure, baby?" Shelly asked. Margaret nodded, and her mother pressed the wand to her daughter's pussy, making her little body stiffen again. She screamed as if she was in pain, and tears began to roll down her cheeks, but the smile on her face said otherwise.

"That's enough, baby," Shelly said, switching off the massager. "I don't want you to pass out." Julia and I released Margaret's limbs and the girl relaxed as her mother removed the humming vibrators from her tender holes. Shelly knelt next to her daughter, kissing her and stroking her brow.

"Thanks, Mommy," Margaret whispered, her voice hoarse from her screams.

"I love you, baby," Shelly said, kissing her little girl. She snuggled up with her daughter, kissing the tears from her cheeks. Margaret smiled blissfully, nestling her head between her mother's breasts.

"She looks so lovely," Julia said, kneeling behind me and embracing me. I turned my head to kiss her, holding her arms as they crossed over my breasts.

“Hold me,” I whispered, and we laid down next to Margaret and Shelly. Julia tenderly caressed me, planting soft kisses on my neck and shoulders as we relaxed under the flickering candlelight.

When the bottle of wine was empty, the four of us went upstairs to Julia’s bedroom, cuddling together in her big bed. Margaret and I were in the middle, sandwiched between Shelly and Julia, four bodies snuggled beneath the cool sheets. Feeling secure amidst this tangle of flesh, I fell into a deep sleep.

I arose the next morning to Julia’s kisses. She sat on the edge of the bed, wearing only a silk robe, caressing Margaret and I as we shook off our slumber.

“Shelly’s starting breakfast,” Julia said. “Wash up and come join us.” She kissed us both and headed back downstairs. I took Margaret’s hand and led her to the bathroom.

“Wait a sec,” Margaret said as I was about to sit down on the toilet to piss.

“What?” I really had to go badly.

“Pee on me,” she said, stepping into the bathtub.

“Eeeew! That’s gross!” I protested.

“No! It feels real good,” she said, laying down in the tub.

“No way,” I said.

“Come on, Annie. Please?” She gave me a pleading look.

“Okay, if you insist,” I said. I stepped into the bathtub and squatted over her hips. It didn’t come easily, but soon I let forth a strong stream of urine, splashing over her belly and trickling between her legs. Margaret reached for her sex, rubbing herself as I peed on her, a look of bliss on her face. She seemed about to come as the last drops trickled from my cunny.

“Can I do you?” she asked.

“No thanks,” I replied.

“C’mon, it feels great. You’ll like it. We can wash it right off.”

“Well...” I hesitated. “Okay.”

I sat on the floor of the tub while Margaret squatted over my hips, directing a hot stream of pee right at my cunny. She was right; it did feel pretty good, but only because it was such a nasty thing to do. After she’d emptied her bladder I turned on the shower and we soaped each other up. Margaret liked playing with my titties, lathering them up and making my nipples stiffen. I felt like staying in the shower all day, but breakfast was waiting, so we rinsed off and dried each other.

Shelly wanted to get an all-over tan like Julia and I had, so instead of heading to the beach, we went out to the garden after breakfast, spreading towels on the grass and lying nude under the summer sun. Margaret and I had plenty of fun rubbing sunblock on each other, our hands lingering over nipples and clits, finding the release we’d both sought since our shower together.

Julia brought lunch out to the garden, leftover chicken and green salad, washed down with iced tea. We spent a lazy Sunday afternoon in the garden, letting the sun’s rays bronze our skin. Shelly tanned nicely, her skin taking on a rich copper hue, and even Margaret lost her pallor.

Later in the afternoon, I headed back to my house to talk to Ramon on the radio. Margaret came with me, riding on the seat of my bike while I pedalled standing up, her short black babydoll dress blowing in the wind.

“Wow, you live here?” Margaret asked, seeing my big old house for the first time.

“Yeah, we just moved in last spring,” I replied. I got her a soda from the kitchen and went up to the sewing room to turn on the radio. Ramon answered after my third hail, but the signal was pretty weak and I could hardly hear him. He assured me that everything was fine, the fishing was pretty good, and that he’d be back in port before the weekend. I told him that I was all right, gave him my love, and wished him luck before signing off. I went downstairs to find Margaret; she was sitting in the living room, drinking her soda.

“Let’s go, Maggie.”

“Can you show me your room first?” she asked.

“Sure,” I replied, taking her by the hand and leading her upstairs to my bedroom.

“What a neat bed,” Margaret said, leaping on to the big four-poster that dominated my room.

“It’s a little lumpy, but pretty comfortable,” I said, sitting next to her.

“Can I look at your clothes?” she asked. I nodded and she bounded off the bed, opening my closet door. “Nothing in black?” she asked.

“Julia bought me this in Boston,” I said, picking out a black cocktail dress. I held it up against Margaret’s body, but it was a little too big for her. She lost interest in my dresses and began opening my dresser drawers, rummaging through my underwear.

“You have so many pretty panties,” she said. “All I have is boring white cotton. That’s all Mommy buys me.”

“Let’s see if we can find something that fits,” I said. I picked out a black lace string bikini that had been my mother’s. Margaret skinned off her white cotton panties

and stepped into the black lace undies. They were just a bit too big for her hips, and she pouted as they slipped down her legs.

“I think I can alter these a bit,” I said, leading her across the hall to the sewing room. I found some black satin ribbon and cut the string waistband of the panties. It took only a few minutes to sew the ribbon in place, two pairs on each side. Margaret hiked up her short dress and I put the panties on her, tying the sides around her slim hips.

“There, take a look in the mirror,” I said. Margaret smiled as she gazed at her reflection, turning this way and that, admiring how the sheer lace looked against her skin.

“Can I keep these?” she asked. “They’re lovely!”

“Of course,” I replied.

“Thank you, Annie!” Margaret leaped into my arms and kissed me.

We pedalled back to Julia’s house, and as soon as Margaret saw her mother, she lifted her dress to show her the panties I’d altered for her.

“Very pretty,” Shelly said. “How nice of you, Annie. Did you say ‘thank you’ sweetheart?”

“Yes, Mommy,” Margaret said. “Thank you again, Annie.”

“My pleasure,” I said, getting another hug from the happy little girl.

Shelly treated us to dinner this time, at the most expensive place in Coopersport. We strolled around town after dinner and then headed back to Julia’s place. Shelly and Margaret had to catch an early bus the next morning, so instead of spending the evening playing in the living room we went to bed early. This time, Shelly shared Julia’s bed while I stayed in the guest room with Margaret. We washed up and got undressed, climbing into bed wearing just our panties.

“I can’t sleep until I’ve had a come,” Margaret said. “Will you make me come?”

“Sure, sweetie,” I replied, holding her in my arms and kissing her. She was such a pretty little doll without all that heavy makeup, an angel with an upturned nose and delicately pointed chin, full soft lips that felt so good against my own. I began to regret not having a little sister to take care of.

I lingered over her budding breasts, suckling her puffy little nipples and making them stiffen. She sighed as I kissed her belly, her thighs, gently parting her legs and untying the ribbons that held her panties on her hips. As I knelt between her thighs and kissed her puffy labia, I was again reminded of Luci, the first girl I’d ever made love with. We’d long since stopped writing to each other, and I wondered how she was doing, whether she was happy, if she even remembered me.

Margaret moaned and rocked her hips as I ravished her little cunny, making her gasp as I lashed her clitty with my tongue. I held her skinny hips in my hands as I pleasured her, making her buck and thrash as I brought forth her climax. Her thighs quivered and pressed against my shoulders as she came, her body tensing and then relaxing as she settled back on the bed.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “That was good. Can I do you?”
“No thanks,” I said. “I’m pretty tired.” I laid down next to her and she snuggled up to me, her soft black hair spilling over the pillow.

“I wish we were sisters,” she said.
“Me too.” Margaret snuggled closer, wiggling her little bottom against my hips, and she fell asleep in my arms. I could hear Julia’s cries of passion coming from her bedroom, and judging from the sound of her bedsprings, Shelly must have been plunging into her with a strap-on cock. I didn’t feel jealous, though. I knew she liked

Shelly, but she loved me, and that's all that mattered. Julia's song of passion faded out as I drifted off to sleep.

I woke up the next morning to the feeling of soft lips pressed against my labia and a little tongue swirling over my clit. Propping myself up on my elbows, I saw Margaret curled up between my legs, her face buried in my pussy. I laid back on the bed and sighed, reaching down to stroke her hair.

“Good morning,” she said, looking up.

“Hi, sweetie,” I whispered. “Don’t stop. It feels good.” She resumed her gentle licking, sliding her hands under my bottom to cup my cheeks as she ate my pussy. I closed my eyes and squeezed my breasts, rolling my hips slightly to meet the thrust of her darting tongue. She alternated between a circular motion around my clit and a side-to-side lashing that made me gasp with pleasure.

I felt Margaret’s slender fingers probing my slit, penetrating my pussy with her thumb while her forefinger pressed against my ass. My juices had flowed down my crack, making it easy for her finger to slip inside my tight bottom. I began to rock my hips back and forth, humping her fingers as she licked and sucked my clit.

“Yes...like that...yes,” I moaned as she sawed her fingers in and out of my tender holes. I was normally pretty sensitive in the morning, and this day was no exception; her invading fingers and probing tongue sent waves of pleasure through my body, giving me my first orgasm of the day. I let out a little cry as my body stiffened and my thighs pressed against Margaret’s slender form. She kept ravishing me until I sat up and pulled her on top of me, kissing her wet face and tasting my own juices on her lips.

I wanted to return the pleasure, but there wasn't enough time. While Margaret and I took a quick shower, Shelly packed their stuff and Julia whipped up a light breakfast. Less than an hour later they were boarding their bus, waving goodbye. Margaret looked sad as she blew a kiss from behind the window of the bus, and I felt a touch of sadness as well watching the bus drive off, taking them back to Boston.

"I miss her already," I said to Julia as we drove back to her place.

"You'll see them next weekend. They'll be at Helen's party," she said.

"Oh, good," I said, feeling my mood brighten a bit. "Remember what you said in Shelly's shop? About having Margaret as a sister?"

"Yes, I do."

"You were right," I said, reaching for her hand and squeezing it.

"You've got two wonderful brothers, Annie."

"I know, but sisters are different."

"True," she said. "Maybe you can dress up Paco in some of your old things."

We laughed over that as she pulled into her driveway.

"Ramon would thrash us both," I said, half-seriously.

Julia and I relaxed in her garden for the rest of the morning and then I biked home to do my laundry. As I walked past the sewing room, I noticed Margaret's cotton panties laying in the middle of the floor. She must have forgotten them when she put on the black lace panties I'd given her. I picked them up and held them to my nose, inhaling her sweet scent. I thought about wearing them while I did my laundry, but they'd be too tight and I'd lose her aroma. I went to my bedroom and tucked the panties under my pillow before finishing the rest of my housework. Without Ramon and the boys at home, there wasn't much to do. I was finished in a couple of hours and hopped on my bike, heading back to Julia's house to spend the night.

Chapter Twelve - Insatiable

September 1980

The days just flew by. Julia and I spend just about all our time together, either in her garden reading or up in her bedroom, trying out the new toys Shelly had brought us that weekend. By the time Friday had rolled around, we'd tried all of them: the vibrators, the strap-ons, the butt plugs, the dildos, the flavored lubricants and exotic oils. I tried to take it easy on Thursday, because I knew Ramon and the boys would be horny when they returned.

And they were. Back in port early on Friday morning, Ramon, Del, and Paco offloaded their catch by noon, picked me up at Julia's, and had barely dried off from their showers before they had me naked on Ramon's bed, filling me with their three hard cocks. They lasted a bit longer the second time, taking me one after the other instead of all at once. By the third time, we were a sweaty mess, my jaw ached, my pussy was sore, my ass was stretched out, I was covered in semen, and I'd lost count of how many times I'd come.

I almost wished I could stay home that weekend, but I'd been looking forward to going to Boston with Julia again. Ramon took us out to dinner -- I was too exhausted to cook -- and we spent the evening in bed, just me and Ramon. He made love to me slowly, gently. I missed the feeling of his body covering mine, his warm breath on my neck, his thick cock filling my sex.

"I missed you, Papi," I whispered, after he pulled out of me.

"I missed you, too. I wish you could stay here this weekend."

"I know. I'll be back Monday night. You'll be here?"

“Yes, I’m not going out for another week. School starts for Del and Paco soon and I need to hire a crew,” he said. I’d forgotten about school. It had been such a wonderful summer, I didn’t even think about it ending. I felt a twinge of anxiety over going to a new school, new teachers, new faces. Ramon felt the tension in my body.

“Something bothering you?” he asked.

“It’s nothing,” I said.

“Tell me.”

“School,” was all I had to say.

Ramon held me closer, kissing me on the forehead. He’d really become my father, growing more affectionate over the years. I remembered his indifference to me when he first married my mother. Now he was loving, gentle, protective. My anxiety over school melted away as I fell asleep in his strong arms.

The next morning I woke up before him, slipping out of his arms and walking upstairs to Del’s bedroom. My stepbrother was lying on his back, his sheets bunched around his waist, exposing his morning erection. I slid into bed with him, gently grasping his penis and stroking it. He stirred for a moment, a smile spreading over his sleeping face. I curled up next to him and took his cock into my mouth.

“Annie,” he whispered, caressing my back as I slowly sucked him.

“Good morning, Del,” I cooed as I stroked his shaft. He sighed as I took him back in my mouth, swirling my tongue over his manhood, feeling his cock twitch between my lips as I sucked him. As I bathed his shaft with my tongue, he began to rock his hips, gasping as I gently squeezed his balls. He didn’t last long, and I’d only been sucking him for a couple of minutes before his penis began to spasm in my mouth, spurting his hot seed. I let him soften between my lips, milking him with my

tongue before releasing him. Del surprised me by kissing me immediately afterwards, when the taste of his cum was still on my lips.

“I dreamed about you, Annie,” Del said. “I dreamed you were on the boat with me.”

“And I wasn’t seasick?”

“No. You were a mermaid,” he said.

“A mermaid?”

“Hey, you already taste like fish,” he laughed, poking me in the ribs. I flinched, almost falling out of his bed, but I struck back, tickling him under his arms, his most sensitive spot.

“Maricon,” I taunted.

“Puta,” he shot back. We wrestled in his bed and he ended up on top of me, kissing me again as we laughed together.

“Lemme up, Del. I’ve got to wake up Paco.”

“Okay. But I wanna watch,” he said.

Del followed me next door to his brother’s room. Paco was already up, already hard, rubbing his stiffy as if he was expecting me. I knelt next to his bed and lowered my head into his lap, sucking his young cock as his brother watched from the doorway. Paco didn’t last long either, spurting a couple of warm jets of semen in my mouth when he came. Unlike his brother, he didn’t kiss me on the lips afterwards, and he wiped off his forehead when I kissed him there.

I was going to wake up Ramon the same way, but he was already up and in the shower. Fortunately, the bathroom door was unlocked. I pulled the shower curtain aside and stepped into the bathtub with him.

“Let me scrub your back, Papi.”

Ramon smiled and handed me the soap, turning around so I could lather his broad back and massage his muscles. I soaped up my breasts and pressed them against him, rubbing them all over his skin, even kneeling so I could rub his buttocks. I reached around his thighs and lathered up his fat cock and hairy balls, feeling him harden in my hands. He turned around and pulled me up against his chest, cupping my bottom and lifting me off my feet. As I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and my legs around his waist, he impaled me on his cock, filling me with his soapy hardness.

As the warm water washed over our bodies, Ramon bounced me in his hands, driving me up and down on his fat prick. Then he turned and pressed me against the wall, grunting as he rocked his hips, squeezing my cheeks as he pumped me.

“Papi...yes...fuck me...” I gasped as the wonderful feeling of his pounding cock sent waves of pleasure through my body. After a weekend with Shelly and Margaret and a week spent with Julia and a collection of sex toys, this is what I craved, what I needed: a slow, powerful, steamy fuck from a big man who held me in his strong arms. When I began to come I lost my grip, falling even further on to Ramon’s pounding tool. He tightened his hold on my ass, pushing into me faster until I felt him begin to twitch inside my spasming pussy, his cock pulsing, the head flaring as he filled me with his hot sperm.

Ramon let me down gently, kissing me as we rinsed off the soap that coated our bodies. I could feel his semen dripping down my thighs and pooling around our feet as we stood under the shower. He turned off the water and we dried each other, a shiver running through my body as he gently blotted me between the legs with a towel.

After breakfast I went back to my room to pack for the weekend, a couple of nice dresses, two skirts and blouses, jeans and a t-shirt, underwear and hosiery, and a couple of bathing suits. A bit much for a three day weekend, but I wasn't sure how everyone else would be dressed and I wanted to look nice but not overdressed. Julia had mentioned a dinner party tonight, a barbecue tomorrow, and a brunch on Monday, but she didn't say what I should wear.

I had just finished packing when I heard Del answer the door. Julia came up to my room and helped me with my bags, clothes in one, cosmetics and toiletries in a smaller case. She greeted Ramon with a friendly kiss, and I said goodbye to him and my brothers. Then we were on the road to Boston in her silver Mercedes. Ramon's semen was still oozing out of my pussy as we reached I-95 South.

It was early afternoon when we pulled into the big circular driveway of Helen's house. The maid answered the door and ushered us inside as Helen came in from the back yard to greet us. She greeted Julia with a hug and a long kiss and then she turned to me.

"Anne, you're looking lovely today," she said, embracing me.

"Thank you, ma'am," I replied. I was wearing one of my mother's sundresses, pastel pink with a shirred bodice. I'd altered it myself, taking up the hem so it showed plenty of thigh.

"Call me Helen, please," she said, kissing me on the cheek. She led us upstairs to the guest bedroom and we unpacked our bags before heading downstairs to the patio where lunch was being served. I half expected to see Brad there, but he was already off at school. Instead, Brad's older sister, Carrie, was there. She was a lissome

girl in her late teens, with big brown eyes, long blonde hair, and a slight resemblance to her brother. Helen introduced us.

“So you’re the girl from Maine that Brad couldn’t stop talking about,” she said, taking my hand in hers and leaning over the table to kiss my cheek. “You’re cute,” she whispered into my ear. I blushed as she squeezed my hand.

As we sat down to lunch all I could think about was what she said: “...Brad couldn’t stop talking about”. The conversation washed over me as her words echoed in my ears: “...Brad couldn’t stop talking about.” Julia looked over at me and gave me a knowing smile.

After lunch I went upstairs to Brad’s room. I sat on his bed, remembering the time we’d first met, and I picked up his pillow and held it to my face, trying to pick up a trace of his scent. Suddenly, the door opened; it was Carrie.

“Don’t mind me, Annie. I’m just looking for his stash,” she said, walking over to his desk and rummaging through his drawers. “Ah, here it is. He never takes it up to school. Wanna smoke a joint?”

“Sure,” I said. Carrie sat next to me on the bed, stretching out her long legs and reaching for an album cover.

“Brad really likes you,” she said, twisting up a joint and lighting it.

“He hasn’t written yet,” I said. I expected at least one letter, even a postcard.

“The beginning of the term is busy. He’ll write. He’s usually pretty good about that sort of thing,” Carrie said, handing me the joint. I leaned back on the bed and took a big hit before passing it back to her.

“Why don’t you write something and leave it with me,” she said. I’m going up to visit in a couple of weeks and I could bring it to him.”

“Thanks.” She handed me the joint and I took another toke. Carrie put her hand on my thigh, stroking it as her hand edged under the hem of my dress. “How’s Julia been? It seems like years since I’ve seen her.”

“She’s fine,” I replied, laying back on Brad’s bed as his sister began to pet me through my panties. She leaned over and kissed me, exhaling pot smoke into my mouth as her tongue sought mine. Carrie put down the joint and began to feel me up, running her hands over my belly, my hips, cupping my breasts through the shirred bodice of my dress. I began to explore her lithe body, slipping my hands under her t-shirt, caressing her back, unclasping her bra.

“Good idea,” she whispered. “Let’s get a bit more comfortable.” She pulled her t-shirt over her head and shrugged her bra from her shoulders, lifting her hips off of the bed to pull down her short skirt. I slipped my dress over my head and reached back to unhook my bra. We kicked off our sandals and embraced again, clad only in our panties.

“Nice titties,” she said, cupping my breasts.

“Thanks. You too,” I said. She wasn’t much bigger than me on top, but she had puffy nipples that stuck out like two cones. I leaned over to taste them and the tips began to stiffen in my mouth. Carrie moaned and pushed her thigh between my legs, pressing her sex against my skin. I could feel her heat through her panties as she slowly humped my thigh, pressing her leg against my cleft.

I let her take the active role, as if she wanted to take her brother’s place between my legs. I felt her slide her hand under the waistband of my panties and dip a finger in my moist slit. She pulled her hand out and tasted the moisture on her finger.

“You got fucked this morning, didn’t you?” she said, laughing. “Who with?”

“No one you know,” I said. I wanted her to put her hand back where it had been, to finger me while we lay in her brother’s bed.

“C’mon, tell me,” she insisted.

“My papi.”

“Your who?”

“My stepfather. I took a shower with him and he held me in his arms and fucked me.”

“Wow, you’re a hot one,” she said, smiling.

“That’s not all. I woke my stepbrothers up this morning with a blow job.”

“Sheesh. How old are they?”

“Paco’s twelve and Del is almost fourteen.”

“What a slut!” she laughed. Then she realized what she’d said. “I didn’t mean...”

“I know,” I said, pulling her down for a kiss. “I like to get fucked.”

“You like to get eaten, too?”

“Try me,” I said.

Carrie didn’t bother with the trail of kisses down the body, or with thigh worship, or toe sucking, or tittie nibbling. She pulled off my panties and went straight for my cunt, lapping up my juices -- and Ramon’s sperm -- like a kitten with a bowl of cream. She held my thighs open and concentrated on my center, her tongue playing a Baroque sonata on my clitoris: trills, arpeggios, staccato notes and slurs. I quivered and quavered on Brad’s bed, grabbing his pillow and holding it to my breasts, and biting it when I started to come. At the very peak of my climax, Carrie lightly grazed my clit with her teeth, making me sit up and shriek, a divine mixture of pleasure and pain.

“Too hard?” she asked, looking up from my glistening sex, her face moist with my juices.

“No, that was great,” I said, casting the pillow aside and pulling her on top of me. It was strange to taste Ramon’s cum on Carrie’s full red lips.

“Show me what Julia’s taught you,” she said, skinning off her panties and moving up to straddle my shoulders. Her pussy was neatly trimmed so that only a thin strip of hair, like a punk Mohawk, remained. Carrie stuffed the pillow behind my head so that my face was but an inch from her sex. I reached behind her to cup her bottom, bringing her pussy closer to my lips. She leaned over, bracing herself against the wall as I began to probe her cleft with my tongue. Carrie had a sweet, fresh taste, with a hint of something that reminded me of her brother’s creamy love juice.

“Ooh, yes...do me...lick me, Annie,” she urged, moving her hips back and forth. I ravished her pussy, from her juicy slit to her pearly clit, swollen and glistening as it emerged from its hood. As I tongued her tasty sex, I alternated between caressing and squeezing her firm bottom, making her gasp as I pressed a fingertip into her tight ass. Carrie’s tits bounced as she humped my face, her eyes closed tight and her mouth open in a silent “o”. She rocked back and forth faster and I glued my lips to her slit, sucking her clit as hard as I could as I lashed it with my tongue. This drove her over the edge, making her scream with delight as she rode my mouth, her whole body shaking with the force of her orgasm.

“Wow, she did teach you well,” Carrie said, dismounting me and stretching out on top of my body. “I’ll bet you suck a mean cock.”

“I only suck nice ones,” I said, eliciting a laugh from her.

“There’ll be plenty of nice ones here tonight,” she said, giving me a kiss. We finished off the joint and got dressed, joining Julia and Helen by the pool. Helen

poured us both a glass of wine, her sly smile telling me that she'd heard our cries of pleasure all the way outside. As we sat by the pool and sipped our wine, Helen's husband, Bradley, came out of the house, dressed in a plush white terry-cloth robe, a glass of scotch in his hand. He greeted his wife and daughter with kisses.

“Julia, Annie. So nice to see you again,” he said.

“How was golf, dear?” Helen asked.

“Don’t ask,” Bradley replied, slugging back the remainder of his drink and shrugging off his robe. He hadn’t bothered with a bathing suit, and as he dived into the pool I caught a glimpse of his fat cock and hairy balls dangling between his legs. Bradley swam the length of the pool underwater, surfacing at the other end and swimming back to the near side.

“That felt good,” he said, smoothing his wet hair back from his face. “Why don’t you join me?”

“Julia and I have an appointment with my hairdresser,” Helen said. “But I’m sure Carrie and Annie would like to join you.”

“The water does look pretty inviting,” I said. “I’m going to go upstairs and change into my bikini.”

“Don’t bother with a suit,” Carrie said, pulling off her t-shirt and unzipping her skirt. She unhooked her bra and stepped out of her panties, diving into the water over her father’s head.

“Go ahead, Annie,” Julia said. Not that I needed much in the way of encouragement. I pulled my dress over my head and took off my bra and panties, walking over to the pool and dipping my toe in the water. I could feel Bradley’s eyes on me as I tested the water temperature. Sure enough, when I looked over at him, he

was staring at my breasts, his gaze travelling down my body and coming to rest on my shaved pussy.

“Water’s fine,” he said. “Just dive right in.”

“Here goes,” I said. I leaned over and dived into the pool, doing the breast stroke as I swam to the far side, touching the wall and doing a back stroke back to the place where I’d started. I clung to the edge next to Bradley.

“Good swimmer,” he said, diving under the surface and swimming between my legs, his back brushing against my thighs. He came up behind me and I could feel his hardness pressing between my ass cheeks. Carrie swam over to us and clung to the pool next to me.

“That’s not all she’s good at, Daddy,” Carrie said, her hand brushing against my breasts. The cool water had made my nipples stiffen, and I shivered at her touch.

“Cold, Annie?” Bradley asked.

“No, not really,” I said.

“She’s hot, Daddy,” Carrie said, her hand reaching down between my legs. She edged closer until I was sandwiched between father and daughter, her breasts pressing against mine, his cock stiffening between my cheeks. I tilted my head and kissed her, feeling her father’s lips on my neck, softly biting me like a vampire. As we clung to the edge of the pool, I felt Carrie grasp her father’s cock and press the tip against my sex.

“Wait...I’m wearing a diaphragm. Won’t the water...?” I said, pressing my legs together and locking Bradley’s hard cock between my thighs.

“Bradley’s had a vasectomy,” Helen said. She and Julia were still seated by the pool, sipping their wine and watching us. “Enjoy him, dear.”

I parted my legs and released Bradley's penis, letting his daughter guide his thick shaft inside me. As he filled me with his hard meat, he kicked off from the side of the pool, heading toward the center. This part of the pool was shallow enough for Bradley to stand in, but too deep for me, so I had to depend on his hands and his cock to keep me afloat as he penetrated me from behind. Carrie followed us into the middle of the pool, ducking underwater to suckle my breasts while her father began to slowly thrust.

Other than a bath or shower, I'd never made love in the water. It was a collection of strange feelings: not being able to touch the bottom made me feel almost helpless. The water pressure compressing my lungs kept me short of breath. I hadn't done much swimming in fresh water, and the buoyancy felt different from the ocean. Last but not least, the water diluted my vaginal juices, making the friction of Bradley's veiny shaft against the walls of my cunny all the more intense.

As her father thrust inside me from behind, Carrie pressed close to me again, her nipples rubbing against mine, her fingers manipulating my clit. I rested my head on her shoulder, keeping my face above the surface of the pool, holding her by the waist as Bradley fucked me.

“She’s close, Daddy,” Carrie said, as I began to moan in her ear and breathe harder. She was right; I was close to coming. Her father’s fat cockhead kept hitting that certain spot inside me, and as her fingers danced over my clit, I began to convulse as my climax seized control of my body. My head submerged for a moment as Carrie fought my quivering limbs, but she managed to pull me back up before I swallowed too much water.

“Is she all right?” Julia asked, getting up from her chair.

“I’m okay,” I said, coughing and gasping at the same time. Still connected by his flesh, Bradley edged over to the shallow end of the pool where a series of steps led up to the edge. There I supported myself on my hands and knees as Bradley, his hips unencumbered by the dampening effects of the water, began to pound my little pussy from behind. Once I’d caught my breath, I tightened my muscles around his pole and was rewarded with a powerful jet of his hot semen.

“Good girl,” he said, leaning over my back to kiss my neck. Even before he’d softened, he pulled out of me, leaving me on the steps of the pool, his diluted semen dripping down my thigh. Carrie swam over and kissed me on the lips, the kiss her father should have given me.

“Let me clean you, Annie,” Carrie whispered, after her father had walked back into the house for another drink. She brought me over to a chaise lounge next to the pool and knelt between my thighs, licking her father’s cum from my sex. I had a mini-orgasm as she cleaned me with her tongue, and afterwards I sat up and kissed her, tasting the chlorine and sperm on her lips.

“We’re off to our appointment,” Julia said. “You’ll be okay here?”

“I’ll be fine,” I said, reaching for her hand and squeezing it.

“Okay, we’ll be back soon,” she said, heading back inside the house with Helen. I heard a car drive off just as Bradley came out of the house with a fresh drink. He walked over to where his daughter and I were laying.

“I think I owe you this,” he said, leaning down and kissing me on the lips. “Helen can watch me screw a dozen women a night, but she can’t stand to see me kiss anyone else on the lips.”

“Oh. I see,” I said. I didn’t really understand, but I liked to be kissed, so I let it pass.

Carrie disappeared into the house, returning with a joint and another bottle of wine. She lit the joint and passed it to her father before refilling my glass. Between the pot, the wine, the sun, and the sex, I began to feel sleepy. Since I didn't want to fall asleep outside and risk a painful sunburn, I excused myself, picked up my clothes, and went inside for a nap.

"Can I join you?" Carrie asked, following me inside.

"Sure," I said. "But I really want to nap. I've been up since six and it's going to be a long night."

"Yeah, me too," she said, trying to hide her disappointment. I headed towards the guest room but Carrie steered me to her bedroom.

"My bed's more comfortable," she said. "It's a waterbed."

"I like this," I said as I laid down on her bed, feeling it gently undulate beneath my body.

"Yeah, it's nice," Carrie said, draping her arm across my waist as she laid down next to me. "My parents bought it for my sixteenth birthday."

She moved her hips slightly, causing another set of waves to travel through the bed. I thought I'd start to feel seasick, but instead it felt soothing. Carrie gently kissed my cheek as the motion of the bed lulled me to sleep.

Julia woke me up with a kiss, while on the other side of the bed, Helen was waking Carrie with a gentle caress. I followed Julia to the guest room and took a quick shower, rinsing the pool's chlorine from my hair and skin. Julia was nearly dressed when I emerged from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. I zipped up her black sheath dress and clasped the string of pearls around her neck.

"Beautiful," I whispered, turning her around and kissing her. I let the towel drop to the carpet, standing naked as she embraced me.

“I wish we had more time,” she said, glancing at the clock. “Let me help you dress.”

Julia helped me into my black lace bra and panties, clasping the garter belt behind my waist and rolling the sheer black hosiery up my leg. After she helped me with my makeup, I put on the black cocktail dress I’d worn to the Cabots’ dinner, sheer sleeves over a silk bodice and a short, flouncy chiffon skirt. Once the finishing touch had been applied, the strand of pearls she’d given me, I felt like an elegant young woman instead of a thirteen-year-old girl.

The caterers had already started setting up in the kitchen and additional servers and bartenders were beginning to arrive. Helen stood in the middle of the kitchen, trying to create order out of this chaos.

“Let’s stay out of her way,” Bradley said, steering Julia and I into the living room. He poured us some wine and we went out to the patio, watching the bustle of caterers and maids through the big glass door. Two bartenders were setting up next to the pool, an older black gentleman with a graying mustache and a younger white man with slicked-back black hair. I recognized the younger one from the last party; he was the one to whom I gave a \$100 tip for a scotch on the rocks. He caught me looking at him, smiling and winking as he pulled liquor bottles from a case.

Carrie came out of the house dressed in a white crepe sheath dress, tight and clingy in all the right places. She’d put her hair up in a French twist, showcasing her dangly diamond earrings and the diamond necklace that adorned her long, shapely neck.

“That’s a lovely dress, Carrie,” Julia said. “Isn’t it, Annie?”

“It’s beautiful,” I said, wishing I had Carrie’s long legs.

“Thank you,” Carrie said. “I picked it up in Paris last month.”

Bradley went over to talk to the bartenders while Julia, Carrie, and I sat down by the pool. Helen soon joined us, bringing out a glass of wine for Carrie and a martini for herself. She hadn't dressed for dinner yet and was still wearing a pale yellow pantsuit, a frazzled expression on her face from dealing with the caterers.

"I swear," she said, "it's so hard to find good help these days."

"Would you rather do it yourself, Mother?" Carrie asked.

"Heavens no!" Helen laughed. "I'd be cooking for a week."

She drained her martini and went back in to dress for dinner while we sat by the pool, watching the sun set over the trees that sheltered the patio from prying eyes and nosy neighbors. We'd just finished our drinks when Helen returned, wearing white like her daughter, except her silk dress was longer and slit up the side, almost to her hips. The neckline dipped provocatively, revealing her deep cleavage and plenty of tanned skin. She had the bartenders mix her another martini and then joined us by the pool.

"Everything okay, Mother?" asked Carrie.

"Fine, dear," she replied. "I think I can relax now. Do you have any pot? I'd love to smoke some."

Carrie opened her white sequined clutch purse and extracted a pack of cigarettes, pulling a joint from among the Marlboro Lights. She lit it and passed it to her mother, who took a deep drag before passing back. As the four of us smoked and sipped our drinks, I noticed the young bartender glancing at us.

"Hey, Carrie," I whispered in her ear. "Can you do me a big favor?"

"Sure," she said.

"Do you have another joint I can have?"

“Yes, I’ve got plenty,” she said, reaching into the cigarette pack. She noticed me glancing over at the young bartender. “He’s a hunk, isn’t he? Here,” she said, handing me a joint.

“Thanks. I’ll be back in a few minutes,” I said, discreetly spilling out the wine that remained in my glass into the grass next to the pool. I stood up and walked my empty glass over to the bar, timing it so that the older bartender was away, leaving the younger one by himself.

“What can I do for you?” he asked.

“White, please.” I watched as he uncorked a fresh bottle of Chablis, pouring a small amount into my glass. I’d seen this done in a restaurant once: I brought the glass to my nose, sniffing the bouquet, and then took a small sip. I had no idea whether the wine was good or not, but I nodded my approval anyway and he filled the rest of my glass.

“Got a light?” I asked, holding the joint up like a cigarette. He produced a gold lighter from the pocket of his white waistcoat, touching the blue flame to the end. I took a drag, tilting my head back as I exhaled, and passed it to him.

“Not here. I don’t want my boss to see,” he said, looking around.

“Come with me, then,” I said, walking behind the bar and taking him by the hand, leading him around to the side of the house, behind the garage. A large pine tree and a small free-standing shed formed a quiet corner.

“Patrick,” he said, extending his hand as he puffed on the joint.

“Annie,” I replied, as he passed it back to me.

“How old are you, Annie?”

“Sixteen,” I said, trying to lie convincingly.

“Really?” He looked me over, suspiciously.

“Fourteen?” I was a terrible liar. “Okay, fourteen this December.”

“I would have guessed seventeen,” he said, taking a drag on the joint.

“Thank you,” I said. I wondered when I’d trade wanting to look older for wanting to look younger; ten more years, I guessed.

“I never got to thank you for that tip you gave me,” he said. “That was pretty generous of you. Thanks.” He put his hand on the small of my back and I felt drawn to him. I leaned closer, tilting my head up and closing my eyes, feeling his lips against mine. We kissed in the dark corner between the garage and the shed, lips pressed together, tongues intertwined. I felt him begin to grow beneath his trousers, his hardness throbbing against me.

“Take off your jacket, Patrick,” I said. He looked puzzled for a moment and then complied. I took it from him and laid it on the ground at his feet, lining side down, and then I knelt on it. As I reached for his zipper, I could still feel the prickly pine needles under the jacket, but at least they wouldn’t ruin my fine stockings. I fished his penis out from his pants and boxers; not too big, not too small, with a bulbous purplish head that just begged to be sucked.

“Annie, you shouldn’t...” he began to say. The feeling of my tongue swirling over the head of his cock cut him short. He sighed as my lips sank down his veiny shaft and my tongue bathed the underside of his rigid tool. I’d left a lipstick mark two inches from the base of his cock, and with each trip down his shaft I tried to get more of him in my mouth, stopping when I felt his spongy cockhead hit the back of my throat and nearly trigger my gag reflex. After that, I backed off and didn’t try to deep throat him.

I looked up at him while I slowly sucked his prick, enjoying his blissful expression as much as I savored the taste of his precum. He looked down and caressed

my cheek as I fellated him, his hips moving slightly in time with my rhythm, his cock tensing and relaxing between my lips.

Just as I reached into his trousers to fondle his balls, I felt his penis twitch on my tongue, and I heard him gasp as he began to spurt his hot cum in my mouth. I kept him between my lips, milking him dry before releasing him and gently stuffing him back in his trousers. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me.

“Thanks for the drink,” I said, licking my lips.

“Was that my tip for tonight?” Patrick said, brushing the pine needles from his jacket.

“Unless I win another bet, I suppose it is.”

“Another bet?”

As we finished off the joint, I explained to Patrick how at the last party two of Helen’s friends, Laura and Rob, had bet each other over the color of my underwear, and how I ended up with \$400 in the process.

“These people are crazy,” he laughed, “but it’s a good crazy.”

Before we left our private little spot, we checked each other for telltale stains and, finding none, we returned to the patio. I gave Patrick a discreet pat on his cute butt and returned to where Julia and Carrie were seated. As I washed down the taste of Patrick’s semen with Chablis, I noticed that a few guests had already arrived.

“Thanks for the joint,” I said to Carrie. She leaned over and kissed me on the lips, her tongue washing over mine.

“Mmmm...cum kiss,” she said, squeezing my thigh.

“Having fun already?” Julia asked. I smiled and took her hand, squeezing it.

“I always have fun when I’m with you,” I said.

“You’re so sweet, Annie,” Julia said, leaning over to kiss me. “Come, let’s freshen our drinks and mingle.”

We walked over to the bar, where the older bartender poured us some more Chablis, giving me a wink in the process. I smiled at him and glanced over at Patrick, who was mixing another martini for Helen. A pair of maids in skimpy uniforms were circulating with trays of hors d’oeuvres as newly arrived guests wandered out to the patio.

“Annie!” I heard a familiar voice and turned to see who it was.

“Laura!” She walked over with her husband, giving me a friendly hug and a kiss on the cheek. Rob kissed me on the lips, reaching behind me to squeeze my bottom.

“We have another bet going, but I’m not going to tell you what it is until later,” he said.

“Not the color of my undies again, is it?” I asked.

“No, Annie. That’s easy enough to guess,” Laura said, reaching for my shoulder to tuck my exposed bra strap back under the neckline of my dress. It must have slipped out while I was sucking Patrick’s cock.

“Oops,” I said, blushing.

“It’s your special night,” she said.

“You know?” I’d almost forgotten what was about to happen here.

“Just about everyone does,” she said. “Nervous, dear?”

“No, not really,” I said, though that wasn’t really true.

“Relax, sweetie. Everyone here wants you to enjoy yourself.”

“I guess,” I said. Laura kissed me again, on my lips this time, before heading to the bar with Rob to get a drink.

I was nibbling on a shrimp from the buffet when I caught a glimpse of a pair of deep blue eyes gazing back at me. It was Katherine, and we gravitated towards each other through the gathering crowd.

“Annie.” She smiled at me, her blue eyes twinkling.

“Kathy.” She took my hand and squeezed it before leaning over to kiss me, her raven hair tickling my arm. “That last party, I wanted to...”

“I know,” she said. “You remember Candy, don’t you?”

“Hi, Annie.” Candace kissed me on the cheek. She’d dyed her long blonde hair red since the last party. Bradley saw the three of us together and came over, a glass of scotch in his hand.

“Blonde, redhead, or brunette,” he said. “Decisions, decisions.”

“You know you could have all three of us, Bradley,” Candace said.

“True, true,” he replied.

I stood there while Kathy caressed my back, not really listening to their conversation, just sipping my wine and enjoying Kathy’s light touch. I felt another pair of hands encircle my waist.

“Hands off her, she’s mine,” Carrie said, laughing.

“I guess I’ll have to fight you for her,” Kathy chuckled.

“We’ll fill the pool with jello after dinner and you two can wrestle over her,” Bradley quipped.

“Sounds like fun,” Candace said.

“Annie!” Margaret ran up to me from the house and gave me a hug. Shelly was right behind her.

“Hi, sweetie,” I said, kissing Margaret. For once she wasn’t in black, wearing a flouncy pink satin party dress tied in back with a big bow. “You look lovely,” I said.

“The dress is from the vintage clothing store next door to my place,” Shelly said, giving me a kiss on the cheek and another on the lips. I introduced her to everyone, though she knew Candace, who’d been to her shop.

“Bring anything interesting?” she asked Shelly.

“Nothing that could fit in this, unfortunately,” Shelly said, holding up a small black clutch purse that matched her vintage beaded dress.

We chatted for a while and then Carrie and I wandered off to smoke another joint, sharing it with Steve and Monica, the couple who had sat across from me during Helen’s last dinner party. Then Carrie introduced me to a score of different people, their names going in one ear and out the other as I walked around in a haze of wine and pot smoke.

Helen announced that dinner was served, and we wandered inside with the crowd, gathering around the table in the big formal dining room. I was seated between Julia and Carrie, with Rob and Laura opposite us. Dinner -- grilled swordfish -- went by quickly, and the conversation, as before, was all about money, the election, money, the hostages in Iran, and money. Money, money, money. I looked over at Carrie from time to time and she seemed as bored as I was.

“It’ll all be over soon,” she said, lighting another joint as the servants cleared away the dishes and brought coffee. She squeezed my thigh under the table. I took a deep drag on the joint and passed it to Julia, who took a hit and passed it on. After coffee and liqueurs were served, the guests began to filter out to the patio, forming a small crowd at the bar.

“That was boring,” Margaret said, finding me at the bar as I was getting another glass of wine.

“Things will get more interesting,” I said. “Trust me.”

Just as I said that, I saw a tall blonde woman, whose name I couldn't recall, stepping out of her dress and kneeling in front of a man whose name might have been George, pulling his trousers down and pouncing on his cock like a lioness, nearly knocking him off his feet as she sucked him.

"Icebreaker," Carrie said. Margaret just stared. She'd seen plenty of men blow each other, but had never seen a woman fellate a man.

"Want to take a closer look?" Shelly said to her daughter. Margaret nodded, and Shelly led her by the hand to where the woman was hungrily sucking the cock of He-Who-Might-Be-Named-George. They were out of earshot, but I could tell that Shelly was giving her daughter a "blow-by-blow" explanation of what was going on, commenting on the blonde's technique.

I felt a pair of hands encircle my waist, a familiar set of lips nibbling on my neck. "Julia," I whispered.

"Come upstairs and we'll get you ready," she said. Helen was with her, and they led me inside the house and upstairs to Helen's bedroom. Julia unzipped my dress and slipped it off my shoulders, and then she pulled my panties down my thighs, holding my hand as I stepped out of them.

"Have a seat, Annie," Helen said, directing me over to her vanity. While she touched up my makeup, Julia applied rouge to my nipples and labia, coloring my sex a deep shade of crimson that matched my lipstick and nails. After Julia brushed out my hair, Helen produced a pair of black crotchless panties, a skimpy lace confection that covered nothing at all, and slid them up my legs.

"What do you think," Julia asked her.

"Perfect," she replied.

I looked in the mirror, hardly recognizing my reflection. I looked five years older, almost Carrie's age.

"Ready, baby?" Julia asked me.

"I guess," I replied. I could hear the sound of voices and ice clinking in glasses wafting up from the patio, water splashing in the pool, a cork being popped.

"Having second thoughts?" Helen asked. "It's never too late to change your mind."

"No. Let's do this," I said. I was about to act out a fantasy, to live a dream made real. Opportunities like that don't come along every day.

"That's my girl," Julia said, kissing me on the cheek, mindful of my freshly applied lipstick. They led me back downstairs and out to the patio, where a hush fell over everyone. Someone began to clap their hands, and this became a smattering of applause punctuated with a few appreciative whistles and hoots. As Julia and Helen led me into the crowd of people, I began to feel as if I was moving in slow motion, that my feet were floating above the patio tiles, that if Julia and Helen had let go of my hands I would have slowly flown away, over the crowd, over the trees, up and away into the moonless sky.

Next to the pool was a padded table, roughly three feet tall and about the size of an office desk. It was slightly tilted, with a pillow on the high end and a crescent-shaped cutout on the lower end. Helen and Julia led me over and helped me hop up on to the table, positioning me so my legs were dangling from the low end and the pillow was under my head.

"Comfy?" Helen asked.

"Yes, thanks," I said. The padding was a bit thin in a few places, but it wasn't uncomfortable. With the pillow behind my head I'd be able to see everything,

everyone. Already some of the men were undressing, and some of the women were lending a hand or a mouth in order to get them ready for me. I felt butterflies in my stomach, a tingle of anticipation between my legs, and my heart began to beat a bit faster. I could see Margaret sitting on her mother's lap. She had her pretty pink dress hiked up around her waist and Shelly's hand was moving inside her frilly panties. She whispered something in her daughter's ear, something that made Margaret's smile.

“Are you ready, Annie?” Julia asked me.

“Could you...? You know...” I found it hard to say the words in front of a crowd of people, but Julia knew what I wanted. She kissed me first, a passionate kiss on the lips, before kneeling between my legs and kissing my crimson sex. Her skilful tongue teased my clitty, making it swell, making my juices flow. As Julia ravished my pussy, Helen began to caress my breasts, leaning over me to suckle my stiff nipples. I began to forget about the crowd, losing myself in the process, letting Julia and Helen carry me towards my release. I was getting close, very close, really, really close.

And then they stopped.

“Hey, Annie.” That voice...

“Brad!” I looked up to see Julia moving aside to make room for him between my legs. He was naked, his lovely cock was hard and throbbing, and it was the most wonderful sight I could wish for. He leaned over me and kissed me on the lips, his penis pressing against my cleft.

“I thought you were away at school,” I whispered.

“I caught a ride back for the weekend,” he said, reaching down and pressing the tip of his cock up against my hungry slit. “I didn’t want to miss the party.”

“Take me,” I whispered, reaching out to pull his body against mine. He entered me with a powerful thrust, burying his cock to the hilt with a single stroke. I began to

cream beneath him as the climax that Julia's tongue had started suddenly bubbled over. I quivered beneath him, my pussy spasming around his beautiful cock, my fingers digging into his back as my pleasure seized control of my limbs.

"I'm not gonna last," he groaned, his cock twitching inside me as he pounded my pussy fast and hard, keeping me atop my orgasmic plateau.

"Let go, baby," I moaned. "Come for me."

Brad grunted as his hips began to stutter. His glans seemed to flare inside me like a cobra's hood, and I felt a sudden warmth as his cock erupted, filling me with his cum. As his thrusts slowed, I caressed his smooth, strong back, wishing he could stay inside me all night.

"May I have this dance?" It was Brad's father, tapping on his son's shoulder.

"Sure, Dad. Just don't wear her out," Brad said, pulling his cock out of me. His father was about to mount me when Helen stopped him.

"Waste not, want not," she said, sliding a stainless steel bowl into a recess in the table under the crescent-shaped cutout right between my legs. Already, the first drip of Brad's semen that oozed from my snatch fell into the bowl with a "ping".

"Carry on," Helen said, kissing her husband and stroking his thick cock. She guided him inside my pussy, smiling at me as Bradley (Senior) began to thrust, churning up the mess that Brad (Junior) had made in my cunny. He leaned down as if to kiss me, but he whispered in my ear instead.

"I love sloppy seconds, especially if my son goes first," he said. I laughed with him, clenching my pussy around his hardness as he fucked me. That's when I began to relax, my nervousness evaporating, looking around and smiling at the people who were watching me. Not everyone had their eyes on me: there were couples and

threesomes engaged in various activities around and in the pool, and a few people had wandered inside, no doubt to snort a line or find a more private spot.

“Feel good, hon?” Helen asked her husband. She stood next to him, caressing his back as she watched him fuck me.

“Fantastic,” he said, as he began to pump my pussy faster. Helen’s hand dipped between Bradley’s cheeks, and I could tell by the way his cock stiffened inside me that she was fingering his ass. “Gawd, that feels great,” he groaned.

“You like my husband’s cock, Annie?” Helen asked. I smiled and nodded, tightening my pussy around his thick tool. Bradley’s face began to redden, and he grunted as his cock began to spasm inside me, filling my cunny with his hot, thick cream. He didn’t wait until he softened before pulling out, and as his seed oozed out of me, Helen knelt at his feet and cleaned his sticky prick with her mouth.

I felt suddenly empty without a cock in me, stranded half-way to another orgasm. Suddenly, an older gentleman appeared, sixtyish, with thinning gray hair, and dressed in a white dinner jacket. He greeted Julia by kissing her hand.

“Madame,” he said. She gave him a coquettish smile.

“Burton,” Julia replied, “This is Annie. Annie, this is Burton, an old friend.”

“What a charming young lady,” he said, kissing the back of my hand. He stood between my legs and dropped his trousers. Burton’s cock wasn’t the biggest, but it certainly had the fattest head I’d ever seen. “May I?” he asked.

“Please,” I replied, gasping as the big mushroom-shaped glans wormed inside my messy snatch.

“Ahhhh,” he sighed, “sweet youth.” Before he started thrusting, he doffed his dinner jacket and draped it over the back of a chair. Then he leaned over and kissed me on the lips, gently caressing my breasts as his hips began to move back and forth

at a stately pace. The fat head of his penis acted like a plunger inside me, sloshing around the semen that Brad and his father had deposited in my snatch. The thick fleshy ridge of his glans pressed against my sensitive inner spot, putting me back on the road to Cumville.

“So...big...” I gasped as Burton’s fat cockhead reamed out my pussy.
“You...should...try...this...”

“Perhaps I will,” Julia said, watching his veiny shaft disappear inside my cleft. She began to rub my clit, sending me over the edge and making me buck and thrash on the table as I came. Seeing me in the throes of an orgasm and feeling my pussy spasm around his cock had the desired effect on Burton, and he gave me a few last thrusts before filling me with his seed. Before he pulled out he leaned over and gave me a gentle kiss on the lips.

“Mmmm...thank you,” I whispered.

“It is I who should thank you,” he said, kissing me on the forehead as he withdrew. Almost immediately, another man took his place, younger, naked, erect.

“My name’s Gary,” he said, introducing himself as he plunged his cock into me. He began to thrust quickly right from the start; short, fast strokes that made my little titties jiggle. When he came it seemed like he’d never stop, endless jets of semen that I could almost taste.

When he was done, Rob was there to take his place. He gave me some cocaine from a brown glass vial with a little silver spoon. Rob passed the spoon and vial to his wife, who took a seat next to the table, across from Julia. Laura snorted coke as her husband mounted me, his rigid tool jackhammering my tender pussy. I could tell he’d done a line or two because he took so long to come. By the time he was done, I’d had my third orgasm, and there were a half dozen men waiting their turn.

“You look like my granddaughter,” a portly older man said as he screwed me. He had coarse gray pubic hair that tickled my labia every time he buried his tool inside me, and when he came he tenderly caressed my cheek, making me feel like he actually could have been my grandfather.

Patrick the bartender was next. He handed me a scotch on the rocks first, and I took a few sips as he fondled my breasts, his hardness resting on my shaved mound.

“I thought you were working,” I said.

“I’m on break,” Patrick replied.

“Back to work,” I said as I reached down to guide his cock inside me. He laughed and began to thrust; long, slow strokes with a slight twist of the hips, just like Del. I pulled him closer for a kiss, feeling a spark as our tongues met. I was thinking of how I could take both Patrick and Brad to bed when I began to come again, each bump and ridge on Patrick’s veiny shaft sending waves of pleasure through my body. I squeezed his cock with my spasming pussy, milking the cum from his heavy balls.

“Let me know when you want a refill,” he said, kissing me as he pulled out.

“My drink or my pussy?”

“Both,” he said, laughing and pulling up his trousers. Patrick returned to the bar and I looked up to see George, stroking his cock while he waited.

“George?”

“Geoff. But you were close,” he said.

“Sorry,” I said.

“Don’t worry about it,” he replied. “Would you mind sucking me instead?”

“Sure.” He walked around to the head of the table and presented the cock that I’d seen the pretty blonde woman suck earlier in the evening. I’d just taken his glans

in my mouth when Margaret appeared, her mother in tow. She'd shed her dress and was clad only in her ruffled panties and a pair of lacy ankle socks.

"You're going to suck George?" Margaret asked.

"Geoff," he said.

I nodded, unable to speak with my mouth full of cock.

"Can I watch?" she asked. I nodded again. As I concentrated on Geoff's big cock, someone I couldn't see stood between my legs, caressing my thighs. I felt the fleshy tip of a hard penis pressing into my messy hole, a thick shaft filling my pussy again. I closed my eyes and kept ravishing Geoff's tool with my tongue, trying not to see who was pounding my pussy. I felt like such a nasty little slut not knowing who it was.

Geoff took me by surprise, his cock filling my mouth without warning, not even a twitch. I gulped down his seed, milking him with my lips, and he withdrew, a thin string of sperm hanging between the tip of his penis and my lips.

"Who are you?" I asked the stranger who was pounding my pussy with his cock. He was younger than most of the men here, closer to Brad's age, with a thick, unruly mop of red hair.

"Danny," he said, "I drove Brad down from school." He held my thighs and folded my legs against my body, leaning over me as he began to fuck me harder. I could feel the sperm gushing from my pussy with each stroke, oozing between my cheeks and dripping into the bowl.

Danny didn't take very long to add his contribution to the ocean of cum in my cunny, and he looked a bit sheepish as he kissed me afterwards, furtively glancing around to see if Brad was watching. Stepping up to take his place was the black bartender.

“Think you can handle this?” he asked, dropping his trousers and boxer shorts, revealing his thick ebony cock, the biggest one I’d ever seen.

“Try me,” I said, spreading my legs wider. People began to gather around the table, eager to see if I could accommodate the man’s huge organ. I reached down to feel his cock. He was rock hard, a tear of precum forming at the tip. I pulled him closer, rubbing his fat glans over my messy snatch, using the sperm that leaked out of my slit as a lubricant. He began to push his cock inside me, slowly stretching my tender hole.

“Fuck, you’re huge,” I gasped.

“My name’s John, not ‘Fuck’,” he laughed.

“John, you’re huge,” I said, giggling.

“Should I stop?”

“No, keep going,” I gasped. His thick penis displaced much of the cum that had been spurted inside me, and it dripped out of my pussy and into the bowl between my legs.

“How does it feel?” Margaret asked, watching with fascination as the bartender drove his fat cock into my hungry hole.

“Amazing,” I said through clenched teeth. It took a minute for John to fill me completely. He paused for a moment before beginning to thrust.

“Damn, you’re tight,” he said. “Ready?”

I nodded, and he held my hips as he began to thrust. It felt like a telephone pole was sawing in and out of me. I looked down to watch the progress of his cock as it disappeared inside me and reappeared, coated with semen. I laid back on the table, savoring the feeling of John’s huge member as it stretched my well-used cunny.

John had just begun to speed up his thrusts, sending little wavelets of pleasure through my belly, when he suddenly grunted and stopped moving. I felt his cock spurting inside me, replacing the semen that had been churned out of my pussy by his thick shaft.

“Sorry,” he said as he pulled his softening cock from my pussy, “It’s been a while.”

“That’s okay,” I said. “Come back later.”

After John’s monster of a cock, the next few that followed seemed to suffer by comparison. It wasn’t until Bradley returned for a second helping that I came again. He couldn’t match John in length, but he was nearly as thick, and he did manage to last longer as well.

Over the course of two and a half hours I was taken by just about every man at the party, some of them twice. I’d sucked a few of their hard cocks and swallowed their cream, but the majority had used my pussy, spurting their cum inside me. I lost track of how many cocks I’d had, but I came about a dozen times before my cunny began to get sore.

“How are you feeling, dear?” Julia asked me.

“I think I’ve had enough,” I said.

“One last thing, Annie,” Helen said. She pulled the stainless steel bowl from its recess within the table. There had to be at least a pint of semen, cum that had mixed with my juices and dripped out of my pussy.

“I have to drink it?”

“Every drop,” she said.

I held the bowl in my hands, swirling it around and picking out a couple of pubic hairs that floated in the bowl. The white fluid had an almost bluish tint to it, and

it clung to the sides of the bowl like buttermilk. I brought the bowl to my lips, aware of the crowd that was watching me, as I tilted it and let the contents slide down my throat. I choked it down, trying not to gag from the bitterness. Once I had drained the bowl, I chased it with the remains of my scotch on the rocks.

“Congratulations, Annie,” Helen said, kissing my cum-glazed lips. She gently pushed me back on the table, and as Julia kissed me I felt Helen’s lips on my pussy, licking my messy slit. Though my hole was sore from all the hard cocks that had been crammed inside it, my clit felt fine, especially when Helen’s tongue swirled around it.

The men had enjoyed my body; now it was the women’s turn. They crowded around me, kissing me, caressing me, stroking my hair and cupping my breasts, offering me their nipples to suckle, their lips to kiss. Helen’s lips left my sex, making room for someone else. I couldn’t see who it was as I was awash in a sea of flesh and someone’s breasts were blocking my line of sight. All I knew was that I was coming again, and again, and again.

“Pretty Annie,” someone said. It was Katherine, her beautiful blue eyes shining as she kissed me. “You’re one of the girls now.”

“So young,” someone else said. “I’m surprised she lasted so long.”

“I knew she could do it,” said another familiar voice. It was Laura, and she seemed giddy, grinning broadly as she leaned over to kiss me.

“I bet Rob that you’d last more than two hours,” she whispered in my ear. “Thanks, doll.”

“How much?”

“I’m getting a new Jaguar,” she said, pulling a wad of cash from her clutch purse. “Here. Take this.” She pressed the money into my hand and kissed me, disappearing into the crowd before I could protest.

Julia and Helen helped me from the table, holding me up until I could stand on my own. My legs were rubbery and my pussy felt numb, like someone had rubbed cocaine into it. Julia accompanied me to the bathroom, just to make sure I didn't pass out on the toilet. Before we rejoined the party, I counted the wad of cash Laura had given me and slipped it into my bag: \$2,000. My heart skipped a beat when I counted it again.

I was starting to feel a little woozy from everything: the sex, the booze, and the pot, so I headed down to the living room where I knew Rob would be holding court. Sure enough, he was there with Laura, laying out lines on the glass coffee table. Katherine was there, too, as was Candace.

“Here’s our girl,” he said. “Come here, Annie. Have a line.”

Rob scooted over on the couch to make room for me, and I sat between him and Laura. As he cut a few more lines, Laura began to gently massage my back.

“How do you feel, Annie?” she asked.

“Just a bit sore,” I said.

“This’ll make you feel better,” Rob said, handing me a rolled up bill. I snorted the line of coke he’d cut for me, perking up as the alkaloids entered my bloodstream. After the second line, I felt like I could spend another two hours on the table getting fucked.

“There you are,” Brad said, walking into the living room with his friend Danny. “I was looking for you.”

“Have a line, kids,” Rob said, opening another brown glass vial and pouring the contents on the glass coffee table. He cut a few more lines for everyone. Suddenly, the room seemed to get much brighter, the noise of the party louder, and I didn’t feel as

sore down there. I got up from the couch and sat on the floor next to Brad, reaching between his legs to stroke his beautiful cock.

“Feeling better, I see,” he whispered. I giggled and pushed him back on the carpet, straddling his hips and guiding his cock inside my pussy. There was just a brief twinge of pain as he entered me, but Brad let me set the pace, moving his hips ever so slightly against mine.

I had just mounted Brad when I felt a warm, wet feeling between my cheeks. It was Katherine, licking me back there, probing my bottom with her tongue. She smiled when she saw me looking over my shoulder and then went back to rimming me.

“Don’t stop,” I said when she paused. She crawled out from behind me and kissed me on the lips, penetrating my mouth with the tongue that had just been in my ass.

“I’m just getting you ready for Rob,” Katherine said. She kneeled next to me and put her hands on my cheeks, spreading them. Suddenly, I felt the top of a cock pressing against my slippery anus, pushing inside me. I stopped humping Brad for a moment to let Rob’s cock penetrate my ass, gritting my teeth against the pain.

“Are you okay?” Brad asked.

“Don’t you have some lubricant?” I said to Katherine. She shook her head.

“Here,” Laura said, reaching into her purse for a small tube of KY Jelly. She handed it to Katherine, who squirted some on Rob’s rigid shaft and smeared it around his pole. The pain began to abate as Rob eased his slick penis inside me. I began to rock my hips, my pussy gripping and releasing Brad’s cock as Rob began to fuck my tight bottom.

“I can feel him,” Brad said, moving his hips against mine. I leaned down and kissed him, looking up afterwards to see Danny kneeling by my head, offering his

cock for me to suck. I gladly obliged, parting my lips to take his penis in my mouth and swirling my tongue over his veiny shaft. Now I had three cocks inside me, and though I'd done this with Ramon and my brothers, this was the first time I'd pleasured three fully grown male members. I closed my eyes and savored the wonderful feeling of being stuffed full of hard meat.

I felt hands on my breasts; Candace and Katherine were cupping my titties and pinching my nipples while Brad, Rob, and Danny filled me with their cocks. Another pair of hands caressed my back. I could only guess that it was Laura. With Danny's thick tool in my mouth I couldn't turn my head to look.

The cocaine had numbed my body, and I wondered if I could even have another orgasm after all I'd been through that evening. It almost didn't matter at this point; I wanted to make Brad come most of all, and I could tell from the way his cock was twitching inside me that he was getting close. I started to clench my pussy around his thrusting tool, urging him to his climax.

Danny was the first to come, his cock twitching and spurting in my mouth as soon as Katherine began to finger his ass. I swallowed his hot seed, trying to keep it from dripping on Brad, though he didn't seem to mind when a couple of drops fell on his chest. As soon as Danny pulled his softening cock from my mouth, Katherine kissed me, eager to taste his essence on my lips.

That left Brad and Rob, their hard cocks pistonning in and out of my two tender holes, separated only by the thin wall of flesh between my ass and my pussy. I clenched my muscles around both of their poles, anticipating the feeling of their cocks spurting inside me, filling me with their cum. Just thinking about this was a source of intense arousal, and little wavelets of pleasure began to ripple out from my center.

“You’re close, aren’t you?” Laura asked, seeing my face begin to flush. As she kissed me on the lips, Candy and Kathy began to suckle my breasts, their tongues flicking over my stiff little nipples. I loved this feeling, being in the locus of five peoples’ attention, two stiff pricks, three hungry mouths, ten hands and fifty fingers gliding over my flesh. I thought I wouldn’t come, but I did, my body quivering and shaking on top of Brad as my orgasm hit me, an intense climax that spurred him on to fuck me harder.

As I came, I clenched my bottom hard around Brad and Rob, the two cocks assaulting my tender pussy and tight ass. Brad’s cock stiffened in my cunny, filling me with warmth as he let go of his seed. My pussy tightened around his spasming cock, almost as if by reflex. As soon as he’d begun to soften inside me, I felt Rob begin to spurt in my bottom, blasting a hot jet of semen in my ass. His thrusting slowed and stopped, and as soon as he pulled out of me, I felt a tongue swirling up my crack and enter my bottom. It was Katherine again, lapping up the semen Rob had left in my ass.

“That was fun,” Rob said, sitting on the couch again. “More lines?”

We snorted some more coke, and I laid down on the carpet so Candace could lick Brad’s cum from my pussy. As she cleaned my cunny with her tongue, Katherine sat on my face and I finally got my chance to suck and lick her lovely sex.

“You should come visit me and Candy some time,” Katherine said, leaning over to kiss me after I’d made her come. “We could have a lot of fun.”

“I’d like that,” I said as she helped me to my feet. My legs were still a little weak, but I was pretty wired from the cocaine. I gave Rob and Laura both a kiss and headed out to the patio with Brad and Danny to get another drink at the bar.

“John’s been looking for you,” Patrick said, serving me a scotch on the rocks.

“Where is he?” I asked.

“He’s on break right now. I think he’s behind the garage.”

I told Brad that I’d catch up with him later. He smiled and kissed me, heading off towards the pool with Danny. I walked around the side of the house, heading for the garage. John was back there, smoking a cigarette and drinking a soda. He heard me approaching and looked up.

“Haven’t you had enough?” he asked.

“Of this?” I said, holding up my drink and smiling.

“You know what I mean.”

“No, I don’t,” I said, taking a sip of my drink and brushing up against him. I could feel his cock growing through his trousers as I rubbed my thigh between his legs.

“You’re cock crazy, girl,” he said.

“I guess I am.” I set my drink down on the trunk of the car John was leaning against and sank to my knees. The bulge in his lap was level with my eyes as I unzipped his pants. He was too big for me to fish out, so I just pulled his trousers and boxers down around his legs, freeing his massive penis.

I hadn’t had a chance to see it up close before, so I took a good look, sliding his foreskin back, gently stroking him, giving the purplish head a little lick. He sighed as I tried to get his penis in my mouth. He was just too big; I could only manage the head and about two or three inches of his thick shaft. Even so, I swirled my tongue around his fat glans, tasting the precum that oozed from the tip.

“Aw, yeah. Suck it girl,” John crooned. He began to move his hips, fucking my mouth with his big black tool. “You got a sweet mouth.”

“I want you in my ass,” I said, looking up at him. His glistening ebony shaft throbbed in my hands.

“Hell no,” he laughed. “I’d split you wide open.”

“Fuck my ass,” I insisted. “Bitch me.”

John shook his head as I got down on all fours and presented my ass to him. The pine needles pricked my palms and knees, but I hardly felt them. All I could feel was John’s huge member pressing against my bottom. I reached between my legs and began to massage my clit as his thick shaft slowly stretched my bottom.

“Someone did you already?” John asked, leaning over me. I nodded, and he began to push inside me faster, the leftover traces of KY and Rob’s semen easing the progress of John’s cock into my anus. He kept pushing into me, and I began to think that it would never end, that for every inch he slid inside me, his cock would grow two more. My clit began to tingle with excitement as his shaft filled my bottom. Finally, I felt the tight curls of his pubic hair brushing against my ass cheeks.

“It’s in me?” I asked, reaching further between my legs and cupping his big balls.

“All of it,” John said, gently kissing my shoulder. He began to thrust, slowly and carefully, just an inch at a time. “Damn, you’re hot.”

“Damn, you’re big,” I whispered. He felt huge inside me, and I wished my pussy wasn’t so sore. Good thing my clit didn’t hurt, as I was frigging it hard while John fucked my tender bottom. I began to realize that if I hadn’t had so much to drink and smoke and snort over the course of the evening, this thick shaft in my ass would feel like torture. I had the feeling that tomorrow I’d have to pay for all this debauchery, but that didn’t really matter at the moment. All that mattered were my

fingers on my clitty and John's hardness in my ass, pistonning in and out faster and harder.

"Fuck me...fuck me with that big cock," I urged him as I stuck three fingers in my aching pussy. Even though I was sore and numb at the same time, it would have been nice to have another cock in there while John banged my bottom. The thought of taking two cocks the size of the monster in my ass pushed me over the edge, and I came hard on my busy fingers, clenching my tender bottom around John's big pole and moaning like a cat in heat.

"Shit, girl. Here it comes," John said, his cock seemingly growing bigger inside me. "Fuck," he gasped, letting loose a torrent of thick, hot semen in my ass. It felt like he had gallons of cum saved up in his balls, spurt after spurt filling my belly. I fell forward on to the bed of pine needles, John on top of me, kissing my neck as his cock twitched in my ass.

"No, stay in me," I cried as his cock slipped out of me. I felt his juices oozing out of my bottom.

"I got to get back to the bar," he said, wiping his cock off with a handkerchief. "Thanks." John slipped his pants and boxers back on, leaning down to kiss me on the lips, his mustache tickling my nose.

I was still sprawled out on the ground, flat on my belly and trying to gather my strength when Patrick appeared.

"Hold that pose," he said, unzipping his trousers and kneeling behind me. "Shit, he came a lot." I felt Patrick's hard cock at my back entrance, and he slipped inside me easily. He laid on my back as he humped my well-used bottom, his hard cock pistonning in and out of my messy ass.

I just laid there, spent and exhausted as Patrick took his pleasure in my ass, filling my bottom with even more sperm. Afterwards, he helped me to my feet, brushing off the pine needles that clung to me. My stockings were torn, shredded around the knees, my lipstick was smeared, and I was a sticky mess between my legs. I made a half-assed attempt to straighten myself up before rejoining the party, but it was futile. I really looked as if I'd been fucked by two dozen hard, throbbing cocks.

And I didn't care.

I downed the rest of my drink and Patrick held me up as I wobbled on my feet. Kicking off my heels helped, but only a little. With Patrick's help, I made my way to the table by the pool where Brad, Danny, and Carrie were seated. Patrick returned a minute later with another drink, kissing me on the cheek before he returned to the bar.

“You’re leaking, Annie,” Carrie said, blotting some semen from my thigh with a napkin.

“I need a shower,” I said. Brad lit a joint and passed it to me, and I took a deep toke before unhooking my tattered stockings from my garter belt and rolling them down my legs.

“Take a dip in the pool,” Carrie said. “We’re about to jump in ourselves.”

We finished the joint and I downed my drink, diving into the swimming pool, barely missing a couple who were fucking near the edge. The cool water was invigorating and cleansing, and I felt refreshed. I noticed Margaret sitting on the edge of the pool, dangling her legs in the water. Shelly was sitting behind her, and they were both naked. I swam over, surfacing between Margaret’s legs.

“Hi, Annie,” she said.

“Hi, sweetie. Having fun?” I asked. I noticed that her hairless little cunny was dripping semen.

“Yes, lots of fun,” she said. “A couple of nice ladies licked me and Brad’s daddy fucked me real good.”

“I see. Can I lick you, Maggie?”

“Sure,” she said, scooting closer to the edge of the pool and spreading her legs. I nestled my head between her thighs, extending my tongue and licking Bradley’s semen from her pussy. Margaret caressed my shoulders as I licked her, leaning back against her mother’s breasts, closing her eyes and sighing as I swirled my tongue over her babyclit.

As I brought Margaret to another climax, I felt someone behind me, holding me by the hips, hard flesh pressing between my legs, finding my ass and entering me. I gasped as this person began to slowly fuck my bottom and reach around my waist to finger my swollen clit. Looking up from Margaret’s now-clean pussy, I twisted around to see Brad holding me from behind as he pumped my ass with his hard cock.

“I love your sweet ass,” he whispered.

“Mommy, can I do what Annie’s doing?” Margaret asked her mother.

“Sure, sweetie. Let’s go find a cock for that pretty little bottom of yours,” Shelly said. Margaret leaned down to kiss me before she left the edge of the pool with her mother, in search of a suitable penis. They didn’t have to go very far, finding an older gentleman with a long, thin cock who was sitting by the pool stroking himself as he watched people fucking and sucking in various positions. While Shelly went to fetch some lubricant, Margaret took the man’s erection in her mouth and began to ravish it with her tongue.

I don’t know what had a greater effect on me, Brad’s cock in my bottom and his fingers on my clit or the sight of Margaret on all fours, wiggling her little bottom as the gray-haired man mounted her and pushed his penis into her ass. She was

certainly no stranger to things in her bottom, having enjoyed a wide variety of toys and butt plugs, but this was her first taste of live flesh in her ass. Seeing her start to rock her hips, pleasuring the older man's cock with her tiny tush had a galvanic effect on me, and I tried to match her vigorous thrusts, gripping and releasing Brad's manhood as he strummed my clit.

“Fuck me...fuck my ass hard,” I urged him. Brad obliged, pounding my bottom as fast as the water allowed, pinching my clit between his fingers and making me come as I hung on the edge of the pool. I screamed so loudly when he pinched my button that even Margaret turned her head. I clenched my bottom around Brad's pounding cock and he began to twitch inside me, rewarding me with his hot creamy sperm.

Brad and I floated together at the side of the pool, still connected as we watched Margaret writhing on the grass, a hard cock in her bottom and her mother's fingers in her cunny. The man who was pounding her little bottom suddenly stiffened as he buried his tool in her ass, his buns tensing as he filled her with his seed. He stayed inside her until her climax subsided, giving her a tender kiss before his softening cock slipped out of her backside. He gave Shelly a kiss as well, then he stood up and headed for the bar.

Brad and I climbed out of the pool and I headed over to where Margaret and Shelly were sitting while Brad went to get us another drink. Shelly was wiping her daughter's cummy bottom with a napkin.

“Did you like that, Maggie?” I asked.

“It felt really good,” she said. “Better than any toy.”

Brad returned with our drinks and another joint, and we sat on the grass with Shelly and Margaret, watching everyone as we smoked and drank. I saw Julia in the

pool with Burton between her legs, nuzzling her perfect breasts as he slowly fucked her with his mushroom-headed cock. Carrie and Danny were next to them, floating near the edge of the pool as he took her from behind. Laura had taken my place on the padded table, with a group of men watching John the bartender plow her pussy with his huge member. Rob was laying lines of coke out on her belly and breasts as she sucked his cock, inviting the men who were watching to snort a line while they waited their turn. Another group of people had formed a daisy chain on the grass across from us, heads buried between quivering thighs, moans and sighs muffled by cock and cunt.

When we'd finished the joint, I took Brad by the hand and we wandered into the house. Steve and Monica were coupling on the kitchen floor with another pair, the women riding each other's husbands as they leaned over and kissed.

Helen was in the living room with Katherine, Candace, and two other women, entertaining some of the servants and caterers. A young Latina maid, her skimpy uniform half off, was writhing in ecstasy as Helen ravished her pussy with her mouth. Candace was sandwiched between two hunky waiters while Katherine rode her darting tongue.

Brad and I went upstairs and I cleaned off his cock with a washcloth before we went to his room and climbed into bed. I was dead tired but I was insatiable, wanting to feel him inside me one more time before we slept. We laid side by side and he held me from behind as he entered me, fucking me with slow, gentle motions, nibbling my earlobe and kissing my neck. Despite my soreness, he felt wonderful inside me, and I had one last orgasm before falling asleep in his arms.

"Ow, shit." I felt a sharp pain between my legs and a dull ache in my head.

“What’s wrong?”

“It hurts,” I said, clamping my legs together. We must have fallen asleep before he pulled out, and Brad was hard again, his morning erection buried in my sore pussy.

“Let go and I’ll pull out slowly.”

“Okay, slowly.” I closed my eyes, locking out the harsh morning light as he gradually withdrew, inch by excruciating inch.

“What can I do?” Brad asked.

“Ice. Aspirin. Water. Quick.”

Brad got out of bed slowly, his erection bobbing as he bounded out of his bedroom. He returned a few minutes later with some pills, a glass of water, and a handful of ice cubes in a washcloth. I downed the pills, drained the glass, and stuck the ice between my legs, rolling on to my belly and holding the cold compress to my sex.

“What were those pills?”

“Percodan,” Brad said, climbing back into bed. “You’ll feel better in a few minutes.”

He was right; that was good stuff, better than aspirin. The pain in my pussy and the ache in my head subsided, and I started to feel really, really good. It was only when I tried to walk to the bathroom that the pain between my legs returned. On the way back to Brad’s room, I ran into Julia.

“How are you feeling?” she asked, noticing the icepack I was holding between my legs.

“Really shore,” I said, slurring my words. I’d never had a percodan before, and two on an empty stomach were hitting me hard.

“Poor baby,” she said, embracing me. My legs began to buckle, and I dropped the ice, melting cubes scattering all over the hallway. “Let me help you back to bed.”

“What did you give her?” Julia asked Brad after I fell into bed. I felt dizzy but the pain had pretty much disappeared.

“A couple of percs. She was in pain,” he said.

“Just two?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, stay with her. I’m going to make some coffee.” Julia left Brad’s bedroom.

“I’m really, really, really glad you’re here,” I said to Brad. I suddenly felt drunk again and it wasn’t even noon yet.

“Yeah, me too,” he said. As we embraced in his bed, his erection pressed against my thigh.

“Shcrew me, shweetie” My head was spinning from the narcotics.

“I don’t think that’s such a good idea,” he said. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Then I’ll shuck you,” I said, slithering down his body and taking his beautiful cock in my mouth.

“Annie, relax. You don’t have to...”

“Shhhh...” I began to suck him, slobbering over his cock, making it glisten with my saliva. I felt like my tongue and lips were out of my control, and I had to concentrate to keep from grazing his shaft with my teeth. As I gobbled his tool, my head bobbing in his lap, the tip of his cock penetrated my throat. It was as if my gag reflex had been suppressed, and I took advantage of this temporary condition. Brad gasped as I deep throated his manhood, holding my shoulders as I took all of his cock

in my mouth. His pubic hair had started to grow back from that weekend when Julia and I shaved him, fine blond hairs that tickled my nose as I sucked him.

As Brad's hips rocked back and forth, I cupped his balls, trying not to squeeze them too hard. They were slick with the saliva that had dripped down his shaft, making his puckered anus slick and easy to penetrate with my fingertip. As I throated his hardness, I slipped a digit into his bottom, all the way to my first knuckle. Brad took a deep breath and grunted, his twitching cock erupting in my mouth, sending a gusher of hot semen down my throat. I had just finished swallowing his sweet cream when Julia returned with a cup of black coffee.

“I see you’re feeling better, Annie,” she said. I looked up and smiled, trying to focus my vision. I was seeing two Julias where there should have been only one. She put the cup of coffee in my hand and helped me sip it without spilling the hot liquid. Even though I drank the whole cup, I felt sleepy again, and as soon as I laid back on the bed I fell dead asleep.

“Annie? Wake up, baby.”

It was Julia, holding another cup of coffee and an ice pack. The soreness had returned and I reached for the ice, holding it between my legs.

“How long have I been asleep?”

“Just an hour,” she said. “Here, take this. Just one this time.”

I took the pill she offered me and washed it down with the coffee. As I lay in Brad’s bed, waiting for the drugs to take effect, Julia tenderly kissed my forehead and caressed my belly. As soon as I was able to walk, Julia helped me into the bathroom. The big marble tub was filled with warm, soapy water, and Julia joined me in the bath, washing my hair and scrubbing me.

“Thank you, Julia,” I said, leaning back against her soapy breasts.

“I love to take care of you, Annie,” she whispered. “How do you feel, baby?”

“Hungry,” I said. “All I’ve had since dinner is coffee and sperm.”

“Let’s rinse off and we’ll get you some breakfast.”

Helen’s cook fixed me a plate of bacon and eggs, and after more coffee I felt awake enough to get dressed and join everyone on the patio. Helen and Carrie were sitting by the pool with Julia, sipping mimosas and chatting. The Sunday paper was spread out on a table, and I picked up the comics and sat down on a lounge chair by the pool to read them.

“How are you feeling, Annie?” Helen asked.

“Fine, thank you,” I replied. “Where’s Brad?”

“Playing a quick round of golf with his father. They should be back in a couple of hours,” she said.

I spent the afternoon by the pool, too stoned to move, my pussy aching and throbbing when I did get the energy to budge from the chair. Thankfully, Helen’s maid was there to bring drinks and snacks out to us, and Julia was happy to indulge my needs. The ice packs I pressed against my sex helped, as did another warm bath after lunch. By the time Bradley returned with Brad and Danny, I was walking without too much discomfort.

Late in the afternoon, Brad’s father fired up the barbecue grill: steak, shrimp, corn on the cob, and grilled vegetables, a veritable feast. I took another painkiller after dinner, washing it down with some wine, and I was finally able to walk without wincing. I even felt well enough for a swim after dinner, but a late-summer thunderstorm drove us inside.

We gathered in the living room, and Brad helped his father move the couches so that they faced the entertainment center that dominated one wall of the room. Helen and Julia brought a bottle of wine and some glasses from the kitchen as Bradley turned on the projection television and slotted a tape in the video cassette recorder. I'd never seen one of these before; home video was still pretty new in 1980. When the credits began to appear on the large television screen, I realized why Bradley and Helen had this expensive system.

"Aw, yeah. My favorite," Brad said. He lit a joint and passed it around as Helen poured glasses of wine for everyone.

"Deep Throat'? What's that?" I asked.

"A funny movie. I think you'll like it," Bradley said, taking a hit of the joint and passing it to his wife. I sat on the couch between Brad and Julia, sipping my wine as I watched the movie.

It wasn't that funny, at least not as funny as a Mel Brooks or Woody Allen movie, but the basic premise, a woman with a clitoris in her throat, was good for a chuckle. I didn't mind the lack of outright humor, though, because this was the first pornographic movie I'd ever seen and it made me horny as hell. It was like one of those magazines that Luci had come to life. All the women were beautiful and all the men were hung like horses.

I could tell that Brad liked it, seeing the bulge in his shorts growing as he watched Linda Lovelace suck Harry Reems's big tool. She was pretty good at it, and I took mental notes on her technique as I slipped my hand in Brad's shorts to give him some manual relief. Julia snuggled up to me on the couch and slipped her hand in my blouse, cupping my breasts as I gave Brad a hand job.

"How about some head?" Brad asked, slipping off his shorts.

“After the movie,” I said. “I want to watch this.”

“Okay,” he said, disappointed. As I stroked him, keeping his lovely cock hard, I felt Julia’s hand slipping under my skirt, rubbing my swollen clit through my panties.

“You’re damp, sweetie,” she whispered in my ear. “Enjoying the movie?”

“Yes, very much,” I replied. I wasn’t the only one. Carrie was on her hands and knees on the carpet and Danny had entered her from behind, screwing her slowly as they watched the movie. Helen must have seen the movie before, because her head was bobbing up and down in Bradley’s lap, his glistening tool disappearing between her lips.

I wanted to suck Brad’s cock, but I was fascinated with the movie, and Julia’s fingers on my clit gave me another reason to stay put on the couch. When the movie finally ended, my panties were soaked and I was close to coming. I leaned over and kissed Julia before slipping between Brad’s thighs and taking his meat in my mouth. As I lowered my lips over his shaft, I felt Julia on the floor behind me, unzipping my skirt and pulling my panties down over my ass. Her tongue probed my wet slit as I began to ravish Brad’s beautiful penis with my mouth.

I pretended I was Linda Lovelace, taking Brad’s cock deep in my mouth, trying to hit an imaginary clit at the back of my throat while Julia’s tongue swirled over my real clitty, sending tingles through my body. Brad’s hips began to lift off the couch, pushing his pole deeper into my mouth, nearly choking me. I closed my eyes and concentrated on breathing through my nose, letting my throat open the way it had that morning. I felt his glans slipping down my throat and when my lips touched the base of his cock I realized that I’d taken all of him into my mouth.

The feeling of his cock penetrating my tight throat triggered Brad’s orgasm, and I felt him swell in my mouth before he began to spurt his hot cream down my

gullet. I reflexively tried to swallow, but with his cockhead wedged in there I could only gag, nearly biting his shaft as I coughed and gasped. Releasing him from my mouth, I felt ropy jets of semen splashing on my face as I fell back into Julia's arms.

"Shit, I'm sorry," Brad said. "You okay?"

"Yeah," I coughed, wiping a blob of sperm from my eye. Julia began to wipe the cum from my face with a napkin.

"Wait, let me do that," Helen said. Bradley had already come in her mouth, and as he got up to rewind the tape, she knelt next to me, kissing me before she began to lick her son's semen from my face.

"I've never tasted his cum," she said.

"Never?" I asked.

"We don't...I mean, we've never..." she said.

It never occurred to me that this horny family hadn't ever played together. I knew Brad and his sister had fooled around, and I assumed that this extended to the rest of the members. After all, they watched each other have sex all the time.

"How does it taste?" I asked.

"Sweeter than his father's," Helen laughed.

"Must be all that junk food," Bradley said. He pressed the play button and another tape started. This one was different, with no title or credits, no soundtrack, and what little dialogue there was sounded like German or Dutch. There was no pretence of a plot, either: the sex started immediately, about a dozen men and women going at it in a forest somewhere.

I wanted to watch this movie, but I wanted to come, too. Julia must have sensed my need, and a moment later we were naked and entwined on the carpet, licking and sucking each other, spurred on to consummate our passion by the sounds of sex

coming from the movie's audio track. Julia's expert tongue soon had me adding my own voice to the sensual symphony, and once I had come I redoubled my efforts, licking her delicious slit and lashing her swollen clit, giving her the pleasure she'd so often given me.

As we sat up on the carpet to kiss, I saw that Helen was kneeling between her son's legs, bringing life back to his cock with her lips, and Carrie had assumed the same position with her father, sucking his fat cock while Danny kept plowing her from behind. Julia and I knelt next to Helen and undressed her, pulling her lacy panties down and unhooking her bra, fingering and caressing her as we revealed her sex and unharnessed her breasts.

"How does it feel?" I asked Brad. "Does she suck as good as I do?"

"Shit, I can't answer that," he groaned.

"That's okay," I said, sitting on the couch next to him and giving him a kiss. I ran my hand over his smooth chest as I watched his cock disappear into his mother's loving mouth. On the other couch, Carrie was moaning around her father's thick tool as Danny's plunging cock pushed her closer to her climax. Bradley was caressing his daughter's face as he watched her ravish his tool when suddenly, she released his cock from her mouth and began to scream as she came, trembling as she ground her ass against Danny's hips. He must have come as well, because his thrusts sped up and then stopped, his buns tensing up and his balls twitching between his legs.

Carrie wanted to continue sucking her father's fat prick, but he had other ideas, pulling her up on to the couch so that she was straddling his lap. She settled down on her father's thick shaft, holding him around the neck and kissing him as she began to move up and down on his cock. Danny's semen dripped out of her messy snatch and coated Bradley's pistonning cock.

“Mom...” Brad said, his erection glistening with Helen’s saliva.

“I know, sweetie,” she said, pulling his penis from her mouth with a loud ‘slurp’. Helen pulled herself up and straddled her son’s lap, bringing her breasts level with Brad’s mouth. While he hungrily suckled her nipples, she reached down and guided her son’s penis into her moist sex, slowly lowering herself on his manhood.

“Oh, Daddy, you feel so good,” Carrie moaned as she rode her father’s thick pole. “Why haven’t we done this before?” Bradley said nothing, preferring to squeeze his daughter’s bottom and nuzzle her bouncing breasts instead.

While Julia sat with Helen and Brad, stroking her friend’s back while she watched them make love, I poured another glass of wine, sat down next to Danny, and watched both the movie and the action taking place in the room. He pulled a joint from his pack of cigarettes and lit it, taking a drag before passing it to me.

“Enjoying the show?” he asked, idly stroking his cock.

“Very much,” I replied, reaching into his lap and taking over for him. By the time we finished the joint he was hard again. I put down my glass of wine and climbed into his lap, mounting his hips and guiding his hardness inside me. I was still a bit sore from the night before, but as long as I went slowly it felt fine. More than fine, actually. I looked over at Helen and Brad; she was humping her son’s hardness, her eyes closed as she moaned, seemingly on the verge of an orgasm.

I hadn’t noticed that Julia had left the room, but she soon returned, wearing a strap-on and holding a tube of lubricating jelly. She greased up the tip of the dong and knelt behind Helen’s bouncing ass, pressing the plastic phallus against her friend’s anus. Helen gasped as Julia pushed the strap-on into her bottom, leaning forward to make entry easier.

“Yes...fuck me...please,” Helen moaned, as her son and her friend penetrated her tender holes, squirming and writhing between them as she began to come. Julia set the pace, her hips rocking as the dong between her legs pistoned in and out of Helen’s bottom, making her cry with pleasure. I could see that the pressure of the anal invader was having an effect on Brad, too, tightening his mother’s pussy as it spasmed around his cock. He groaned and buried his face between his mother’s breasts, his hips lifting off the couch as he came. As their pace slowed to a halt, Julia pulled out of Helen’s ass and gave her friend a loving kiss before walking over to where Carrie was riding her father’s thick cock.

Carrie and Bradley had watched Helen take the strap-on in her bottom and knew that she was next. Bradley spread his daughter’s cheeks, exposing her puckered brown bud, and after Julia squirted some more lubricant on the tip of the strap-on, she thrust it inside Carrie’s tight hole, making her moan as the toy disappeared into her bottom. Between the thick plastic prick and her father’s fat cock, Carrie was completely filled, and she gasped as the two poles impaled her orifices. Bradley let go of his daughter’s cheeks and began to squeeze her breasts, cupping them and bringing her nipples to his mouth as she bounced up and down in his lap.

“Omigod...I’m gonna...I’m gonna,” Carrie cried, bucking and thrashing on her father’s lap as Julia assaulted her bottom. She collapsed into her father’s chest, her hair covering both of their faces as she climaxed, her breasts heaving against him. Bradley grunted once as he embraced his daughter; I knew this was a telltale sign that he’d come, filling his teenage daughter’s pussy with his seed. As with Helen and her son, their movements slowed and stopped, and Julia pulled out of Carrie’s bottom.

I'd been slowly moving on Danny's cock, letting his shaft rub against my swollen clit, trying not to move too quickly else the soreness in my pussy return. Julia came over to where we were fucking, the pink strap-on glistening with lubricant.

"Feel up for this?" she asked, kissing me on the shoulder. I nodded and she squatted behind me, pressing the tip of the phallus against my ass. I relaxed and let it enter me, feeling it fill my bottom the way Danny's cock filled my pussy. I loved the way being sandwiched between two people felt, my nipples grazing Danny's chest as Julia's breasts pressed against my back, two pairs of hands caressing me, two cocks filling me. Danny sought my lips with his own, and we kissed as I slowly squirmed in his lap.

Julia reached around my hips, seeking my clit with her fingers as she pumped my bottom. I gasped as she rubbed my button, moving my hips faster against the two rigid shafts that pierced me. My pleasure began to rise, anticipation gnawing at my belly, gradually building into a brief but intense orgasm that made me tighten around Danny's cock and Julia's strap-on. She buried the pole inside my ass as my pussy spasmed, squeezing Danny's tool and urging him to come. He was more than happy to oblige, his cock and balls twitching as he filled me with his hot spunk.

We laid together on the couch and watched the rest of the movie before calling it a night and heading upstairs to bed. Danny spent the night with Carrie, Julia with Bradley and Helen, and Brad and I slept in his room, but only after I sucked him until he was hard again and took him in my ass. Tired and satisfied, I fell asleep in his arms, his sticky cock nestled between my cheeks.

I was hardly sore at all when I woke up the next morning, much to Brad's delight. We showered together and I had the pleasure of taking his soapy cock in my pussy one last time. Julia and I had to leave for Maine after brunch, so we made the

most of the time we had left. We fucked once more before we ate and I gave him a quick suck after brunch while I was packing my things.

“I’m gonna miss you,” Brad said, kissing away a drop of his semen from the corner of my mouth.

“I’m going to miss you, too,” I said, seeking a longer, deeper kiss. “I’ll write you. I promise.”

“I will, too,” he said. I knew he wouldn’t, but it was nice to hear the words anyway.

“Ready, Annie?” Julia asked.

“Yes,” I said, kissing Brad one last time. On the way out I said my goodbyes to Carrie, Danny, and Brad’s parents, getting squeezes, hugs, and kisses in return.

Helen’s next party wouldn’t be until Halloween, almost two months away. After a weekend in the lap of luxury, I wondered how it would feel to go back to the semi-squalor of our house in Maine. As we pulled out of the long circular driveway, I took a last look at the house, its four pillars flanking the double doors, the tall trees and lush green lawn. I had a feeling of dread, as if I’d never see this place again.

“Are you okay, Annie?” Julia asked. We’d been on the road for over an hour and I hadn’t said a word.

“I wish this summer would never end,” I sighed.

“I do, too,” she said, reaching for my hand. “My days will be empty without you.”

“Thank you, Julia. For everything.”

“It’s been my pleasure, Annie.”

I snuggled closer to Julia, leaning my head on her shoulder as she guided the car north, heading back to Coopersport, her garden, my family, a new school, a new

season, and my old life. I'd learned so much from her, about the world and art and love, and about myself. School would be mind numbing and tedious by comparison.

I wanted to stay in her garden forever.

Epilogue

I always look back on that summer and the preceding years as the happiest time of my life, my mother's death notwithstanding. I can't reveal much of what followed without stealing the thunder from an account not yet written; suffice to say that my life took a Dickensian turn or three. That I have survived to write this tale is a matter of sheer luck.